


3 1761 08822039 7



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of Toronto



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

CLARK ON THE WAY TO KASKASKIA.

—The Story of the Revolution, page 65.

65870

SCRIBNER'S

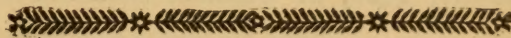
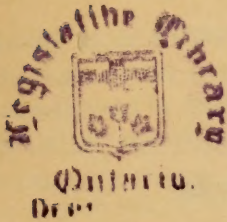


70449

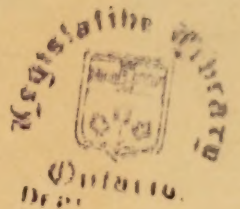
MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

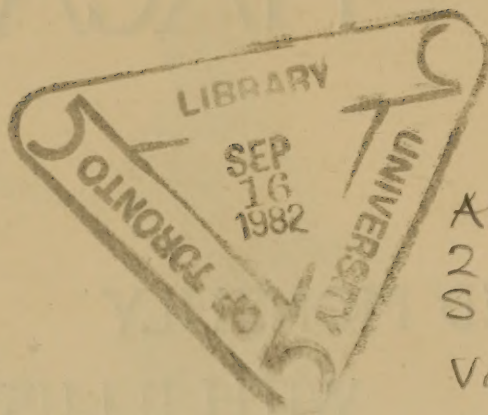
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



VOLUME XXIV JULY - DECEMBER



• CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK •
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co. LIMITED LONDON



AP
2
S3295
V. 24

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.



CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV

JULY-DECEMBER, 1898

	PAGE
AFLOAT FOR NEWS IN WAR TIMES, . . . JOHN R. SPEARS, . . .	501
AMALGAMATED BILL, THE. A Story, . . . CHARLES WARREN, . . .	160
Illustrations by Clifford Carleton.	
AMERICAN POPULARITY. An Essay, . . . ALINE GORREN, . . .	497
ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE. See <i>Recent Developments</i> .	
ARCHIBALD, J. F. J. { <i>First Engagement of American Troops on Cuban Soil,</i>	177
{ <i>Day of the Surrender of Santiago, The,</i>	413
ARCHITECTURE, NEWLY DISCOVERED REFINEMENTS IN. Field of Art,	381
ARCHITECTURE, SCHOOLS OF, AND THE PARIS SCHOOL. Field of Art,	765
ARMY. See <i>Landing of the</i> .	
ARTIST AND BUSINESS-MAN, THE COMBINED. Field of Art,	125
ARTIST AT EL POSO, AN, HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, . . .	283
ARTISTIC DIE-SINKING OF THE PRESENT TIME. Field of Art,	509
"BOYHOOD, THE SPIRIT OF." Point of View,	507
BUSINESS-MAN, THE CONSCIENCE OF A, . . . OCTAVE THANET,	310
Illustrations by A. B. Frost.	
BUTLER, HOWARD RUSSELL. <i>The Combined Artist and Business-man,</i>	125
CANEY, THE REGULARS AT EL, CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. LEE, R. A., . . .	403
Illustrated from photographs by the author.	British Military Attaché.
CANEY, HOW THE SPANIARDS FOUGHT AT, . . . JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN, . . .	278
CERVERA, THE CHASE OF, JOHN R. SPEARS,	144
With a double-page picture of Sampson's fleet, by L. A. Shafer, and a diagram of the manœuvres at San Juan, after sketches by the author.	
CHADWICK, CAPTAIN F. E. <i>The Navy in the War,</i>	529
Commanding flag-ship New York, and Chief of Staff to Admiral Sampson.	
CHAMBERLAIN, RT. HON. JOSEPH, British Colonial Secretary. <i>Recent Developments of Policy in the United States, and their Relation to an Anglo-American Alliance,</i>	674

	PAGE
CHAMBERLIN, JOSEPH EDGAR. <i>How the Span-</i> <i>iards Fought at Caney,</i>	278
CHRISTMAS AFTER WAR, A. Point of View,	764
CHRISTY, HOWARD CHANDLER. <i>An Artist at</i> <i>El Poso,</i>	283
"CLASSICAL" PRONUNCIATION, A. Point of View,	506
COLTON, ARTHUR. <i>The Hotel at Pescadores,</i>	756
CONE, ADA. <i>The Woman's Paris,</i>	549
CROWNINSHIELD, FREDERIC. <i>Photography and</i> <i>the Stage,</i>	639
CUBA. See <i>Spanish-American War.</i>	
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING. { <i>The First Shot of the War,</i> }	3
{ <i>The First Bombardment,</i> }	80
{ <i>The King's Jackal (Conclusion),</i> }	
{ <i>The Rocking-Chair Period of</i> <i>the War,</i>	131
{ <i>The Landing of the Army,</i>	184
{ <i>The Rough Riders' Fight at</i> <i>Guasimas,</i>	259
{ <i>The Battle of San Juan,</i>	387
{ <i>The Porto Rican Campaign,</i>	515
{ <i>In the Rifle-pits,</i>	644
DAWSON, EDGAR R., M.E. <i>The Jungfrau Railway,</i>	371
DEFECTIVE DICTIONARIES. Point of View,	636
DEVELOPMENT BY INCUBATOR. Point of View,	252
DRUMMED OUT. A Story, HARRISON ROBERTSON,	489
Illustrated by F. C. Yohn.	
ELLIOTT, ISAAC M. <i>Manila and the Philippines,</i>	12
FALLOWS, ALICE KATHARINE. <i>Undergraduate</i> <i>Life at Smith College,</i>	37
FIELD OF ART, THE.	
Architecture, Newly Discovered Refinements in, 381.	Artistic Die-Sinking of the Present Time, 509.
Architecture, Schools of, and the Paris School, 765.	Greatest Pictures, How Shall We Know The? 253.
Artist and Business-man, The Combined, 125.	Photography and the Stage, 639.
FIRST BOMBARDMENT, THE, }	
FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR, THE, }	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS,
Illustrations from photographs by the author.	3
FIRST ENGAGEMENT OF AMERICAN TROOPS ON CUBAN SOIL,	J. F. J. ARCHIBALD,
GIBSON, C. D. <i>A New York Day,</i>	305, 417, 573
GOD OF BATTLES, THE. Point of View,	505
GOODYEAR, W. H. <i>Newly Discovered Refinements in</i> <i>Architecture,</i>	381
GORMLEY'S SCOOP. A NEWSPAPER STORY,	E. A. WALCOTT,
Illustrated by Peter Newell.	187
GORREN, ALINE. <i>American Popularity,</i>	497
GRAHAME, KENNETH. <i>A Saga of the Seas,</i>	194
GREATEST PICTURES, HOW SHALL WE KNOW THE? Field of Art,	253
GREAT SECRETARY OF STATE INTERVIEW, THE. A NEWSPAPER STORY,	JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS,
GUASIMAS. See <i>Rough Riders and Wounded Cor-</i> <i>respondent.</i>	
HENDERSON, W. J. <i>A War-ship Community,</i>	285
IMPERIALISM AND INDUSTRIALISM. Point of View,	635

CONTENTS

v

	PAGE
JEWETT, SARAH ORNE. <i>Where's Nora?</i>	739
JOHNNY'S JOB, OCTAVE THANET,	439
Illustrated by A. B. Frost.	
JONES, JOHN PAUL, IN THE REVOLUTION.—	
I, II,	CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N., 22, 204
Illustrated by C. T. Chapman, H. W. Ditzler, Peixotto, Taber, and with plans after sketches by Captain Mahan.	
JUNGFRAU RAILWAY, THE,	EDGAR R. DAWSON, M. E., 371
With illustrations.	
KING'S JACKAL, THE. IN FOUR PARTS.—PART	
IV.—CONCLUSION,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, 80
LA FARGE, JOHN. <i>How Shall We Know the Greatest Pictures?</i>	253
LANDING OF THE ARMY, THE,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, 184
LEE, CAPTAIN ARTHUR H., R.A. <i>The Regulars at El Caney</i> ,	403
"LIVING LONGER," THE QUESTION OF. Point of View,	378
LODGE, HENRY CABOT. <i>The Story of the Revolution</i> ,	60, 219, 333, 451, 596, 720
MAHAN, CAPTAIN A. T., U. S. N. <i>John Paul Jones in the Revolution</i> , I, II,	22, 204
MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES,	ISAAC M. ELLIOTT, 12
Illustrations from photographs in the collections of Joseph Earle Stevens and the author. Ex-Consul of the U. S. at Manila.	
MANILA, THE FALL OF.—AUGUST 13, 1898,	CAPTAIN T. BENTLEY MOTT, U.S.A. 683
With a sketch-map of the operations. Aide to General Merritt.	
MARSHALL, EDWARD. <i>A Wounded Correspondent's Recollections of Guasimas</i> ,	273
MARSHALL, HENRY RUTGERS. <i>Schools of Architecture and the Paris School</i> ,	765
MOTHERS, ENTER THE. Point of View,	380
MOTT, CAPTAIN T. BENTLEY, U. S. A. <i>The Fall of Manila</i> ,	683
MRS. H. HARRISON WELLS'S SHOES.—A NEWSPAPER STORY,	JESSIE LYNCH WILLIAMS, 688
MUTINY ON THE FLAG-SHIP, A. A NAVAL STORY,	ANNA A. ROGERS, 297
NAVY IN THE WAR, THE,	CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK, 529
With a diagram showing the disposition of the squadron at Santiago. See also <i>Winslow, The Affairs of the, Cervera, The Chase of, Night Escape</i> . Commanding flag-ship New York, and Chief of Staff to Admiral Sampson.	
NEW YORK DAY, A. Drawings by	C. D. GIBSON.
II. NOON—LUNCHEON—THE MAY QUEEN—"ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK"—UPPER BROADWAY AT NOON,	305
III. EVENING—THE TENTH INNING—THE CABLE-CAR—WAITING FOR TABLES AT THE WALDORF—IN THE PARK,	417
IV. NIGHT—THE MUSICIAN—THE CLUB—AFTER THE PERFORMANCE—OUTSIDE FLEISCHMANN'S BAKERY, BROADWAY, WAITING FOR BREAD. See also <i>New York Day</i> , Vol. XXIII,	573
NIGHT ESCAPE, A—AN EPISODE OF THE WAR,	STEVENS VAIL, 630
NOVEL SPECTACLE, A. Point of View,	124
OSBOURNE, LLOYD. <i>Stevenson at Play</i> ,	709
PAGE, THOMAS NELSON. <i>Red Rock</i> ,	113, 237, 350, 470, 578
PARIS, THE WOMAN'S,	ADA CONE, 549
Illustrations by Albert Herter.	

	PAGE
PELICAN, THE. A Story,	EDITH WHARTON, 620
PESCADORES, THE HOTEL AT—A SAILOR'S YARN,	ARTHUR COLTON, 756
Illustrations by Frank Verbeck.	
PHILIPPINES. See <i>Manila</i> .	
PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE STAGE. Field of Art,	639
POINT OF VIEW, THE.	
"Boyhood, The Spirit of," 507.	
Christmas After War, A, 764.	
"Classical" Pronunciation, A, 506.	
Defective Dictionaries, 636.	
Development by Incubator, 252.	
God of Battles, The, 505.	
Imperialism and Industrialism, 635.	
"Living Longer," The Question of, 378.	
Mothers, Enter The, 380.	
Novel Spectacle, A, 124.	
Scenery, The Future of, 377.	
Spanish Manner, The, 637.	
Thackeray, 123.	
PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN, THE,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, 515
With illustrations, including drawings by F. C. Yohn, H. C. Christy, W. D. Stevens, and G. A. Shipley, from photographs taken by Mr. Davis.	
RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF POLICY IN THE UNITED STATES, AND THEIR RELATION TO AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE,	RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, 674
	British Colonial Secretary.
RED ROCK—A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION. Chapters XXVIII-XLVII.—Conclusion.	THOMAS NELSON PAGE, 113, 237, 350, 470, 578
With illustrations by B. West Clinedinst.	
REVOLUTION, THE STORY OF THE,	HENRY CABOT LODGE,
Illustrated with drawings by Howard Pyle, E. C. Peixotto, F. C. Yohn, A. I. Keller, H. C. Christy, T. de Thulstrup, H. W. Ditzler, E. Potthast, C. O. De Land, I. W. Taber, and with portraits and documents.	Senator from Massachusetts.
VII. HOW THE WEST WAS SAVED—THE INVASION OF GEORGIA,	60
VIII. THE SOUTH RISES IN DEFENCE,	219
IX. GREENE'S CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTH,	333
X. THE TEST OF ENDURANCE, 1779-1781,	451
XI. YORKTOWN,	596
XII. HOW PEACE WAS MADE—Conclusion,	720
See also <i>Jones, John Paul</i> .	
RIFLE-PITS, IN THE,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, 644
Illustrated from photographs taken at the front.	
ROBERTSON, HARRISON. <i>Drummed Out</i> ,	489
ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD OF THE WAR, THE,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, 131
Illustrations from photographs taken for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE by Dwight L. Elmendorf.	
ROGERS, ANNA A. <i>A Mutiny on the Flag-Ship</i> ,	297
ROUGH RIDERS' FIGHT AT GUASIMAS, THE,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, 259
Illustrations from photographs taken for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and drawings by H. C. Christy.	
RUSKIN, JOHN, AS AN ARTIST,	M. H. SPIELMANN, 659
Illustrated from his paintings and sketches (many unpublished).	
SAGA OF THE SEAS, A. A Golden Age Story,	KENNETH GRAHAME, 194
Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark.	
SAN JUAN, THE BATTLE OF,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, 387
Illustrated with drawings by H. C. Christy, and from photographs.	
SANTIAGO, THE DAY OF THE SURRENDER OF,	JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD, 413
Illustrated with a drawing by F. C. Yohn.	
SCENERY, THE FUTURE OF. Point of View,	377

SCHUYLER, MONTGOMERY. <i>Schools of Architecture, and the Paris School,</i>	765
SMITH COLLEGE, UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT, ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS, Illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark.	37
SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, THE.	
FIRST BOMBARDMENT, THE, {	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, . . . 3
FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR, THE, }	
ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD OF THE WAR, THE,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, . . . 131
CHASE OF CERVERA, THE,	JOHN R. SPEARS, . . . 144
FIRST ENGAGEMENT OF AMERICAN TROOPS ON CUBAN SOIL, THE,	JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD, . . . 177
AFFAIR OF THE WINSLOW, THE,	JOHN R. SPEARS, . . . 182
ROUGH RIDERS' FIGHT AT GUASIMAS, THE,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, . . . 259
WOUNDED CORRESPONDENT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF GUASIMAS, A,	EDWARD MARSHALL, . . . 273
HOW THE SPANIARDS FOUGHT AT EL CANEY,	JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN, . . . 278
ARTIST AT EL POSO, AN,	HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, . . . 283
WAR-SHIP COMMUNITY, A,	W. J. HENDERSON, . . . 285
BATTLE OF SAN JUAN, THE,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, . . . 387
REGULARS AT EL CANEY, THE,	CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. LEE, R.A., . . . 403
SANTIAGO, THE DAY OF THE SURRENDER OF,	JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD, . . . 413
AFLOAT FOR NEWS IN WAR TIMES,	JOHN R. SPEARS, . . . 501
PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN, THE,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, . . . 515
NAVY IN THE WAR, THE,	CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK, U.S.N., . . . 529
TORPEDO-BOATS IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN,	JOHN R. SPEARS, . . . 614
NIGHT ESCAPE, A,	STEVENS VAIL, . . . 630
IN THE RIFLE-PITS,	RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, . . . 644
FALL OF MANILA, THE,	CAPTAIN T. BENTLEY MOTT, U.S.A. . . . 683
SPANISH MANNER, THE. Point of View,	637
SPEARS, JOHN R. { <i>The Chase of Cervera,</i>	144
{ <i>The Affair of the Winslow,</i>	182
{ <i>Afloat for News in War Times,</i>	501
{ <i>Torpedo-Boats in the War with Spain,</i>	614
SPIELMANN, M. H. <i>John Ruskin as an Artist,</i>	659
STEVENSON AT PLAY, With an Introduction by, LLOYD OSBOURNE,	709
THACKERAY. Point of View,	123
THANET, OCTAVE. { <i>The Conscience of a Business Man,</i>	310
{ <i>Johnny's Job,</i>	439
TORPEDO-BOATS IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN, JOHN R. SPEARS,	614
VAIL, STEVENS. <i>A Night Escape—An Episode of the War,</i>	630
WALCOTT, E. A. <i>Gormley's Scoop,</i>	187
WALTON, WILLIAM. <i>Artistic Die-Sinking of the Present Time,</i>	509
WAR. See <i>Spanish-American.</i>	
WARREN, CHARLES. <i>The Amalgamated Bill,</i>	160
WAR-SHIP COMMUNITY, A, W. J. HENDERSON,	285
Illustrations from photographs taken on the San Francisco, Indiana, Brooklyn, New York, and Massachusetts.	
WHARTON, EDITH. <i>The Pelican,</i>	620
WHERE'S NORA? A Story, SARAH ORNE JEWETT,	739
Illustrated by A. I. Keller.	
WILLIAMS, JESSE LYNCH. { <i>The Great Secretary of State Interview—a Newspaper Story,</i>	540
{ <i>Mrs. H. Harrison Wells's Shoes,</i>	683

	PAGE
WINSLOW, THE AFFAIR OF THE,	JOHN R. SPEARS, 182
WORKERS, THE. THE WEST,	WALTER A. WYCKOFF.
Illustrations drawn from life by W. R. Leigh.	
V. AMONG THE REVOLUTIONARIES,	91
VI. A ROAD BUILDER ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS,	321
VII. FROM CHICAGO TO DENVER,	422
VIII. FROM DENVER TO THE PACIFIC—Conclusion,	561
WOUNDED CORRESPONDENT'S RECOLLEC- TIONS OF GUASIMAS, A,	EDWARD MARSHALL, 273
WYCKOFF, WALTER A. <i>The Workers—The West</i> ,	91, 321, 422, 561

POETRY

AD FINEM FIDELES. A Martial Elegy,	GUY WETMORE CARRYL, 59
ALLERSEELEN,	ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON, 488
AMATEUR PANTOMIME, AT AN,	GRACE GOODALE, 528
With a decoration by Maxfield Parrish.	
AUTUMN, THE PASSING OF,	ARCHIBALD LAMPMANN, 634
BUGLES, THE CALL OF THE. An Ode,	RICHARD HOVEY, 295
CHAMBER, THE,	JULIA C. R. DORR, 79
CLOSED DOORS,	CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON, 548
DAILY BREAD,	JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, 643
With a drawing by Walter Appleton Clark.	
DIZAINE,	332
ENGLAND,	GRACE ELLERY CHANNING, 319
EPIGRAMMATIST, THE,	OLIVER HERFORD, 349
Decorations by the author.	
FAUSTINE, TO,	ARTHUR COLTON, 500
LARGER JOY, THE,	539
MARTIAL ELEGY FOR SOME LEAD SOLDIERS, A,	ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, 719
Decorations by Orson Lowell.	
MIRROR BROKEN, THE. A Sonnet,	738
NEW YORK NOCTURNE, A	CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, 469
With full-page illustration by Henry McCarter.	
ONE GRIEF, THE. A Sonnet,	EDITH WHARTON, 90
ON THE SHORE—A MALAY SONG,	R. H. STODDARD, 36
SEA IS HIS, THE,	EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN, 153
With eight illustrations by Henry McCarter, repro- duced in color.	
SENESCIMUS,	ARTHUR COLTON, 208
SEPARATION,	ALICE LEARNED BUNNER, 692
WAGNER'S RING OF THE NIBELUNG—PART I. —THE RAPE OF THE RHINE-GOLD—An English Version by,	F. J. STIMSON, 693
With decorations and illustrations in color by Max- field Parrish.	
"WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS."	GRACE ELLERY CHANNING, 437
WIND UPON A SUMMER DAY, THE,	M. L. VAN VORST, 58

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV

JULY, 1898

NO. 1

THE FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

IT was half-past four on the afternoon of April 22d, and that peace which only exists when the sun is at 103° brooded over the coral islands of Key West and over the warships of the North Atlantic Squadron in her bay. The flags at the mast-heads moved irritably in the hot air, the palms at the Custom-house moved not at all, but were cut against the glaring blue sky like giant petals of tin; in the streets the colored drivers slept in their open hacks, and on the porch of the hotel a long row of officers in white duck and of correspondents in yachting caps sat with their chairs tilted back and with their feet on the railings before them, in a state of depressed and sweltering silence.

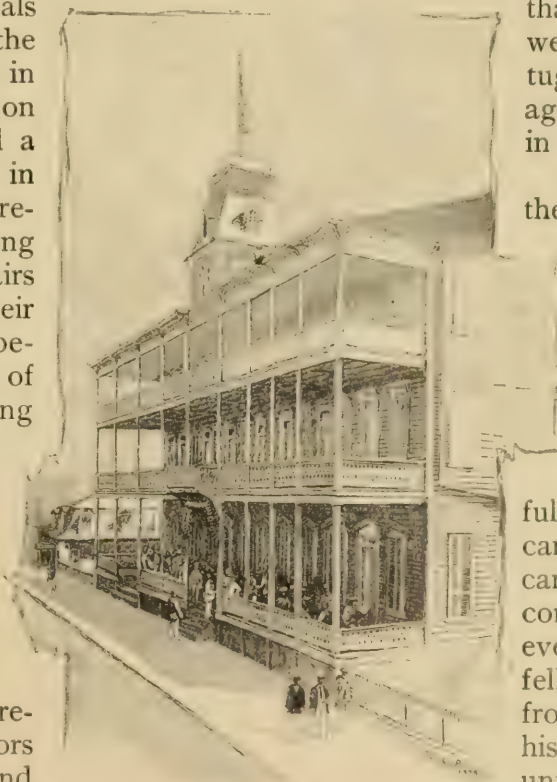
For two months they had been waiting at Key West. They had waited while the President's message had been postponed once, and three times, while Representatives and Senators moved and amended and referred, while foreign powers had offered services more or less friendly, and while all the

machinery of diplomacy had been put in motion to avert, or to delay, the inevitable end. And they had lost hope and interest. For three weeks the White Squadron had been disguised in her war-paint of lead. The decks of the warships had been cleared for action, and the great battle-ships that were to lead the way, and which stood seven miles nearer to the goal

than the others, for three weeks had strained and tugged at their anchorage, like dogs struggling in their chains.

Ever since February the fifteenth, when the Maine settled into the mud of Havana Harbor, these men at Key West had held but one desire and one hope, and at half-past four of that hot and peaceful

afternoon their reward came. It wore, when it came, the obvious and commonplace garb of every day. A small boy fell off of his bicycle in front of the hotel and ran his eyes along the porch until they rested on a correspondent of the *New York Herald*. To him he handed a telegram, and, mounting his wheel



The Key West Hotel.

Copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

again, rode away up the hot and dusty street. The correspondent opened the envelope with his thumb, and read: "Rain and hail," and started, and then, seeing that the watchful eyes of half the row were upon him, turned his back and took a narrow code-book from his pocket, and ran his finger down its page. He held it toward me, as I stood looking over his shoulder, and I read: "Rain and hail"—"War is declared, fleet ordered to sea." And a few moments later the porch was empty, the hall of the hotel was piled high with hand-bags and sailors' kits, and hackmen were lashing their horses down the dusty street; and at the water's edge one could see launches, gigs, and cutters streaking the blue surface of the bay with flashes of white and brass; signal flags of brilliant reds and yellows were spreading and fluttering at the signal halyards; wig-waggers beat the air from the bridges, and across the water, from the decks of the monitors, came the voices of the men answering the roll: "One, two, three, FOUR! *one, two, three, FOUR.*"

There were still ships to coal, or Captain Sampson, who had become Admiral Sampson since half past four, would on the word have started to blockade Havana. But as they could not be left behind, all of those ships that were ready were moved outside the harbor and the fleet was signalled to have steam up at four o'clock the next morning. That night as the sun sank—and it sinks at Key West with a splendor and glory that it assumes in but few other ports of the world—it spread a fiery red background for thirteen black ships of war outlined with gallows-like yards against it. Some still lay at anchor sparkling with cargo lights and with the coaling barges looming bulkily along side, and others moved across the crimson curtain of the sky less like ships than a procession of grotesque monsters of the sea, grim, inscrutable, and menacing.

War had been declared. It had come at last, and as the fleet lay waiting for the day, it is a question if any man in the squadron slept that night, but did not instead keep watch alone, and wonder what war might bring to him. To whom would it bring honor, to whom honor with death, to whom would the chance come and who

would seize it when it came, and who would make it come?

In the quick changes of war and under its cruel tests, unknown men would become leaders of men, and those who had attained high places and had risen and fattened in the days of peace, would be pushed aside into oblivion; the newspaper-made generals would see a gunner's mate become in an hour the nation's hero, new conditions and new problems would rise to find men ready to grasp them—anything was possible—new alliances, new enemies, and new friends. The declaration of war meant all these things, a new map and a new chapter in the history of the world.

And yet while men wondered as to what the morrow might bring forth, the physical aspect of the night was one strangely in contrast with the great change of the day. We could imagine the interest and excitement which the declaration of war had roused in all corners of the country; we knew that for the moment Key West was the storm-centre of the map of the United States, and that where the squadron would go, what it would do, and how soon it would move upon the enemy were questions that men were asking in clubs, and on street corners; we knew that bulletin-boards were blocking the streets of lower New York with people eager for news, and that men and women from Seattle to Boston were awake with anxiety and unrest.

And yet at the heart of it all, in the harbor of Key West, save for the water lapping against the great sides of the ships and the bells sounding in chorus across the stretches of the bay, there was only silence, and the night wore every aspect of peace. For though all through that night the vessels talked with one another, they spoke in a language of signs, a language that made less sound than a whisper. That was the only promise for the morrow, their rows of lanterns winking red and white against the night, and vanishing instantly in mid-air, and the great fingers of the searchlights sweeping grandly across the sky, halting upright for a moment, and then sinking to the water's edge, measuring out the heavens and carrying messages of command to men many miles at sea.

The morning of the twenty-third awoke radiantly beautiful with light and color.



The First Prize of the War, Buen Ventura, Showing Some of the Prize Crew on Deck.

In the hollows of the waves deep blue and purple shadows caught the million flashes of the sun, and their white crests danced in its light. Across this flashing picture of light and movement and color, the leaden-painted war-ships moved heavily in two great columns, the battle-ships and monitors leading on the left, the cruisers

moving abreast to starboard, while in their wake and on either flank the torpedo-boats rolled and tossed like porpoises at play. To the active imagination it might have appeared that each was racing to be the first to throw a shell into Cabanas prison, to knock the first stone from the ramparts of Morro Castle, to fire the first

shot of the War of '98. But the first shot of the war was reserved for no such serious purpose.

For while the houses of Key West were still well in view, there came into the lines of the squadron a courteous Spaniard, who, unsuspecting and innocent of war,



"Messenger!"

steered his tramp steamer, the Buen Ventura, into the very jaws of the enemy. And it was upon him that the honor fell of receiving the first shot our navy had fired "in anger" in thirty years. It was an unsought-for honor which probably the Spanish captain did not appreciate.

According to his own story, as he told it that same afternoon in the harbor of Key West, when he saw so many "beautiful" war-ships flying the American flag, he said

to himself: "Behold! the courtesy of my race requires that I salute these beautiful war-ships." Those are his exact words. And in admiration and innocence this poor man raised the red and yellow standard of Spain.

This was at half past five in the morning of April 23d. Lieutenant Frank Marble was officer of the deck on the flagship, and from the forward bridge he had reported the presence of a vessel on the starboard bow. The admiral signalled the ship nearest the Buen Ventura, which happened to be the Nashville, "What colors does the stranger show?"

Both the Helena and the Nashville signalled back "Spanish," and the answer came from the flagship, to the Nashville, "Capture her."

The signal as it is in the code-book is really much fuller than that, but that is its meaning. So the Nashville fired a shot across the Buen Ventura's bow. Patrick Walton fired it. It was the first shot of the war. A second shot followed, and the Buen Ventura hove to, and a prize crew, under Ensign Magruder, boarded her, and a press boat buried her bows in the water and rushed back to the United States with the news that the squadron had taken her first prize, and that the blockade had begun. And so it came about that a fluttering of flags and a couple of shots aimed at a flashing, dancing sea formed the first hostile act of our war with Spain.

THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

FOR twelve days after war was declared the flagship New York lay ten miles off Morro Castle, blistering in the sun by day and made beautiful by the moon at night. She was the Central Office of the blockading squadron, and from her, messenger boys, in the shape of black and grimy torpedo-boats, carried orders to the men-of-war that stretched along the coast from Cardenas to Bahia Honda. While they lay waiting or patrolling their



General Quarters on Sunday on Board the New York.

stations, alert and watchful. the flagship planned and arranged and issued commands. She was the bureau of information for the fleet, the mouth-piece of the Strategic Board at Washington, and all through the hot brilliant days her red and yellow signals fluttered and flapped and her wig-waggers beat the air. Other war-ships drew up beside her and their officers came on board to receive instructions, tug-boats converted into auxiliaries flew to her for aid, to ask for the loan of a few casks of drinking-water, or the services of a mechanic to mend a leak, or to deliver the mail-bags and, what was of equal value, clothes from the laundry.

The New York was the clearing-house of the fleet, the first to receive the news, the one place from which news was disseminated. It came to us from officers of prize-crews on their way back to their ships, who halted to report to the Admiral and to tell their adventures to the wardroom mess, and it was brought to us by the fleet of press-boats, which in return received the news of the day on the flagship. Sometimes they received this through a megaphone, sometimes they sent a correspondent over the side to get it at first hand, and sometimes, when the sea was rough, we threw it to them done up in a glass bottle. The flagship was the only place from which to view and comprehend the blockade. What was seen from a press-boat was at long range; from their decks the motive and result of any move was of necessity problematical. It was like reporting the burning of the Waldorf-Astoria from the Brooklyn Bridge. The ob-



The Admiral's Bridge.



Lieutenant Mulligan in the Centre. Ensign Boone, who Fired the First Shot at Matanzas, is on the Right.



The First Prisoner of the War. The Spaniard is the one pulling his mustache, Sylvester Scovel is in the centre, in a yachting suit and cap.

server in the distance might see much smoke and some flame, but whether the cause of the fire were accidental or incendiary, whether there were loss of life or deeds of heroism, he could only guess.

In its creature-comforts life on board the flagship was like that on board of a yacht cruising in summer seas; but overshadowing its comforts was an organization as complete as that of the Bank of England, and discipline as absolute as that of a monastery. In no military post, from Knightsbridge Barracks to Gibraltar, from Fort Houston to Fort Sill, nor in Greece, Egypt, France, Russia, or Germany have I seen discipline better observed, or such "smartness," or such intelligent obedience as I noted during the ten days that I remained on the New York. In that time



The Flagship New York Cleared for Action.

there were many novel experiences to impress one; there was much that was entirely new and quite incomprehensible. There were some exciting races after blockade runners, some heavy firing, some wonderful effects of land and sea and sky, some instances of coolness and courage and of kind-

ness and courtesy, but what was more impressive than all else besides, was the discipline of the ship's company and the perfection of her organization. Many men can swagger and be brave and shoot off a gun. That our sailors are brave no one has ever doubted, even before the victory of Manila harbor, but the best sailor is the man who not only can stand by his gun, but who can stand watch eight hours on end without stealing a few minutes' sleep; who respects himself, his



Junior Officers of the New York. Ensign Boone in the Centre.

ship and her officers, who is as thoroughly in earnest when he is alone cleaning a bit of brass-work, as when he is aiming a four-inch gun in the presence of the enemy. And a more earnest, alert, and self-respecting class of men than were on the New York are not to be found in any class or profession in our country, and that is as true of the Admiral as of the crew, and of the crew as of the Admiral.

It was very difficult to believe that we were really at war. A peaceful blockade does not lend itself to that illusion. From the deck of the New York, we overlooked the coast of Cuba as from the roof of a high building, and all that we saw of war was a peaceful panorama of mountain-ranges and yellow villages, royal palms and tiny forts, like section-houses along the line of a railroad, and in the distance Morro Castle and the besieged city of Havana basking in a haze of glaring sunlight.

So, the first prisoner of the war was almost as much of a surprise to the ship as the ship was to him. Up to the time of his arrival a Spaniard, to most of the officers and crew, was an unknown quantity, —a picture of a bull-fighter in the comic papers, something hidden away somewhere along the smiling line of coast. The first prisoner introduced us to the enemy, and his uniform of blue drill, his Panama hat and his red and yellow cockade made the Spaniard for the first time real and human. I had seen Spanish officers in Cuba swaggering in cafés and plazas, tramping at the head of their troops through dusty roads, directing the burning of huts and cane-fields and giving the order to fire on insurgent prisoners, and I must confess to a sneaking sense of joy when this poor Second Lieutenant came silently into Captain Chadwick's cabin twisting his hat between his hands, and sank gratefully into the chair they placed for him. The first question Captain Chadwick asked was whether he would have breakfast, but the prisoner said he had no appetite; then the captain offered him a cigar, but he shrugged his shoulders and bowed and said he did not care to smoke. Then the Captain told Sylvester Scovel, who was interpreting whenever the Captain's Spanish failed him, to ask the prisoner where he came from and how he happened to get caught. But to every

one of these questions Scovel added six of his own, inquiring as to how many troops the Spaniards had placed along the coast, where forts were situated, where patrols met, and how deep the water was in certain ports. Every now and then Chadwick would say, "That will do, tell him he is free;" but Scovel would object: "No, don't let him go yet, he is telling me things he shouldn't."

And then Scovel would smile with his innocent blue eyes upon the prisoner, nod encouragingly, and the unhappy Lieutenant would proceed to give him the information that the blockading squadron desired.

The name of Sylvester Scovel is probably better known in Cuba than that of any other American, even than that of Fitzhugh Lee. He is certainly more cordially hated than any other of the "nation of pigs," and a reward of ten thousand dollars was for some time placed upon his head. The Spaniards captured him once, after he had eluded them, hundreds of times; the Senate of the United States demanded that he should be set at liberty, and after a month's imprisonment he was released. To-day if he should be taken in Cuba, he would be shot or hung on the instant, and the death of no other American would, I believe, cause such universal rejoicing among Spanish officers and Spanish residents. Consequently, it was rather amusing to see the Spanish Lieutenant Juan de Rio clinging close to Scovel's elbow, and showing him the utmost deference and gratitude. Scovel wore a yachting cap and a suit of blue serge, so it is probable that the Spaniard mistook him for one of the ship's junior officers. But when they parted, after Scovel had shown him over the ship, there was a little scene. They had said farewell with many flourishes and the Spaniard had, after the fashion of his race, made a little speech to the effect that he saw it was as impossible to surpass the courtesy of an American officer as to surpass his war-ship.

"You have been most kind to me," he added, "and I should like to know your name. I shall always remember it."

Scovel laughed and nodded. "My name is Sylvester Scovel," he said, bowing. "I am the correspondent of the New York *World*."

The Spanish have no sense of humor, and this one could not rise to the occasion. He only gasped and stared, and backed hastily away. He can hardly be blamed. It must be bewildering to find that you have been overwhelmed with courtesies by the man whose death, had he been your prisoner and you had killed him, would have brought you a reward of \$10,000, and a vote of thanks from your Government.

The bombardment of the shore batteries at Matanzas came out of a clear sky. We knew something unusual was going forward, but only that. We had been lying off Morro and we suddenly started at good speed to the east, and when we reached Matanzas we came slowly in toward the mouth of the harbor, and then drifted. The New York was nearly two miles away from the shore, but with a glass we could see soldiers gathered on a long rampart of fresh earth. To the naked eye the yellow soil made a line against the green manigua bushes on the point.

I was in a gun-turret on the main deck listening to a group of jackies disagreeing as to whether the port before us was that of Matanzas or Cardenas. I had visited both places and ventured the opinion that it was Matanzas. So they crowded in to ask about the houses that we saw on shore, and as to whether there were mines in the harbor, and what we were doing there anyway, and I was just congratulating myself on having such a large and eager audience, when someone blew a bugle and my audience vanished, and six other young men came panting into the gun-turret, each with his hair flying and his eyes and mouth wide opened with excitement. All bugle calls were alike to me, so I asked if that particular one was "general quarters," and a panting blue jacket as he rushed by shouted "Yes, sir!" over his shoulder and ran on. Everybody was running, officers, middies, and crew, everyone seemed to have been caught just at the wrong end of the ship and on the wrong deck at the exact point farthest from his division. They all ran for about a minute in every direction, and then there was absolute silence, just as though someone had waved a wand over each of them and had fixed him in his place. But it was apparently the right place. Captain

Chadwick ran down the ladder from the forward bridge and shouted at Ensign Boone, "Aim for 4,000 yards, at that bank of earth on the point." Then he ran up to the bridge again, where Admiral Sampson was pacing up and down, looking more like a calm and scholarly professor of mathematics than an Admiral. For the Admiral is a slow-speaking, quiet-voiced man, who studies intently and thoughtfully the eyes of everyone who addresses him, a man who would meet success or defeat with the same absolute quietness, an intellectual fighter, a man who impresses you as one who would fight and win entirely with his head.

Ensign Boone's gun was in the waist amidships, and he had been especially chosen to fire the first gun because the Captain had picked him out from among the other junior officers as an eager and intelligent ensign, and also because the jealousy that rages between the eight-inch guns in the fore and after turrets is so great that not even the Admiral himself would dare to let one of them fire the first shot of the war—that is, the first shot "with intent to kill"—for fear of hurting the feelings of the others. So Captain Chadwick cut the knot by ordering Ensign Boone to let loose first. It was a proud moment in the life of Ensign Boone, and as he is one of the class that was turned out of Annapolis before its time, he is a very young man to have had such an honor thrust upon him. But, fortunately, he is modest and bore it bravely.

At first I tried to keep count of the shots fired, but it was soon like counting falling bricks. They seemed to be ripping out the steel sides of the ship and to be racing to see which could get rid of the most ammunition first. The thick deck of the superstructure jumped with the concussions, and vibrated like a suspension bridge when an express train thunders across it. They came crashing from every point, and when you had steadied yourself against one volley, you were shaken and swayed by the backward rush of the wind from another. The reports seemed to crack the air as though it were an opaque body. It opened and shut and rocked you about with invisible waves. Your ear-drums tingled and strained and seemed to crack, the noise

was physical, like a blow from a base-ball bat; the noise itself stung and shook you. The concussions were things apart, they shook you after a fashion of their own, jumping your field-glasses between the bridge of your nose and the brim of your hat, and hammering your eyebrows. With this there were great clouds of hot smoke that swept across the decks and hung for a moment, hiding everything in a curtain of choking fog, that tasted salt and rasped your throat and nostrils, and burned your eyes.

The ship seemed to work and to fight by herself; you heard no human voice of command, only the grieved tones of Lieutenant Mulligan rising from his smoke-choked deck below, where he could not see to aim his six-inch gun, and from where he begged Lieutenant Marble again and again to "Take your damned smoke out of my way." Lieutenant Marble was vaulting in and out of his forward turret like a squirrel in a cage. One instant you would see him far out on the deck, where shattered pieces of glass and wood-work eddied like leaves in a hurricane, and the next pushing the turret with his shoulder as though he meant to shove it overboard, and then he would wave his hand to his crew inside and there would be a racking roar, a parting of air and sea and sky, a flash of flame vomiting black smoke, and he would be swallowed up in it like a wicked fairy in a pantomime. And instantly from the depths below, like the voice of a lost soul, would rise the protesting shriek of Dick Mulligan asking, frantically, "Oh, WILL you take your damned smoke out of my way!"

The New York did not have all the fighting to herself, for the Puritan and the Cincinnati were a few hundred yards out at sea, and almost broke their signal halcyards in begging the Admiral to be allowed to come in too. They were like school-boys snapping their fingers at the school-master in their eagerness to show off their knowledge, and well they showed it. An impudent battery had opened from the eastern coast of the harbor and they turned on that. The Puritan was a wonderful sight, her decks were lashed with two feet of water, the waves seemed to be running in and out of her turrets, and the flames and smoke from her great guns came from

the water-line, so that it looked to us as though she were sinking and firing as she sank. The Cincinnati fired broadsides as rapidly as a man can shoot a self-cocking revolver; it was perhaps the most remarkable performance of the day. The aim throughout was excellent — although it is not necessary to say that of American marksmanship — and the shots fell fairly in the ramparts, throwing the earthworks fifty feet in the air and cutting them level with the ground. Only three shots from the batteries struck near the New York, and none of them came closer than one hundred yards. The engagement lasted fifteen minutes, but it was so exciting while it lasted that they did not seem more than five.

On the whole, the concussions were not as deafening as I had been led to think they would be, but in other ways the bombardment gave me the worst shaking up I ever received, though I once, with nine other unfortunates, dropped down the elevator-shaft of the *Life* Building; but the shock of that was like stepping off a bicycle in comparison. What the effect would be on one, if an enemy's shots of like force were striking and bursting around the ship, I cannot even imagine. The thought of it makes me want to take off my hat to every blue-jacket I meet.

No shots passed near us as I say, but I found the wear and tear from our own guns alone during that quarter of an hour in which they were in action far more trying than all the Turkish shells had been at Velostinos, when they raced continuously overhead for the better part of two long, hot days. But there you were a free agent, you only moved because you thought you were going to be hit; on the New York you moved because you could not help yourself, because the guns of your own side beat you about and deafened and blinded and shook you.

It is not likely that anyone will undervalue the qualities of our sailors, but no one need feel the least afraid of giving them too much honor, or of praising them beyond their deserts. Their footing on one of these floating iron foundries in action is about as secure as that of a parcel of flies on a window-pane when someone hits it with a rock. With the army, a soldier always has the satisfaction of knowing that if he is not victorious he can retreat

through several States before he is forced into the Pacific Ocean, but the sailor of our navy has no such consolation. He must either win, or sink in his coffin.

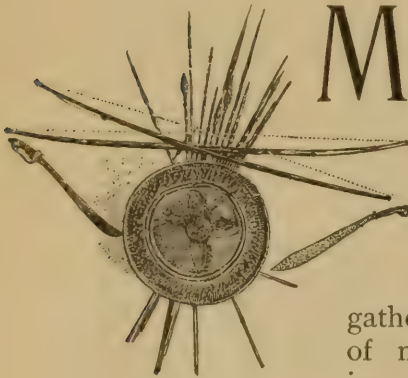
The men in the German Emperor's favorite regiment, the Red Hussars, take an oath on enlisting that they will never sur-

render, but that sooner than be made prisoners they will die fighting. Every man in the American navy, whether he is an oiler or a commodore, is qualified to enter that crack regiment, for when he enlists he virtually makes that promise to his countrymen on shore, "I win or I sink."

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES

By Isaac M. Elliott

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COLLECTIONS OF JOSEPH EARLE STEVENS AND THE AUTHOR



Native Arms of the Philippines.

MY knowledge of the Philippine Islands was acquired while United States Consul at Manila from 1893 to 1896. The information which I

gathered in the course of my official career is often incomplete, but anyone who has come in contact with Spanish colonial gov-

ernment will realize why I have been unable to give accurate specific figures in regard to trade questions. It is to the interest of the government to conceal the value of the imports and exports, because the undisturbed corruption of the Spanish officials is made possible through false returns in regard to these questions.

In fact, the government of the Philippines has been an illustration of Spanish misrule from the early massacres of the natives in the sixteenth century down to the present era of high taxes and official robbery.

Both natives and foreigners are oppressed by the elaborate system of taxation. Every male pays what is known as a head tax (*cédula personal*), which ranges from fifty cents for a young clerk to one hundred dollars a year for a man engaged in an independent business. Then there is a tax for the privilege of doing business, called the *patente*, which is gauged by the value and amount of the business, and every merchant is compelled to show his books. As an illustration of

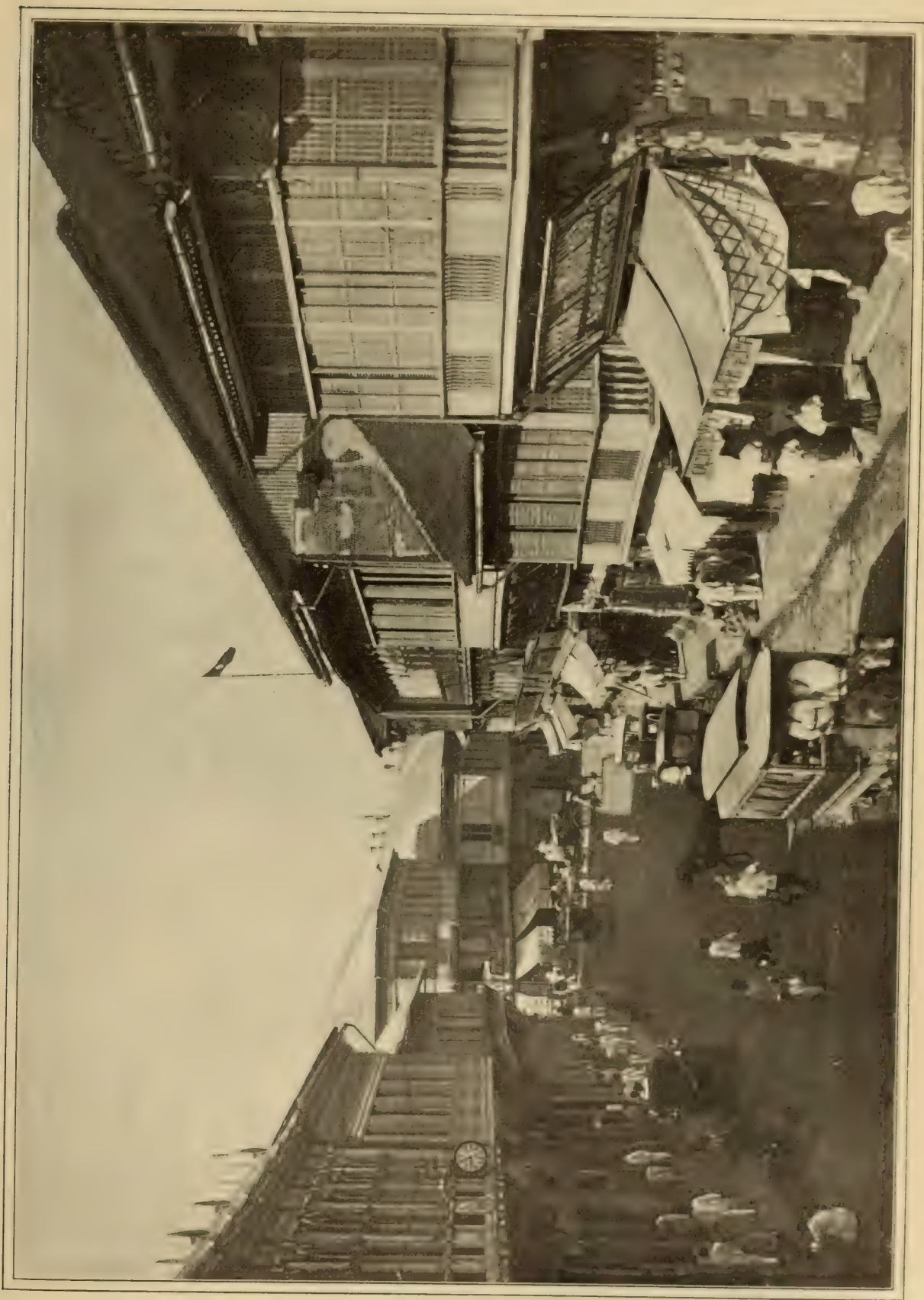
how high this tax is, I may mention that a drug store with a perfumery department in Manila pays one thousand dollars per year.

Real estate is also subject to a heavy tax. There is a tree-tax of twenty-five cents for each tree cut down, large or small. In Manila there is a carriage-tax of three dollars for each wheel. A horse is taxed four dollars per year. Then there is an elaborate system of stamp-taxes. All legal documents must be written on stamped paper, worth from five cents to one dollar per sheet. If a poor man enters into a law-suit, the smallest case would probably cost him four dollars in stamp-taxes, and everybody concerned, up to the judge who hears the case, gets a fee.

Importers are subject to the additional imposition of petty fines, which are inflicted for all sorts of insignificant offences. One man was fined one hundred dollars because a cargo of hundreds of cobblestones was one stone short of the number stated in the manifest. In the year ending in 1896 the collector of customs at Manila collected eighty-two thousand dollars in these petty fines, all of which legally became his personal property.

Not only are the duties on imports very heavy, but there is a large export duty.

Spanish misrule and oppression in the Islands is exerted also through the Church. The Church really owns a great many of the plantations in fee, on which the planters pay oppressive rents. They also have their own banks engaged in the business of lending money to the planters at usurious rates of interest. To put it in a nutshell, it may be said that the Church lives off the natives, and the Spanish officials live off the importers.



"Escolta," Manila's Main Street.



The Luneta.

Promenade at the end of the fortifications along the bay where fashionable Manila assembles from six to eight.

There are one hundred and fifty-one holidays observed, including Sundays. These of course reduce enormously the earning capacity of every man. Constant religious processions fill the streets, and images are carried, arrayed in the most costly raiment and covered with jewels. The churches are enormously rich. While I was in Manila one order alone sent a branch in America \$1,500,000. While the



San Miguel.

The fashionable residence street of Manila.

Church has absorbed a great deal of money from the people, still it has been the civilizing factor, and has built schools and churches all over the Philippine Islands, where the poor as well as the rich are always welcome.

It is said that the civil authority in many respects is actually subject to the religious, and that a large part of the real estate of the city is in the possession of the religious

have nothing to do with this insurrection. All that the United States has to apprehend is that, having been oppressed for so many years, the insurgents may, if let loose, indiscriminately slaughter, loot, and destroy all foreigners. Under a liberal government, however, and if the Mestizos, whose part in affairs I shall describe later, are used as intermediaries, they will become a docile, orderly element.



Province Steamers in the "Pasig."

orders. One writer says that "The personal liberty of the common man may almost be said to be in their keeping."

With these various forms of oppression by the government, and by the Church, it is not wonderful that the planters and their dependent plantation workers have risen in revolt. The insurrection in the Philippines, of which we have heard so much, is really a righteous uprising of the producing class against misgovernment. They are the Malays and half-castes, who have been robbed of their rightful share of the returns of their industry, and have taken up arms against the government. The savages, or Negritos,

The well-known historical facts in regard to these Islands since their discovery by Magellan, in 1521, need not be here repeated. There is great discrepancy in the accounts of the number of the islands, by reason of the hundreds of them that are simply rocks in the sea without inhabitants. There are probably 1,200 separate islands in the Archipelago, of which four hundred are inhabited. Most of these contain only wild bands of the Negritos, the original natives, who have never been conquered or civilized. Actual Spanish dominion is limited to the western coast of the largest island, Luzon, of which Manila is the capital; to the eastern coast of



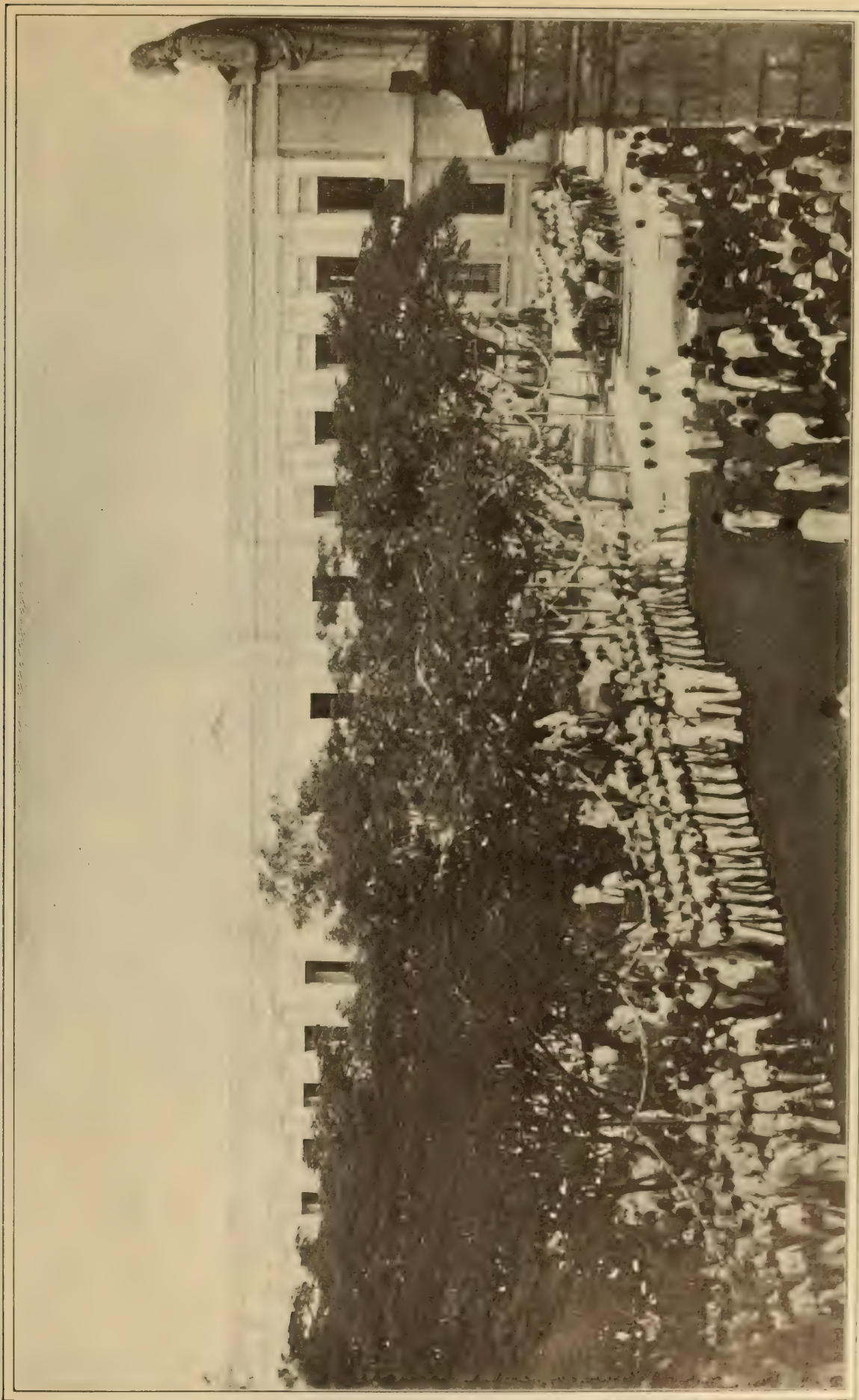
City Hall.—In Old Manila.

Mindoro Island, immediately south of Luzon; to Panay, a large island over which the Spanish have complete control and whose port is Iloilo, of which Admiral Dewey has already taken possession; and to the southeast of it, Negros and Cebu islands, where the Spaniards have partial control at certain seaports. The largest island in the whole group next to Luzon is Mindanao, where the Spaniards have never gained a foothold except in two or three fortified coast-towns. The absolute ruler is the Sultan of Buhaten, who controls an immense sultanate of Malaysians who were converted to Mohammedanism. It thus appears that Spanish dominion is practically confined to narrow sea-coast strips, and that the great bulk of the territory of the Philippines is unsubdued and undeveloped, and inhabited by the original savage Negritos, who roam the islands unmolested and give no trouble whatever, unless interfered with in their fastnesses.

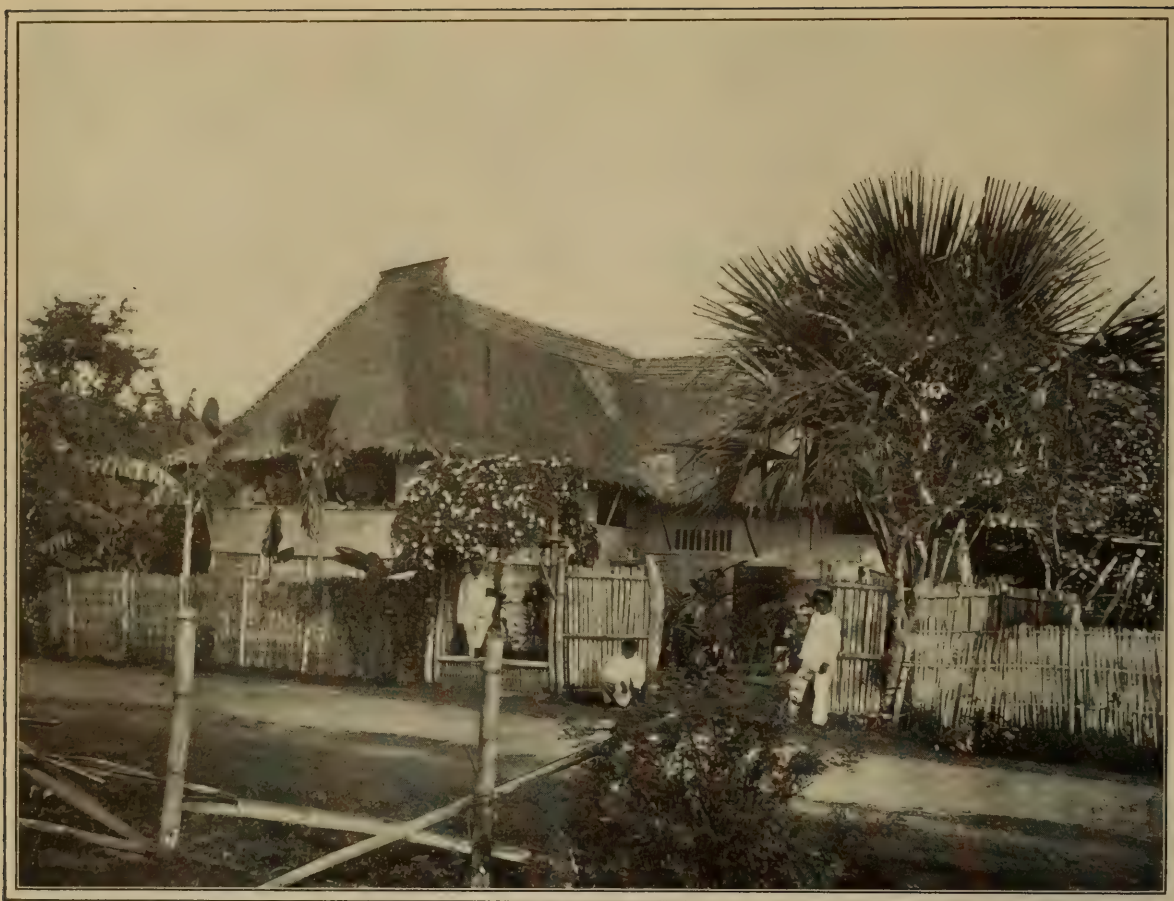
The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands who are to be considered in commercial questions are the Malaysians, the Chinese, the Europeans, the English, and

the Americans. When one speaks of the "natives," he generally refers to the Malaysians and the half-castes, who are the descendants of Malaysians and various foreign races who have intermarried with them. These are called Mestizos, and are often well educated. The wealthy Mestizos or half-castes send their children to Europe to be educated, and they are very apt pupils, too. I know a number of young men who are graduates of the best colleges in Europe.

The commercial and industrial life is founded on the great natural adaptability of the soil for producing tobacco, hemp, and sugar. Plantation life is the industrial unit on which the whole commercial system turns. These plantations are large or small, according to the wealth of the proprietor, who is generally a Malay. All the work of the plantation is done by other Malaysians, and on some of the large plantations as many as five or six hundred of these live in little bamboo houses, just as the negroes lived on the old cotton plantations in the South. The planter furnishes these workers with food and clothes.



High Mass at the Cathedral on Sunday Morning in the Old Town.



Native House and Typical Bamboo Fence.

The food is rice and fish and is very cheap, and the clothes are the most primitive—the men wearing white drilling and the women gorgeous-colored calicoes. An account is kept of the supplies furnished to the plantation-hands, and when the crop has been harvested a settlement takes place, resulting sometimes in a small balance of a few dollars in cash, which is paid to the workers; very often they are in debt to the planter.

Of course, the planter must have a certain amount of capital in order to purchase his supplies of food and clothing, and here is where the middle-man steps in. The middle-man is generally a Mestizo (half-caste), who is often a man of considerable education, tact, and shrewdness. It is his business to contract with the planters for their entire crops in advance, furnishing them with the needed capital. He makes these contracts on behalf of the great firms—English, German, French, American—who manage the export trade of the islands. These exporters are the original sources of the capital on which the whole industrial machinery

depends. They lend money to the Mestizos at a high rate of interest, probably ten or twelve per cent., and the Mestizos sublet it to the planters at exorbitant rates, often as high as fifty per cent. a year. It is by this increased rate of interest that the Mestizo makes his money. As a consequence, the planter is almost always in debt, and the only men who make money are the exporters and the middle-men.

Of the products of the islands exported, America gets most of the sugar, part of it, however, going to Hong Kong. The tobacco is sent to Australia, New Zealand, and India, and to the European countries, while very little of it comes to the United States. On the other hand, we use most of the hemp which is produced for binder twine, rope, etc.

As is well known, America was supreme in the Philippine trade from the opening of the export business of the island on a large scale until within a few years. The reasons for the decline of American influence were largely the drawing out of capital by the older members of the great American trading firms, and their leaving



Puentes d'Ayala—Bridge Across the Pasig in the Residence Section.

the business to younger members of their families, who found themselves with great responsibilities and a reduced capital. Gradually English firms, with abundant capital, succeeded to the bulk of the business. The last American firms in Manila were crowded out three years ago by Spanish intrigues, caused by the hatred of Americans growing out of the Cuban troubles. This overthrow was managed by the thousand and one petty annoyances of legal machinery that the Spaniards exerted against American firms.

The commerce of these islands has been estimated by some authorities at \$50,000,000 a year, but it is probably much greater; the chief exports being sugar, tobacco, and hemp. Of Manila cigars, the yearly product is several hundred million, one factory alone employing 10,000 hands; and of Manila hemp the yearly product is probably 200,000 tons, eight-tenths of which is bought by the United States. One factory in Manila produces 40,000,000 cigarettes in a single year.

The imports are also of enormous value. The United States sends the Philippines chiefly kerosene oil and flour, while Eng-

land, Germany, and France sell them print cloths, white drilling, hardware, canned goods, etc. There are other large towns in the islands, but most of the imports are landed at Manila and are shipped to these by local steamers. One company alone has twenty-seven steamers engaged in local and coastwise trade; their ships ranging in size from 500 to 3,000 tons.

The mineral wealth of these islands is not believed to be of great importance, although vast regions are practically unexplored. Gold has been found, but not in paying quantities. A discovery of immense value was made a few years ago in an accidental manner. The American ship Richard Parsons was wrecked on the western coast of the Island Mindoro. Captain Joy, of Nantucket, Mass., and his crew were forced to cross to a port on the eastern coast in order to reach any vessel that could carry them to Manila. To do this they made a seventeen days' journey through the wilderness and over a range of mountains. In these mountains they came upon great ledges of coal, which are outcropping, and thousands of tons had



Typical Attitudes and Expressions of Native Residents in Manila.

broken off and accumulated at the base of the cliffs. On hearing of this discovery the Spanish Government immediately confiscated the lands, but they have never done anything toward developing this great deposit of coal. All the coal now used in the islands is imported from Australia.

When the American fleet entered the harbor of Manila they passed in the night

the Island Corregidor, which is a rocky hill five hundred feet in altitude. On it is the famous Corregidor Light. It rises in the midst of a channel about eight miles wide leading into the nearly circular bay of Manila, across which, about twenty-eight miles away to the northeast, lies the city of Manila at the mouth of the river Pasig, which divides it. The country where the city lies seems low and flat, and all that one



Native Manila Wood Carvings.

sees from the harbor is an occasional white tower. Fifty miles back the mountains rise to a height of 4,000 to 6,000 feet.

Around the right-hand shore, about half way to the city, is a jutting sand-spit, on which is situated Cavite. Here were the docks, marine railways, arsenals, and low fortifications, under the shelter of which lay the Spanish fleet until destroyed by Admiral Dewey.

As you approach the city, on the shore of the bay there is seen the broad embankment and boulevard, called the Luneta, where the social world of Manila walks and drives in the evening. The main features of this parade are furnished by the European residents, of whom there are nearly four thousand, including Spanish officers and their families, and those attached to the civil government. Only five or six hundred of these are English, American, German, or French. An estimate made in 1887 gave the population at 154,000, but this is far below its present numbers. With the suburbs under the municipal government of Manila the total population is probably 400,000. A very important element in the population is the 50,000 Chinese, but by far the greatest is the half-castes.

The old city is entirely surrounded by two walls, a moat on the outside, also one between the inner and outer walls. Entrance was had by crossing drawbridges, which until 1871 were drawn up at 9 P.M. There were five of these entrances, three facing the sea and two on the opposite side, facing the Pasig River. I do not believe that there are better examples of the old style of fortifications in existence than those of Manila, and it will be a pity if we are compelled to destroy them. In my time the walls surrounding the old city were covered with old-fashioned cannon, which could do little damage to our modern fleet of war-ships. Opposite to the old city and under the same municipal government, is the new city called Binondo, where all the large business houses are situated, as are also the banks, hotels, and beautiful residences. The new Governor-General's palace is in this part of the city.

The average day of a foreigner engaged in business in Manila is something as follows: A bath in the early morning and

then a light breakfast. At seven o'clock the men go to their business offices and work until twelve, when offices are closed and everybody takes a two hours' rest, during which luncheon is served, and then a short siesta taken. From two o'clock until six or seven business is carried on as in the morning; even the banks keep open until five o'clock. When business is over for the day the employes put on fresh white clothes and help to swell the throng of people who promenade the streets, so that they are almost impassable. At eight o'clock everybody is at dinner, which is the social function of the day. The staple food is rice, which is eaten by rich and poor alike. Chicken is always served at dinner, and native fruits. All the potatoes that the Europeans get come from China, and all the wheat and flour from California. The apples are brought from Hong Kong and sell at from ten to fifteen cents apiece. The cost of living for a European is very high on account of the extremely heavy duties imposed by Spain. The wages paid to servants are, however, very small. These servants use a Malay dialect, known as Tagalog. Most of them in the town speaks Spanish fluently, a few English.

The great and universal amusement is cock-fighting. I do not know how many cock-pits there are in and about Manila, but there must be over one hundred, some of them capable of holding over 10,000 people; these pits are in bamboo buildings with thatched roofs.

In regard to the climate which a foreigner encounters, it is easy to exaggerate its discomforts; although it is tropical, still even in summer the climate may be called healthy. From December to March there are warm days, with cool nights and little rain. During March, April, and May the days are hot, dry and dusty, while the thermometer rises to 96° at noon; but the nights are not uncomfortable. In the latter part of May and of June there are thunder-storms every afternoon with a tremendous downpour of rain. The greatest heat occurs in these months, the thermometer rising frequently to 105° in the shade. July, August, and September are the months of the great typhoons, and while Manila escapes the greatest fury of these, still enough of their force remains to demolish many houses. During October and

November storms lessen in frequency and severity, and the weather gradually settles into the fine days of December. There are two scourges prevalent, small-pox among the natives, and malarial fever among the Europeans. A person once contracting this intermittent malaria in its worst form seldom fully recovers from its debilitating effects. The cholera was a few years ago very disastrous, and one hundred people a day frequently died in Manila, but since the gift of the new

water-works to the city, by an old Spanish resident, the cholera has almost disappeared. It must be remembered with regard to this whole matter of health that a large part of the conditions that have hitherto prevailed has been directly the consequence of misgovernment, ignorance, and antiquated methods; and that the knowledge and improvements which we should introduce, if the Philippines remained a permanent possession, would minimize the dangers of the climate.

JOHN PAUL JONES IN THE REVOLUTION

By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.

FIRST PAPER

IT is a somewhat singular circumstance that the most renowned battle of the United States Navy during the Revolutionary War—one of the most illustrious, also, fought at any time under any flag—while it certainly and deservedly redounds to the glory of America, represents above all the remarkable personal qualities of a single man, who at that period of his career rather disavowed than rejoiced in the name of American. "Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men," wrote Paul Jones to the Countess of Selkirk, in May, 1778, "yet I am not in arms as an American. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy." "I have drawn my sword only from motives of philanthropy, and in support of the dignity of human nature," he tells the French Minister of Marine a few months later. Jones served well the cause to which he thus devoted himself, and was among the first to come forward to sustain it upon the sea; but if he enunciated such visionary sentiments upon the quarter-deck, or round the mess-tables, of the vessels upon which he sailed in the early part of the war, that circumstance, and the fact of his foreign birth, may have given rise to the doubts of his fidelity, which his correspondence shows to have arisen among the hard-headed, practical, and wholly unsentimental seamen

embarked in the same cause. In the hour of civil strife, the native of one section of the country who throws in his lot with the other cannot wholly avoid the suspicions of his neighbors. It was notoriously so with officers of Southern birth, who during the Civil War of 1861-65 ranged themselves on the side of the Union. Farragut himself did not escape the doubt at the first; although he, like Jones, had willingly sacrificed his nearest personal interests to conviction of right.

The motley crew of the *Bonhomme Richard*, gathered from many nationalities, and controlled to common action only by the invincible energy of its commander, might, without much straining of analogies, be considered the complement of his own fanciful ideal, the realization, though somewhat disreputable, of a world-citizenship unfettered by any mean distinctions of patriotism or of party. The experiences he had of their fidelity might well have suggested to Jones a doubt as to whether the great ends of universal humanity are best served by such a forced disregard of the narrower and more intense ties which bind man to man in the smaller groups, whose rivalries and frictions promote, rather than retard progress. Fortunately, before the hour of extreme trial arrived, a reinforcement of Americans, lately released from captivity in England, afforded a nucleus, unified by the paltry sentiment of common origin and common interests, round which the heterogeneous elements of the

majority could cling and crystallize. There was a droll story current in the United States Navy after 1812, that to a lieutenant sent with a flag of truce to a British blockading ship, the commander of the latter expressed surprise at the result of some of the single-ship actions. "Half your crews, you know, are British," said he. "Well," replied the lieutenant, "the other half are Americans, and that, I presume, makes the difference." The Americans in the *Bonhomme Richard's* crew were a minority; but they flavored it as salt does food, and they were led by a lion.

It would give a very imperfect idea of John Paul Jones, however, were the impression allowed to remain, uncorrected, that he was distinguished merely by extraordinary energy, valor, and endurance. On the contrary, he belongs to that class of true sea-kings, whose claim to the title lies in the qualities of the head as well as of the heart. In the latter, indeed, there was with him an alloy of baser metal, of self-seeking, to which fault of our common manhood the narrow fervor of patriotism—love of home and of country—affords a better corrective than the vague philosophical prattle of the eighteenth century, with its Rights of Man and its citizenship of the world. Jones possessed considerable originality of ideas, resultant upon his insight into conditions round him and his appreciation of their relative value; and this quick natural perception received direction and development from habits of steady observation and ordered thought. He was also, notwithstanding his superb self-reliance, a man conscious of his deficiencies as well as of his powers; intent therefore upon self-improvement, upon the acquisition of knowledge and of experience.

From the time that the American Revolution drew him away, in 1775, from the schemes formed a year or two before, of quitting "the sea-service in favor of calm contemplation and poetic ease, the affections of the heart and the prospects of domestic happiness," he gave himself to thinking, widely and closely, how the struggle could be carried on most advantageously, and how he could best fit himself to play a prominent part as the contest grew and spread. "To be diffident," he wrote in 1782, to the United States

Minister of Marine, "is not always a proof of ignorance, but sometimes the contrary. I was offered a captain's commission at the first, to command the *Providence*, but declined it. . . . I had sailed before this Revolution in armed ships and frigates, yet when I came to try my skill, I am not ashamed to own I did not find myself perfect in the duties of a first lieutenant. If midnight study, and the instruction of the greatest and most learned sea-officers, can have given me advantages, I am [now] not without them. I confess, however, I have yet to learn. It is the work of many years' study and experience to acquire the high degree of science necessary for a great sea-officer. Cruising after merchant-ships, the service in which our frigates have generally been employed, affords, I may say, no part of the knowledge necessary for conducting fleets and their operations."

Upon this follows a number of practical suggestions for the development of the United States Navy, illustrated by facts and events drawn from naval history, remote and recent, which show, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the extent of his information and his industry in acquiring it. That his knowledge was not raw, but well digested, is equally evident from his reflections and conclusions. Though Scotch by birth, his professional thought, as there shown, bears clear traces of the association which he diligently sought with the first French officers of the day, whose eager scholar he was while his little ship lay in port amid their great fleets. Let it be remembered, too, that the man who in 1782 wrote the words quoted, humbly confessing his defects, had three years before fought a frigate-fight excelled by none for tenacity of purpose and desperate valor; had had his ship there sink under his feet; had received sword and medal from the King of France, the thanks of his adopted country, the compliments of Washington. Where such strength of head and of heart meet, only opportunity is wanting to bring great events to pass. One opportunity only Jones had. It was not equal to his qualities, but the event will never pass from men's memories.

John Paul Jones was born in 1747, in the parish of Kirkbean, upon the Solway Firth, in the southwestern part of Scotland. His family name was Paul, that of Jones

being assumed later. Thirty miles south of Kirkbean, on the other side of the Frith, and therefore in England, is the port of Whitehaven, whence he sailed during the early part of his maritime career, which began at the age of twelve. His voyages, of which, however, only an incomplete record remains, were chiefly to the West Indies and to the North American continent. In the latter an elder brother, William Paul, had settled at Fredericksburg, in Virginia. There John Paul visited him from time to time, as opportunity offered; and when William died, in 1773, leaving a considerable property, John went there to live and to settle the estate. It was then that he formed the purpose, before quoted, of abandoning the sea; moved thereto, doubtless, by the prospect of a reasonable competence which had thus opened to him.

The troubles of the colonies with the mother-country, however, had begun already. A recent settler, without family ties on the spot, with sisters in Scotland, Jones very well might have remained at least passively a loyalist; but he was a reading man always, and had imbibed, as before remarked, the ideas and the jargon of the century. With his native temperament and capacities, it was well nigh impossible that he should remain inactive in such stirring times, while his acquired views, his new interests, and the weakening hold of home affections, consequent upon absence since boyhood, combined to impel him to take sides with the fellow-citizens among whom he was then living, rather than with those in the old country. For this he was called then a traitor; not wholly unnaturally, for the doctrine of indefeasible allegiance was still maintained by Great Britain. It is singular, however, to find him again so styled in a very recent English work. A rebel he doubtless was; a traitor, perhaps, technically, as Washington might be called for the same reason; but he betrayed no trust. The disproportion of the term measures the intensity of the alarm caused on the coasts of England, by a man who clearly understood the value of the offensive, and brought the ravages of war home to a government which—from the American point of view—was inflicting upon its enemies sufferings wanton, or at the least excessive. If Paul Jones be a

traitor, what epithet is left for Benedict Arnold?

It was at about this time, certainly before receiving his appointment in the navy of the colonies, that John Paul assumed the name Jones, from his father's Christian name, John. This step was unusual in the country of his birth, though frequent once in Wales, and in this case it has never been explained. Whatever his reason, it was by this now historic name, Jones, that he was appointed the senior lieutenant of the first naval force organized by the Congress of the Colonies, on December 22, 1775. There being but five officers of command rank in the new service, Jones was sixth in order of seniority in the whole body.

His first cruise in the Revolution was made in this subordinate capacity, as first lieutenant of the *Alfred*, of thirty guns,* the flagship of a small squadron under Commodore Esek Hopkins, the commander-in-chief of the new navy. The expedition sailed February 17, 1776, from the capes of the Delaware, and went to the Bahama Islands, where a certain amount of injury was done to British interests; but upon the whole the enterprise was not successful, and a rencounter with a British man-of-war off Block Island was considered to result discreditably. In this censure Jones was not involved, and soon after returning to the United States he was ordered, on the 10th of May, 1776, to command the *Providence*, a very small vessel mounting twelve four-pounders.

The British expeditions against New York under the two Howes were now approaching the coast, from Halifax and England, and maritime activity naturally increased as summer drew near. Jones was at first employed in convoying duty, but in August, 1776, he sailed "on a cruise," with orders largely discretionary. After a few days spent in the neighborhood of Bermuda, his enterprising spirit led him again to the enemy's coast, in the waters between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island, where he entered the principal ports, taking possession of the fishery and the shipping, which he either burned or carried away. His entire absence was

* Jones himself speaks of the *Alfred* as of thirty guns. Mr. J. R. Spears, in his "History of Our Navy" (New York, 1897), says that she had twenty nine-pounders and four smaller guns.



JOHN PAUL JONES

FROM A PAINTING BY C. W. PEALE

something less than seven weeks, in the course of which he sent into port, or destroyed, sixteen prizes.

What is chiefly interesting in these incidents, trivial in their immediate results, is the clear impression left upon his mind of the essential importance of a navy to the American cause, and that the best use to be made of the small force that could be put afloat was to direct it, not so much upon the enemy's commerce at sea, in transit, as upon his coasts and commercial stations, where his shipping would be found congregated, with insufficient local protection. Commerce-destroying, to use the modern phrase for an age-long practice, is a wide term, covering many different methods of application. In essence, it is a blow at the communications, at the resources, of a country; in system, it should be pursued not by random prowling, by individual ships for individual enemies, as they pass to and fro, but by dispatching adequate force to important centres, where the hostile shipping for any reason is known to accumulate. From his experience as a mariner, and from his habits of observation and reflection, Jones knew in his day that there were many such exposed points in the British dominions, on their coasts. Small squadrons directed upon them could do a maximum amount of injury; for the shipping caught in a defenceless port would be without the power of escape, and could be destroyed also without embarrassment concerning the disposition of prisoners, who would need only to be landed. Let a single ship of war—commerce-destroyer—meet twenty or thirty merchant-ships at sea, he can take but a few; the rest scatter and escape, and the prisoners must be cared for. Corner the same squadron in port, and neither difficulty, as a rule, exists. Moreover, Jones's plan contemplated destruction, not capture; injury to the enemy, not prize-money primarily. The latter he recognized as a necessary concession to the sordid weakness of the mass of mankind; for himself, glory, distinction, was the prime motive. This is satisfactorily shown, not only by the general utterances of his letters, which might be forced, but by his plans and his acts. Self-seeking in him took the shape of loving military success, not money.

Some quotations from his writings at this period will illustrate his accurate perception of conditions. Jones was not called upon—more is the pity—to play a part in a great navy, but to adapt very limited means to the attainment of considerable ends. Immediately upon his return from this cruise of the *Providence*, he wrote to Robert Morris, then President of the Marine Committee of Congress, echoing the words of Washington: "Without a respectable navy—alas! America! It is to the last degree distressing to contemplate the state and establishment of our navy. We enlist men, but the privateers entice them away as fast as they receive their month's pay. The common class of mankind are actuated by no nobler principle than that of self-interest; this, and this alone, determines all adventures in privateers—the owners as well as those whom they employ. While this is the case, unless the private emoluments of individuals in our navy is made superior to that in privateers, it can never become respectable, it can never become formidable." He suggests, therefore, that all the profits from prizes by naval vessels should be given to the crews. At the same time he showed the desirability of a renewed attempt against the fishing fleet at Cape Breton Island and the coaleries there, as well as to release a number of Americans forced to labor in the mines; and he advises, in the same general line of naval enterprise, that "an expedition of importance may be effected this winter on the coast of Africa with part of the original fleet"—that is, of the ships first bought into the navy, as distinguished from others ordered to be built and now approaching completion. Three ships which he names, "would, I am persuaded, carry all before them, and give a blow to the English African trade which would not soon be recovered, by not leaving them a mast standing on that coast." Here again Jones spoke from personal knowledge and observation, having twice, at least, visited the African coast in slavers.

About a year later he summed up his views on the naval policy of America, in a letter to the United States Commissioners in Paris. Though further developed and more explicit, the ideas were identical with those before enunciated, which they illustrate and confirm. "I have always, since



Illustration by Carlton T. Chapman.

The Ranger and the Drake.



Drawn by H. W. Ditzler.

On the Quarter-deck of the Ranger during the Fight.

we had ships of war, been persuaded that small squadrons could be employed to far better advantage on private expeditions, and would distress the enemy infinitely more, than the same force could do by cruising either jointly [that is, the whole navy together] or separately [as single cruisers]. Were strict secrecy observed on our part, the enemy have many important places in such a defenceless situation that they might be effectually surprised and attacked, with no very considerable force. We cannot yet fight their navy, as their numbers and force are so far superior to ours. Therefore it seems to be our most natural province to surprise their defenceless places, and thereby divert their attention and draw it from our coasts." This expresses decisively the career that Jones, throughout the Revolutionary War, proposed to follow—to pursue the enemy, not in occasional merchant-ships, but where great interests were concentrated and inadequately protected; and to do so not with a single ship, seeking to snatch a hasty morsel, but with a squadron, capable of deliberately insuring the destruction of the enemy rather than its own profit. Such a conception places its author far above the level of the mere prize-seeker, as well in loftiness of purpose as in breadth of view. It may be added that the great and truly influential successes of commerce-destroying—as distinguished from control of the sea—in modern times, successes associated with such illustrious names as Jean Bart, Forbin, Du Guay Trouin, were obtained by following the same system; by hard-fighting squadrons, not by merely booty-seeking ships. The celebrated cruise of the *Essex* in 1813-14 illustrated Jones's principles; for it was directed by sudden surprise against an exposed and concentrated industry of the enemy, and, although begun by a single ship, her captain at once constituted for himself a squadron, by using the best of his prizes.

Some obscurity hangs over the process by which Jones impressed upon Congress his own peculiar fitness for carrying the war of destruction home to Great Britain. His local knowledge of her shores doubtless counted for something, his audacity and success upon the shipping of Cape Breton for more. There may also have been a disposition to remove him from American

waters, and from immediate contact with other captains of the navy. Some of these looked upon him with suspicion, as perhaps lukewarm toward America. "I have asked Captain Saltonstall," he writes to Commodore Hopkins, "how he could in the beginning suspect me, as you have told me, of being unfriendly to America. He seemed astonished at the question; and told me it was yourself who promoted it." "I have even been blamed," he says, in another place, "for the civilities which I have shown my prisoners." There may also have been some idea of compensation for wrong done him; for in the reorganization of the navy, October 10, 1776, though Jones was retained as captain, there were placed over his head thirteen men who were not there when he was first commissioned, "not one of whom," to use his own words, "did (and perhaps some of them durst not) take the sea against the British flag at first." If Jones's account can be accepted, this injustice, for such it assuredly was, was due to what is commonly styled political influence—an influence which has its own sphere in politics, but is apt to work disaster and injustice when its power is intruded where other motives and considerations should prevail. A member of the Continental Congress, writing to him, said: "You would be surprised to hear what a vast number of applications are continually making for officers of the new frigates, especially for the command. The strong recommendations from those provinces where any frigates are building have great weight."

The shortest way of repairing the injury done was to send Jones to Europe, where he would have no superior officer, and would be free to work out his own plans. He was first ordered to go to France, as passenger in a French vessel, the *Amphitrite*; but this was soon changed, and by a resolution of Congress, dated June 14, 1777, he was put in command of the *Ranger*, a new ship, built at Portsmouth. She carried eighteen six-pounder guns. On board her Jones hoisted, for the first time in the American Navy, the new national flag, of thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. On November 1st she sailed for France, carrying dispatches with the news of Burgoyne's surrender, which was to determine Louis XVI. to recognize the independence

of the United States ; and on December 2d she anchored before Nantes.

As the French court was still vacillating, though inclined to espouse the American quarrel, Jones was instructed carefully to avoid embarrassing it by giving a handle for complaint to Great Britain. "While on the coast of France, or in a French port, you are, as much as you conveniently can, to keep your guns covered and concealed, and to make as little warlike appearance as possible." The British Government was watching the movements in neutral ports, as attentively as the United States officials watched the building of the *Alabama* and of the *Laird* rams during the Civil War. This vigilance defeated the expectation, held out to Jones when he sailed, that he should have command of a large frigate, the *Indien*, carrying the unusual battery of thirty six-pounders, then equipping at Amsterdam. The representations of the British minister prevented the delivery of the ship in Dutch waters, and Jones felt compelled to assent to her being turned over to the French Government after the secret treaty of alliance with the United States was signed, February 6, 1778. As formal war did not yet exist between Great Britain and France, no technical objection was valid against this transfer. The same condition of formal peace still obtained when Jones sailed on his first offensive cruise in the *Ranger*, on April 10th. The American Commissioners at Paris therefore directed him not to send the prizes he might take to French ports, but to those of Spain ; and in case he made an attempt on the coast of Great Britain, he was "advised not to return immediately into the ports of France, unless forced by stress of weather or the pursuit of the enemy ; and in such case you can make the proper representations to the officers of the port, and acquaint us with your situation."

Beyond such cautions, Jones's movements were left to his own discretion. In the exercise of this he had already given an instance of that combination of sound judgment with dignified self-assertion—or, rather, assertion of his country's dignity—which, having regard to his lack of early training, showed his natural aptitude for affairs. Having to convoy some American merchant-ships to Quiberon Bay, where

they were to place themselves under the protection of a French squadron commanded by Lamotte-Piquet, he took the opportunity to obtain an open recognition of the American flag, by saluting the Commodore; having first received, as is customary, the promise of due acknowledgment. The question arose of the number of guns to be fired in return to his own. Jones demanded gun for gun ; "the haughty English," he said, "do as much for foreign officers of equal rank ;" and he claimed that he was entitled to the same, as being the senior American officer in Europe. Lamotte-Piquet replied that, by the orders of his court, he must, to the ship of a Republic, give four less than he received. Jones would not come within saluting distance until he knew the facts ; but then, finding them to be as stated, he waived his claim to the equal number, because any salute at all "was in fact an acknowledgment of American Independence" by France—an important political consideration. Again, as he did not reach the anchorage till after dark, and the salute might therefore not be generally seen, he notified the Commodore that he would next day sail through the fleet and salute him in open daylight ; which was done, thirteen guns being fired and nine returned.

Upon leaving Brest, on April 10th, Jones steered at once for St. George's Channel, bent upon the destruction of the merchant-shipping in the port of Whitehaven, where conditions were familiar to him from early and long association. It is, perhaps, this readiness, in his character of citizen of the world, and not of an American patriot, to visit with fire and sword the scenes of his childhood, that has intensified the feeling against Jones, among those who do not share the pride of Americans in the lustre shed by him upon their flag. Except for some such sentiment, the enterprise was unimpeachable ; justifiable by the common practice of war, even without the further plea of retaliation.

On the 18th of April, the *Ranger* was near the Isle of Man, and at evening stood over toward Whitehaven, between thirty and forty miles distant. At 10 P. M. she was off the harbor, and the landing party ready ; but the wind increasing greatly, and blowing directly on shore, Jones thought it imprudent to remain. The ship beat out to

sea, and continued cruising between the Irish and Scotch coasts until the evening of the 22d, when the attempt was renewed, but with imperfect results. Owing to a failure of the breeze, she could not get close enough; and the party of thirty-one men, led by Jones himself, having left her at midnight, did not reach the outer pier till day began to dawn. One boat with an officer was sent with combustibles to the north side of the harbor, while Jones himself superintended operations on the south, where were the fortifications intended for the defence of the shipping, but evidently neglected and ungarrisoned. The guns were spiked, but, when it came to firing the vessels, it was found that all the candles had burned out. Those were not the days of lucifer matches. To add to Jones's annoyance, the boat returned from the north side without having done its work; his "wise officer," Jones afterward stated in a memorial to Congress, "observed that it was a rash thing, and nothing could *be got* by burning poor people's property." One ship on the south side was at length fired, by means of live coals obtained from a neighboring house, and a barrel of tar poured upon the flames, which began to mount from the hatchways and up the main-mast; but the sun was already an hour high, and, worse, one of the party had deserted and roused the inhabitants. "David Freeman," said a local gazette of the day, naming this deserter, "may in some respects be considered the saviour of this town." The men of the place now came running to the beach in numbers. There was nothing to do but to retire discomfited. This was effected unharmed, the hostile guns being for the time useless. Jones claimed that "had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete. Not a single ship, out of more than two hundred, could possibly have escaped." Estimates of probable achievements are to be received with caution, but the educational and moral effects of what had been done were certain. Wherever the coast defences were not in proper condition, as was the case in many parts of Great Britain, men would fear the repetition of such attempts with worse results.

During this short cruise of the *Ranger*—she was absent from Brest only twenty-

eight days—there occurred two other incidents, which must be mentioned but briefly, for more important events demand our remaining space. Of these, the first is the taking of silver plate, to the amount of a few hundred pounds, from the house of the Earl of Selkirk. Jones had purposed to seize the persons of one or more distinguished subjects of Great Britain, to hold them as hostages for the treatment of American prisoners; the influence of their friends might prevail to ameliorate conditions, which were retaliated upon them. With this object he landed at the seat of Lord Selkirk. The latter being from home, the scheme failed; but the boat's crew demanded permission to take the family plate, which Jones reluctantly granted, as a concession to the desire for prize-money, the imperiousness of which he recognized. As regards this act of the crew, it must be remembered that, owing to the poverty of the United States at this time, wages were most irregularly paid, a condition which invariably relaxes discipline; and their ears had been filled with stories of similar injuries done to their own people in America. The taking of private property under such circumstances is to be condemned, not as injury, but as *useless* injury, and therefore unworthy. This Jones felt, and himself bought in and restored the plate. The clearest vindication of his conduct in this affair is to be found in the diary of Gouverneur Morris, when United States Minister at the Court of France. "April 20, 1791. M. de Chatelet has brought hither Lord Dare, who is the son of Lord Selkirk, and who meets here by accident Paul Jones. He acknowledges the polite attention of Jones in the attack on his father's house in the last war." It is to be mentioned also that Lord Selkirk, when acknowledging the receipt of the plate to Jones, wrote: "On all occasions, both now and formerly, I have done you the justice to tell that you made the offer of returning the plate very soon after your return to Brest." He bore witness also that the transaction was limited to taking such silver as the butler got together, no search being made nor incivility offered.

The other incident was the capture of the British sloop-of-war *Drake*. This vessel was lying off Carrickfergus, at the en-

trance of Belfast Lough, both before and after Jones's two attempts on Whitehaven. On the 21st he got sight of her, and that night attempted to board her by surprise; anchoring so that the *Ranger* would swing alongside. This manœuvre failed, because the anchor was not dropped in time. The ship was disguised as a merchantman, and the cable, being instantly cut, seemed to those on board the *Drake* to have parted. The *Ranger*, therefore, beat out to sea undetected, but not unsuspected. The British captain, considering her movements doubtful, unmoored his ship next day, and in so doing, lifted along with his own anchor that of the *Ranger*, together with a length of cable, showing the marks of cutting. On the 24th the strange sail again appeared, and the *Drake* weighed; but it falling calm, and the wind afterward coming easterly—ahead—she was long in getting clear of the bay. While turning slowly out of the harbor, a lieutenant on shore service came on board, to volunteer in room of the first lieutenant of the ship, who had died two days before. He brought with him a letter from Whitehaven, giving an account of Jones's attempt there, and of the force of the American vessel, of whose identity with the one in sight little doubt could remain.

Jones's purpose had been to go in and attack, for which the wind was fair, but he was prevented by a singular incident, which illustrates a class of difficulty he continually encountered. The first lieutenant, who had long been insubordinate, persuaded the crew "that, being Americans, fighting for liberty, the voice of the people should be taken before the captain's orders were obeyed, and they rose in mutiny. Captain Jones was in the utmost danger of being killed or thrown overboard. Fortunately, the *Drake* was just then seen to be in movement, and at the same time sending a boat. Jones stood out to sea, moving slowly, that he might be overtaken, but keeping the ship's stern toward the boat, that the *Ranger*'s character might not be evident. It thus came alongside and was captured.

Toward sunset the two vessels were within range. A sharp action ensued, lasting, by Jones's report, one hour and four minutes, when the *Drake* surrendered. She carried twenty guns; but the princi-

pal witness before the court-martial upon the survivors, held eighteen months later, stated that these were 4-pounders, which would make her battery decisively inferior to that of her opponent; and he added that the shot failed to penetrate the enemy's sides. Her crew numbered 154 to the *Ranger*'s 123. The general drift of the evidence, by the officer who surrendered the ship, would show that the British vessel was not kept up to the fighting mark. What explanations her captain would have given, had he lived, cannot be surmised. He was killed by a musket-ball in the head, fifteen minutes before the ship struck, and the lieutenant also fell. Though "nominally of equal force," says an excellent English authority, Professor Laughton, "in reality the *Drake* was no match for the *Ranger*; and at this time the crew was mainly composed of newly raised men, without any officers except her captain, and the registering lieutenant of the district, who came on board at the last moment as a volunteer. She had no gunner, no cartridges filled, and no preparation for handling the powder." Her disadvantages were thus similar to those of our own twice unlucky ship, the *Chesapeake*, when she was brought-to by the *Leopard*, and when captured by the *Shannon*. It is only just, however, to take into account that, though the *Ranger* was the longer in commission, Jones had to meet exceptional difficulties in maintaining her efficiency, which in fact rested, under most depressing circumstances, wholly upon his own personal ascendancy.

The *Ranger* regained Brest May 8, 1778, bringing with her the *Drake* and two other prizes. A period of disappointment and mortification now awaited Jones. His drafts upon the United States Commissioners at Paris were returned to him dishonored, owing to their want of funds, and it became increasingly difficult to maintain discipline on board, or respect ashore for his position in a foreign port. He wished, therefore, to return to America; but his activity, daring, and the circumstance of his victory over a ship of superior armament, had inclined the court to utilize his abilities, and at the same time to gratify their American allies. "The Minister of Marine (Sartine)," wrote Franklin to the Congressional Committee for Foreign Affairs, "was

desirous of employing him in the command of a particular enterprise; and to that end requested us to spare him, which we did, and sent the *Ranger* home under the command of his lieutenant." Jones accordingly left that ship in June, and she sailed for America the last week in July. He went to Paris, and received at first most cheering assurances of the character and numbers of the ships of war to be assigned to him under the United States flag. "I was flattered," he wrote three months later to Sartine, "with the assurances that three frigates, two tenders, and a number of troops should be immediately put under my command, to pursue such objects as I thought proper." Upon this expectation he danced attendance during the summer and autumn, sometimes in Paris, sometimes in Brest, but all in vain.

He thus lost, moreover, the opportunity of going out with the great French fleet of thirty ships-of-the-line, which put to sea in June, 1778, under Admiral D'Orvilliers, and on July 27th fought a pitched, though indecisive, battle with the British under Keppel. D'Orvilliers, struck with his desire for professional acquirement and distinction, had offered to take him on board the flagship—a chance which Jones, with his broad views of what constituted professional excellence, was anxious to improve. He believed, however, that the service which he proposed to execute would materially affect the issues of the campaign, by provoking a diversion in a different quarter from that in which the great fleet operated. "I prefer," he wrote to Sartine, "a solid to a shining reputation—a useful to a splendid command; and I hold myself ready, with the approbation of the American Commissioners at Paris, to be governed by you in any measures that may tend to distress the common enemy." There can be no question that Jones had to an unusual degree man's natural desire for distinction; but his correspondence at this period bears consistent evidence of a yet more honorable ambition to serve his cause well.

The brilliant prospect at first held forth dissolved before the steady opposition of the officers of the French Royal Navy, who, like any other body of men, jealously resisted the proposal to put ships which would naturally fall to them, under the com-

mand of a foreigner. They urged, what was perfectly true, that such an assignment would carry an implied slight upon them; and, as they at that day were all of noble birth, their social influence at court could not be overcome by the mere consideration of the exceptional merit of the adventurer whom it was intended to favor. The minister had to recede from his intention to employ ships from the navy, and he fell back upon the expedient of purchasing. On February 4, 1779, he announced to Jones, in somewhat pompous phrase, that "in consequence of the exposition I have laid before the king, of the distinguished manner in which you have served the United States, his majesty has thought proper to place under your command the ship *Duras*, of forty guns, at present at L'Orient." To this vessel, which was a worn-out East-Indiaman, Jones, with the royal consent, gave the name of *Bonhomme Richard*, for the following reason. While kicking his heels in enforced idleness at Brest, he found by chance a copy of Dr. Franklin's *Almanac*, containing the *Maxims of Poor Richard*. One of them read, "If a man wishes to have any business faithfully and expeditiously performed, let him go on it himself; otherwise, he may send." Jones was then struck with the folly of leaving his application at court in other hands, went there in person, and secured the *Duras*.*

It will be remembered that an essential element in Jones's plans for secondary objects of war, such as he contemplated—for diversions—was that small vessels should act in squadrons. There were associated, therefore, with the *Bonhomme Richard*, four others, viz.: *Alliance*, 36 guns; *Pallas*, 30; *Cerf*, 18; *Vengeance*, 12. Of these, the *Alliance* alone was a United States ship, which had arrived in France on February 6, 1779, bringing Lafayette back. She was an exceptionally fast sailer, but the command of her had been given by Congress to a French officer, Pierre Landais. This step, intended as a compliment to an ally, proved most unfortunate. Landais was a man of temper irascible and insubordinate, to the verge

* Jones's idea in renaming his ship seems to have been based upon the French single word *Bonhomme*, with the derived meaning of pleasant, or poor; but he spells it as two words in his letters—*Bon homme*—though apparently without the capital H.

of insanity, and he had conceived the idea that, although junior to Jones by date of commission, he was of superior, or at least equal, authority, because his ship was United States property. All the others, including the *Richard*, belonged to the King of France, but flew the American flag; and their officers, though chiefly French, received temporary commissions from the American Commissioners, for the specific cruise. Also, although Jones was in supreme command, he was to communicate, not only with the American Commissioners, but with the French Minister of Marine, who wrote to him: "You will render me an exact account of each event that may take place during your cruise, as often as you may enter a port under the dominion of the King."

This duplex control naturally became a root of bitterness, which bore fruit on many occasions, and was aggravated by the character of Landais, the second in rank. M. de Chaumont, the representative of the Minister of Marine, imposed upon Jones, before sailing, a "concordat," signed by the representative and the five captains. Although chiefly concerned with the distribution of prize-money, this paper was intended also to reserve certain rights to each vessel, and in fact made of the squadron a confederacy rather than a military unit. Its spirit is best indicated by Chaumont's letter to Jones: "The situation of the officers who have accepted commissions from Congress to join the expedition of the ship *Bonhomme Richard*, which you command, may be in contradiction with the interests of their own ships; this induces me to request you to enter into an engagement with me, that you shall not require from the said vessels any services but such as will be conformable with the orders which those officers shall have," etc. Thus, instead of Jones being absolute, responsible only to his superiors, every subordinate captain had ground for questioning his particular orders. In short, although the ships all bore a strictly public character, reinforced by the United States' commissions to their officers, the enterprise as a whole embodied some of the worst partnership features of a *private*, or privateering, expedition, by which name it was occasionally called. "I was anxious," wrote Jones, after the Revolution,

"to force some ill-natured persons to acknowledge that, if they did not tell a wilful falsehood, they were mistaken when they asserted that I 'had commanded a squadron of privateers.'"

Under these discouraging conditions the squadron left L'Orient, the port of equipment, on June 13, 1779. On the 30th it returned to Groix Roads, outside of L'Orient, having made a short cruise in the Bay of Biscay. The *Richard* had proved to be slow, as she was before known to be unsound and worn out. "It is the constructor's opinion," wrote Jones, on July 12th, "that she is too old to admit of the necessary alterations. Thus circumstanced, I wish to have an opportunity of attempting an essential service, to render myself worthy of a better and faster-sailing ship." He received now from Franklin some modifications in his instructions. Originally, as issued April 28, 1779, these had contemplated landings on different points of the British coast, for which many varied suggestions were made by Jones's active mind; and it was then intended that Lafayette should command the soldiers embarked. This fell through, partly because the particular designs adopted leaked out; chiefly, probably, because, in consequence of detentions so far incurred, the time was now near for executing a proposed grand scheme for an invasion of England. A Franco-Spanish fleet was to enter the Channel—and actually did enter it, to the number of sixty-six ships-of-the-line, somewhat later—under cover of which the passage of the troops was to be made. In this invading army Lafayette was to command a regiment, and it was not expected nor desired that Jones's ships, intended to operate a strong diversion, should get back before the crossing began.

The instructions now received by Jones, dated Passy, June 30, 1779, represented the wishes of the French court, though coming through the American Commissioners. "As it is at the chief expense," wrote Franklin, "I think they have the best right to direct." The project of landings, in force sufficient to cause damage, beyond ransom and a certain amount of local panic, was abandoned, and for it was substituted a cruise at sea, incidental to which a hurried descent, such as at Whitehaven, might be casually attempted, as

opportunity afforded. "You are to make the best of your way," wrote Franklin, "with the vessels under your command, to the west of Ireland, and establish your cruise on the Orcades (Orkneys), the Cape of Derneus, and the Dogger Bank, in order to take the enemy's property *in those seas*. . . . About the 15th of August, when you shall have sufficiently *cruised* in those seas, you are to make route for the Texel, where you will meet my further order." This was commerce-destroying, pure and simple; but Jones's general views were so far realized that it was done by a fairly powerful squadron, and directed finally against the British homeward-bound merchant-fleet from the Baltic, upon which, as laden chiefly with important naval stores, the working efficiency of the British Navy greatly depended. It was hinted to Jones, also, that the ultimate object of going to the Texel was to get out the *Indien*, the frigate promised him before he left the United States.

During the detention at Groix, which was prolonged by unavoidable repairs upon the *Bonhomme Richard*, 119 exchanged American prisoners, seamen, arrived at Nantes. From them, and from foreigners, Jones appears to have completed his crews; and at the same time he weeded out some incapables. On the 11th of August, three days before his final sailing, he reported to Sartine that there were on board the *Richard* "380 officers, men, and boys, inclusive of 137 marines." Exclusive of marines, therefore, the seaman force, including all that could therein be comprised by stretching the denomination to the utmost, would be 243, when the cruise began. An official but seemingly imperfect roll, which Sherburne quotes in his "Life of John Paul Jones," without stating his reference, gives 227 names of persons constructively on board at the time of the battle of September 23d. This omits two French officers, De Chamillard and Weibert, whom Jones mentions by name in his report of the fight, nor does it give any list of the marines, who probably were in great part, if not altogether, French soldiers. Not more than a half dozen French names appear among the 227, although Jones expressly says that American seamen under Dale, and French volunteers under Weibert, fought the main

battery. Assuming the marines to be not materially fewer than at sailing—for they were not liable to be sent in prizes—the number on board in the action, 227 + 137, would be 364. From these are to be deducted an officer, 12 seaman, and 4 marines, separated from the ship off Cape Clear by an incident hereafter to be related, and one officer and 16 seamen, similarly separated on the very day of the encounter with the *Serapis*. These 34, being absent on duty, would remain on the books as present and entitled to prize-money; and the names of the officers are consequently found among the 227. We thus reach 330 as an approximate maximum on board at the time of the action. Allowances for deaths and men sent in prizes would reduce the total probably to little more than 300.

In this remarkable cruise and battle, the composition of the *Bonhomme Richard*'s crew is more interesting than its number. The birthplaces of 207, of the 227 officers and men, is given in the roll. It was as follows: Officers, American-born, 24; French, 2; British, including Jones himself, 6.* Seamen, American-born, 55; British-born, including 16 Irish, 77; all other nationalities, 43, of whom more than half, 28, were Portuguese. Add to these 137 French, as marines, and the cosmopolitan character of the ship's company is sufficiently apparent to have satisfied even Jones's wide sympathies as a citizen of the world. He was, however, already somewhat sickening of that character, though he repeats the phrase afterward. The French Navy had not shown toward him a cosmopolitan warmth of appreciation; the tergiversation of the ministry had wearied him; and the common run of mankind, the materials with which he worked, were, as he had said before, more bent on profit than on glory or public advantage. "You will observe with pleasure," he wrote three months later to Robert Morris, "that my connection with a court is at an end, and that my prospect of returning to America approaches. The great seem only to wish to be concerned with tools who dare not speak nor write truth. I am not sorry that my connection with them is at an end. In the course of that connection I ran ten chances of ruin and dishonor to one of

* Two surgeon's mates.

reputation ; and all the honors and profit that France could bestow would not tempt me again to undertake the same service, with an armament equally ill-composed and with powers equally limited. It affords me the most exalted pleasure to reflect that, when I return to America, I can say that I have served in Europe at my own expense, and without the fee or reward of a court. I shall hope hereafter to be usefully employed under the immediate direction of Congress." In later years he boasted that he had twice declined the offer of a captain's commission in the French Navy, which, as a citizen of the world, he might consistently have accepted from a nation fighting in the same cause. "I can never," he said, at a somewhat later date, "renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States."

Before quitting this subject of nationalities, it may be well to note that the crew of the Alliance was composed of English and Americans the former in so great

proportion that her suspicious conduct in the subsequent action was attributed on board the Bonhomme Richard to a revolt among her men. Before the ship left Boston, in the preceding January, it had been found that the dislike of New England seamen to serving under a French captain was so great that her complement could not be raised—a characteristic evidence of the prejudice still remaining from the colonial wars. To meet the exigency, there were enlisted a number of men wrecked in the British sixty-four, the Somerset ; also some volunteers among prisoners of war. With these, and with a few French seamen, a crew was formed ; but it is scarcely surprising to learn that with such a personnel, and with a half-crazy captain, a mutiny was organized on the voyage to Europe, to take away the ship from her officers, and was only suppressed by the resolution of the latter, sword in hand. The officers and crews of the Pallas and Vengeance were French subjects.

(To be concluded.)

ON THE SHORE

A MALAY SONG

By R. H. Stoddard

THE wave rolls high on the shore,
Like a long, white winding-sheet
Torn from the ocean's dead,
And tossed on the sand at my feet!

A reed stands low on the shore, •
Where late I walked with thee ;
But the wave is wasting it now,
As thou art wasting me !

Not long. For here on the shore,
When the wave is rolling high,
The broken reed will fall,
And the lonely lover lie !



UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT SMITH COLLEGE

By Alice Katharine Fallows

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK



UNLESS a freshman belongs to the ready-made type of girl who finds every situation in life a fit, she experiences mentally, for a few weeks, the awkward sensations gathered about her first long skirt. She hardly knows what to do with college. The transition from preparatory school is difficult. A new set of propositions stares her in the face, and she is not altogether certain that she can meet their requirements gracefully. If she is possessed of an anxious conscience, she will find elective courses no small responsibility.

Whether "English 13" or "History 1" will benefit her most fifty years hence is a vital question. She may be diligent and eager to embrace the whole curriculum, or indolent, though willing to expend much energy in finding the easiest courses and in keeping her hours at the minimum limit.

But whatever the bias of her mind, she must make her adjustment to the college world. Everything is unfamiliar. Wandering about in the inevitable freshman rain, she feels, for a day or two, like a lost atom. Then, in the midst of this intellectual upheaval, another phase of college life is opened up to her by the Freshman Frolic, an informal coming-out party held in the gymnasium. This Frolic, handed

down from the early days of Smith history, illustrates in an interesting way the protective attitude of the upper classes toward the freshman, in its turn, perhaps, a copy of the paternal aspect of the college toward all its members. Each freshman is invited to the Frolic by some student, who escorts her to the gymnasium and watches over her through the evening. For an hour and a half the guests are passed from one girl to another in a round of introductions, till they feel as if the Frolic were a species of cyclorama. Then hostesses and guests join in singing college-songs, and, as the freshman falls silent and listens for the first time to the unfamiliar strains of "Fair Smith," she begins to feel something of the college loyalty which binds together in one community girls of every sort and condition, who else might be as wide apart in their interests as the poles.

As far as the social prospects of the freshmen are concerned, this occasion is of considerable importance, for it is likely to prove the centre from which many of her friendships radiate. She meets congenial members of her own class, whom she bows and smiles to afterward and knows as soon as she finds a convenient time. The upper class girls, who have been told by some friend to look her up, make appointments with her for calls or walks, or invite her to dinner. They introduce her to their friends, and by the end of the evening she has a small social equipment of her own, which gives her a feeling of participation in college life, however much she may enlarge or change it as her experience grows wider. She learns, too, at this time her first lesson in college standards; the college genius, the college beauty, the social belle, the girl bright, as well as popular, who belongs to a dozen societies and clubs, and the quiet

girl, whose judgment everyone respects, are all pointed out to her by one or another, as worthy of attention and regard. She comes to the conclusion, at last, that success lies along many lines, and examines her own small talent hopefully.

At the Frolic the meeting of girl with girl is brief and momentary, and further acquaintance something of an effort. But in the routine of every-day life friendships are easily formed. At chapel the different classes sit together alphabetically, and the freshman soon becomes friendly with the neighbors in her row. In various courses, also, she meets sections of her own class, but the house surroundings in which she finds herself are likely to determine her intimate associates, for the first few months at least.

Two or three years back, in a pre-collegiate past, she dropped ten dollars into the college till with the request that she might be assigned a room in the college house of her choice. But even so, she has no chance of living on the campus until her sophomore or junior year. The stubborn fact that three or four hundred other girls, who applied before she did, have the priority, is never entirely understood by her family or by the freshman herself until she

reaches college. Then she finds that only about a third of the students can find rooms on the campus. The others must distribute themselves as best they may among the boarding-houses in town. The campus community is a unit, which separates into the smaller communities of ten college houses, each with its own set of interests, but each having a part in campus life as a whole. The town girls, on the other hand, have no organization. Their interest centres around the particular house they are in. Whatever concerns the whole college, they share in, but the social occasions of the



The Candy Man.



A House Dance in the Gymnasium.

campus they attend only at the invitation of someone in a college house. In the psychology of Smith life, however, the town element plays an important part. As a check on undue excitement, its influence is very noticeable. If the campus girls are inclined to rise in wrath over some trivial issue of their house life, like the cessation of morning lunches, they find their righteous indignation evaporating when they attempt to explain their grievance to the calm, dispassionate outside students. Truly, looking at herself through the town girl's eyes is as salutary an experience to the campus girl as if she pulled herself up by her own ears and saw herself from another point of view.

In 1876, when the college was founded, all its members, numbering nine, could be sheltered comfortably under the roof of the Dewey House, now the smallest but one of the college homes. Used first as a private house, with the pillars of its Parthenon front and its hospitable entrance, it has a significance all its own in the group of

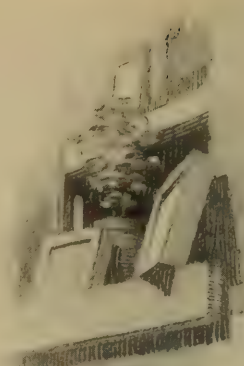
houses built for a purpose, which, however convenient, can never have quite the charm of this quaint Old World building set down in the midst of a modern college.

As intellectual and social centres these homes are of the greatest importance in the Smith *régime*. A lady in charge of each of them acts as head of

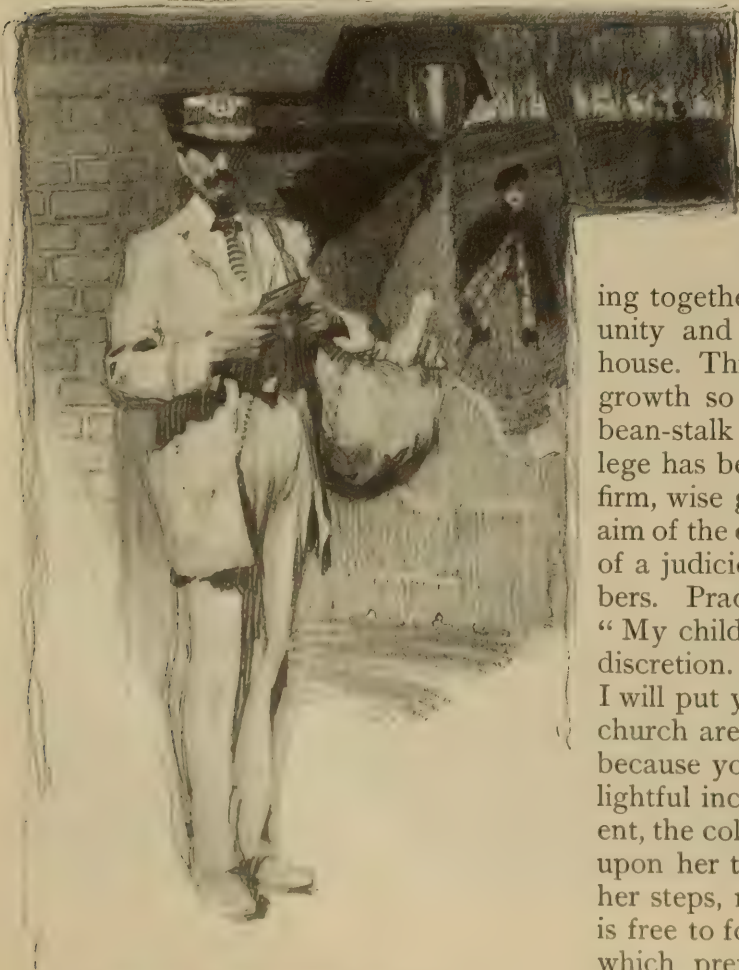
the family, manages all the details of the housekeeping, and looks after the general welfare of the girls. A resident teacher, though in no way responsible for her students outside of the class-room, is expected to be interested in them, and shows herself friendly by a genial reception of her girl callers, by little teas or suppers, or by giving

them opportunities of meeting her distinguished guests. The smallest house holds twenty girls, the largest only sixty; for the president's first idea of a "literary family" is still dear to him, and no new dormitory is allowed to interfere with it by crowd-

ing together so many girls that it loses its unity and degenerates into a boarding-house. Through all the difficult phases of a growth so rapid that it rivals the famous bean-stalk of Jack the Giant-killer, the college has been kept true to its ideal by the firm, wise guidance of one president. The aim of the college is to stand in the relation of a judicious parent to each of its members. Practically, it says to every student, "My child, you have arrived at years of discretion. I will advise you, not force you. I will put you on your honor. Chapel and church are not compulsory. You will go because you love to." But, with the delightful inconsistency of every human parent, the college soon forces the conclusion upon her that, although no monitor dogs her steps, no rules hedge her in, and she is free to follow the "laws of good society which prevail everywhere," she will meet a definite day of reckoning at the end of



Blue Prints.



Entrance to the Alumnae Gymnasium.

the term, when every student must report on chapel and church attendance and receive her measure of praise or blame. If the student is so much out of sympathy with college etiquette that she refuses to follow the laws of good society which pre-

pointment. For a symmetrical, well rounded woman, in every way developed as the need of her own personality dictated, has been their hope for the alumna. But, withal, the president has scrupulous notions of womanliness, which express them-



A Girl's Room.

vail there, she is requested to find another atmosphere in some remote place, which will be more congenial. To avoid turning out girls cut by any one pattern has been the great desire of the president and of the members of the faculty most influential in college affairs. A brand of girl, put through the mill and turned loose upon the world, stamped and labelled "Smith," would be their greatest disap-

pointment. For a symmetrical, well rounded woman, in every way developed as the need of her own personality dictated, has been their hope for the alumna. But, withal, the president has scrupulous notions of womanliness, which express them-

College is not a cloister, to develop a race of nuns. It opens up to a girl many new connections with her fellow-beings, and in this process the college houses are



Mattie Appleton Clark

"As You Like It." '98 Senior Dramatics.

invaluable. If a student lives outside, her light may shine, but she is on the circumference, and it takes longer to penetrate the centre. On the campus, however, she has an easy opportunity of showing her value and utility to the college world. The girl with a talent for society makes herself useful in the various social functions that centre about her house ; in the dance, for instance, given once a year in the gymnasium, by every house, while the executive girl is much in demand, for organizing and arranging committees to manage these entertainments. For the dance every girl in the house may invite three or four outside guests, and as she makes out a programme beforehand for everyone she invites, the task is sometimes as difficult as a problem in permutations and combinations. The dance is a spectacle peculiar to the college. From the gallery it looks like a butterfly ball. Not a single black-clad man mars the effect, but the floor is filled with girls in delicately tinted evening-dresses, flitting about during intermission, weaving the figures of the mazy waltz, or following an unaccustomed partner through the easier intricacies of the two-step.

Dramatics, formal and informal, put girls who can act at a premium, and furnish one sure road to college success. Each large house or group of small houses gives a play once in three years in the gymnasium. For several weeks before the date set, mysterious rehearsals fire the curiosity of the outside girls. The number is limited, lest the students should be overtaxed, and only girls of a satisfactory grade of scholarship are permitted to take part. A maximum of eighteen dollars is allowed for expenses, but the ingenuity of the students produces the effect of many times that sum. The costumes are gathered from the four corners of the college. For the heroine and other ladies of the play, gowns are usually contributed from the wardrobe of accommodating friends. The costumes of the hero and gentlemen of the play are sometimes of home manufacture, sometimes contrived from the contents of the property-box, sometimes rented with part of the precious eighteen dollars.

On the night of the play the body of the gymnasium is filled with chairs facing the stage, and the gallery is divided by screens into "boxes" filled with stools and cushions, toward which the unknown girls turn



Impromptu Theatricals in College Parlors.

their longing eyes, and wonder if they will ever be prominent enough to sit there with the choice spirits of the college. A play is one of the social events of the term; the Glee Club sings between the acts, while the heroine is changing her gowns and laying up for herself laurels in the approval of the audience. The unassuming scene-shifters, in the meantime, in shirt-waists and bicycle-skirts, move about tables and chairs and arrange vases, hang up portières and pictures, bring in trees or carry them out, all with a real spirit of self-abnegation. For they shine with no glory at all, not even reflected, and have only the thanks of the star, tired muscles, and the spiritual satisfaction of knowing that the play is running smoothly for their reward.

Though much less formal, in the early days of the college the house-plays have always been a feature of its social life. When the houses were few, each one was allowed a play every year. It was held in the old gymnasium, and no admission was charged. The gentlemen of the play were distinguished from the ladies only by a scant black cambric skirt reaching to their ankles, interfering sadly with a free and manly tread. More leeway is allowed now in the matter of costumes, but the doors of the gymnasium on play-nights are sternly shut against any but the feminine sex.

In the impromptu farces, often given

from half-past six to seven Wednesday and Saturday evenings in the college parlors, the girl who has dramatic ability again makes bid for popular notice. These farces, sometimes original, are often very clever, and furnish a merry thirty minutes to the spectators.

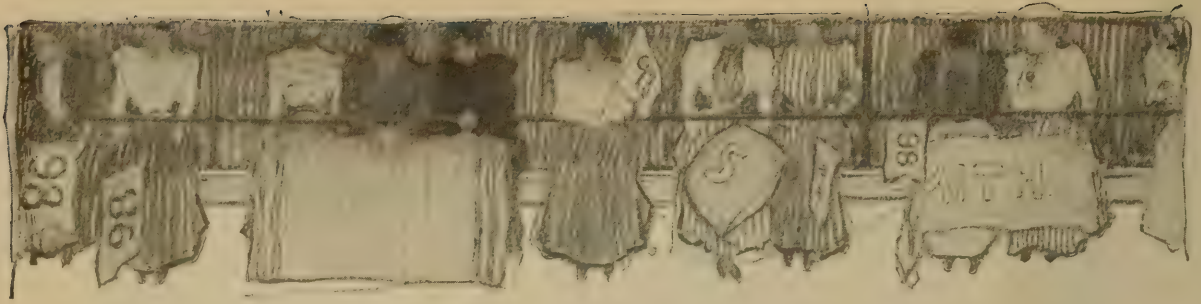
College girls are usually too much occupied with present impressions to take much thought for the morrow. The average student does not sit down deliberately in self-communion, and say, "I will make a success of myself. Everything I do shall bend to that end." Yet unconsciously she shapes her life to bring it about. In college the same desire for a complete self-expression is as dominant a motive as in the world outside. Fortunately college activities are so complex and various, that girls of every description and character may find an outlet for their energies. Often they attain a place in the inner circle of college popularity and respect by their own efforts. They measure their personal attraction, perhaps, by the number of afternoon teas to which they are invited, or by the murmur of approval which greets their entrance into a room full of girls. But sometimes a girl wakes to find herself famous, for the fortitude with which she has met some sorrow, or the business reverses which have left her as poor as a church-mouse. The afflicted girl and the poor



"Paradise."



Practice.



Watching a Game from the Running Track in the Gymnasium.

girl have a warm place in the Smith heart, for the only aristocracy recognized is the aristocracy of brains, and except for the effect on herself, the poor girl is almost more blessed with her poverty than the rich girl with her wealth.

If a student is bright she can read her title clear to much honor in her class, election to a society, in all probability, and the good-will of the college. If she is supporting herself wholly or in part, so much the better, for it argues ability to pound knowledge enough for "passing" into the dull brains of backward students, to make two or three hundred gymnasium-suits, or write for some paper, keeping up with college work at the same time. The rich girl, if she has worth, will undoubtedly impress herself upon her college generation, but she does not come to her inheritance so easily. An attitude of interrogation exists toward her achievements; and there is a grain of truth in the humor of the remark that a society ought to be founded for the protection of rich girls and pretty girls. A Smith student is in a curiously isolated position. It is herself that her fellow-students look at and find interesting or uninteresting. Though she has the bluest blood in the land, and show herself stupid, she shall not gain

distinction at Smith. If a student has brawn as well as brain, athletics may prove the stepping-stone to much pleasure as well as profit. Golf, bicycling, long walks with the Walking Club on Wednesday afternoon, dreamy rows on "Paradise," a miniature lake made by the widening of Mill River, just at the foot of the college campus, are end enough in themselves. Skating in the winter and snow-shoeing, too, serve no ulterior purpose, but tennis

practice may mean the championship at the tournament in the spring, and a reputation throughout college.

Basket-ball, however, is the great joy of the athletic girl, and to Smith belongs the distinction of having first introduced it in a college for women. The freshmen and sophomores have teams, chosen soon after Christmas, and from that time until the game in the spring, they practise with a persistence worthy of the ancient Greeks. Seniors coach the sophomores, juniors the freshmen, with no hostile eye to view the practice.

On the momentous day of the game, the gallery of the gymnasium is divided between sophomores with their allies, and freshmen with theirs. The territory of each class is picturesquely marked by its colors wound about the gallery



Snow-shoeing on Hospital Hill.



"The Rally," Washington's Birthday.

railing, and two small boys, one usually black, the other white, acting as mascots for the teams, appear in their respective colors. Every adherent of either cause also flaunts her loyalty by flowers, ribbons, sashes, shawls, even here and there a lamp-shade framing some merry face as bonnet, so that the gallery looks like a huge flower-bed laid out in two colors. The president, by reason of his dignity, is invited to witness the game, but to all others of his sex the doorkeeper turns a cold shoulder.

Every inch of standing-room is occupied, and the interest during the game is intense. Class reputation is at stake, and the dry throated anxiety, the eager following of each play, the unconscious exclamation of a Harvard-Yale football audience, are repeated there. But as cheering is not included in the president's scheme of womanliness, no shouts are heard, only the exultant songs of the victorious class and the would-be exultant songs of the class that feels its last hope going. Two innings are played, of fifteen minutes each, with five minutes rest between; then time is called, the score announced, and the

victorious captain, after receiving the congratulations of her magnanimous rival, is borne away in triumph on the shoulders of her team.

The graceful butterfly with an outfit of brain-power, the executive girl who can manage anything from her own account-book to the college itself, the dramatic

genius, and the successful athlete, often take a prominent place in Alpha or Phi Kappa Psi, the two literary societies in college. They are, however, particularly the domain and opportunity of the girl whose strongest interests and enjoyments are intellectual. They give full scope to her powers, and she can prove herself worthy before the college audience. Even to the average Smith girl, election to either society means, in all probability, the keenest joy of her course; failure to make either, one of her most bitter disappointments. For a girl with literary aspirations their attraction is even stronger, and the thought of them is bound up with the very nerve and sinew of her college happiness.

Alpha, the oldest society in college, was founded by the second sophomore class. It gathered into itself at first all the brightest students, but as the college grew constantly larger it was discovered that some of the most desirable girls were not and could not be within the fold of one society. Accordingly in 1892 Alpha chose five of its senior members to go forth and form a new society, the Phi Kappa Psi, with essentially the same objects and ambitions as the mother society. The amicable relations of the beginning were not always strictly maintained when Phi Kappa Psi became as large and strong and popular as Alpha itself, but the rivalry between them is for the most part good-natured.

Freshmen at first were admitted, but later the two societies agreed not to elect students until after Christmas of their sophomore year, to limit the number to five, and, that the game might be fair, to take first choice alternate years. The so-

cieties are not sororities and are semi-secret only. No "tapping" system exists. An invitation is looked upon as a favor conferred; the candidate is not consulted beforehand as to her preferences, and receives the first intimation of her election with the formal invitation. Scholarship is supposed to be the basis of selection, though the personal equation weighs so much that students of mediocre attainments sometimes find their way into a society because they are "so attractive" in some other way. Such an election, however, often causes the entire revision of a girl's ambitions, for only a college-student can appreciate the authority of society interests over her conscience. Avoidance of conduct that would peril its repu-



The Botanical Ponds and Observatory.

tation; the extra attention to her work, that she may be worthy of its approval and the trust of the members in electing her; her disquiet at its failures, her pride in its successes, are as strong as any ties which bind a man to the interest of his fraternity.

A pretty ceremony, characteristic of the feminine instinct that makes life in a girls' college so graceful a thing, has grown up in connection with the delivery of the invi-



Glee Club Promenade Concert. Evening of Ivy Day.



The Reading-room.

tations for the first sophomore elections. Formerly the notes were placed on the bulletin-board, that the dutiful attendants of chapel might find them on their way thither, but now the secretary delivers the invitations in person. As she goes across the campus, girls, to the proportion of a small army, join her from every side and move in a solid body to the door of the first candidate. The sophomore sitting within, carefully preparing her lessons, hears a knock. Suddenly the room is full of girls crowding about her with congratulations; an envelope is thrust into her hand, a society pin fastened on, and the vantage of one of her greatest desires is gained. The other four sophomores go through the same experience, and almost before they can recover breath, flowers (by boxes and by dozens), the visible congratulations of their friends, begin to pour in upon them. They are proffered suppers, teas, and drives; they are the centre of an admiring college for a week; then the rival society has its meeting, and other five sophomores taste the joys of fame and popular-

ity. Although the elections at the ordinary meetings are never of such general interest, as only a hundred girls out of the thousand in college are members of Alpha or Phi Kappa at any one time, an election to a society is honor enough whenever it takes place.

The *Smith College Monthly*, as well as the societies, provides an outlet for the energy of the literary girl, and reveals often, in the contributions of some shy, quiet student, an ability which otherwise might have to wait a dreary time for recognition. The election of the editorial board in the spring, from the junior class, is an event next in importance to the sophomore society elections. The honor to the girls chosen is very great, though one which involves time and labor in proportion to the satisfaction which the *Monthly* affords its critical subscribers. The society girls are usually quite evenly represented in the board, but it sometimes happens that a non-society student, little noticed in her early college course, has worked steadily and persistently, without



Ivy Day.



The Tennis Courts.

fuss or flurry, to such a pinnacle of excellence that some one of the retiring editors finds her sitting there, and by appointing her on the monthly board discovers her to the college. Senior year often brings about a revolution of popular opinion, and several girls in a class from whom nothing was expected shine out with wonderful lustre, while some of their more brilliant sisters go out like a flash in a pan when philosophy and psychology overtake their superficial attainments with swift retribution.

If a girl possesses no particular literary ability or other valuable quality which might open to her the delights of Alpha, Phi Kappa Psi, or the *Monthly*, she can find a measure of comfort in one at least of the many clubs, varying in purpose as widely as the metaphysical speculations of the philosophical organization and the frivolous occupation of the "eat-clubs." Almost every department has its representative body, composed of the stu-

dents specializing in that branch and corps of instructors, who bear their part in work as well as entertainment. Among the girls themselves are clubs innumerable, those bringing together students from a certain town or locality, as the Chicago, St. Louis, New York, and Maine clubs, small societies whose basis is congenial acquaintance, sewing-circles, reading-clubs, and a hundred others, which serve for the amusement of the girls themselves. The Smith College Association for Christian Work, however, has quite another object, and provides for an altogether different set of interests in the Smith girl's life. Her work and her play bring particular benefit to herself alone, but the various lines of activity offered her by this society are all more or less altruistic. It assists in guiding the religious activities of the college; also in providing for its social welfare, and in bringing to neglected girls the good things of the college. However the be-

nevolent instincts of a student best express themselves, she will probably find her need satisfied in some one of the branches of industry offered her by the association. If not, she may enter the ranks of workers for the Students' Building, a Mecca for the college world, where the societies shall have their different rooms and the *οἱ πολλοί* a place to disport itself. With the unselfishness of Horace planting trees for future generations, the girls interested offer to their small public, teas, lectures, courses, specialties in fancy articles, and many other attractions. The proceeds from these, together with private contributions from the girls themselves, and the overplus from the monthly expenses, generously offered by the editors, month by month and year by year, are bringing the Students' Building nearer to a local habitation. The benevolent student may teach in a mission-school, read to the inmates of the Old Ladies' Home, or take one of the Home Culture Club classes made up of the working-people of the town. As there is no college church, she may also assist in the work of the town church with which she is allied, or, if she prefers to do her charity in the unostentatious way which lets not the left hand know what the right hand doeth, she can find in the routine of her daily life countless opportunities for the display of an unselfish spirit.

Efficiency of any kind is respected at Smith, and a student soon comes to believe that college success has its basis in Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest. Sham and false show are useless, but any honest attempt to cultivate one talent or ten meets with encouragement. In the complicated social system each has a utility and a place. The art students and the music students, with another scale of values and estimates, act and react on the more practical life of the purely academic students. The college which can comprehend the manifold interests of Smith students must be tolerant and broad of mind, and the bond which unites these different elements elastic. But a strong college feeling exists, fostered by chapel every morning, when the student-body feels its own unity and personality, and by those formal occasions during the year, when the college acts together

as a whole and takes thought of its oneness. Among these the festivities on the Twenty-Second of February are peculiarly significant and interesting. After the first exercise, held in Assembly Hall, where patriotic songs are sung and some outside lecturer, or, occasionally, a member of the faculty, delivers an address on an historical subject, the students adjourn to the gymnasium for the rally. They stand together by classes, waving class-flags, wearing class-colors, and singing class-songs celebrating their own achievements. Some oratorical contest follows. Often it takes the form of a debate, and after hearing conclusive proof that George Washington, for example, never existed at all except in the mind of the American people, the students join in a circular march about the floor of the gymnasium, seniors leading, freshmen bringing up the rear, each girl grasping the shoulder of the girl in front, till some one loses her hold, and the rally breaks up in merry confusion. In this locked march the student finds her own individuality merged in that evolved from a thousand girls acting as one, and more than at any other time she feels the thrill and rhythm of the college pulse beating in her own.

Formerly on the Twenty-Second of February the college was at home to its outside friends, and a reception, held in Assembly Hall, gave to a student the opportunity of paying off social obligations. Except at Smith, this occasion was known as the "Eight mile" walk. Amherst, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton were well represented. Small glasses of lemonade were served as refreshment. Occasionally, through the evening, the guests walked through a quadrille. Round dancing was under the strictest ban; but at one reception, no one knew quite how or why, the floor was suddenly filled with couples dancing the forbidden waltz. The president, with his usual astuteness, realized the import of what had happened, and knowing that the times were ripe for a change, walked quietly away, and gave his consent to the students who asked the next year for a junior promenade to be substituted for the reception of the Twenty-second. This adjustable conservatism on the part of the president always opposes every tendency toward greater elaborateness in

college functions till an issue has justified itself; then he graciously cedes the point.

The junior promenade is essentially the old "walk around," on a different date, suited to present needs. Amherst and the brother colleges throng the campus as of old; they experience the same unique feeling of tables turned when their Smith friends pilot them through walks, drives, and teas, in the afternoon, the same sensations of surprise at the completeness of the arrangements when their hostesses usher them into the gymnasium in the evening and present them with carefully filled dance programmes.

Contrary to the custom of the Twenty Second of February, on Mountain Day the college separates to enjoy itself, and goes everyone her different way. This day is a free gift of the faculty to the students. Chapel and all recitations are suspended, and by ten o'clock in the morning the campus is left almost deserted in the glorious October sunshine. Girls in twos and threes, in tens or in twenties, with boxes of luncheon, have started forth, on foot, on bicycles, and in every conceivable kind of vehicle, from a small dog-cart to an old farm wagon. Expeditions to the top of Mount Tom and Holyoke prove particularly attractive to the freshmen. As they drive back through the broad quiet streets of old Hadley, around the corner where the quaint hotel stands haunted by the tradition of the Regicides, past the cider-mill, about which they will gather traditions of their own; as they pause on the bridge to look up and down the sunlit stretches of the beautiful Connecticut, they can but feel that their lines have fallen to them in pleasant places. But when they drive beyond, and the purple "meadows" lie spread out before them, with the river in the far distance, and the mountains rising sheer and straight from the level, they feel the fascination that will draw them again and again to those strange lowlands, till "the meadows" have a personality of their own, and an inspiration for them that cannot fail while memory lasts.

For the upper class girls, Whately Glen, Chesterfield, Ashfield, Cummington, the home of William Cullen Bryant, Worthington, and other somewhat remote places, are points of interest which an all-day drive makes possible and a limited number of

college holidays desirable. At night the houses gather in their flocks again, and tired, wind-blown, but happy, the girls live over their day with each other.

The Thirtieth of May is the other great holiday of the year. Again the exodus from the college, and the invasion of the surrounding country, take place. The attacks of Mountain Day upon cider-mills and chestnut-groves yield to a search for spring flowers; otherwise the history of the two days is identical.

Quite as much as these stated intervals of fresh air and pure sunshine, when the college as a whole is given over to merry-making, the girls enjoy excursions arranged on the spur of the moment, the luncheon-suppers carried to the top of Sunset Hill, or to some lovely spot along the Williamsburg car-line; or, when the spirit of their ancestors is very insistent and they would wander far afield, the drives with a congenial three or four, who, in trying the effect of original poems and stories on each other, have delightful mishaps with self-willed steeds that give them conversational material for a month to come.

Love and respect for the college as a unit are strong and vigorous, counting as important factors in the Smith girl's life. The emphasis of the individual, on the contrary, is the intellectual characteristic, and the composite of these two elements results in a Harvard for girls, without the indifference of Harvard. The class partisanship which would naturally accompany college feeling is constantly modified by house interests, and still further by a Conference Committee of the students, which brings together representatives from the four classes, and the president of each, to discuss all matters of college interest, and to act as a half-way house between faculty and students. The laws of hospitality which prevail at Smith act also as a cog on hostility between class and class, and prevent it from becoming bitter or obtrusive. Sophomores give freshmen an elaborate reception in the fall, and the relation of hostesses and guests never entirely fades out through the year, except at the basketball game, when the two classes become rivals. In the different festivities of the campus houses, at the merry masquerades of Hallowe'en night, the Valentine parties on the Fourteenth of February, the Christ-

mas celebrations; at receptions, teas, and faculty parties, seniors, juniors, sophomores, and freshmen all mingle indiscriminately. Courtesy forbids any distinction, and class-lines merge.

The genial, friendly atmosphere of the college makes it seem to outside guests like a charming home on a large scale. In connection with the societies, and also at the invitation of the president and faculty, men and women of note often come into the circle, and the stimulus and uplift of meeting some of the great souls of earth face to face are perhaps as helpful to a student as anything in the curriculum. No one who heard dear old Joseph Jefferson speak one afternoon in Assembly Hall can forget the twinkle in his eye, when the girls, by round after round of applause, were demonstrating to him his theory that "this time doesn't count." They clapped and fluttered handkerchiefs at him so insistently that finally, when it seemed to him that silence would be desirable, with quick humor he pulled out his own handkerchief and shook it at the audience. If the tossing of flowers by double lines of enthusiastic girls between which Paderewski's carriage made its slow way, after a concert at the college, seemed to the great musician one of the most delightful forms of applause he had ever known, and if J. M. Barrie, William Dean Howells, and Charles Dudley Warner carried away with them, as they said, a pleasant impression of the college, they left behind them, with the students, warm admiration and gratitude for the kindly way in which they met their many hostesses.

At the Glee Club concert in the Opera House, the girls have a formal opportunity of showing their hospitable spirit. All through the fall the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs practise faithfully for this concert, and they do their part well. When the concert is successfully over, the clubs and their leader feel like Atlas when he dropped the world from his shoulders. The spectators are, however, so attractive that they divide interest with the programme itself. The audience, every girl in her prettiest gown, every man pledged to enthusiasm, in the gold and white setting of the Opera-house is framed like a beautiful picture. The lights, the scent of flowers, the music, make it seem like some fairy

scene, and the guests go away feeling that Smith existence is a dream of bliss and has no part in a workaday world.

But a week of examinations, in a very recent past, serves to keep the balance true for the Smith girl, and the memory of them corrects effectually any tendency on her part toward excessive gayety. It is with the satisfaction of a danger safely bridged that she sits back and listens while the Glee Club sings the familiar words:

They said she must not worry,
Nor sit up late to cram,
Nor have a sense of hurry
In writing her exam.

And so she did not worry,
Nor sit up late to cram,
Nor have a sense of flurry,
And she flunked in her exam.

For the ambitious students at Smith are in large majority. They are of two classes, and between the two a gulf is set. The members of the one known as "grinds" or "digs" have a hunger for facts as intense as a miser's for gold. Their delight is in acquisition, and whether they work individually or gregariously, note-books flank them on every side. They pack their brains as they would a dress-suit case, and the future they view only as an opportunity of gathering yet more degrees. They have their reward, but the student who gets her knowledge by using it is the peculiar joy of the college. She regards her note-book as a point of departure, also conventional pleasures. Groups of such girls are the direct cause of the originality, freshness, and healthfulness of undergraduate amusements.

Among the girls themselves many informal exchanges of courtesy take place, assuming the form often of invitations to dinner or supper, particularly on Sunday noon, when leisure is not at such a premium as on week days. The result is an interesting rearrangement of the college population, for the places of girls invited out for dinner are filled in turn by guests, so that anyone who could get a bird's-eye view of all the college tables at once might think he was witnessing the "ladies-change" figure of a gigantic quadrille.

In the last seven years the college has almost doubled in size. Even to a recent

graduate it seems now like a strange place in a strange land, and she must, perchance, rub her eyes like Rip Van Winkle and wonder; but when the superficial differences are stripped away she finds it at heart the same *alma mater*, changed only as its rapid growth and increased responsibilities demanded. While she drinks her afternoon tea in a college room she hears the college-gossip of her own day about her own professors. She cannot refrain from smiling at the tale of a freshman caught in the toils of one of the thinking-courses—the best discipline in the Smith curriculum—who lifted her timid hand, after a set of topics had been assigned, to ask if there was any book wherein she could find the answers to those questions, and almost wept in despair when she was told to look within her own brain.

The activities of a thousand students make so complex a whole that a list of the week's amusements might cause an alumna of an early class much apprehension unless she understood the difference in conditions. In her day the college numbered, perhaps, a hundred or two, and was present as a whole at every entertainment. Now a comparatively small number of students attend any one. An evening of recreation a week may be the average for a group of girls who take their pleasure together. But the diversions of one group multiplied by a hundred reaches a total which, announced to an unprepared public, might give the impression that the college was given over to gayety and Mammon. As a matter of fact, intellectual requirements grow more rigid year by year, the standard higher, and the social life, as always, comes as the necessary alternation of play with toil that sends a girl back to her work rested and refreshed for the next task.

When an alumna turns back to her college memories she finds them incidental and fragmentary. It is only with an effort that she can construct the continuous life of her college days. But the charm of Sunday always appeals to her. She remembers her sympathy with the old nursery rhyme which designates "Thursday for losses, Friday for crosses, and Sunday the best day of all," as she turned over for a luxurious last nap on Sunday morning, and her enjoyment of the hour

after breakfast, when, with a spirit of economy, even in time, she persuaded one of her friends, while she was dusting her room and washing her tea-cups, to read Kipling to her, or Browning, or Stevenson, or anything else she pleased; then how, by fair exchange, she turned reader and her friend housemaid. But the vesper service at five in the afternoon was the solace of her busy week of definite engagements. She could listen or not, as she pleased, with no sense of responsibility or obligation to remember what she heard. The songs of the choir, the few sincere, practical words of the president, the beautiful vesper hymns, and through the window a glimpse of sunset sky fading into purple twilight, blend into one of the loveliest memories of her college Sunday.

In its capacity of wise parent, the college rarely lays upon a Smith student the command "Thou shalt not." Knowing the proneness of the human mind for forbidden fruits, it does not wish to put temptation in her way. But the ten-o'clock rule, which sets a beneficent limit to a busy day, is an exception.

It is broken, of course. Many a bold-spirited college alumna has recollections of stealing through inky-black halls full of shadowy terrors to the room of some other girl who was giving a spread. Can she ever forget the ploughed field (the Smith species of fudge), the olives, doughnuts, the candy, and the ghost stories, by the dim light of a waning moon? But after one or two experiences of the kind the college-girl bitterly thinks of the morrow, the heavy eyes and head, and the pleasure of a spread begins to pall. A pathetic experience has come down from an earlier day, of several girls who had laboriously made oyster-soup over a gas-jet. The butter had been wheedled away from the cook, and the milk collected glass by glass from their friends, but when the guests were all gathered, and were waiting a moment in total darkness for the house to grow quiet, some careless girl stepped into the soup set on the floor, and the company dispersed unfed and unsatisfied. For an alumna, therefore, the night watchman and his lantern have more poetic value than for the student, since he keeps careful tally of all lights that appear during the night

and reports them the next morning to the ladies in charge of the houses. Formerly during examination week, or when the pressure of work was unusually heavy, so that students felt obliged to burn the midnight-oil, they took refuge with a lamp in their closets, but the closets were uncomfortably small, and soon grew very close. So they fell into the habit of blanketing their windows, but it was discouraging to find through what a small chink the watchman could discover a light, and the zest of the achievement was quite taken away when the rule was made more flexible and permission granted, as now in most of the houses, for an occasional late vigil, when a good reason is forthcoming.

The pioneer days of a girls' college are over. It was the duty of the first classes to set out stakes along the outskirts of knowledge and to overcome much prejudice. The girl student of that time was looked upon as an experiment, and felt the responsibility of her conduct strong upon her. Self-consciousness was thrust at her. It was her privilege to write *quod erat demonstrandum* at the end of her course, but something of the sweet graciousness of college experience, which she made possible for later generations, was denied her. To many a girl now, the four college years come as naturally as the finishing-school a quarter of a century ago. No one opposes her except, perhaps, an isolated auntie, who shakes a warning finger at her, or some kindly gentleman of the old school, who, if he had ever been within the doors of a college for girls, would wish to stay there forever.

Indeed, to one who, knowing the crudities and oddities of the Freshman Class, sees it gather together for its graduation exercises, college seems like a school for all the graces. The queer girl, misunderstood in her own small community, among all the levels offered her has found her own, and is queer no longer. The shy girl has opened out and expanded. The obstreperous girl has been toned down; and the stolid girl shaken up.

When commencement-days approach it is a complex past that the senior puts behind her. Intellectual problems which she has met and conquered; a life philosophy worked out from her own experience, which shall keep the balance of her character

always true, and for her lighter moments the spontaneous, self-forgotten recreation that makes the charm of college play-hours; the free, glad life within the college campus; the last June twilights under the trees, in sweet converse with some friend, with the far-away music of the Glee Club as a background, and the thought of the good-by, making the moments precious—from it all she turns with swift regret to the beauty of commencement week. To the guests who have gathered from the east and west, the north and south, the charm of commencement is very great. They set out to the Opera-house on the night of *senior dramatics* with a good-natured intention of overlooking all the glaring faults of amateur production. But from the time the curtain rises until it falls they are spellbound by the beauty of a performance which might do credit to a New York theatre.

To the spectators everything seems to move with the ease and splendor of a tale from the "Arabian Nights." Talent, conscientious work, and careful training have made some of the actors excellent, all of them good. The seniors alone appreciate the long hours of practice individually, in sections, and all together, in their own rooms, at the gymnasium, and in the dusty Opera-house, which have made this night possible. The persistence with which a student tries for *Portia*, *Balthazar*, and all the parts between, and the cheerfulness and equanimity with which she finally ends up in the mob, are the greatest tribute to that loyalty which subordinates all personal considerations to the glory and honor of the class. The unexpected turns of the literary interpretation of a Shakespeare play are new and delightful. Moreover, the audience cannot altogether forget that the superbly arrayed personages moving through the play are of the same flesh and blood as themselves; that the heroine is as young as she looks, and the hero as enthusiastic as he seems.

After *dramatics*, in quick succession follow the picturesque ceremonies of parting. On Baccalaureate Sunday the senior class, in long procession, white gowned, and carrying flowers, marches with slow step down the aisles of the church. In the afternoon sun, streaming through the richly colored windows, the scene is like a dream pag-

ent to the friends watching; again on Ivy Day, when the girls, two by two, thread their way across the campus; and at the commencement exercises, when white gowns and roses fill the chapel with light and fragrance, the spectators breathe the hope that this peculiar beauty of the Smith commencement may never be replaced by academic lines of sombre students clad in the insignia of office.

Commencement is the farewell which sets a boundary to the sum of college days. When the final toast of the class supper has been given, and the senior finds her way to her own college-room for the last time, the scent of roses and the sound of music are still with her, and commencement as a confused memory of people, blue skies, and bright nights. Sitting there, recalling the swiftly passing years—"with pain they were so fleet, with joy they were so sweet"—she realizes, with a great wave of thankfulness, her widened horizon, her

broadened sympathies. She had only to throw out her hands and gather what she could hold of the beauty of knowledge and the inspiration of life. But her thought lingers a moment with the child, Sophia Smith, rebelling from the blindfold leading of the dame-school and sitting through the long hours of the summer morning, her head against the door of the boys' school, to listen to the words of knowledge, denied her, that fell from the master's lips. No one satisfied the hunger of her eager, groping mind. Her life was repressed and incomplete to the end; but unnumbered girls with earnest eyes and serene hearts are bearing into the future the unuttered message of her life, and the warm, rich love of the college that lies so safely where

The hills in purple shadows
Eternal vigil keep
Above her happy river meadows:
In golden haze asleep.



THE WIND UPON A SUMMER DAY

By M. L. van Vorst

THE wind upon a Summer day
How sweet it stirreth in the trees!
The shifting shadows as they lie
Across the fields, the bending rye
The blue flowers in the grain, and you
To love the livelong Summer thro'—
There are no sweeter things than these.

The dawning of a Winter's day
How sad it is! The leafless trees,
The frozen meadow-lands that lie
All cold beneath the snowy sky—
The old year's bitterness: and you
To lack the livelong Winter thro'
There are no sadder things than these!

AD FINEM FIDELES

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

FAR out, far out they lie. Like stricken women weeping,
Eternal vigil keeping with slow and silent tread,
Soft-shod as are the fairies, the winds patrol the prairies,
The sentinels of God about the pale and patient dead!
Above them, as they slumber in graves that none may number,
Dawns grow to day, days dim to dusk, and dusks in darkness pass,
Unheeded springs are born, unheeded summers brighten,
And winters wake to whiten the wilderness of grass.

Slow stride appointed years across their bivouac places,
With stern, devoted faces they lie, as when they lay,
In long battalions dreaming, till dawn, to eastward gleaming,
Awoke the clarion greeting of the bugles to the day.
The still and stealthy speeding of the pilgrim days unheeding,
At rest upon the roadway that their feet unfaltering trod,
The faithful unto death abide, with trust unshaken,
The morn when they shall waken to the reveille of God.

The faithful unto death! Their sleeping-places over
The torn and trampled clover to braver beauty blows;
Of all their grim campaigning no sight or sound remaining,
The memory of them mutely to greater glory grows.
Through waning ages winding, new inspiration finding,
Their creed of consecration like a silver ribbon runs,
Sole relic of the strife that woke the world to wonder
With the riot and the thunder of a sundered people's guns.

What matters now the cause? As little children resting,
No more the battle breasting to the rumble of the drums,
Enlinked by duty's tether, the blue and gray together,
They wait the great hereafter when the last assembly comes.
Where'er the summons found them, whate'er the tie that bound them,
'Tis this alone the record of the sleeping army saith:—
They knew no creed but this, in duty not to falter,
With strength that naught could alter to be faithful unto death.



THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

HOW THE WEST WAS SAVED—THE INVASION OF GEORGIA

HOW THE WEST WAS SAVED

AFTER the Battle of Monmouth the war in the Northern Department dragged on through the summer without any general campaign and without any results which affected the final outcome of the war, except that time was always on the side of the Americans, and the failure of the British to advance was equivalent to defeat. On July 8, 1778, the French fleet, under D'Estaing, appeared off New York, but they were unable to get their large ships-of-the-line through the Narrows and could not attack the British squadron. D'Estaing then desired to sail away and conquer Newfoundland, which would have been a wholly barren undertaking, but Washington persuaded him to go to Newport and make a combined attack on the British, who held that place with 6,000 men. For this purpose he called out the militia of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and sent a brigade from his own small army, together with Greene and Lafayette, to the aid of Sullivan, who commanded in that district. Everything went wrong from the start. The French arrived on August 8th, were kept outside by Sullivan for ten days, and then ran in past the batteries and forced the British to destroy their men-of-war and galleys in the harbor. Meantime, Sullivan, without notice to D'Estaing, crossed over to the island of Newport, and had hardly done so when Howe appeared outside with his squadron. D'Estaing put to sea to fight him, but both fleets were scattered and severely damaged by a heavy storm. Howe was forced to return to New York, while D'Estaing returned to Newport only to announce that

he must go to Boston, to refit. The Americans were disheartened and disgusted. The combined attack had broken down, and the militia began to leave for their homes. The storm had wrecked their camp and largely ruined their ammunition, so that they presently found themselves with only 6,000 men cooped up on an island with an enemy whose forces were already superior, and would soon be greatly increased by the arrival of Clinton with re-enforcements 4,000 strong. There was nothing for it but to withdraw to the mainland, and the retreat had begun when the British attacked them. Greene, instead of defending, changed the retreat to an advance, charged the British and drove them back to their works. The American loss was two hundred and eleven, the British two hundred and sixty. It was a well-fought action under adverse circumstances, but it led to nothing. The expedition had failed, and bore fruit only in recriminations between the Americans and their allies, which it took time and effort to allay. Clinton, arriving too late, returned to New York, having done nothing but burn the shipping at New Bedford, and rob the farmers of Martha's Vineyard of some cattle and money. A year later he withdrew the remaining troops from Newport. The occupation had been pointless and fruitless, and led to nothing but the abortive attack of the French and Americans.

The affair at Newport was, however, typical of the sporadic fighting of the summer, different only from the others in the presence of the French and English fleets, and in the considerable number of men engaged. The British did nothing effec-

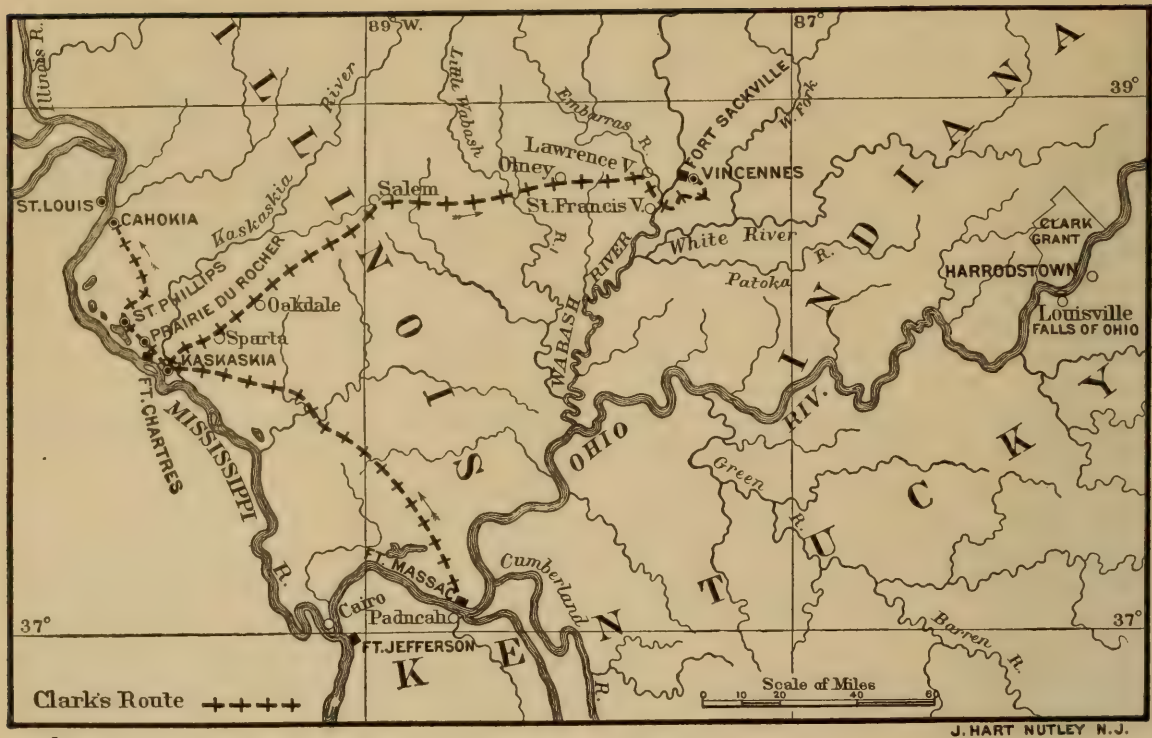
tive. They could hold no extensive country, nor could they control any important military line which would divide and hamper the States. A foray into New Jersey in September and the defeat of some surprised militia, the burning of shipping at Little Egg Harbor, and the wasting of the neighboring country by Captain Ferguson in October, an Indian raid into Cherry Valley in November, which failed to take the fort but burned houses and scalped some thirty persons, mostly women and children, completed the sum of Clinton's military achievements during his first summer of command. When winter came he was again settled in New York, the only place he held, except Newport, while Washington cantoned his men so as to form a line of defence from Long Island Sound to West Point and thence south to the Delaware. His head-quarters were at Middlebrook, but he held Clinton fast and permitted him to have nothing but the ground on which his men camped and which the guns of his fleet covered.

It is easy to see now how completely the military situation in the North was making in favor of the Americans ; that all that region had been wrested from England and could never be regained by her. The English had been campaigning in the Middle and New England States for three years, and they had lost, or failed to retain, everything except New York, where they had landed, and the outlying Newport. In other words, they could hold a town under the guns of their fleet, the Americans having no organized navy, and that was the extent of their power. This, of itself, showed that they were utterly defeated in the attempt to conquer, and could not hold America by force of arms ; but the real state of the case, which is so obvious now, was not so plain then. The fact which most impressed those who were fighting America's battles in 1778 was that there was practically no general government. The revolution had been carried forward by Washington and his army, who were permanent active forces, and by vigorous, although sporadic, uprisings of the armed people when invasion actually threatened their homes. But of effective government and executive power outside the army and the diplomatic representatives

there was practically none. Their own enforced flight from Philadelphia, the condition of the army, and Washington's vigorous letters, had made Congress feel that perhaps all the reasons for defeat were not to be found in the short-comings of their General. They therefore turned to the long-standing business of forming a better union, and, after much labor, produced the Articles of Confederation. Beyond the fact that such action showed a dim awakening to the dire need of efficient national government and better union, this instrument was quite useless. The separatist, States-rights theory so prevailed in the construction of the Confederation that the general government had no real power at all, and could only sink, as it afterward did, into imbecile decrepitude. Moreover, this feeble scheme, which had no value, except as teaching people what to avoid, could not go into effect until ratified by each State, and this process took so long that the war was nearly over before the poor Confederation got enough life to begin dying.

The efforts for better government thus came to but small results, and Congress stumbled along as best it could, trying to borrow money abroad, and getting little except in France ; trying to persuade the States to give, a very uncertain resource, and finally falling back on emissions of more paper money, fast-sinking and worthless. Without executive power, with no money, with constant and usually harmful meddling with military matters, with no authority to raise soldiers, the Congress of the United States presented a depressing spectacle. It would have foreboded ruin and defeat had it not been for the fact that each State had an efficient government of its own, which prevented anarchy, while the people, accustomed to self-government, managed to carry the war along in some fashion, haltingly and expensively, no doubt, but still always stubbornly forward.

In the field of diplomacy, the Congress showed to great advantage, as it had from the outset. Some of our ablest men had been sent abroad and had proved themselves the equals of the diplomatists of Europe. Everywhere on the Continent, at every Court they visited, the American envoys made a good impression and secured, at least, good-will. The great tri-



umph was the French alliance, and although elsewhere the tangible results at first seemed less than nothing, the good-will then obtained and the favorable impression made were before long to bear fruit in loans which carried on the war, and in the assured neutrality of the Northern powers. In any event, the Americans had at least succeeded in alienating Europe from England, which at that time seemed to enjoy her "splendid isolation" less than she professes to do at the present day.

One European power, however, showed itself distinctly hostile, and that was the very one upon which Vergennes relied for support, and which was finally drawn into war against England. This was Spain, which showed an instinctive hatred of a people in arms fighting for their rights and independence. To Spain, decrepit and corrupt, the land of the Inquisition, and the owner of a vast colonial empire, nothing but enmity was really possible toward revolted colonists fighting for independence, free alike in thought and religion and determined to govern themselves. Her statesmen hung back from the invitations of Vergennes, and gave the cold shoulder to Arthur Lee when he went to Burgos. They hated England, undoubtedly, and were more than ready to injure her and profit at her expense, but they had no love or good wishes for her rebellious colonies.

Florida Blanca, the prime minister, held off from the French, tried to bargain with the English, and aimed at nothing but Spanish advantage in North America. When France, heedless of his wishes, formed the American alliance, he was filled with profound disgust, all the deeper because his hand had thus been forced. He drove a hard bargain with France in the treaty which pledged Spain to join in the war against England, refused to recognize the independence of America, and was left free to exact from the Americans, as the price of Spain's support, the control of the Mississippi Valley, of the Great Lakes, and of all the vast region between the great river and the Alleghanies. The policy of Spain aimed, in fact, at the possession of the North American Continent, and the whole future of the United States was staked on the issue. Yet even while Spanish statesmen wrangled with Vergennes, and schemed and intrigued for Spanish dominion on the Mississippi, the question was being settled far out among the forests by a few determined backwoodsmen with rifles in their hands, no knowledge of diplomacy, and a perfectly clear idea of what they wanted to do and meant to have.

The early intrigues with the Southern tribes, and the war parties of Indians who came with Burgoyne and deserted him when the tide turned against him, formed

but a small part of the English efforts in this direction. The British policy was a far-reaching one, and was designed to unite all the tribes of wild Indians against the Americans, harry the borders with savage warfare, and prevent the Western expansion of the United States. It was not exactly a humane or pleasing policy, but it was much in favor with the ministry, although it led to some sharp criticisms in Parliament, especially when the item of scalping-knives came up in a supply-bill. It was a scheme fraught with possibilities, and, properly handled, might have caused lasting injury to the United States, not by Burgoyne's war-parties, which did more harm than good to their employers, but by destroying the settlements beyond the mountains and checking the western movement of the American people.

So far as uniting the northwestern and western tribes went, the English were singularly successful, and secured their active alliance and co-operation. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest, whose head-quarters were at Detroit, was Henry Hamilton, and to him the department of Indian warfare against the colonies was entrusted. The task could not have been committed to more capable hands, so far as organizing the Indians and sending them out on the war-path was concerned. Where he failed was in the largeness of conception which was needed to tell him the vital point at which to strike. In 1776 he had his alliances secure, and for the next two years he turned the savages loose upon the settlers of the American border. It was a cruel, ferocious war, as all Indian wars are marked by ambush, murder, fire, pillage, and massacre. It fell not on armies and soldiers, but on pioneer farmers, backwoodsmen, and hunters, with their wives and families. To the prisoners who were brought in, Hamilton was said to be entirely humane; but the Indians were rewarded for their burnings and pillagings, and for the slaughter of American settlers. They earned their wages by evidences of their deeds, and the proofs furnished were human scalps, which were bought and paid for in Detroit. It is of no consequence who paid for these hideous trophies; it was done at an English town and fort, with English money, and the frontiersmen who nicknamed Hamil-

ton the "hairbuyer" reached the essential truth.

This method of warfare was cruel in the extreme and caused untold anguish and suffering, but it had no effect on the fortunes of the revolution at the point where Hamilton made the greatest exertion. In carrying out his orders to push back the American frontier he directed the weight of his attack against the borders of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. This caused an incalculable amount of misery to individuals, but made absolutely no impression upon the strong, populous, and long-settled States against which the attack was aimed. Very different was the case to the south of the Ohio, where bold hunters and adventurers had pushed beyond the mountains, and, just as the revolution was beginning, had established in the forests the half-dozen little block-houses and settlements which were destined to be the germ of the future State of Kentucky. These outposts of the American advance across the continent were isolated and remote, separated from the old and well-established States of the seaboard by a range of mountains, and by many miles of almost pathless wilderness. If they had been broken up, the work would have been to do all over again, for they were not branches from the main trunk, like the outlying settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia, but an independent and separate tree transplanted and growing on its own roots. If Hamilton had come down with a force of his own and given the Indians white leadership, he might have systematically uprooted and destroyed these Kentucky settlements and flung back the American border to the east of the mountains; but he preferred to direct his main forces elsewhere, and left it to the Indians alone to deal with the Kentuckians. He may have thought, and not without reason, that this would be sufficient to destroy these few and scattered settlements, the importance and meaning of which he, no doubt, underestimated. If he so thought he erred gravely, for he failed to reckon on the quality and fibre of the men who had crossed the mountains and settled in the beautiful woods and glades of Kentucky. The Indians did their part zealously and faithfully, and, for two years after Hamilton had unchained them, Kentucky well deserved the name of

the "dark and bloody ground." It was continuous fighting of the most desperate kind, man to man, and band to band. Ambushes, surprises, hand-to-hand struggles, hair-breadth escapes, imprisonment among the savages, torture, murder, and the stake were part of the daily life. The block-houses were successfully held with stubborn courage, the women battling side by side with the men. It was savage fighting, filled with endless incident, where personal prowess played a great part, and with a certain barbarous simplicity and utter indifference to life and to deadly peril, which recall the heroes of the Nibelungenlied, remote kinsmen of these very men who now stood at death-grips with the Indians in the depths of the American forest.

This battle of the Kentucky pioneers, under the lead of Boone, Logan, Kenton, and the rest, forms one of the finest and most heroic chapters in our history, too largely lost sight of then and since in the greater events which, on the Atlantic seaboard and in the cabinets of Europe, were deciding the fate of the revolution. None the less it was a very great and momentous fact that these hunters and farmers held firm and kept the distant wilderness a part of the United States. They rise up to us from the past as Indian fighters and explorers, hunters, trappers, and adventurers, but we must not forget that they were primarily and more than anything else settlers. They had entered into the land to possess it, conquer it, and hand it down to their posterity. So they hung to their forts and settlements with grim tenacity and much desperate fight, and were satisfied, as well they might be, to beat off invasion and yield no inch of ground. But among them was one leader who was not content with this, a man with "empire in his brain," with an imagination that peered into the future, and a perception so keen as to be almost akin to genius. This man was George Rogers Clark. He was a young Virginian, twenty-five years old, and had been one of the best and most daring of the leaders who were holding Kentucky against the Indian allies of Great Britain. But Clark was not satisfied with a mere defence of the settlements. On the western edge of the great wilderness which lay between the Alleghanies and the Missis-

sippi were the old, long-established French settlements, which had passed to the British crown with the conquest of Canada. Clark's restless spirit and quick imagination became filled with the idea that the way to defend Kentucky was to carry the war into the Illinois country and attack England there, instead of being content to beat her off at home. In this plan he saw, as he believed, the true method of breaking down the Anglo-Indian campaign, and also—and this probably moved him much more—of adding all this vast region to the territory of the United States. Without breathing a word of the plans he was weaving, he sent out two young hunters to penetrate into the Illinois country and get him information. His scouts went, and reported on their return that the French sometimes joined the British and Indian war-parties, but that they took little interest in the revolutionary struggle, and stood much in awe of the American backwoodsmen. This encouraged Clark, for he believed that under these conditions he could deal with the French, and he forthwith set out, in October, 1777, and made the long and toilsome journey back to Virginia to get aid and support for his expedition.

When he reached the capital he saw Patrick Henry, who was then Governor, and laid his plans before him with all the eager enthusiasm of youth and faith. Very fortunately, Henry, too, was a man of imagination and ardent temperament. He was touched and convinced by the young soldier's brilliant and perilous conception, and gave him his hearty sympathy, which was much, and all the material aid he could command which, in the stress and strain then upon Virginia, was very little. Clark received from Henry public authority to raise men to go to the relief of Kentucky, secret instructions to invade Illinois, and a small sum of money in depreciated currency. Thus meagrely provided, everything depended on Clark's own energy and personal influence. Very fortunately, these were boundless, and, although he encountered every difficulty, nevertheless, by spring he had raised a hundred and fifty men, and started in flat boats down the Ohio, taking with him some families of settlers. On May 27th he reached the Falls of the Ohio, and there established a post, and left those families who had re-



Old Stone Church at German Flats in the Mohawk Valley.

It was built 1767 and formed part of the stockaded defence of Fort Herkimer and was often used by the settlers as a place of refuge from the raids of the Tories and Indians.

remained with him to form a settlement, destined to become the city of Louisville. Here he heard of "the French Alliance," which, he felt sure, would help him in his progress, and here some Kentuckians joined him, under the lead of Kenton, as well as a company from Holston, most of whom deserted when they learned the distant and dangerous purpose of the expedition. When ever preparation had been made, Clark carefully picked his men, taking only those who could stand the utmost fatigue and hardship, and formed them into four companies of less than fifty each.

With the lightest possible equipment, he started on June 24th, and shot the falls at the moment of an eclipse of the sun, which his followers, for the most part, regarded as a good omen. Descending the river safely, Clark landed near the mouth of the Tennessee, and there met a party of American hunters, who gladly joined him, and who were able to inform him fully about the situation at Kaskaskia, the principal town, which he meant to attack. They said that Rocheblave, the commander, who was devoted to the British cause, had his militia well drilled, and was looking out for an attack; that the French had been taught to dread the Americans, and that if warned of their coming would undoubtedly fight, but if surprised might be panic-stricken. Clark immediately conceived the idea that if the French had time to discover that the Americans meant them no harm, the revulsion of feeling would swing them to his side. To take the town by surprise, therefore, became absolutely essential. With this purpose, he set out at once, marched for fifty miles through dense forests, then across open prairies, where he was nearly lost, and finally, on the evening of July 4th, reached the Kaskaskia River, three miles from the town. Capturing the people on an outlying farm, he learned from

them that the rumors of the coming of the Americans had died away recently, and that the garrison of Kaskaskia were off their guard. Still, Rocheblave, although he had been unable to get aid from Detroit, had two or three times as many men as Clark, and, if warned in season, was sure to fight hard. But everything yielded to the young Virginian's coolness and energy. He got boats, ferried his men silently across the river in the darkness, and then marched swiftly to the town in two divisions, one of which surrounded the town itself, while the other followed Clark to the fort, where he placed his riflemen, and then, led by one of his prisoners, slipped in himself through the postern. In the great hall in the main building of the fort lights were burning brightly, and the sounds of music floated out upon the summer night. Inside there was a ball in progress, and the light-hearted, pleasure-loving French Creoles were dancing and making merry. To the music and dancing of the Old World civilization, the flare of torches and the figure here and there of a red man crouching or leaning against the wall gave a picturesque touch of the wide wilderness in which the little town was islanded. On went the dance and the music. The pretty Creole girls and their

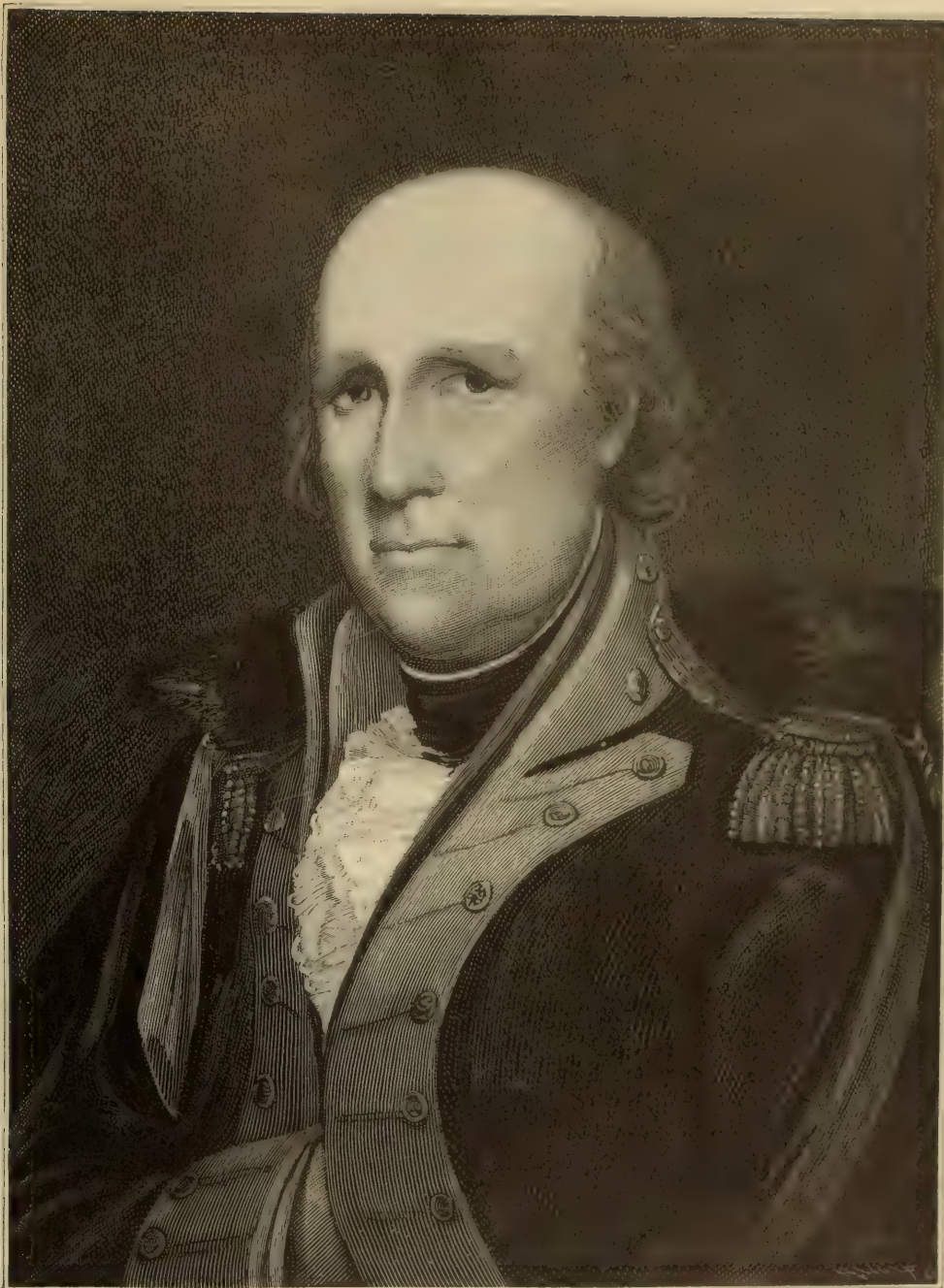
partners were too deeply absorbed in the pleasures of the moment to notice that an uninvited guest had come quietly among them and was watching the dancers. Suddenly one of the Indians lying on the floor, with the canine instinct of a hostile presence, looked up, gazed a moment at the stranger, and then sprang to his feet and gave the war-whoop. As the wild cry rang through the hall the startled dancers turned and looked, and there they saw standing by the door, with folded arms, the grim, silent figure of Clark in his fringed buckskin, the American backwoodsman, the leader of the coming conquering race. The music ceased, the dancing stopped, the women screamed, but Clark, unmoved, bade them dance on, and remember only that they were under the rule of Virginia, and not of Great Britain. At the same instant his men burst into the fort and seized all the military officers, including the commandant, Rocheblave.

The surprise was complete. Town and fort were now in the hands of the Americans. Clark ordered every street secured, and commanded the people to keep their houses, under pain of death. He wished to increase the panic of terror to the last point, and no finely trained diplomatist of the Old World ever played his cards with



Castle Church, near Danube in the Mohawk Valley.

Built as a Mission for the Indians by Sir William Johnson. The notorious Brant was taught here by the Missionaries, and lived in a house a little to the north of the church.



GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

FROM AN ORIGINAL MINIATURE ASCRIBED TO J. W. JARVIS AND
OWNED BY MR. JEFFERSON K. CLARK, OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF

greater subtlety. In the morning a committee of the chief men of the town waited on Clark to beg their lives, for more they dared not ask. Clark replied that he came not to kill and enslave, but to bring them liberty. All he demanded was that they should swear allegiance to the New Republic, of which their former king was now the ally. The French, caring little for Great Britain, were so overcome by the revulsion from the terror which had held them through the night that they took the oath with delight and pledged their loyalty to Clark. Then the American leader promised that they should have absolute religious freedom, and the priest,

a most important personage, thus became his firm supporter. In a word, the whole population rallied round Clark, and became, for the moment at least, zealous Americans. Rocheblave alone, deserted and helpless, undertook to be mutinous and insulting, and so Clark sent him off a prisoner to Virginia, where he thoughtfully broke his parole and escaped.

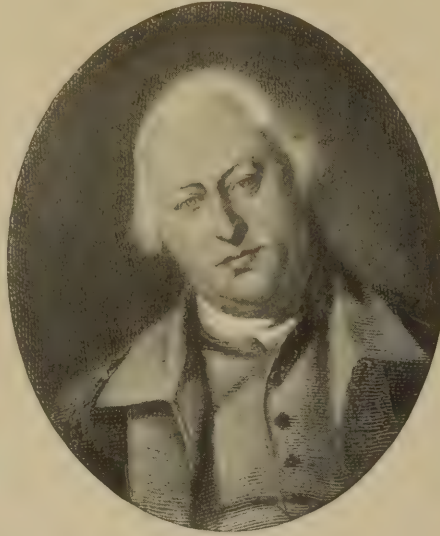
Despite the brilliancy of his victory, Clark's difficulties were really just beginning. Cahokia and Vincennes followed the example of Kaskaskia—eagerly accepted the rule of the United States and raised the American flag—but he had no men to garrison either place, and all he could do was to send an officer in each instance to take command. He had thus made himself master of a great country, and had less than two hundred absolutely trustworthy troops with whom to hold it. Even these men were anxious to be off. They had done the work for which they had enlisted and wanted to go home. Clark, with difficulty, persuaded a hundred to remain. Then he told the French that he, too, meant to go, whereupon, as he expected, they implored him to stay, which he consented to do on their furnish-

ing him with men to fill his depleted ranks. This done, he turned his attention to the much more thorny and perilous problem

of the Indians. He got the leaders of the tribes to Cahokia, and, by a mixture of audacity and firmness, backed by a little actual violence, with much astute diplomacy and good temper, he broke the English confederacy and secured pledges of peace. Through all this difficulty and anxious work Clark kept steadily drilling his new Creole recruits and getting his little army on the best possible footing. He was beset with perils, but his high spirits never flagged, and he played his parts of statesman,

diplomatist, and soldier with unwearied energy and ability.

Meantime to Hamilton, planning an expedition against Fort Pitt, came the amazing news that the Americans had invaded Illinois and taken Kaskaskia and then Vincennes. These were evil tidings, indeed, for this was a blow at the very heart of the whole British campaign in the West. Hamilton, who was both determined and energetic, immediately abandoned his expedition against Fort Pitt, sent out French couriers to recall the Western Indians to their allegiance and rouse them again to war, while he himself rapidly organized an expedition for the relief of the Illinois towns. On October 7th all was ready, and Hamilton left Detroit with a strong force of five hundred English, French, and Indians, well provided with artillery and every munition of war. After a long and toilsome journey of seventy-one days, they reached Vincennes on December 17th. The French deserted Helm, the American commandant, as quickly as they had abandoned his predecessor, and went over to Hamilton, who took possession of the town and the fort without difficulty. Then came the crucial moment. Hamilton had three times as



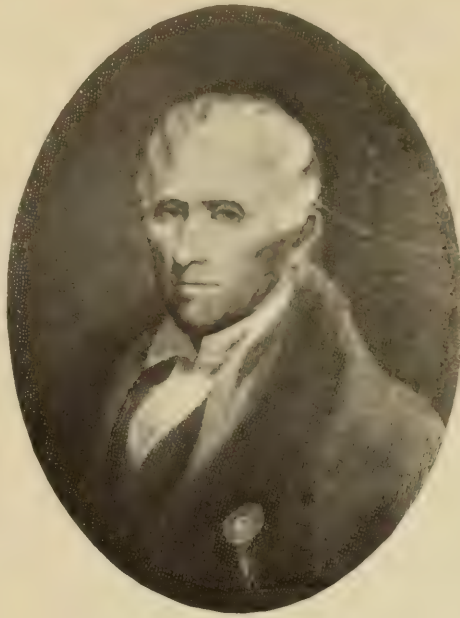
General Benjamin Lincoln.

From a portrait painted by C. W. Peale in 1784.

many men as Clark, was nearer his base of supplies, and knew that the Indians were returning to their old alliance. He ought to have gone to Kaskaskia at once and at all hazards, and crushed Clark then and there, as he could easily have done. But, although Hamilton was a good soldier and an extremely competent man, he lacked the little touch of imagination or genius, call it what we will, which was absolutely needful at that moment. He concluded, very reasonably, that it was the dead of winter, that a march through the Illinois wilderness to Kaskaskia was a rather desperate undertaking, and that the affair could be dealt with just as well and with much greater safety in the spring. So he

sent most of his men back to Detroit, to return in the spring with a powerful force, a thousand strong, and sweep over the whole country. He then suspended operations for the winter and contented himself with holding Vincennes with the hundred men he kept with him. It was all reasonable, and sensible, and proper, and yet it was a fatal mistake, for opposed to him was a man who had just the spark of genius and imagination which he himself lacked.

Clark heard of Hamilton's arrival at Vincennes with feelings which we can guess, for he knew how helpless he was in the presence of such a superior force, and he supposed that Hamilton would do what he would have done in the former's place.



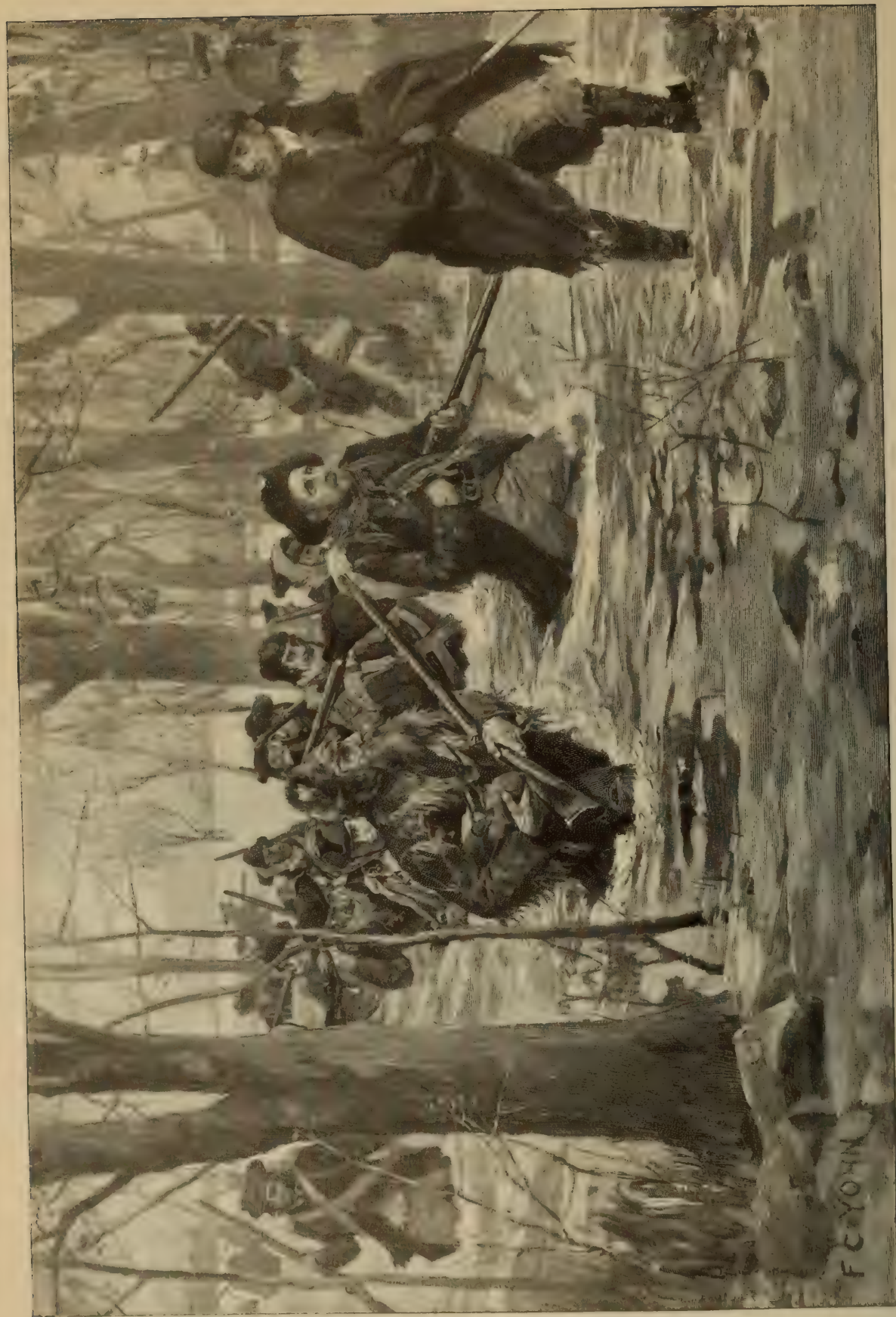
Colonel Daniel Boone.

From a portrait by Chester Harding, owned by Colonel R. T. Durrett, Louisville, Ky.



Clark's Surprise at Kaskaskia.

They saw standing by the door, with folded arms, the grim, silent figure of Clark.—Page 66.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Clark's Advance against Vincennes.

On they went across the Horse Shoe Plain wading in water sometimes breast high.

Nevertheless he put on a bold front. The French began to waver, but he held them in line; the bolder and more adventurous stood by him, and he made preparations for a vigorous defence. Still the British did not come, and on January 27th a French trader came into Kaskaskia and told Clark that Hamilton was wintering in Vincennes and had with him less than a hundred men. Then the difference between the commonplace man and the man of imagination flashed out. Clark would do what Hamilton should have done. He would not wait until spring to be overwhelmed, he would take Vincennes and Hamilton now. He first equipped a galley with guns and sent her to patrol the Wabash and cut off British re-enforcements. Then, on February 7th, he started with a hundred and seventy men to march two hundred and forty miles. The cold had broken, but the thaw had brought floods. For the first week all went well. They marched rapidly and killed abundance of game, and, encouraged by Clark, fed freely and sang and danced about the camp-fires at night. Then they came to the branches of the Little Wabash, now one great stream five miles wide. Clark got pirogues built and in three days had everything ferried over. This brought them so near Vincennes that they dared not fire, and so could not get game. They struggled on through the flooded country, could not find a ford, and camped by the Wabash on the 20th, having had no food for two days. The Creoles began to lose heart and talked of returning, but Clark laughed, told them to go out and kill deer, and kept steadily on. The next day he got them ferried over the Wabash and on the same side with Vincennes. They could hear the morning and evening guns from the fort, so near

were they, and yet the worst was still to come. All day they struggled along, wading over the flooded land, and when they came to a place where the canoes could find no ford the line halted, and it looked as if ruin had come. But Clark raised the war-whoop, plunged in, and, ordering them to start their favorite songs, led them

through, for no one could resist his leadership. They camped, wet, shivering, and hungry, on a hillock six miles from the town. The night was very cold, and ice formed over the surrounding water. But the sun rose clear, and Clark, making a passionate speech, told them victory was before them, and plunged into the water. His men followed, in Indian file, with twenty-five told off at the end to shoot any who tried to turn back. On they went across the Horse Shoe Plain, four miles of wading in water, sometimes breast high.

The strong helped the

weak, Clark urging and appealing to them in every way. It was a desperate, almost a mad undertaking, but they kept on through the cold water and the floating ice and got through. In the afternoon they crossed a lake in their canoes, and were then within two miles of the town. The prey was in sight. The men looked to their rifles, dried their ammunition, and made ready for the fight.

From a prisoner captured while hunting, Clark learned that there were two hundred Indians just come to town, and this gave Hamilton a great superiority in numbers. Clark had it in his power to completely surprise Vincennes, as he had Kaskaskia, and trust to that advantage to overcome the odds against him. He reasoned, however, that if he sprang upon the town both French and Indians would fight because they would be suddenly plunged into battle without the opportunity of



Count Pulaski.

From an engraving by Ant. Oleszczynski.



Drawn by A. J. Keller.

Attack on Savannah, October 8, 1779.

It was a gallant assault, and was continued for an hour. An American flag and a French flag were planted on the ramparts but the allies could not effect a lodgement.

choice. On the other hand, if they knew of his coming, he thought the Indians might desert, and felt quite sure that the French would remain neutral. Accordingly, he sent in his prisoner to announce his coming, and at sundown started for the town, in two divisions. All went as he had hoped. The French retreated to their houses in terror. The Indians drew off or held aloof, some of them, with the engaging simplicity of their nature, offering to help Clark, who evidently struck them as a man likely to win victories. Hamilton had sent out a party, having seen the American camp-fires of the night before, but these men did not wade through icy water, found nobody, got nowhere, and slipped back into the fort the next day, where the British were soon closely besieged. Clark had opened fire on the fort at once, and, under cover of night, threw up an intrenchment. From this vantage-ground the American riflemen picked off Hamilton's artillerymen, so that the guns, which did but little execution at best, were quickly silenced. Clark then summoned the fort to surrender. Hamilton declined, and asked for a three days' truce. Clark refused, and ordered the backwoodsmen to open fire. While these negotiations were going on, one of Hamilton's scalp-ing parties came back and ran right into Clark's men. They were all killed or captured, and the six Indian prisoners were tomahawked and thrown into the river, which showed the tribes that Hamilton's power was at an end, and made his own French volunteers from Detroit waver and lose heart. Hamilton had now only his English to depend on, and, in the afternoon of the 24th, sent out a flag. There was some bickering, and Clark made, apparently, some unpleasant remarks about murdering women and children, and buying scalps, and then Hamilton and his seventy-nine men who had remained true surrendered as prisoners of war. Most of the prisoners were paroled, but Hamilton and twenty-seven others were sent to Virginia.

The victory was complete. It was a very shining and splendid feat of arms. In the dead of winter, with a large part of his force composed of men of doubtful loyalty and of another race, Clark had marched across two hundred and forty miles of

flooded wilderness. With no arms but rifles, he had taken a heavily-stockaded fort defended by artillery and garrisoned by regular troops under the command of a brave and capable soldier. The victory was not only complete, but final. Clark had broken the English campaign in the West; he had shattered their Indian confederacy, and wrested from them a region larger than most European kingdoms. He had opened the way, never to be closed again, to the advance of the American pioneers, the vanguard of the American people in their march across the continent. When the treaty of peace was made at Paris, the boundary of the United States went to the Lakes on the North, and to the Mississippi on the West, and that it did so was due to Clark and his riflemen. It is one of the sad questions, of which history offers so many, why the conqueror of Vincennes never reached again the heights of achievement which he attained in the first flush of manhood. But, whatever the answer may be, the great deed that he did was one of the glories of the revolution which can never be dimmed, and which finds its lasting monument in the vast country then wrested from the British crown by American riflemen inspired by the brilliant leadership of George Rogers Clark.

THE INVASION OF GEORGIA

THE first idea of the English Government in dealing with its revolted colonies was to subdue the North, where the rebellion had broken out. For this purpose they had seized Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and planned with such care the expedition of Burgoyne. They had been driven from Boston; Burgoyne had been beaten and his army made prisoners, and they had been forced to retreat from Philadelphia. New York alone remained. It was evident to everybody that the attack from the North had failed, so the ministry determined as a last resort to conquer America from the South, and Lord George Germain proceeded to plan this new movement as carefully as he had that of Burgoyne. Attacks were to be made from Florida, whither men had already been sent, under Prevost. More men were

South Carolina

By Sir Henry Clinton, Knight of the Bath, General of His Majesty's Forces, and Major-General of the Blue, His Majesty's Commissioners to settle Peace and good Government in the several Colonies in Rebellion in North America

Proclamation.

His Majesty, having been pleased, by His Letters Patent, under the Great Seal of Great Britain, to appoint unto His Commissioners, to settle the Obligings of Peace and Liberty to the several Colonies in Rebellion in America: We do hereby make public His most gracious Intentions, and in obedience to His Commands, Do Declare, to such of His detached Subjects, as have been prevented from their duty by the various Acts of self-interest and ambitious Men, that they will still be aided with Money and Supplies, if they immediately return to their allegiance, and a due obedience to their Law and that Government which they formerly boasted was their best stronghold and

* * * * *

Subjects to be aided with their endeavours, in order that no measure, so conducive to their own happiness, and the welfare and prosperity of the Province, may be more speedily and easily attained.

Given under our Hands and Seals, at Charles Town, the first day of June, in the Twentieth Year of His Majesty's Queen, and in the Year of our Lord one Thousand seven hundred and Eighty.

Henry Clinton
Genl.

[Signature]

[Signature]

Proclamation dated June 1st 1780

The First and Last Parts of Sir Henry Clinton's Offer of Pardon to Rebels in 1780.
From the original document belonging to the Emmet collection in the Lenox Library.

to be detached from New York for the conquest of Georgia, and a separate expedition of 5,000 men was to be directed against it. Ignorant of the fact that their Western campaign was even then being shattered by Clark, and equally uninstructed as to the hard-fighting backwoodsmen in the settlements beyond the mountains, the ministry also intended to let loose the Indians on the western border of the Southern States. Thus, with attacks along the sea-coast, the seizure of the ports, Ind-

ian war upon the frontier, and a strong support from the loyalists, Germain and his king and colleagues hoped to conquer the Southern Colonies, bring them under the British flag, and, that done, once more assail and try to divide the Middle and Eastern States. It was an extensive and sufficiently intelligent plan, and no effort was spared to carry it to success. Ships and troops were furnished in abundance; the flames of a bitter civil war were lighted in the Carolinas and Georgia, and the last

struggle of England to retain her colonies proved the most protracted and at times the most successful of any she had hitherto attempted.

A beginning was made in the autumn of 1778 by Prevost sending out two expeditions from East Florida composed of regulars and Tory refugees from Georgia and South Carolina. They were repulsed from the Fort at Sunbury and at the Ogeechee River, but they ravaged the country, robbed the houses, and carried off slaves, plate, and cattle. Robert Howe, who was in command in Georgia, undertook a retaliatory expedition against St. Augustine, but the movement was ill-planned; his men suffered from disease in the swamps, and he was forced to retire without having accomplished anything. Hardly had he returned when Colonel Campbell appeared off Tybee with 3,000 men from New York. He passed the bar successfully and advanced on Savannah. Howe attempted to oppose him, with less than one-third as many men, and those raw militia. The effort was vain. Campbell outflanked the Americans, routed them, and, with but trifling loss, captured Savannah, taking nearly five hundred prisoners, and large stores and munitions of war. Campbell then offered protection to all who would support the British cause in arms. The soldiers who refused to enlist were sent to die of fever on prison-ships. Many of the inhabitants submitted, others fled to South Carolina, and to the hill country of the interior, there to carry on the conflict. It was evident that the British war in the South was to be absolutely merciless, and that property was to be destroyed and plundered without let or hindrance.

Cheered by the news of the taking of Savannah, Prevost marched up, reducing Sunbury on the way, and Campbell, with eight hundred men, took Augusta. The colony had thus fallen completely and quickly into the enemy's hands, and been again subjected to the crown. The ease and rapidity of the British success were due to the fact that Georgia was the weakest and most thinly populated of the colonies. The only troops were militia hastily called out, and they were badly equipped and ill-led. Nor was the situation improved by the new commander of the Southern department, Benjamin Lincoln, sent down

there by Congress. Lincoln was a worthy man, brave and patriotic, but he had seen little service, had been unfortunate in what he had seen, was slow, and without military capacity. He collected some 1,100 men and took up his position on the South Carolina side of the Savannah River. Then he and his opponents looked at each other, neither daring to cross. While they waited, it seemed, for a moment, as if fortune was turning again to the American side. Prevost sent out a detachment to Beaufort, and Moultrie whipped them and drove them back to their ships. Another and stronger party was sent to ravage the western part of South Carolina, was attacked by Colonel Pickens, routed, and driven back beyond the Savannah. Encouraged by these events, and having received large re-enforcements of militia from both North and South Carolina, Lincoln made the fatal mistake of detaching Ashe, with 1,500 men, to occupy Augusta and then descend the river to Savannah. Without discipline or any military precautions, ill-led and inexperienced, Ashe and his men offered an easy prey to the British, who, on March 3, 1779, cut them off, routed them, captured their arms and cannon, and made prisoners of all but some four hundred and fifty, who escaped by swimming the river. Undeterred by this loss of a fourth of his entire army, which showed how unfit it was as yet to undertake aggressive operations, and how much it needed care in handling, drill, and organization, Lincoln decided to march against Savannah with the troops he still had left. Instead of waiting for him, Prevost very wisely crossed the river with 3,000 men and his Indian allies, drove Moultrie before him, and made direct for Charleston. There all was confusion. Defences were prepared, but there was only the militia behind them. Washington and his army were far away, no help came from Congress, many people began to regret independence, others urged taking a neutral position between Great Britain and the United States, while the voice of the majority seemed to be in favor of surrendering the town to avoid the horrors of a storm. When Prevost appeared, parleys and negotiations were opened instead of batteries, and while these proceeded the British learned, by an intercepted letter,

that Lincoln was advancing to the relief of the city. Prevost immediately abandoned the siege, took to his boats and sailed back to Savannah. Lincoln, having failed to reach Prevost, retired to the hill country with only about eight hundred men, to avoid the intense heat of the summer, and the English were left in complete possession of Georgia.

They were not destined, however, to remain long undisturbed, and the attack came from an unexpected quarter. On September 1st, D'Estaing, who had been cruising successfully in the West Indies, appeared suddenly off Savannah and captured four British men-of-war. He at once sent word to the government of South Carolina asking them to join with him in reducing Savannah, and then, unassisted, landed his own forces, and summoned Prevost to surrender. While notes were being exchanged, Colonel Maitland, by a forced march, succeeded in bringing up the troops from Beaufort, and, thus reinforced, Prevost refused to capitulate.

The South Carolinians responded eagerly to the invitation of D'Estaing, but, no army being ready and in the field, it took time to get out the militia, and it was September 23d before Lincoln arrived to aid the French. Prevost had employed the interval well. He had worked day and night with the ample slave labor at his command and had thrown up a strong line of redoubts and entrenchments. The result was that the days slipped by and the besiegers made no progress. At last, on October 8th, D'Estaing announced that he could no longer endanger his fleet by remaining in this exposed situation, with the storms of autumn at hand, and an assault was accordingly determined for the following day. It was a desperate undertaking, and the event proved its rashness. One column, under Count Dillon, became entangled in a swamp, was exposed to the British batteries, and never came into action at all. The other, led by D'Estaing himself, and composed of French and South Carolinians, assailed the works in front. It was a gallant assault, and was continued for an hour. An American flag and a French flag were planted on the ramparts, but the allies could not effect a lodgement. While they were still struggling to hold their ground, a well-directed charge, led

by Maitland, drove them back, and the day was lost. The attack was ill-advised and unfortunate, but was delivered with great courage and daring. D'Estaing was hit twice. Pulaski fell mortally wounded, and gave his life to the country he had come to serve. The Americans lost two hundred men, the French nearly six hundred, while the loss of the British was very small. Prevost and Maitland defended their position with the utmost firmness and bravery. Their works were good, their arrangements excellent, and they fairly earned their victory.

This repulse was a heavy blow to the cause of the revolution in the South. The French retired to their ships and the fleet withdrew. Having failed to accomplish anything when, for the first time, they controlled the sea and also had a large body of regular troops to support them, the Americans had a gloomy outlook for success by their own unaided efforts. The militia of Georgia and South Carolina retired to their homes, while Lincoln withdrew to Charleston with the remnants of his army. Without men, without money, and without apparent ability for effective preparation, South Carolina seemed helpless if the enemy continued their invasion. The loyalists in the South were very numerous and more active than in the North. They came forward zealously in support of the crown, and disaffection began to spread among the people, who saw themselves exposed to war without, as it seemed, any support from the general government or any means of effective resistance or vigorous leadership among themselves.

Georgia, upon which the first attack had been made, had passed wholly into the power of the British, who re-established their government, and then proceeded to pillage and plunder everyone suspected of favoring the revolution. Slaves were seized and sold everywhere, plate and all valuables that could be found were taken, houses and plantations were wrecked and ruined. The war in the South thus assumed, at the start, a character of ferocity and terror which had been wanting, as a rule, in the North, where the British never succeeded in controlling any large region of country, and were constantly held at bay and brought to battle by Washington and his army. This policy of destruction,

Virginia for

Enclosed to George Rogers Clark 1778

Lieut Colonel George Rogers Clark

You are to proceed with all convenient speed
to raise seven Companies of Soldiers to consist of
fifty men each officered in the usual manner
trained most properly for the Enterprise & with this
Force attack the British post at Hashaskey.

It is conjectured that there are many pieces of
Cannon & military Stores to considerable amount
at that place, the turning & preservation of which
would be a valuable acquisition to the State
If you are so fortunate therefore as to succeed
in your Expedition you will take every possible
Measure to secure the artillery & Stores & whatever
may advantage the State.

It is in Contemplation to establish a post
near the mouth of this. Cannon will be wanted to
fortify it. Part of those at Hashaskey will be easily brought
thither or otherwise second as circumstances will make
necessary.

You are to apply to General Hand for powder
& Lead necessary for this Expedition. If he can't supply it
the person who has that which Capt. Lynn bro't from
Belham can. Lead was sent to Hampshire by my
Orders & that may be delivered you. Wishing you
success I am

Sir

Your Obedient Son

P. Henry

accompanied, as it was, with much burning and slaying, had at first an effect of paralyzing opposition, but in the end it developed a resistance all the fiercer and more stubborn because inflamed by the sense of wrong, suffering, and cruelty. When the French fleet, however, sailed away, and Lincoln withdrew disheartened with his broken army to Charleston, nothing could have looked fairer on the surface than the prospects of the British. They had actually regained one colony, which they held firmly with the armed hand, and the whole South, as far as Virginia, as yet undefended and unprepared and with disaffection rife, lay open to their invasion.

The attack was not long delayed. Clinton, having received re-enforcements from England and withdrawn the troops from Rhode Island, set sail on December 26, 1779, with 8,500 men, in the fleet commanded by Admiral Arbuthnot. After a stormy voyage, in which the ships suffered severely, Clinton reached Tybee toward the end of January, where he was re-enforced by 3,000 men, and more were ordered from New York. He then began to move on Charleston. Lincoln had come to the city with 2,000 men, and, yielding to the wishes of the people, decided to remain and defend the town. With his little force, this was a hopeless undertaking and a blunder of the first magnitude. Against such overwhelming numbers there was nothing to be done, and his one plain duty was to abandon the city and hold the field, as Washington had done at Philadelphia. Even if he was unable to fight, he would have offered a rallying point for resistance, and would have been able to gather troops and check the enemy's movements. As it was, he simply devoted himself and his army to a feeble and useless resistance, and to certain capture. His North Carolina militia left him, but he allowed seven hundred veterans of the Virginian line to join him, thus involving in certain disaster a body of tried troops which would have made the nucleus of an effective army if they had been held outside the city.

The British moved slowly but surely. Their army advanced deliberately along the coast, and it was not until April 9th that Arbuthnot ran past Fort Moultrie and made himself master of the har-

bor. Even then there was time for Lincoln to withdraw and take to the open country. But he stayed quiet and helpless where he was, and watched the British, now re-enforced by Cornwallis with three thousand men, gradually draw their lines and parallels until every approach was closed and all escape was impossible. On May 12th the city surrendered, and Lincoln and his army were made prisoners of war.

It was a great disaster, and the loss of the city was the least part of it. The fatal blow was in the capture of Lincoln's army, the only organized American force in the South. Washington, too distant to be heard in time, had protested against the attempt to hold the city, and, when the news that Arbuthnot had crossed the bar arrived, urged immediate withdrawal. But his advice was too late, and would have been unheeded in any event. Then came the inevitable capitulation, and the result he had foreseen. No centre of resistance was left. No American army, however small, was in the field. The British ranged the State unopposed. One expedition marched up the Savannah to Augusta. Another took the post in Ninety-six, and a third, crossing the Santee, came on a portion of the Virginia line intended for Charleston, and, under the lead of Tarleton, massacred most of them after they had surrendered. Panic seized upon the country. A general confiscation of property was ordered, as had been done in Georgia, and those who had surrendered found no safety. Ruin was threatened to all who had supported the American cause, and the proclamation of June 1st, offering pardon to every one who came in and submitted, was superseded on June 3d by another proclamation, which Clinton put forth just before his departure, declaring that all who failed to take the oath of allegiance would be treated as rebels, and would suffer the extreme penalties of the law. South Carolina, like Georgia, now lay at the feet of the British. For six weeks all resistance ceased, but the savage policy of the English generals soon began to bear fruit. They had conducted their military operations well, and were in possession of two States where the loyalists were numerous and powerful. Instead of seeking to conciliate and divide, they took the course

of ruining and killing in all directions. Friends as well as foes were involved, and the people soon saw that there was no safety except in armed resistance. No braver people lived than those of the Southern States, and they were thus put with their backs against the wall to fight for all that made life worth having. They were stunned at first by their misfortunes, but they were soon to rally, and then the British policy of rapine and ruin was destined to bring its natural results.

THE CHAMBER

By Julia C. R. Dorr

Room where I so oft have slept,
Room where I so oft have wept,
Room wherein my dead have lain
Wrapped away from care and pain,
When my earthly day is done,
Burdens dropped and rest begun,
Life and thought and being fled—
Who will love thee in my stead?

Who will make thee fair and sweet—
Bid the sun thy casements greet—
Open all thy windows fair
To the incense-laden air—
From the garden bring the rose,
And at daylight's dreamy close
See the moon's pale splendor fall
On the chamber's inmost wall?

I would charm thee, if I could,
Unto all that's bright and good,
For her sake who after me
Sometime shall find rest in thee.
I would weave a spell so rare—
Half a rhyme and half a prayer—
That nor grief, nor pain, nor sin,
Through thy doors should enter in!

If she dreameth maiden dreams,
Be they calm as sunlit streams;
If in some far, golden year,
A young mother shall lie here
With a fair child on her breast,
Cradled into softest rest,
Lo! I charge thee, for my sake,
Holy care of her to take.

If some woman, half dismayed,
Here shall see her beauty fade,
See a shadow slowly pass
O'er her image in the glass,
Comfort her, I pray thee! Spread
Wings of peace above her head—
Bid thine angels guard to keep
Over her, the while I sleep!

THE KING'S JACKAL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

FOURTH PART

BARON BARRAT was suspicious by education, his experience of life and his own conduct had tended to render him so, and accordingly when three hours after he had seen Gordon apparently commit the French officer to jail he found them leaving a café in the most friendly and amicable spirit, he wasted no time in investigation, but hurried at once to warn the King.

"What we feared would happen, has happened," he said. "The Frenchman has told Gordon that Zara and Kalonay sold the secret of the expedition, and Gordon will be coming here to warn you of it. Now, what are you going to do? We must act quickly."

"I shall refuse to believe the Frenchman, of course," said the King. "I shall ask Zara in his presence to answer his charges, and she will tell him he lies. That is all there will be of it. What does it matter what he says? We sail at midnight. We can keep him quiet until then."

"If he is troublesome I can call for help from this room, and the servants of the hotel and the guards will rush in and find us struggling together. We will charge him with an attempt at assassination, and this time he surely will go to jail. By tomorrow morning we shall be many miles at sea."

"But he can cable to Messina, by way of Gibraltar, and head us off," objected Barrat.

"What can he cable?" demanded the King. "Nothing the people of the Republic do not already know. It is our friends here that must not find us out. That is the main thing. Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, "Kalonay and Paul are out of the way and those crazy boys from Paris. We will settle it here among ourselves in five minutes."

"And the American?" asked Zara. "He

knows, he will come with him. Suppose he believes, suppose he believes that Kalonay and I have sold you out, but suspects that you know it?"

"The American can go to the devil," said the King. "Confound him and his insolence. I'll have him in the prison too, if he interferes. Or Erhaupt can pick a quarrel with him here and fight it out behind the sand-hills before the others get back from their picnic. He has done as much for me before."

Zara stood up. She was trembling slightly, and she glanced fearfully from Erhaupt to the King.

"You will not do that," she said.

"And why not, madame?" demanded Louis.

"Because it will be murder," Zara whispered. "He will murder him as he did that boy in the Park at Pesth."

"What does the women mean!" growled the German. "Is she mad? Send her to her room, Louis."

"You know what I mean," Zara answered, her voice rising, in her excitement. "You fired before they gave the word. I know you did. Oh, Louis," she cried, "you never warned me it might come to this. I am afraid. I am afraid to meet that man——"

She gave a sudden cry. "And Kalonay!" She held out her hands appealingly. "Indeed," she cried, "do not let Kalonay question me."

"Silence!" commanded the King. "You are acting like a fool." He advanced toward her, and clasped her wrist firmly in his hand. "No nerves, now," he said. "I'll not have it. You shall meet Kalonay, and you shall swear that he is in the plot against me. If you fail us now, we are ruined. As it is, we are sure to lose the bribe from the Republic, but we may still get Miss Carson's money if you play your part. It

is your word and the word of the Frenchman against Kalonay's. And we have the paper signed by you for Kalonay as evidence. Have you got it with you?"

Zara bowed her head. "It is always with me," she answered.

"Good," said the King. "It will be a difficult chance, but if you stand to your story, and we pretend to believe you, the others may believe you, too."

"But I cannot," Zara cried. "I know I cannot. I tell you if you put me face to face with Kalonay, I shall fail you. I shall break down. They will see that I am lying. Send me away. Send me away before they come. Tell them I saw the Frenchman, and suspected I had been found out, and that I have gone away. Tell them you don't know where I am."

"I believe she's right," Erhaupt said. "She will do us more harm than good. Let her go to her room and wait there."

"She will remain where she is," said the King, sternly. "And she will keep her courage and her wits about her, or——"

He was interrupted by an exclamation from Barrat. "Whatever you mean to do, you must do it at once," he said, grimly. He was standing at the window which overlooked the beach. "Here they come now," he continued. "The American has taken no chances, he is bringing an audience with him."

The King and Erhaupt ran to the window, and peered over Barrat's shoulder.

Advancing toward them along the beach, some on foot, and some on horseback, were all the members of the expedition, those who had been of the riding party and those who had remained in Tangier. Gordon and the Frenchman Renauld were far in the lead, walking by themselves and speaking earnestly together; Father Paul was walking with Mrs. Carson and her daughter, and Kalonay was riding with two of the volunteers, the Count de Rouen and Prince Henri of Poitiers.

When the King and Erhaupt turned from the window the Countess Zara had disappeared. "It is better so," said Erhaupt, "she was so badly frightened she would have told the truth."

The King stood leaning on the back of a large arm-chair. "Well, the moment has come, it is our last chance," he said. "Send for the Crown Prince, Baron. I

shall be discovered in the act of taking a tender farewell of my son."

Barrat made an eager gesture of dissent.

"I would not do that," he cried. "If we are to make charges against the Jackal do not have the boy present; the boy must not hear them. You know how Kalonay worships the child, and it would enrage him more to be exposed before the prince than before all the rest of the world. He will be hard enough to handle without that. Don't try him too far."

"You are absurd, Barrat," exclaimed the King. "The boy won't understand what is said."

"No, but the Jackal will," Barrat returned. "You don't understand him, Louis, he is like a woman; he has sentiment and feelings, and when we all turn on him he will act like a madman. Keep the boy out of his sight, I tell you. It's the only thing he cares for in the world. He has been a better father to him than you ever have been."

"That was quite natural; that was because it was his duty," said the King, calmly. "A Kalonay has always been the protector and tutor of the heir apparent. If this one chooses to give his heart with his service that is not my concern. Why, confound them, they all think more of the child than they do of me. That is why I need him by me now."

Barrat shook his head. "I tell you it will make trouble," he persisted. "Kalonay will not stand it. He and the child are more like comrades than a tutor and his pupil. Why, Kalonay would rather sit with the boy in the Champs-Élysées and point out the people as they go by, than drive at the side of the prettiest woman in Paris. He always treats him as though he saw the invisible crown upon his head, he will throw over any of us to stay in the nursery and play tin soldiers with him. And when he was ill——" Barrat nodded his head significantly. "You remember."

"That will do," said the King. "We have no time to consider the finer feelings of the Jackal; he is to be sacrificed, and that is all there is of it. The presence of the child may make him more unmanageable, but it will certainly make it easier for me. So go, bring the boy here as I bid you."

Barrat left the room and returned immediately, followed by the Crown Prince and his nurse. The Prince was a dark, handsome little fellow of four years. His mother had died when he was born, and he had never played with children of his own age, and his face was absurdly wise and wistful, but it lighted with a sweet and grateful smile when anyone showed him kindness or sought to arouse his interest. To the Crown Prince Kalonay was an awful and wonderful being. He was the one person who could make him laugh out of pure happiness and for no reason, as a child should laugh. And people who had seen them together asked which of the princes was the older of the two. When the child entered the room, clinging to Barrat's finger, he carried in his other hand a wooden spade and bucket, still damp with sand, and he was dressed in a shabby blue sailor suit which left his little legs bare, and exposed the scratches and bruises of many falls. A few moments later, when the conspirators entered the King's salon, preceded by Erhaupt, they found the boy standing by his father's knee. The King had his hand upon the child's head, and had been interrupted apparently in a discourse on the dignity of kingship, for the royal crown of Messina had been brought out and stood beside him on the table, and his other hand rested on it reverently. It was an effective tableau, and the visitors observed it with varying emotions, but with silence.

The King rose, taking his son's hand in his, and bowed, looking inquiringly from Barrat to the Prince Kalonay.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?" he asked. "Was it discreet of you to come together in this way? But you are most welcome. Place chairs for the ladies, Barrat."

Kalonay glanced at the others, and they nodded to him as though to make him their spokesman. He pointed at Gordon with his cap.

"We are here on the invitation of this gentleman, your Majesty," he said. "He took it upon himself to send after those of us who had gone into the country, and came in person for the others who remained in town. He tells us he has news of the greatest importance to communicate, which he cannot disclose except to

you, and in the presence of all of those who are to take part in the expedition. We decided to accompany him here, as he asked us, and to leave it to your Majesty to say whether or not you wished us to remain." Kalonay smiled in apology at the King, and the King answered him with a smile.

"The procedure is perhaps unconventional," the King said, "but in America they move quickly. No doubt our young companion has acted as he thought was for the best. If he has taken a liberty, the nature of his news will probably excuse him. Perhaps, Mr. Gordon," he added, turning to the American, "you had better first tell me what this discovery is, and I will decide whether it is best to discuss it in open council."

Gordon did not appear to be the least disturbed by the criticism Kalonay and the King had passed upon his conduct. He only smiled pleasantly when the King had finished speaking, and showed no inclination to accept a private audience.

"What I have to say, your Majesty," he began, "is this. I have learned that all the secrets of your expedition have been sold to the Republic of Messina. One of those now present in this room is charged with having sold them. Shall I go on," he asked, "or do you still think it advisable for anyone to leave the room?"

He paused and glanced from the King to the double row of conspirators who were standing together in a close semicircle facing the King and himself. The instant he ceased speaking there rose from their ranks an outburst of consternation, of anger, and of indignant denial. The King's spirits rose within him at the sound, although he frowned and made a gesture as though to command silence.

"Mr. Gordon, this is a serious charge you make," he said, smiling grimly. "One that may cost you a great deal—it might cost you your life perhaps." He paused significantly, and there was a second outburst, this time from the younger men, which came so suddenly that it was as though Louis had played upon certain chords on a keyboard, and the sounds he wanted had answered to his touch.

"Pardon me, that is not the question," said Gordon. "That I make charges or run risks in making charges is not impor-

tant. That your expedition has failed before it has even started is, however, of great importance, at least so it seems to me."

There was a movement in the circle, and Father Paul pushed his way forward from his place beside Miss Carson's chair. He was so greatly moved that when he spoke his voice was harsh and broken. "What is your authority for saying we have failed?" he demanded.

Gordon bowed gravely and turned and pointed to the Frenchman. "This gentleman," he said, "is General Renauld, Commander-in-Chief of the army of Messina. He is my authority. He knows all that you mean to do. If he knows it, it is likely, is it not, that his army and the President of the Republic know it also, and that when we attempt to land they will be waiting for us."

The King silenced the second outburst that followed this by rising and holding up his hand.

"Silence! I believe I can explain," he said. He was smiling, and his bearing was easy and so full of assurance that the exclamations and whispers died away on the instant. "I am afraid I see what has happened," the King said. "But there need be no cause for alarm. This gentleman is, as Mr. Gordon says, the Commander-in-Chief of the Messinian army, and it is true he suspected that an armed force would invade the island. It is not strange that he should have suspected it and it needed no traitor to enlighten him. The visit of Father Paul and the Prince Kalonay in the yacht, and their speeches inciting the people to rebellion would have warned the government that an expedition might soon follow. The return of our yacht to this place has no doubt been made known in Messina through the public press, and General Renauld followed the yacht here to learn what he could of our plans—of our intended movements. He came here to spy on us, and as a spy I ordered Mr. Gordon to arrest him this morning on any charge he pleased, and to place him out of our way until after to-night when we should have sailed. I chose Mr. Gordon to undertake this service because he happened to speak the language of the country, and it was necessary to deal directly with the local authorities without the intervention of an outsider. What has happened is

only too evident. The spy, who when he came here only suspected, now, as Mr. Gordon says, knows the truth, and he could have learned it only from one person to whom he has no doubt paid a pretty price for the information." The King took a step forward and pointed with his hand at the American. "I gave that man into your keeping, sir," he cried, "but I had you watched. Instead of placing him in jail you took him to a café and remained there with him for three hours, and from that café you came directly here to this room. If he knows the truth, he learned it in that café, and he learned it from you!" There was a ring of such earnestness and sincerity in the King's speech, and he delivered it with such indignation and bitter contempt that a shout of relief, of approbation and conviction, went up from his hearers and fell as quickly on the words as the applause of an audience drowns out the last note of a great burst of song. Barrat, in the excess of his relief, turned his back sharply on the King, glancing sideways at Erhaupt and shaking his head in speechless admiration.

"He is wonderful, simply wonderful," Erhaupt muttered; "he would have made a great actor, or a great diplomat."

"He is wasted as a King," whispered Barrat.

There was a menacing movement on the part of the younger men toward Gordon and General Renauld, which the King noted, but which he made no effort to check. Neither Gordon nor General Renauld gave any sign that they observed it. The American was busily engaged in searching his pockets and from one of these he produced two pieces of paper, which he held up above his head, so that those in the room might see them.

"One moment, please," he began, and then waited until the tumult in the room had ceased. "Again, I must point out to you," he said in brisk, business-like tones, "that we are digressing. The important thing is not who did, or did not, sell out the expedition, but that it is in danger of failing altogether. What his Majesty says is in part correct. I did not take this gentleman to jail; I did take him to a café, and there he told me much more concerning the expedition than I had learned from those directly interested. His

information, he told me, had been sold to the Republic by one who visited the island and who claimed to act for one other. I appreciated the importance of what he said and I also guessed that my word and his unsupported, might be doubted, as you have just doubted it. So I took the liberty of verifying what General Renauld told me by cabling to the President of Messina."

There was a shout of consternation at these words, but Gordon's manner was so confident and the audacity of his admission so surprised his hearers that they were silent again immediately and waited, with breathless interest, while Gordon unfolded one of the pieces of paper.

"This is a copy of the cablegram I sent the President," he said, "and to which, with his permission, I signed General Renauld's name. It is as follows:

The President. The Palace, Messina—They will not believe you are fully informed. Cable at once the exact hour when they will leave Tangier, at what hour they expect to land, at what place they intend to land, what sum you have promised to pay for this information, and the names of those to whom it is to be paid. *Renauld.*

Gordon lowered the paper. "Is that quite clear," he asked. "Do you follow me? I have invited the enemy himself to inform you of your plans, and to tell you who has betrayed them. His answer, which was received a half hour ago removes all suspicion from any save those he names. General Renauld and myself cease to be of the least consequence in the matter; we are only messengers. It is the President of Messina who will speak to you now. If you still doubt that the secret of your expedition is known to the President you will have to doubt him."

The King sprang quickly to his feet and struck the arm of his chair sharply with his open hand.

"I shall not permit that message to be read," he said. "If we have a traitor here, he is a traitor against me. And I shall deal with him as I see fit, in private."

There was a murmur of disappointment and of disapproval even, and the King again struck the arm of his chair for silence. Kalonay advanced toward him shaking his head and holding out his hands in protest.

"Your Majesty, I beseech you," he began. "This concerns us all," he cried.

"It is too evident that we have been betrayed, but it is not fair to any of us that we should all lie under suspicion as we must unless it is told who has been guilty of this infamy. I beg your Majesty to reconsider. There is no one in this room who is not in our secret and whoever has betrayed us must be with us here and now. I, who have an interest second only to your own, ask that that cablegram be read."

There was a murmur of approbation from the conspirators and exclamations of approval and entreaty. Miss Carson, in her excitement, had risen to her feet and was standing holding her mother's hand. The King glanced uncertainly at Kalonay and then turned to Barrat and Erhaupt as if in doubt.

Gordon's eyes were fixed for a moment on Kalonay with a strange and puzzled expression. Then he gave a short sigh of relief, and turning quickly searched the faces of those around him. What he saw seemed to confirm him in his purpose, for he folded the paper and placed it in his pocket. "His Majesty is right," he said. "I shall not read this."

Kalonay and Father Paul turned upon him angrily. "You have no choice in the matter, sir," Kalonay cried. "It has passed entirely out of your hands."

"I beg, your Majesty, that the cablegram be read," the priest demanded, in a voice that held less the tone of a request than of a command.

"I shall not read it," persisted Gordon, "because the person chiefly concerned is not present."

"That is all the more reason for reading it," said Kalonay. "Your Majesty must reconsider."

The King whispered to Barrat, and the others waited in silence that expressed their interest more clearly than a chorus of questions would have done.

"It shall be as you ask," the King said at last. "You may read the message, Mr. Gordon."

Gordon opened the paper and looked at it for some seconds of time with a grave and perplexed expression and then, with a short breath as one who takes a plunge, read it aloud. "This is it," he said.

To General Renauld. Cable Office, Tangier.—They leave Tangier Tuesday at midnight, they land at daybreak Thursday morning on the south

beach below the old breakwater. The secret of the expedition was sold us for three hundred thousand francs by the Countess Zara and the Prince Kalonay.

Gordon stuck the paper in his pocket and crossing to Kalonay held out his hand with a smile. "I don't believe it, of course," he said, "but you would have it."

Kalonay neither saw the gesture nor heard the words. He was turning in bewilderment from the King to Father Paul, and he laughed uncertainly.

"What nonsense is this," he demanded. "Whose sorry trick is this? The lie is not even ingenious."

General Renauld had not spoken since he had entered the room, but now he advanced in front of Kalonay and faced him with a threatening gesture.

"The President of Messina does not lie, sir," he said, sternly. "I, myself, saw the Countess Zara write out that paper which I and others signed, and in which we agreed to pay to her and to you the money you asked for betraying your King."

Father Paul pressed his hand heavily on Kalonay's shoulder. "Do not answer him," he commanded. Gordon had moved to Kalonay's other side and the three men had unconsciously assumed an attitude of defence and stood back to back in a little group facing the angry circle that encompassed them. The priest raised his arm to command a hearing.

"Where is Madame Zara?" he cried.

"Ah, where indeed?" echoed the King, sinking back into his chair. "She has fled. It is all too evident now, she has betrayed us and she has fled."

But on his words, as if in answer to the priest's summons, the curtains that hid the door into the King's private room were pulled to one side and Madame Zara appeared between them, glancing fearfully at the excited crowd before her. As she stood hesitating on the threshold she swayed slightly and clutched the curtains for a moment as though for support. The priest advanced and led her to the centre of the room. She held a folded paper in her hand which she gave to him in silence.

"You have heard what has passed," he asked, with a toss of his head toward the heavy curtains. The woman raised her head and bowed. The priest unfolded the paper.

"Am I to read this?" he asked. The woman bowed again.

There was silence in the room while the priest's eyes ran quickly over the paper. He crushed it in his hand.

"It is as General Renauld says," he exclaimed. "In this the Republic of Messina agrees to pay the Countess Zara and the Prince Kalonay three hundred thousand francs if the expedition is withdrawn after it has made a pretence of landing on the shores of Messina."

He took a step forward. "Madame Zara," he cried, in a tone of warning, "do you pretend that the Prince Kalonay was your accomplice in this; that he knew what you meant to do?"

Madame Zara once more bowed her head.

"No! You must speak," commanded the priest. "Answer me!"

Zara hesitated, in evident distress, and glanced appealingly at the King, but the expression on his face was one of grief and of unrelenting virtue.

"I do," she said at last, in a low voice. "Kalonay did know. He thought the revolution would not succeed; he thought it would fail, and so—and so—and we needed money. They made me—I, oh, my God, I cannot—I cannot," she cried suddenly, sinking on her knees and hiding her face with her hands.

Kalonay stepped toward her and lifted her gently to her feet, but when she looked and saw who it was that held her, she gave a cry and pulled herself free. She staggered and would have fallen had not Gordon caught and held her by the arm. The King rose from his chair and pointed at the shrinking figure of the woman.

"Stand aside from her," he said, sternly. "Why should we pity her, what pity has she shown for us—for me? She has robbed me of my inheritance. But let her go, she is a woman; we cannot punish her. Her sins rest on her own head. But you—you," he cried, turning fiercely on Kalonay, his voice rising to a high and melancholy key, "you whom I have heaped with honors, whom I have leaned upon as on the arm of a brother, that you should have sold me for silver, that you should have turned Judas!"

The crowd of volunteers, bewildered by the rapid succession of events and con-

fused and rendered desperate by the failure of their expedition caught up the word, and pressing forward with a rush, surrounded Kalonay in an angry circle, crying, "Judas," "Traitor," and "Coward."

Kalonay turned from side to side. On some he smiled bitterly in silence, and at others he broke out into swift and fierce denunciations, but the men around him crowded closer and would not permit him to be heard. He had turned upon them, again challenging them to listen, when there was an opening in the circle and the men stepped back, and Miss Carson pushed her way among them and halted at Kalonay's side. She did not look at him, but at the men about him. She was the only calm figure in the group, and her calmness at such a crisis, and her youth, and the fineness and fearlessness of her beauty, surprised them into a sudden quiet. There was instantly a cry for order, and the men stood curious and puzzled, watching to see what she would do.

"Gentlemen," she said, in a clear, grave voice. "Gentlemen," she repeated, sharply, as a few murmurs still greeted her, "if you are gentlemen, let this lady speak. She has not finished." She crossed quickly, and took the Countess Zara by the hand. "Go on, madame," she urged, gently. "Do not be afraid. You say they made you do it. Who made you do it? You have told us a part of the truth. Now tell us the whole truth." For a moment the girl seemed much the older of the two, and as Zara glanced up at her fearfully, she smiled to reassure her and stroked the woman's hand with her own. "Who made you do it?" she repeated. "Not the Prince Kalonay, surely. You cannot hope to make us believe that. We trust him absolutely. Who was it then?"

The King sprang forward with an oath, his apathy and mock dignity had fallen from him, like a mask. His face was mottled, and his vicious little eyes flashed with fear and anger. Erhaupt crowded close behind him, crouching like a dog at his heels.

"She has lied enough already," the King cried. "We will not listen to her. Take her away."

"Yes, let her go," shouted Erhaupt, with a laugh. "If she had been a decent woman——"

There was a quick parting in the group and the sound of a heavy blow as Kalonay flung himself upon Erhaupt and struck him in the face, so that he staggered and fell at length upon the floor. Gordon stood over him, his fingers twitching at his side.

"Stand up, you bully," he said, "and get out of this, before we throw you out."

Zara's face had turned a pitiful crimson, but her eyes flashed and burned with resolve and indignation. She stood erect and menacing, like an angry goddess and more beautiful in her indignation than they had ever seen her.

"Now, I shall tell them the truth," she said, sternly. "That man," she cried, pointing her finger at the King, "that man whom they call a King, that man who would have sacrificed the only friend who serves him unselfishly, is the man who sold your secret to the enemy. It was he who made me do it. He sent me to Messina, and while the priest and the Prince Kalonay were working in the south, I sold them to the government at the capital. Barrat knew it, Erhaupt knew it, the King himself planned it—to get money. He has robbed all of his own people; he had meant to rob this young girl, and he is so mean and pitiful a creature that to save himself he now tries to hide behind the skirts of a woman, and to sacrifice her—the woman who has given her soul to him. And for this—my God!" she cried, her voice rising in an accent of agony and bitter contempt—"for this!"

There was a grim and momentous silence in the room while Zara turned and without waiting to learn what effect her words might have, made her way swiftly through the crowd and passed on out of the room and on to the terrace beyond.

The King crouched back in his chair like a common criminal in the dock, glancing fearfully from under his lowered eyebrows at the faces about him, and on none did he see the least question of doubt but that Zara had at last spoken the truth.

"She lies," the King muttered, as though answering their unspoken thoughts, "the woman lies."

There was no movement from the men about him. Shame for him, and grief and bitter disappointment for themselves showed on the face of each. From out-

side, a sea-breeze caught up the sand of the beach and drove it whispering against the high windows, and the beat of the waves upon the shores filled out and marked the silence of the room.

The Prince Kalonay stepped from the circle and stood for a moment before the King, regarding him with an expression of grief and bitter irony. The King's eyes rose insolently, and faltered, and sank.

"For many years, your Majesty," the Prince said, but so solemnly that it was as though he were a judge upon the bench, or a priest speaking across an open grave, "the Princes of my house have served the Kings of yours. In times of war they fought for the King in battle, they beggared themselves for him in times of peace; our women sold their jewels for the King, our men gave him their lives, and in all of these centuries the story of their loyalty, of their devotion has had but one sequel, and has met with but one reward—ingratitude and selfishness and treachery. You know how I have served you, Louis. You know that I gave up my fortune and my home to go into exile with you, and I did that gladly. But I did more than that. I did more than any king or any man has the right to expect of any other man. I served your idle purposes so well that you, yourself, called me your Jackal, the only title your Majesty has ever bestowed that was deserved. There is no low thing, nor no base thing that I have not done for you. To serve your pleasures, to gain you money, I have sunken so low that all the royal blood in Europe could not make me clean. But there is a limit to what a man may do for his King, and to the loyalty a King may have the right to demand. And to-day and here, with me, the story of our devotion to your house ends, and you go your way and I go mine, and the last of my race breaks his sword and throws it at your feet, and is done with you and yours for ever."

Even those in the room who held no sympathy in their hearts for the sentiment that had inspired the young man, felt that at that moment and in their hearing, he had renounced what was to him his religion and his faith, and on the faces of all was the expression of a deep pity and concern. Their own adventure, in the light of his grief and bitterness of spirit, seemed selfish

and little, and they stood motionless, in an awed and sorrowful silence.

The tense strain of the moment was broken suddenly by the advent on the scene of an actor who had, in the rush of events, been neglected and forgotten. The little Crown Prince had stood clinging to his nurse's skirts, an uncomprehending spectator of what was going forward. But he now advanced slowly, feeling that the silence invited him to claim his father's notice. He halted beside the chair in which Louis sat, his head bent on his hands, and made an effort to draw himself up to his father's knee.

But the King pushed him down, and hid his face from him. The child turned irresolutely, with a troubled countenance, and, looking up, saw that the attention of all was fixed upon him. At this discovery a sudden flood of shyness overtook him, and he retreated hastily until his eyes fell on the Prince Kalonay, standing alone, with his own eyes turned resolutely away. There was a breathless hush in the room, as the child, with a happy sigh, ran to his former friend and comrade, and reached up both his arms. The tableau was a familiar one to those who knew them, and meant only that the child asked to be lifted up and swung to the man's shoulder, but following as it did on what had just passed, the gesture and the attitude carried with them the significance of an appeal. Kalonay, as though with a great effort, lowered his eyes to the upturned face of the child below him, but held himself back and stood stiffly erect. A sharp shake of the head, as though he argued with himself, was the only sign he gave of the struggle that was going on within him.

At this second repulse, the child's arms dropped to his side, his lips quivered, and he stood, a lonely little figure, glancing up at the circle of men about him, and struggling to press back the tears that came creeping to his eyes.

Kalonay regarded him steadfastly for a brief moment, as though he saw him as a stranger, searching his face with eyes as pitiful as the child's own, and then, with a sudden, sharp cry, the Prince dropped on his knee and caught the child toward him, crushing him against his heart, and burying his face on his shoulder. There was a shout of exultation from the nobles, and

an uttered prayer from the priest, and in a moment the young men had crowded in around them, struggling to be the first to kiss the child's hands, and to ask pardon of the man who held him in his arms.

"Gentlemen," Kalonay cried, his voice laughing through his tears, "we shall still sail for the island of Messina. They shall not say of us that we visited the sins of the father on a child. I was weak, my friends, and I was credulous. I thought I could break the tradition of centuries. But our instincts are stronger than our pride, and the House I have always served I shall serve to the last." He swung the Crown Prince high upon his shoulder, and held his other arm above his head. "You will help me place this child upon his throne," he commanded, and the room rang with cheers. "You will appeal to his people," he cried. "Do you not think they will rise to this standard-bearer, will they not rally to his call? For he is a true Prince, my comrades, who comes to them with no stain of wrong or treachery, without a taint, as untarnished as the white snow that lies summer and winter in the hollow of our hills, 'and a child shall lead us, and a child shall set them free.' To the yacht," he shouted. "We will sail at once, and while they wait for us to be betrayed into their hands at the north, we shall be landing in the south, and thousands will be hurrying to our standard."

His last words were lost in a tumult of cheers and cries, and the young men poured out upon the terrace running toward the shore, and filling the soft night-air with shouts of "Long live the Prince Regent!" "Long live our King!"

As the room grew empty, Kalonay crossed it swiftly, and advancing to Miss Carson took her hand. His face was radiant with triumph and content. He regarded her steadily for a moment as though he could not find words to tell his feelings.

"You had faith in me," he said at last. "Can I ever make you understand how much that means to me? When all had turned against me you trusted me, you had faith in me, in the King's Jackal."

"Silence; you must never say that again," the girl commanded, gently. "You have shown it to be the lie it always was. We shall call you the Defender of the Faith now; you are the guardian of a

King." She smiled at the little boy in his arms, and made a slight courtesy to them both. "You have outgrown your old title," she said, "you have a proud one now, you will be the Prince Regent."

Kalonay, with the child in his arms, and Miss Carson were standing quite alone. General Renauld had been led away, guarded by a merry band of youngsters, the King still crouched in his chair, with Barrat bowed behind him, but pulling, with philosophic calm, on a cigarette, and Father Paul and Gordon were in close conversation with Mrs. Carson at the farther end of the room. The sun had set and the apartment was in semi-darkness. Kalonay moved closer to Miss Carson and looked boldly into her eyes. "There is a prouder title than that of the Regent," he whispered; "will you ever give it me?"

The girl started, breathing quickly and turned her head aside, making an effort to free her hand, but Kalonay held it closer in his own. "Will you give it me?" he begged.

Then the girl looked up at him smiling, but with such confidence and love in her eyes that he read his answer, though she shook her head, as though to belie the truth her eyes had told him.

"When you have done your work," she said, "come to me or send for me, and I shall come and give you my answer, and whether you fail or succeed the answer will be the same."

Kalonay stooped quickly and kissed her hand, and when he raised his face his eyes were smiling with such happiness that the little child in his arms read it there, and smiled too in sympathy, and pressed his face closer against his comrade's shoulder.

Gordon at this moment moved across the room and bowed, making a deep obeisance to the child.

"Might I be permitted," he asked, "to kiss His Royal Highness? I should like to boast of the fact later," he explained.

The Crown Prince turned his sad, wise eyes on him in silence, and gravely extended a little hand.

"You may kiss his Highness's hand," said Kalonay, smiling.

Gordon laughed and pressed the fingers in his own.

"When you talk like that, Kalonay," he said, "you make me feel like Alice in the

court-room with the Kings and Queens around her. A dozen times this afternoon I've felt like saying 'After all, they are only a pack of cards.'"

Kalonay shook his head and glanced toward Miss Carson for enlightenment.

"I don't understand," he said.

"No, you couldn't be expected to," said Gordon, "you have not been educated up to that. It is the point of view."

He stuck out the middle finger of his hand, and drove it three times deliberately into the side of the Crown Prince. The child gasped and stared open-mouthed at the friendly stranger, and then catching the laugh in Gordon's eyes, laughed with him.

"Now," said Gordon, "I shall say that I have dug the King of Messina in the ribs, that is even better than having kissed him. God bless your Royal Highness," he said, bowing gravely. "You may find me disrespectful at times," he added; "but then, you must remember, I am going to risk a valuable life for you. At least it's an extremely valuable one to me."

Kalonay looked at Gordon for a moment with serious consideration and then held out his hand. "You also had faith in me," he said. "I thank you. Are you in earnest; do you really wish to serve us?"

"I mean to stay by you until the boy is crowned," said the American, "unless we separate on our several paths of glory—where they will lead depends, I imagine, on how we have lived."

"Or, on how we die," Kalonay added. "I am glad to hear you speak so. If you wish, I shall attach you to the person of the Crown Prince. You shall be on the staff with the rank of Colonel."

Gordon made a low and sweeping bow.

"Rise, Sir Archibald Gordon," he said.

"I thank you," he added. "We shall strive to please."

Miss Carson shook her head at him, and sighed in protest.

"Will you always take everything as a joke, Archie?" she said.

"My dear Patty," he answered, "the situation is much too serious to take in any other way."

They moved to the door, and there the priest and Mrs. Carson joined them, but on the threshold Kalonay stopped and

looked for the first time since he had addressed him at the King.

He regarded him for some seconds sternly in silence, and then pointed, with his free hand, at the crown of Messina, which still rested on the table at the King's elbow. "Colonel Gordon," he said, in a tone of assured authority, "I give the crown of Messina into your keeping. You will convey it, with all proper regard for its dignity, safely on board the yacht, and then bring it at once to me."

When he had finished speaking the Prince turned, and without looking at the King, passed on with the others across the terrace and disappeared in the direction of the shore, where the launch lay waiting.

Gordon crossed the room and picked up the crown from the table, lifting it with both hands; the King and Barrat watching him in silence as he did so. He hesitated and held it for a moment, regarding it with much the same expression of awe and amusement that a man shows when he is permitted to hold a strange baby in his arms. Turning he saw the sinister eyes of the King and of Barrat fastened upon him, and he smiled awkwardly and in some embarrassment turned the crown about in his hands, so that the jewels in its circle gleamed dully in the dim light of the room. Gordon raised the crown and balanced it on his finger-tips, regarding it severely and shaking his head.

"There are very few of these left in the world now, your Majesty," he said, cheerfully, "and the number is getting smaller every year. We have none at all in my country, and I should think—seeing they are so few—that those who have them would take better care of them, and try to keep them untarnished, and brushed up, and clean." He turned his head and looked inquiringly at the King, but Louis made no sign that he heard him.

"I have no desire, you understand me," continued Gordon, unabashed, "to take advantage of a man when he is down, but the temptation to say 'I told you so' seems almost impossible to resist. What," he asked—"I beg your pardon, I thought you spoke." But the King continued scornfully silent, and only a contemptuous snort from Barrat expressed his feelings.

Gordon placed the crown carefully un-

der his arm, and then removed it quickly, with a guilty look of dismay at its former owner and let it swing from his hand, but this fashion of carrying it seemed also lacking in respect, so he held it up again with both hands and glanced at the King in some perplexity.

"There ought to be a sofa-cushion to go with this, or something to carry it on," he said, in a grieved tone. "You see, I am new at this sort of thing. Perhaps your Majesty would kindly give me some expert information. How do you generally carry it?"

The King's eyes snapped open and shut again.

"On my head," he said, grimly.

Gordon laughed in great relief.

"Now, do you know, I like that," he cried. "That shows spirit. I am glad to see you take it so cheerfully. Well, I must be going, sir," he added, nodding, and moving toward the door. "Don't be discouraged. As someone says, 'It's always morning somewhere,' and in my country there's just as good men out of office as there are in it. Good-night."

While the sound of Gordon's footsteps died away across the marble terrace, the King and Barrat remained motionless and silent. The darkness in the room deepened and the silence seemed to deepen with

it and still they remained immovable, two shadowy figures in the deserted apartment where the denunciations of those who had abandoned them still seemed to hang and echo in the darkness. What thoughts passed through their minds or for how long a time they might still have sat in bitter contemplation can only be guessed, for they were surprised by the sharp rattle of a lock, the two great doors of the adjoining room were thrown wide open and a broad and brilliant light flooded the apartment. Niccolas, the King's major domo, stood between the doors, a black silhouette against the glare of many candles.

"His Majesty is served!" he said.

The King lifted his head sharply, as though he found some lurking mockery in the words, or some fresh affront; but in the obsequious bow of his major domo there was no mockery, and the table beyond glistened with silver, while a pungent and convincing odor of rich food was wafted insidiously through the open doors.

The King rose with a gentle sigh, and nodded to his companion.

"Come, Barrat," he said, taking the baron's arm in his. "The rascals have robbed us of our throne, but, thank God, they have had the grace to leave me my appetite."

THE END.

THE ONE GRIEF

By Edith Wharton.

ONE grief there is, the helpmeet of my heart,
That shall not from me till my days be sped,
That walks beside me in sunshine and in shade,
And hath in all my fortunes equal part.
At first I feared it, and would often start
Aghast to find it bending o'er my bed,
Till usage slowly dulled the edge of dread,
And one cold night I cried: *How warm thou art!*

Since then we two have travelled hand in hand,
And, lo, my grief has been interpreter
For me in many a fierce and alien land
Whose speech young Joy had failed to understand,
Plucking me tribute of red gold and myrrh
From desolate whirlings of the desert sand.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

V—AMONG THE REVOLUTIONARIES

NO. — SANGAMON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
February 27, 1892.

A GAIN I am in the army of the unemployed, and have been there for the past three weeks and more, but on other than the terms of my first experience in Chicago. I have been looking for work and testing many phases of this lurid life of enforced idleness, but with a wide difference from the original venture here. My savings from wages earned in the factory have put me on quite another footing. The room in which I am writing has been an adequate shelter, and I have paid for it only \$1.50 a week. Odd jobs have helped me often in the matter of securing food, and, when these failed, I have had my dwindling store of savings to fall back upon; and I have a not inconsiderable knowledge of the cheap eating-houses of the town.

All through my time of service in the factory, I saved scrupulously. A wage of \$9 a week held out a hopeful prospect as the result of seven weeks of labor. I did not miss even a fraction of a working day, and so the total of my earnings would have reached \$63 but for the unfortunate fact that, besides Sundays, there fell two holidays within the limits of that period. On Christmas and New Year's Day the factory was closed, and I found, to my surprise, that holidays, which I should have supposed were joyously welcome to all the world, are really of very doubtful blessedness to the vast number of workers who are paid for the actual amount accomplished, and by the detailed reckoning of time. I lost \$3 in hard cash by Christmas Day and that of the New Year, while my living expenses were uninterrupted; and \$3 would pay for two weeks of comfortable housing from the cruelties of this inclement life.

It was three weeks before I could get

appreciably ahead in the matter of saving. Nearly all the first instalment of my wages was already due for board, and a bill for washing cut deep into the small remainder. A pair of shoes was an absolute necessity at the end of the next week, for I was going about almost barefooted, and some other articles of clothing were equally requisite. And so my wages for week by week together were already mortgaged to nearly the last penny before I had actually earned them. But at last the materials of a fairly respectable appearance had been secured, and then, out of the wages of the last four weeks of factory work, I managed, by closest economy, to save \$17.50.

Gradation in respectability in the matter of dress, from the point at which a man is unmistakably in his working-clothes to that in which he readily passes as a workman in his Sunday best, has furnished the means of some range in the experiment of church-going. From the first I have gone regularly to church. But appearing in the garb of a day-laborer in the fashionable churches of a great city is far removed as a matter of experience from attending the service of a village meeting-house. I am inclined to think that the latter would be the greater ordeal to a real workman. Country parishioners turn out on Sundays with an amazing show of dress, and one of their own number in flannel shirt and labor-stained clothing would be oddly conspicuous; and he would feel his peculiarity much more, I imagine, than if he found himself among persons whom he did not know on equal social footing. For me the case was different and was wholly artificial, but in going to church in the country, dressed in working clothes which had been carefully protected by overalls, and mended, and brushed, and cleaned to the utmost, I yet could but feel how intolerable to a workingman the actual situation would

have been. To slip early into a quiet corner of the village church which was usually free, and then out again before most of the congregation had well started for the door, was a widely dissimilar thing from regularly attending service with your neighbors.

In overalls and a "jumper," a man is easily classified; without them, however plain may be the stamp upon him of attempted cleanliness, it is difficult to place him among a Sunday-dressed community, whether in the country or in town, unless he, too, is evidently in Sunday clothes. It is not, in its general application, a question of fashion; the cut of a man's garments may be that of ten years back, or may be foreign to any fashion known, but his clothing must not bear the marks of labor, and must have the linen accompaniments which render, while they are worn, all manual toil impossible. If he would conform, a man must never worship in garments in which he could work.

A want of conformity might quite possibly expose him to aggressive criticism and ridicule among his accustomed fellows. I never found it so myself in the country, where I always went to church in working clothes because I had no others, for never once was I made to feel the least embarrassment, while many times I wondered at the gracious courtesy which met me. But I was always a stranger, and had never to face companions of long standing. And so, as in many phases of my experiment, the unreality of my position marred, in large measure, the value of the result.

In Chicago, however, the circumstances were not so clearly against me, and they served to give to my own experience something of a normal character. In entering a church door on Sunday mornings, I was objectively in no other station than that of any working-man who may have wished to worship there. The treatment which I received is, therefore, a fair gauge of the reception which another worker might expect.

If it were a single instance I should not mention it, and I venture to offer no generalization, although I am speaking of tests which covered many Sundays and included all the principal churches of the town. All that can be said, I think, is that the

uniformity of result is some evidence of what a like-conditioned workingman might count upon in the way of treatment at the hands of fashionable churches.

I was sure, in the first venture or two, that the circumstances were exceptional, and that I had chanced upon churches which, although most evidently of the rich, were yet watchful for every opportunity of welcoming the poor. It was not until I had made the rounds of many churches of many denominations that I realized how general and how sincere among them is the spirit of hospitality to the working poor.

In the vestibules, I always found young men who acted as ushers, and who were charged with the duty of receiving strangers. Never once did I fail of a friendly greeting. With every test I felt increasingly the difficulties of the situation for these young men, and my wonder grew at their graceful tactfulness. A touch of the patronizing in their tone or manner would have changed the welcome to an insult, and any marked effusiveness of cordiality would have robbed it as effectually of all virtue. It was the golden mean of a man's friendly recognition of his fellow-man, with no regard for difference in social standing, which was the course so successfully followed by these young ushers.

I had always to avoid a more desirable seat by particularly asking for one far to the rear. And in the pews **there was** no withdrawing of skirts, nor were there other signs of objection to me as a fellow-worshipper. On the contrary, a hymnal or a prayer-book would be promptly offered, and sometimes shared; and, at the service-end, a cordial invitation to come again would often follow me from the pew-door, although frequently I noticed that I was conspicuously lonely as a representative of the poor.

How natural it was and how inevitable that the poor should not be there shone clear as day the moment that I regarded the matter from the subjective attitude of a genuine worker.

From their status as citizens in a free land American workingmen have acquired, together with the sense of individual freedom, the quality, in very marked degree, of self-respect. It exhibits itself sometimes in highly contradictory fashion,



Never once did I fail of a friendly greeting.—Page 92.

for it is sensitive and jealous in the making; but self-respect is none the less a fundamental characteristic.

Besides Dennis and three others, who were Roman Catholics, the men at Mrs. Schulz's boarding-house did not go to church. In talking with them I discovered that all had been more or less in the habit of church-going in their country homes, but that the habit had dropped completely from them upon coming to live in town. The case was perfectly apparent. The mere suggestion of a mission church was insulting to them, and, from the new idea of churches for the rich, they had learned their first lesson in class distinctions. Every feature of such a church, its richly dressed occupants in their high-priced pews, and the general atmosphere of merely social superiority, would have inflicted upon these men, in spite of a cordial welcome, as deep a wound to their self-respect as they would

have felt in being decoyed to a formal reception in a lady's drawing-room. To them, the latter function could not be more obviously intended for another class than theirs.

One night, before I left the factory, Albert spoke his mind to me on the subject with much freedom. Several times I had asked him to come with me to church, and on this particular Saturday evening I spoke of a preacher whom I hoped to hear in the morning, and who, I urged, would surely interest him.

"Look here, John," he said, finally, "it's all right you asking me to go to church, but I ain't going. I used to go regular when I lived to home, although I ain't no church-member. It was different out there, for most everybody went and chipped in what they could, and everybody sat where they liked, and it wasn't one man's church more than another's. You



He hated kings and potentates and all governmental authority.—Page 100.

go to church if you like. That's your own business. But I ain't going to no one-horse mission chapel that the rich has put up so they won't be bothered with the poor in their own churches. You say they treat you well when you go to church on Michigan Avenue. I don't doubt it. What reason would they have for not treating you well? But, all the same, they take you in for charity, for you couldn't pay for a seat in one of them churches. No, sir, the rich folks build their churches for themselves, and they keep them up for themselves, and I ain't never going to interfere with that arrangement. I don't mind going to the meetings of the Association once in awhile, for there's fellows of your own kind there, and you hear some good speaking and singing. I ain't got much use even for that, for it's only a side-show that's run mostly by the rich, but I ain't got no use at all for your churches."

Nevertheless, on the whole, I was sorry the next morning that Albert was not with me. There were moments when I did not regret it, but the sermon, for all its strange setting, was one which could scarcely have failed to impress him.

After a seven o'clock breakfast, which

seemed luxuriously late, and which Dennis and I shared alone on Sunday mornings, I set out as usual for the South Side. It was five miles to my destination in that section of the city, and I always walked both ways, for sometimes I had not the fare, and, in any case, ten cents saved was no mean item in a careful account of possible economy.

The Sundays of my term of service in the factory were, for the most part, splendid winter days, and this was of the best. No snow lay on the ground, no winter wind stirred the dust in the long, quiet streets, and clear from out the cloudless sky came the glowing rays of the sun, tempering the cold air to the exquisite delicacy of reviving warmth wherein you catch your breath with wonder, so charged is it with the mystery of the coming spring. Walking, on such a day, is of the essence of delight. Some measure of bodily exercise is needed to keep one warm, and this forth-faring on a holiday, free from the necessity of labor, which begins almost with the dawn of consciousness after sleep and ends only as the night of sleep closes down upon one, is a form of pleasure which life does not often match.



The Socialist Meeting.—Page 101.

The spell of it bore me company through the factory region, and where there opened to my view mile after mile of lumber-yards, with unsightly piles of seasoning timber stretching away to where the vessels lie in the canals which are fed from the river, and there rise the gaunt bulks of towering elevators, and the tall chimneys that everywhere send forth their ceaseless volumes of black smoke. All this was eloquent of work, and wages, and the means of decent living, and it therefore had a beauty which will not be denied to it by one who knows something of the misery of the unemployed. Even the grotesque ugliness of the long lines of buildings, as I entered the closely built-up sections of the town, could not rob me of the comforting sense of shelter and much legitimate business among the well-paid working poor.

But, before crossing thence to the South Side, there remains a belt through which even the stanchest optimism on its way to church on a bright Sunday morning could scarcely pass without misgivings. A vary-

ing foreign population, chiefly from southern and eastern Europe, thickens here to a point of incredible crowding, and sweat-shops abound, and cheap bakeries, and there is a marked increase in the number of pawn-shops and saloons.

The crowds in the streets had been in Sunday dress thus far for the most part, and were evidently on the way to mass or just returning. Many children were among them, uniformly well-booted and dressed, and here and there appeared the white veil and crowning flowers of a first communion.

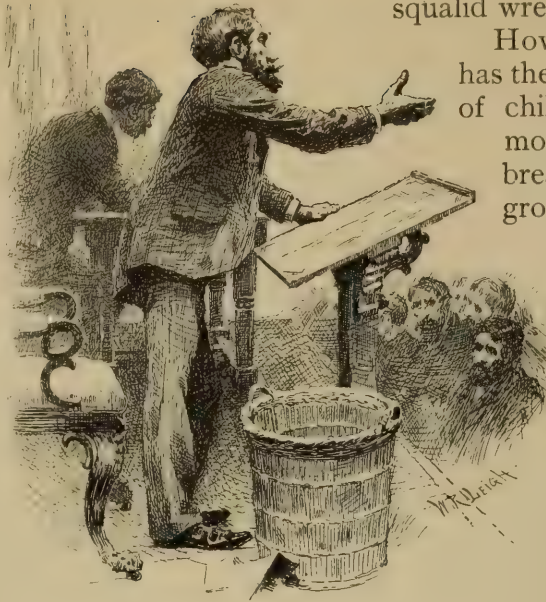
There was no sharp transition to a region which knows no Sunday, for everywhere were the outward symbols of the day in closed shops, and streets free from the noise of traffic, and the presence of holiday garments; and yet more obvious on every hand became now the evidences of a poverty which finds no day of rest. The unemployed, in the uniform of rags, were loafing on the streets—the long, relentless waiting which is an honest work-

man's torment until he finds employment, or loses hope and self-respect, when it becomes his sure destruction. Children who have scant knowledge of clean water or clean clothes were playing in the unclean streets, or emerging from the "family entrances" of saloons with pitchers or tin-pails of beer, destined for rooms swarming with workers whose labor never ceases, except for a few hours each night, unless there comes the calamity of no work at even a bare-living rate.

It was the age-old picture of the lot of the very poor, which alters not with the varying fortune of the State. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," one epoch of society merges into another, and the lives of men are lived on other planes; but there is a constant quantity in it all at the point where the pressure upon the limits of subsistence is the strongest, and the weakest, driven to the wall,

live from hand to mouth in squalid wretchedness.

How familiar to our day has the picture come to be of children who breathe moral death with every breath they draw, and grow up to certain crime and shamelessness from out the haggard struggle for daily bread in sordid attics where disease is born in reeking filth and in warrens of beastly incest! Familiarity with it breeds no contempt, but rather a wondering recognition of the touch of better nature which reveals itself—the shouts of true delight from children hard at play; their rapt absorption in the game, an ecstasy in which all the hidden beauty of their faces is disclosed; the loving tending of a plant that grows in the fetid air of a working-chamber; and, more than all, the unfailing miracle of ministry, wherein the poor, out of cramping penury, relieve the grimmer needs



The Leader's Closing Remarks.—Page 104.



There was nothing in the domestic scene which met us to suggest the home of a revolutionary.—Page 105.

of yet poorer brethren. Once through the belt, and over a narrow river which flows black with the noisome sewage of the city, and past the region of unceasing railway traffic, and through the chilling gloom of streets which are like sunless caverns between sheer walls of stone, almost a single step in an eastward walk brought to sudden view the revelation of new order. A long, wide avenue, bathed in winter sunlight, lay radiant from polished windows and the garnished pavements of all its length. Glimpses were had of an inland sea which reflected, as from clearest crystal, the infinite serenity of unclouded skies. Down the far extent of the thoroughfare, blending into indistinguishable unity in distant, gleaming haze, were homes where, in quiet and comfort, some in high refinement and some in barbaric splendor, live the strong of their generation, working out life's fateful ends.

It was down this avenue that I passed on the way to church. An outward calm, as of perfect peace, possessed it. There was no hint of hunger there, nor of the cruel need which eats into the living souls of men until it devours them or leaves them maimed and stunted of their rightful growth. Plethora here took the place of want. Then quickly came the sense of excess, with its end in sad satiety, and hard upon the sight of lavish luxury followed the impression of a world of men seeking at any cost to hedge themselves with unstinted plenty from all sight and knowledge of their kindred who know but little relief from pangs of plague and famine.

Among the first to enter it, I walked up the steps of a large stone church and into an inviting vestibule. Several young men were grouped in conversation between the inner doors, and the one who first marked my entrance stepped out at once to meet me. A little painfully regardful of his dress, he yet was frank and cordial, and the ease with which he greeted me could not have become him better had he spent his life in leading workingmen up the aisles of rich churches.

"I have a seat well up on this side, where you can hear perfectly," he suggested, looking me full in the eyes, as we stood for a moment at the door. "May I show you to that?"

"I should like to sit here, if I may," I said, and I pointed to the corner of the first seat from the wall.

"I am sorry," he answered, "but that seat is reserved for an old gentleman who has occupied it for years, and who always prefers to sit there. Would you mind taking the seat just in front of it?"

"Certainly not," I said. "That will suit me quite as well," and I sat myself down in the place in question.

Not half a dozen persons were in the building, and its restful quiet was unbroken even by the prelude from the organ. Two ladies in deep mourning entered now, in the company of the church treasurer. It appeared, from their conversation, that they had met him by appointment; and, although they were speaking in low tones, yet they stood so near me that I could not help overhearing what they said.

The point in discussion among them related to a pew, and the treasurer politely pointed out a small one not far from where I sat, which was at their service for \$200 a year, and also two sittings farther to the front, which they might have on the same terms. There was much considering of the *pros* and *cons* of this alternative, and, incidentally, the treasurer indicated the range of prices in the pews, from \$200 near the door to \$1,600 where seats were most in demand.

In growing numbers the congregation was assembling, and above the gentle breathing of the organ, which began to spread in soothing waves of prayerful music through the church, rose the soft rustle of rich dress, and the air, glowing with deep colors from stained glass, took on a subtle perfume.

When the pews were dense with worshippers, scarcely a vacant seat remaining, and my closest watchfulness had failed to note the presence of a single other person of my class, there broke faintly on the waiting company the clear, uplifting sweetness of a rare contralto voice. Vague and lightly stirring at the first, as when some deeply buried feeling, recalled to life, gives utterance to new being in "the language of a cry," it rose to ever fuller power, unflinching and pure in every tone, until it smote with the touch of truth each silent chord of life and waked them all to perfect harmony, wherein they sing the mystic unity

of things, where the senses mix and whence they radiate, and where,

. . . in the midmost heart of grief
Our passions clasp a secret joy.

I was not present, however, merely as a worshipper, but also as a member of my chosen order. I tried to see with their eyes, and then to think their thoughts and feel their emotions. When I held myself honestly to this task, with the aid of what I had learned directly from the men and caught of their ways of thinking, it was another revulsion of feeling which set in.

I thought of my \$9 a week, and of the meagre pittance which resulted from utmost care in saving, even when my own support was the only claim upon me, and how far beyond my reach was all possibility of a seat in the pews which were held for barter. The image of Mrs. Schulz rose up to me, worn, and wan, and almost ill, yet always cheerful, and I remembered the patient, unflinching courage with which she faced the obligations of her life, and the heart-breaking economies by which she must meet many of its duties. On that very day, the two older children had gone at different hours to church, because there was but one pair of shoes and stockings between them, and Mrs. Schulz herself went out to mass, through the tingling cold of the early morning, in clothing which would have been light for summer.

While here, on every hand, was dress whose cost, as indicating not warmth and comfort but mere conformity to changing fashion, represented, in scores of cases, more of annual individual expenditure than the whole net income of many a workman's family. And even more poignant to a mind made sensitive by this train of thought was the impression which weighed upon it of a company well-fed to a degree of comfort beyond the sense of sympathy with hunger that rarely learns the meaning of enough. The mere suggestion of a breakfast of rich food in wide variety, and served often at great cost in almost wasteful plenty, to be followed soon after the hour of worship by another meal yet more varied, and abundant, and rich, seemed the very pitch of heartless mockery, in the full presence almost of hundreds of men and women to whom bare day's bread is an agony of

anxious seeking, and of multitudes of little children to whom, not nourishing food alone but even food enough to stay the pangs of hunger, is a luxury.

These familiar feelings, roused, as always, by the common contrasts of life, which one follows in close study through bewildering complexities of casual relations, were dominant, from the new point of view, as the outcome of patent facts. Superficial and undiscriminating, and yet most real and living, is the thought of the actual workman, as his mind responds to the obvious leading of the things he sees. I was glad at this point that Albert was not with me. A few minutes later I deeply regretted his absence.

The minister had begun his sermon. I scarcely heard the opening sentences, so oppressed was my mind with the workman's sense of the ruthless Philistinism of this phase of modern Christianity. It was the preacher's tone which first attracted me. There was quiet in it and a great reserve, and he spoke as a pastor who holds earnest conversation with his flock. I was all attention in a moment, and I saw that I listened to a man who knew his fellow-men, and whose words made strong appeal to their intelligence.

It was as though he spoke from a heart well-nigh broken with personal grief, but chastened to new love, and truth, and tenderness, by the sorrow which it had borne.

He was speaking of the needs of men, and through his thoughts there breathed a knowledge of the *weltschmerz* of to-day, and deep sympathy with it. There was no weak ignoring of the difficulties of honest doubt, and no false claims for the basis of belief; and, when he spoke of the awful suffering of our time, his words were true to the high dignity of man through the infinite consequences of free choice in his life upon the earth. His appeal was no emotional blending of the false and true, wherewith to blind men's eyes to the eternal verities, and to cause to rest lightly upon comfortable consciences the sense of personal responsibility for one's fellows, but rather the sure claim of clear conviction which comes from out the facts of daily life seen in the light of their true meaning.

The effect upon his hearers was unmistakable. I was unaware of it for a time, so engrossed was I in the speaker's words,

and in the strongly human personality of the man, but by degrees I awoke to the fact that all about me were listeners as eagerly intent as I. The sense of hardened, pampered, Philistinism gave way before the overwhelming consciousness of a sympathetic unity of thought and feeling. Indifferent to the vital needs of the world and to the pressing problems of its life? No emotion could have been farther from these men and women, the intensity of whose interest could be felt in almost an agony of breathless attention to the sober truthfulness of the minister. The very stillness was charged with mute appeal for guidance from hearts wrung with the hurt of the world and pleading for some useful outlet to the tide of generous feeling. It was as though distress had ceased to be for them the visible sufferings of the poor, and had grown, through the deepening sense of brotherhood, into an anguish of their own, which must find healing in forms of effective helpfulness. Very clearly dawned the conviction that, if one could but point out to the members of this waiting company some "way," "something to do," which would square well with their practical business sense of things, instant and unmeasured would be their response for the furthering of an end which would work them such glad relief!

From the church my destination was the meeting of the Socialists. But not immediately, for I stopped on the way at the well-known haunt in Madison Street for the usual Sunday dinner.

By this time I had attended several of the Socialists' meetings, and had come to know personally a number of the members of the order, and I was not surprised, upon taking a seat in the restaurant, to catch sight of three Socialists who were nodding pleasantly to me from a neighboring table. One was the broad-minded Pedler, whose good impression made in the first speech of his which I had heard was heightened by all my later knowledge of him. Another I had learned to know as a near approach to my original preconception of a revolutionary. He was a Communistic Anarchist, and just what peculiar variation of individual belief it was which led him to ally himself with the Socialists I could never make clearly out.

It puzzled me not a little; for, by this

time I had thoroughly in mind the fundamental fact that Socialism and Anarchy, as two schools of social doctrine, are at the very poles of hostile opposition to each other. And, if I may judge from the little that I have seen and heard between them, the vituperative heat of their controversies is equalled only by the warmth and malignancy which has marked the history of theological debate.

I soon learned that Socialist and Anarchist are not interchangeable terms, to be used with light indifference in describing the general advocate of revolution against established order. Indeed, to my great surprise, I found that a policy of active, aggressive revolution among these men had almost no adherents. Certainly none among the Socialists, for they repudiated the bare suggestion of violence as being wholly inadequate and absurd, and pinned their faith instead to what they called the "natural processes of evolution." These, to their belief, would, in any case, work out the appointed ends with men, but their operation could be stimulated by education, they said, and helped on by organized effort toward the achievement of manifest destiny in the highly centralized and perfected order which is to result from the common ownership and administration by all the people of all land and capital used in production and distribution, for the common good of all.

And even among the Anarchists the upholders of a policy of bloody revolt against social order were rare. Most of those whom I came to know were distinctly of a metaphysical turn of mind. It was easy to trace their intellectual kinship with the Physiocrats of the last century, in their implicit confidence in the universal efficacy of *laissez faire*. Their views, reduced to simplest terms, seemed to take the form of the epigram—that 'the cure for the evils of freedom is more freedom.' The removal of all artificial restraint in the form of man-made laws would result eventually, to their thinking, in a society as natural and as wholesome as is all physical order, which is the exact resultant of the free play of natural law.

It was the Socialist's conception of a highly centralized administration which drove the Anarchist into a frenzy of vehement antagonism. And it was the An-

archist's *laissez faire* ideal which roused the latent fighting-spirit of the Socialist. The Anarchist would maintain with stout conviction that centralized administration is already the core of the malady of the world, and that our need is for freedom in the absence of artificial limitations wherein natural forces can work their rightful ends. And the Socialist would retort, with rising anger, that it is from anarchy—the absence of wisely regulated system—that the world even now suffers most, and that the hope of men lies in the orderly management of their own affairs in the interests of all, and in the light of the revelations of science. They were heartily at one in their dislike for what they were fond of calling the present “*bourgeois society*,” and for the existing rights of private property, which they regarded as its chiefest bulwark, but they parted company at once, and with sharp recriminations, on the grounds of their dislike, and of their purposes and hopes for a regenerated state of things.

Such Anarchists were of the “Individualistic” type. Not all of those I met were so philosophical, however. The Communitistic one, who was nodding at me in a friendly manner from a near table, notably was not. Very much the reverse. He was for open revolution to the death, and he made no secret of it. He had little patience for the slow pace of evolution believed in by the Socialists, but he had less, apparently, for the *laissez faire* conception of his brother Anarchists. At all events, I found him most commonly in the meetings of the former sect, where his revolutionary views were frowned down, but his invectives against society were tolerated in a spirit of free speech, and as being warranted by the evils of the existing state.

He was a German, of tall, muscular frame, erect, square-shouldered, well-poised, as a result of long service, most bitterly against his will, in the Prussian Army, and he hated kings and potentates and all governmental authority, with a burning hatred. His was the broad-featured likeness of his race, and his stiff, fair hair was brushed back in straight lines from a well-shaped forehead, while his beard, brown and streaked with white, bristled from his lower face like the bayonets of a square in full formation. He was

a mechanic by trade, and a good one, as I had happened to learn.

The last of the three, like the Pedler, was a Socialist, but was very unlike his two companions as a man. My acquaintance among the Socialists had not gone far before I began to observe that I was meeting men who, whatever their mental vagaries, were craftsmen of no mean order. They were machinists and skilled workmen mostly, and some were workers in sweat-shops. All of them had known the full stress of the struggle for bread, but they were decidedly not the inefficients of their class, having fought their way to positions of some advantage in the general fight.

Here, however, was an exception in this third “comrade,” and I marvelled at the rarity of his type. Incompetence was stamped on every feature. His long, lank, flabby figure, with its disjointed movements, suggested no virility. The hair grew thin and blonde from his head and from his colorless face, and his large, pale-blue eyes flitted in their movements, as though there were behind them not intelligence enough to hold them in fixed attention. The man's emotions were boundless. He had, moreover, a gift of utterance, and, when he spoke in meeting, it was sheer feeling that expressed itself in words which were marvellously void of any sane concatenation. It was a psychological phenomenon, this public speech of his. We had premonitory warnings of it, for we could see him writhing in his seat when his emotions were aroused, and starting nervously until he had gained the floor, when a half-suppressed, general groan would greet the torrent of his sentences, which flowed directly from chaotic feeling which had never reached his mind.

We four left the restaurant together, and walked on to Waverley Hall. I fell in with the Pedler, and from him I was glad to learn that the Poet was to read that afternoon his long-deferred paper on the “Opening of the Exposition Grounds on Sunday.”

It was a little before the appointed hour when we reached the hall, but already there was promise of an uncommon meeting. The audience was larger than usual, the benches on both sides of the central aisle being well filled nearly to the door. The Pedler and I had some difficulty in find-

ing seats near the front. More than ever marked was the atmosphere of keen alertness, which, from the first, had so attracted me in the gatherings of the Socialists. They might be futile, but their meetings were never dull. And, while they could not have been more orderly, they might easily have proved far less engaging than they were, had a saving sense of humor been more conspicuously a characteristic of the members.

There was a sense of pleasurable excitement in sinking back into my seat, whence, by turning a little to the right, I could command the hall. The afternoon sun was streaming through the two large windows in the south end. The heavy draperies, looped up to admit the light, were in perfect keeping with the carpet on the dais and the pulpit chairs upholstered with plush, on one of which sat the Leader, behind a reading-desk. There were other paraphernalia of the Masonic lodge which habitually held its meetings there, and among the life-sized portraits on the walls was one of Washington in the full regalia of a Mason. At small wooden tables, resting on the floor at the Leader's right, sat a few young reporters, sharpening their pencils in preparation for any points which could be turned to good account as "copy."

To the pleasure of excited interest was added the ease of some familiarity, for, besides the heads of meeting, I recognized among the gathering company the faces of *habitués*. In a seat across the aisle the Poet sat in earnest conversation with the Citizeness, holding fast a roll of manuscript in both hands. And at the end of the bench behind them was a young man who interested me far more than any of the Socialists whom I had met. A long black overcoat of cheap material concealed his work-worn garments to the knees, and his hands, dark with the dye of clothing, lay folded in his lap. His face showed faintly the marks of Jewish origin, and, although he was full three-and-twenty, he bore a strange resemblance to the Christ-child in Hoffmann's picture of Jesus Among the Doctors in the Temple.

Quite oblivious to what was passing about him, he sat in his usual mood, with an expression of much serenity on his pale face, and his great, dark, luminous eyes glowing with the ardor of his thought.

I have never lost the first impression which he made upon me; it was in one of these meetings, when an idle slur had been cast upon his race and the Leader had given him an opportunity to reply. He rose modestly to his feet, and from the first my attention was riveted by the convincing quality in his rich, deep voice. Without a word of cheap rejoinder, he simply restated the issues of debate in clear, incisive sentences, which seemed to gather force from their broken English, until he had shown the entire irrelevance of the insulting charge, even had it been true.

I had waited for him on that afternoon at the meeting's end, and we began an acquaintance which to me has been of great value. It is easy to predict for such a man an eventual escape from the bondage of a sweat-shop, but, inasmuch as he has been held in slavery to that work from his earliest infant memories of a crowded den in Poland, where he was born, I feel some measure of justice in naming him "The Victim."

Promptly on the hour the Leader called the meeting to order, and introduced the Poet, whose paper presented the topic of the day's debate. In a few moments we were all following in close attention the ready flow of the poet's voice as it passed with clear articulation over the well-chosen words of his introductory sentences. There was admirable precision in the statement of the case at issue, and we were bracing ourselves with pleasure for the logical sequences of detailed discussion, when, to our surprise, the Poet broke abruptly from all judicial treatment of his theme. At a single leap, he took the ground that certainly the Exposition should be accessible every day—that its opening on Sundays was not a subject for debate.

Then there followed a storm of hot invective. Christianity was assailed as the giant superstition of historic civilization, still daring, to the shame of high intelligence, to hold its fetich head aloft in the light of modern science. Its ministers were attacked as sycophantic parasites, whose only motive, in urging the closing of the Fair on Sundays, was the fear of the spread among working people of that enlightenment which will achieve the overthrow of capitalistic society and with it the tottering structure of the Church. Most of all, his

bitterness spent itself upon these "blind leaders of the blind," as he called them, who will not themselves enter into a knowledge of a better state nor suffer others to enter in, and who grievously break the law of rest on Sundays in befooling their fellow-men, and then live through the remaining days in luxurious unproductiveness upon the labor of their dupes.

What was coming next we could not guess, and it seemed a long cry to any shout of exultation from all this, but he accomplished it with facility, for his paper closed with a peroration, wherein he rose to fervid panegyric upon the increasing intellectual emancipation of workingmen. The Romish Church, he said, keeps many of them in bondage yet, but the Protestant organizations have all but lost their hold upon them; and the widening gulf between the two great classes in society has left these churches in the nakedness of their true character, as mere centres of the social life of the very rich and of the upper *bourgeoisie*, and as a prop to the social order from which these idle classes so richly profit, at the merciless cost of the wage-earners.

Instantly this was accepted as the dominant note of the meeting. The applause which greeted it was genuine and prolonged. With light-hearted disregard of the subject appointed for debate, men began ardently to speak to this new theme: Modern Christianity a vast hypocrisy—a cloak made use of by vested interest to conceal from the common people the real nature of the grounds on which it stands.

But for the masterly qualities of the Leader, who held the meeting to strict parliamentary order, it might have degenerated into a mob. Men were crowding one another in their desire to gain the floor, but not for a moment was the peaceful conduct of the gathering disturbed. With accurate knowledge of the shades of social belief there represented and of the personalities of the men, the Leader chose for recognition with discriminating justice.

At one moment an American workman was speaking, a Socialist of the general school of Social Democracy. There was self-respecting dignity about him and a calm reserve as he began.

The Christian Church served as well as any institution of the capitalistic order, he

said, to measure the growing cleavage between the classes in society. But, to his mind, the paper of the afternoon had emphasized unnecessarily the existence of the *bourgeoisie*; for, economically considered, there is no longer a middle-class to be reckoned with in vital questions. There remain simply the capitalists and the proletarians. The old middle-class, which had made its living by individual enterprise, was fast being forced (by the play of natural laws, which showed themselves in the increasing centralization of capital) out of the possibility of successful competition with aggregated wealth, and down, for the most part, to the level of those who can bring to production, not land nor capital, but merely their native qualities of physical strength, or manual skill, or mental ability—proletarians, all of them, whether manual or intellectual, and coming surely, in the slow development of evolution, to a conscious knowledge of their community of interest as against the vested "rights" of monopoly in the material instruments of production. But athwart this path of progress rose the hardened structure of the Christian Church, bringing to bear against it all her temporal power and the full force of her accumulated superstitions.

But now the speaker's calm deserted him, and, with fist uplifted in threatening gesture, and his strong, bronzed face working with the fervor of his hate, he cried out against the ministers of Christ, who preach to the wronged and down-trodden poor the duty of patience with their "divinely appointed lot," and who try to soothe them to blind submission with promises of an endless future of ecstatic blessedness, when the rich of this world shall burn in the unquenchable fires of hell.

"Oh! the fiendishness of these men," he shouted, "who hide from ignorant minds the truth, which they themselves know full well, that for no mortal man is there any heaven or hell which he does not realize in the span of his earthly history, and if he misses here the happiness to which he was rightly born, he misses it forever! And the miserable paltriness of their motive in working this cruel wrong—merely that they may exempt themselves from toil and live in comfort upon the labor of others, instead of being, where most of

them belong, out in the open fields hoeing corn!"

In another moment a man of widely different cult was speaking. For some time he had been trying to gain the floor, and now the Leader recognized him. He was a Christian Socialist, chief spokesman of the little band of his persuasion, who were very regular in their attendance upon these meetings. An insignificant Englishman he was, whose h's transposed themselves with consistent perversity, and whose general qualities of physique, and tone, and manner reminded one strongly of the type of parson with weak lungs and a large family who is incumbent in out-of-the-way English churches on the Continent. He was not wanting in pluck nor in a certain strength of conviction, but the gentleness of the dove was his without the wisdom of the serpent, and the words he spoke, in weak voice and apologetic manner, while they would have met with sympathy in a company of believers whose emotions were already stirred, served here only to inflame the antagonisms of men whose views were stoutly materialistic.

The Communistic Anarchist was the first to rise when the Christian Socialist sat down, and the Leader gave to him the privilege of the floor. There was the power of primal force in the suppressed passion of the man, and joined to this the exciting struggle of a human will in keeping rage in bounds. His heavy frame heaved with paroxysms of volcanic wrath, and the sibilants of English speech, augmented by the z's in Teutonic struggle to bring forth sounds, came hissing and sputtering through his teeth from a tongue which could not frame words fast enough for his impatience.

I have no power to reproduce his actual sentences, and at best I can but suggest the purport of his talk, which was in full sympathy with most of what had gone before:

"God a decaying myth, and the Bible a silly legend, and Jesus a good man seeing some human truth, but gone mad in the credulous ignorance of his age, and dead these two thousand years, and Christianity a hoary superstition, made use of in its last days by *bourgeois* civilization to stay off a little longer its own fateful day of reckoning! And here is a man, who calls

himself a Socialist, who dares to bring before us this enfeebled monster of worn-out faith, which has been the tyrant of the poor from the moment of gaining temporal power, trying to hide its oppressions under a guise of so-called charity! It has been, too, from the beginning the stubbornest foe of scientific knowledge, and even now, in the last hour of its heartless cruelties, employs its utmost craft to put off the manifest dawn of freedom to the workers."

Breaking through the forced restraint of the beginning, his feelings bore him in resistless course until, in the full sweep of his long arms, his fingers were clutching wildly at the empty air, and his blood-shot eyes were rolling in a frenzy, and his hair stood straight on end, while his voice rose to its highest pitch in fierce scorn and denunciation.

The hall was still echoing to the roar, when a scattered number of us were on our feet, straining forward in our efforts to catch the Leader's eye. The Victim was recognized, and almost immediately the meeting began to feel the calming effect of a cool, conciliatory mind. Clearness was highly characteristic of the Victim's mental processes, and, as his ideas slowly framed themselves, in translation to English from the native language in which he thought, they took on a charming piquancy and precision, in the oddest mixtures of strange idioms and bookish phrases and the current coin of common slang.

"The assigned subject for debate this afternoon," he was saying (in a paraphrase which wholly lacks his strongly individual character), "is one which opens up questions of great economic value and importance. It is a pity, it seems to me, that the time has been consumed in a discussion of side issues, rather than of the fundamental question of the observance of Sunday as an economic institution, and the relation borne to that great issue by the present agitation over the opening of the Exposition grounds on Sundays. It is well to remember that this is a meeting of Socialists. Freedom of speech is one of our cardinal beliefs. But a freedom of speech which ignores the subject appointed for debate would make better use of its liberty by asking for a particular afternoon to be devoted to the theme which it wishes to discuss.

"Not only has the talk of to-day been wide of the mark, but it has been out of harmony with the genius of Socialism. I am proud to own myself a Scientific Socialist, and a disciple of Karl Marx. To my way of thinking, there can be no verified truth which the mind of man can accept as such aside from the established results of naturalistic science. I, therefore, attach no more value to Christianity, as an authoritative source of truth, than I do to the sacred writings of my race. Both are merely historical facts, to be dealt with precisely as are all the facts of history. This afternoon, however, they have been dealt with in a spirit of intolerance, as malignant and uncompromising as the spirit which is charged against historic Christianity. It will be well for us who profess Socialism to be on our guard, lest there grow up among us an intolerance bred of dogmatic science, which may prove in the future as destructive of free thought and of true progress as has proved in the past the bigotry of dogmatic theology."

It was now well past the ordinary time for adjourning. The Leader announced the fact, and I feared that he meant to call for a motion to adjourn without making his usual closing speech. It was his habit to sum up the discussion, and we always looked forward to that address, for the Leader had the gift of speech and a liking for it, and a knowledge, moreover, of the minds of Socialists which was by no means common. There was little of the declamatory in his habitual speaking, and he lacked the analytical skill of some of the other members, but he had a shrewd perception of the dramatic, and he could make use of it to striking purpose. He had been born and bred a workingman, and was an artisan of much ability, and he knew thoroughly the workmen's point of view. I have watched him play upon their feelings with the skill of a native orator.

He spoke now in high commendation of what The Victim had said, and deplored the fact that the afternoon had passed without discussion of the appointed theme. As a Socialist, he regretted, he said, that the talk had taken the form of an attack upon Christianity. Such a spirit was directly counter to the tolerance of Socialism. For his own part, although he had been brought up under the influence of the Protestant re-

ligion, he found himself very little in sympathy with modern Christianity. Supernaturalism he was willing to regard as a question apart, and as being entitled to fair, dispassionate discussion, but the Christian Church, as a practical embodiment of the teachings of its founder, he felt justified in judging in the light of every-day facts, and in their light he was free to say that Christianity was a failure.

"Let us take an illustration," he went on. "A very urgent problem in our city just now is that of 'the unemployed.' Certain of the newspapers have made a careful investigation in the last few weeks, and the result of their inquiry shows that, within the city limits to-day, there are at least 30,000 men out of work. There may be 50,000 but the first estimate is well within the truth.

"It is a matter primarily of supply and demand. Among these idle men there may be many inefficient and many chronic loafers, and many who, from one cause and another, are incapable of effective work. But the nature of the present status is unaffected by these considerations. It means, in its last analysis, that the local labor market is overstocked to the extent of 30,000 men. However willing to work, and however efficient as workmen they might be, these men, or their equivalent in number, under existing conditions, would invariably find themselves unemployed.

"And how does the Christian Church among us hold itself in relation to this problem? Its members profess themselves the disciples of 'the meek and lowly Jesus,' whom they call 'divine.' He said of Himself that 'He had not where to lay His head,' and He was the first Socialist in His teaching of universal brotherhood.

"His followers build gorgeous temples to His worship in our city, and out of the fear, apparently, that some of the shelterless waifs, whom He taught them to know as brothers and who are in the very plight their Master was, should lay their weary heads upon the cushioned seats, they keep the churches tight locked through six days of the week, and then open them on one day for the exclusive purpose of praising that Master's name!

"Nor is this condition truer of Chicago than it is of any large industrial centre in this country, or even in all Christendom,"

he went on, warming to his theme as the intently listening company hailed vociferously the name of the Redeemer as the first teacher of Socialism. "Only last week news came from London that the unemployed there had grown to an army of 100,000 men. Picturing the horror of it, and the suffering, and the awful degradation, not in these men alone, but among the women and children whom they represent! Cold, and hunger, and the ravages of disease were bad enough, in the ferocity of this inclement winter; but imagine, if you can, the pitiless despair which is eating the hearts out of these our brothers, and then tell me whether we have not here a fairly good imitation of the hell where 'the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

"Suppose, for a moment, that the Christ were to appear in the heart of that 'Christian' city. Most certainly He would be found among the poor, ministering to their needs, and comforting them in their sorrows, and bringing life and hope among them. I can imagine His perplexity at sight of the man-inflicted suffering and degradation, and the Godless tyranny of men over their brother men, in the very stronghold of Christianity and 2,000 years after He had taught that, under the Fatherhood of God, to love our neighbor as ourselves is the fulfilling of the law to all who have need of our sympathy and help.

"I hear Him ask in His amazement for some authoritative head of the brotherhood which He established upon earth. I hear men tell Him that He must see the Archbishop of Canterbury. I watch Him as He picks His way to the palace of the Archbishop, along narrow streets which thunder to the din of mammon-worship and are blackened with the smoke from off its countless altars, seeing everywhere the hideous contrasts between rich and poor, and the lives of His toiling ones worn out in ceaseless labor.

"Weighed down with the heartless misery of the world, I see Him stand patiently at the palace-gate. A footman in rich livery answers to His knock.

" 'I would see the Archbishop,' says the Christ.

" 'And who shall I say wishes to see his Lordship?' asks the flunky.

" 'Tell him that his Master is at the gate.'

" 'Oh,' replies the servant, 'but his Lordship has no "master"; he is the primate of all England!'"

Here the speaker abruptly ceased, but for that gathered company the picture was complete, and the cheers with which the hall had rung at the mention of Christ, the social teacher, were changed to hisses against the church which calls itself by His name.

On the crowded stairs, as we descended to the street, I found myself beside a young German mechanic whose acquaintance I had made in these meetings. My knowledge of him was limited to the fact that he was a Socialist and was employed in a large factory on the North Side.

"What are you going to do, this evening?" he asked, after our exchange of greetings.

"I have no definite plan," I said.

"Then come home with me," he suggested, and I assented gladly.

We were a long time getting there, but when, at last, we reached his door, the journey was quickly forgotten. As flat as the untroubled sea, the open prairie lay about us, browned and seared by frosts and gleaming faintly under the winter stars. Long parallels of street-lamps, cutting one another at right angles, marked the outlines of city "blocks," and threw into stronger relief the deep black of clustered trees and the forms of lonely cottages with lights glancing dimly from their windows.

When my friend opened the door of his house, there was nothing in the domestic scene which met us to suggest the home of a revolutionary. It was the typical home, rather, of the prosperous American workman. The living-room, which we entered, was aglow with light, and redolent of dry, unwholesome, excessive heat from a closed iron stove, and it seemed at first to be already crowded by occupants. The wife was standing over a cradle, in which she softly rocked her baby, whose sleep was undisturbed by the conversation between two young men of the family. An old couple, seated in easy chairs, were reading to themselves, and formed a feature of the picture that fitted well with the books which stood ranged in swinging brackets on the wall. There was the usual floral paper, with a border sad enough to move one to tears, and the worsted tidies, and the prints

wherein sentimentality has so long and so often posed as sentiment. But the plain, rough furniture was redeemed by the marks of long usefulness, and the room, as a whole, had all the cosy homeliness of fitness to those whom it served.

Soon we were seated at supper, and the family, accustomed, apparently, to the presence of a stranger brought home from the meeting, left my friend and me to our own discussion of Socialistic themes. I found this deeply interesting, for my host was finely representative of the views of the majority of the Socialists whom I saw at Waverley Hall. In the main he was a Social Democrat. His economic views were drawn, I found, entirely from Karl Marx. "*Das Kapital*" was his Bible, and he seemed to know it by heart. To question Marx's theory of value or his treatment of labor in relation to production was blasphemy akin to casting doubt before a devout believer upon the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures.

He was a Socialist of serene temperament, with boundless faith in the silent processes of development. Propaganda was hysterical from his point of view.

"There could be no propaganda in behalf of Socialism," he said to me, "one hundredth part so effective as the unchecked activity of men who imagine themselves the bulwarks of social order and the bitterest foes of Socialism. We have no quarrel with the increasing centralization of capital. The opposition to "trusts" and the like comes mainly from the *bourgeoisie*, who feel themselves being forced out of independent business. We Socialists are already of the proletariat, and we see clearly that all trusts and syndicates are the inevitable forerunners of still greater centralization. The men who are employing their rare abilities in eliminating the useless wastes of competitive production, by unifying its administration and control, and so reducing greatly the cost of the finished article, and who are perfecting the machinery of transportation and distribution by like unity of administration, are doing far more in a year to bring about a co-operative organization of society than we could do, by preaching the theory of collectivism, in a hundred years.

"The collectivist order of society may be distant, but, at least, we have this com-

fort—that the day of the old individualist, anarchical order is past. We can never return to it. The centralization of capital has proved the inadequacy of all that, in the present stage of progress. We have no choice but to go on to further centralization, and the logical outcome must be eventually, not the monopoly of everything by a few, but the common ownership of all land and capital by all the people."

It was in the middle of the next morning that I chanced to meet, in the thick of a sweat-shop region of the West Side, an old acquaintance of the Socialist meetings. "The Unionist" I shall call him, for he had much to do with organizing the workers in sweat-shops into labor-unions. A victim of the sweaters himself, earning his living at a sewing-machine in a densely crowded shop, he yet managed to get about among the other victims and further their organization. More than once he had taken me with him on his rounds, and I had grown familiar with the sight of rooms, in all the poorer sections of the city where the rent is relatively low, turned into factories on a small scale for the manufacture of ready-made garments.

And this idea of miniature factories is really the key to the situation. The industry of ready-made clothing is an enormous one, involving millions of dollars of invested capital, and competition among the merchants is very keen. The difference of a fraction of a cent in the cost of production, by the piece, of a given garment may mean the difference between profit and loss in the whole output. Cheapness of production is, therefore, of the first necessity.

Merchants of the greatest executive ability and highest efficiency are able to secure the maximum of cheap production through the legitimate factory system. Men of less business ability, in order to compete successfully, avoid the factory system of production and make use of the sweat-shops instead. The sweat-shop is, therefore, in a single word, an evasion, under the stress of competition, of the factory system of production.

There are few industries which could profit any longer by this system as opposed to that of the factory, but the manufacture

of ready-made clothing is an exception ; and, in it, the less fit to survive are sure to take advantage of the sweat-shops, until they have been driven out of the business altogether by those whose superior abilities enable them to undersell the product of the shops with the product of legitimate factories.

The manufacturer who makes use of the factory system at once subjects himself to certain regulations. His work-rooms must show a certain cubic area to every operative employed ; certain sanitary provisions must be regarded ; children under a certain age must not be set to work, and a prescribed number of hours must be accepted as the limit of the working day.

But the manufacture of ready-made clothing lends itself to an easy escape from all this. Instead of having his work done in a factory, subject to wholesome but costly restrictions, a merchant may give it out to the lowest bidders among the sweaters. These men take it to their homes, and secure there the services of their wives and children, and employ the families of their neighbors. Thousands of rooms are thus closely packed with workers who have underbid one another in the struggle for existence, until, in the cheapest quarters available, without regard to light and air, and decent sanitation, the work is hurried forward at feverish haste by human wretches whose utmost toil through excessive hours can often earn them little more than the means of bare subsistence.

The Unionist was leading me in a brisk walk through a labyrinth of city squalor. Over unswept wooden pavements we passed, along uncleaned, wooden streets, in whose broken surfaces lay heaps of decaying garbage. Wooden houses for the most part flanked the way, hideous, blackened shanties which leaned grotesquely on insecure foundations, with rickety flights of broken steps clinging to the buildings' sides, where, on warmer days, the teeming population can be seen overflowing from work-rooms and sewing ceaselessly, even in their search for fresh air.

Opening directly upon the black rot of crumbling pavements were the steep descents to dark cellars which undermine these reeking hovels. From many of them, as we passed, came the hot breath of furnaces laden with the wholesome smell of

baking bread. These were the underground bakeries of the region, and down their wooden steps, whose surfaces were buried under layers of hardened filth, were ranged the great round loaves of dark bread on which this population largely lives. While through the open doors, which admitted freely the floating germs from off the putrid streets, we caught glimpses of baking-tins full of soft muffins ready for the oven, and bakers in white dress who moved about in the gloomy, fetid air over floors strewn with ashes and the crumpled shells of eggs and crumbs of unbaked dough.

Mingling in the squalid crowds upon the streets were other figures peculiar to the scene. Women they were for the most part, with ragged, faded shawls tied round their heads and falling over their shoulders, and limp skirts dangling about their legs and brushing the surface slime of the pavements. Some upon their shoulders, and others in Oriental fashion upon their heads, they bore large bundles of clothing which had been cut at the great dealers' shops, and which they were taking now to be made up in the sweaters' dens.

The Unionist was talking rapidly, almost vehemently, at my side, with the swift, nervous gesticulation of his race, for he was a young Polish Jew, of short, sturdy figure, with wiry black hair and eyes which were like burnished coals. The scenes about us, which were far more interesting to me, concerned him not at all in contrast with the delight he felt in picturing the outcome of political change. Like so many of the Socialists whom I met, he was an admirable workman, and thoroughly practical in his views of life, and hugely energetic and efficient in the organization of his trades-union ; but yet he was possessed, as most of them are, of a strange faculty of living intensely at times in dreams of a fulfilment of preconceptions of another social order. He was hard at it now, and was completely blind to the significant facts about us. With an amazing acquaintance with contemporaneous political history, he had been sketching for me what he regarded as a great economic revolution in America. The drift of what he said was simply that in this country, from colonial days to the present, the middle-class, who are the small owners of land and capital, have been the main support of the society in which we have

lived, and that the chief strength of the middle-class has been the farmer.

In every movement in this country wherein the wage-earners have sought for separate political action in their own interests, they have invariably found the farming classes in opposition to them and supporters of conservatism. But there are marked indications of a change, he went on. The farming classes are no longer economically independent, in the sense of owning their land and capital, but are tenants of the capitalists who hold their mortgages. And, with this change in economic standing, they have begun to find that their interests lie, not in maintaining rights of private property, which have robbed them of their own, but in joining forces with all wage-earners to bring about a state of things wherein property shall be a monopoly of all.

And having touched once more in prophetic spirit the beatific vision of the Socialist, he waxed eloquent in high praise of it, and then turned to me with an impatient:

"Can't you see it, Comrade Vikoff—can't you see it?"

He sympathized with me as one of the countless seekers for employment in the city, and he had cultivated me because of my interest in the meetings. Really admirable in their sincerity were his patient efforts to convert me to Socialism; and when, at last, he gave me up, I am sure that it was from the conviction that he was dealing with a mind hopelessly Philistine, whose constant appeal to dry facts marked it as wholly incapable of appreciation of the charming theory of human perfectability.

We turned now and passed down a flight of wooden steps to the basement of a small, brick building. I knew that we were going into a sweater's den, for I had visited many of them under the lead of the Unionist, and many of them on my own account in futile search for work.

There was nothing exceptional in this one beyond the fact that, more commonly than in the cellar, I had found the shops on the ground floor, and oftener still in the upper stories of tenements.

As we neared the door, there was the usual sound of the clattering rush of sewing-machines going at high speed—starting and stopping abruptly, at uneven intervals, and giving you the impression, in

the meantime, of racing furiously with one another.

The opened door revealed the customary sight of a room perhaps twenty feet square, with daylight entering faintly through two unwashed windows, which looked out upon the level of the street. The dampness showed itself in dew-like beads along the walls and on the ceiling, which I could easily reach as I stood erect. In spite of its being winter, the dingy walls were dotted with black flies, which swarmed most about a cooking-stove, over which, stirring a steaming pot, stood a ragged, dishevelled woman, who looked as though she could never have known any but extreme old age. In the remaining floor-space were crowded a dozen machines or more, over which, in the thick, unventilated atmosphere, were the bending figures of the workers. Oil-lamps lit up the inner recesses of the room, and seemed to lend consistency to the heavy air. From an eye here and there, which caught his in a single movement, the Unionist received a look of recognition, but not a head was turned to see who had entered, and the whirl of feverish work went on, unchecked for an instant by our coming.

While the Unionist was talking to the sweater, I walked between the close lines of machines over a floor covered with deep accumulations of dirt, and shreds of cloth, and broken threads, to where, in a corner, a group of girls were sewing. The oldest among them may have been twelve, and the youngest could have been a little over eight, and their wages averaged about seventy-five cents a week for hours that varied widely according to the stress of work.

Near the corner was a passage, and through it I could see into a small room which had no window, nor any opening but the door; there, in perpetual darkness lit up by one oil-lamp, was a man who, for twelve (and sometimes fifteen) hours a day, pressed the new-made clothing for a living.

It was ladies' cloaks that the sewers were making; of course, they worked by the piece, and the best among them could earn a dollar in the day, and sometimes more by working over-time. They were very smart-looking garments, and their air



An Evasion of the Factory System of Production.—Page 106.

of jaunty stylishness was a most incongruous intrusion upon their surroundings. When I asked the Unionist for whose trade they were being made, he seemed to think nothing of the fact that he mentioned, in answer, one of the foremost merchant-citizens of the town.

We were on the point of leaving, when a heavy foot-fall sounded on the wooden steps, and the door opened to the touch of an inspecting officer, whose glowing health and neat, warm uniform were as though a prosperous breeze were sweeping the stagnant room. The work, however, was as unaffected by his coming as it had been by ours. Not a sewer noticed him, and the stitching of machines went racing on with unabated swiftness. Only "the old man" watched nervously the movements of the officer, as he walked about

the shop, making note of the bad air, and the filth upon the floors, and the group of little girls, and the dark, unventilated chamber beyond.

The Unionist had caught me by the arm. "We'll wait," he said; and we stood together in the shadow of the open door.

Returning finally to the side of the old sweater, the officer handed him a printed form.

"You must make out this blank," he said, "and have it ready for me when I call again." And without another word he started for the stairs. But on the way some evidence of unsanitary condition more shocking than any met with yet—a heap of offal on the floor, or a fouler gust of poisoned air—checked him, and he turned, indignantly, to the nearest worker.

"Look here," I could hear him say,



"Don't talk to us about disease; it's *bread* we're after, *bread!*"—Page 111.



Returning Work from Sweat Shops.

"you've got to clean up here, and right away. The first thing you know you'll start a fever that will sweep the city before we can stop it."

The young Hebrew had stopped his work and turned half round in his chair until he faced the officer. There were deep lines in his haggard, beardless face, and his wolfish eyes were ablaze with the sense of sharp injustice.

"You tell us we've got to keep clean," he answered, in broken English, lifting

his voice to a shout above the clatter of machines. "What time have we to keep clean when it's all we can do to get bread? Don't talk to us about disease; it's *bread* we're after, *bread!*" And there sounded in the voice of the boy the cry of the hungry for food, which no man hears and can ever forget.

The officer passed, speechless, up the steps, and we followed into the clean, pure air, under the boundless blue of smiling skies.



"I couldn't let you be run away with again under my very eyes," he said. — Page 116.

RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE next day Still called to see Major Welch and made him a proposition to sell him a part of the Red Rock place. He believed, he said, that the Major would find it safer to buy from him a place he had got under decree of Court and had already held quietly for some time, than to buy a place about which there might be a question and where he'd be sure to incur the enmity of the old owners.

This reason did not make much impression on Major Welch. He did not wish to incur anyone's enmity, he said; "but if he bought honestly, and became the lawful owner of a place, he should not mind what others thought."

Still shook his head. Major Welch did not know these people, he said. "And to be honest with you, Major, I feel as if having you right here by me was a sort of protection. They daresn't touch a gentleman who's been in the Union Army and who's got big friends. And that's one reason I'd like to have you right close to me."

His manner had something so sincere in it that it was almost pathetic. So as he made Major Welch what appeared to be really a very reasonable proposal, not only as to the Stamper place, but also as to several hundred acres of the Red Rock land adjoining, the Major agreed to take it under advisement, and intimated that if the title should prove all right and Mrs. Welch should like it when she arrived, he would probably purchase.

Within a week or two following Major Welch's trip to the county-seat, and Still's offer to sell him the Stamper place and a part of Red Rock, Mrs. Welch arrived. The telegram she had sent had miscarried, and when she reached the little station there was no one to meet her.

A country station is a sad place at best to one who has just left the bustle and life of a city, and strong as she was, Mrs. Welch, when the train whirled away and no one came to her, felt a sense of her isolation strike her to the heart. A two-horse carriage stood some little distance off, and for a little while she supposed it had come for her; but presently a colored man and woman got into it. Even then it occurred to Mrs. Welch that perhaps he was the coachman, and for a moment she was buoyed by hope; but she was doomed to disappointment. The man was talking loudly, and apparently talking to be heard by all around. Mrs. Welch could hear something of what he was saying, though much of it was jargon to her.

"We're all right. We've got 'em down and we mean to keep 'em down, too, by ——!" A shout followed this. "Yes, the bottom rail is on top, and we mean to keep it so, till the fence rots down, by ——!" Another burst of laughter. "You jest stick to me 'n' Leech and we'll bring you to the promised land. Yas, we're in the saddle, and we mean to stay there. We've got the Gov'ment behind us, and we'll put a gun in every colored man's hand, and give him, not a mule, but a horse to ride, and we'll dress his wife in silk and give her a carriage to ride in."

"Ummh! heah dat! Yes, Lord! Dat's what I want," cried out an old woman, jumping up and down in her ecstasy to the amusement of the others.

"A mule's good 'nough for me—I b'lieve I ruther have mule 'n hoss. I'se fotched up wid mules," called out someone, which raised a great laugh and some discussion.

"Well, all right, you shell have your ruther. Everyone shell take his pick. We'll do the ridin' now."

Mrs. Welch was listening with keen interest. The speaker gathered up the reins. As he did so, someone called :

"You better watch out for de K.K.'s," at which there was a roar of laughter.

"They's the ones I'm lookin' for. I'm jist fixed for 'em by ——!" he shouted.

"Dee ain' gwine meddle wid him," said someone in the crowd.

"Don' know. I wouldn' drive roun heah an' talk 'bout 'um like he does, not for dat mule he gwine gi' me."

As the carriage drove off Mrs. Welch's heart sank. Her last hope was gone. She was relieved somewhat by the approach of the station-agent, who up to that time had been engaged about his duties, and who now, seeing a lady standing alone, came up to her. Mrs. Welch stated who she was. He had heard that Mrs. Welch was expected, but thought it was to be the next day.

No telegram such as she spoke of had passed through his office, and it was a long ride up to Red Rock, when the roads were bad. He invited her to remain as his guest—"People right often did so, when they came unexpected-like."

Mrs. Welch thanked him, but thought she would prefer to go on, if she could get a conveyance, even if she could go that evening only as far as Brutusville.

He gazed at her with a serenity which was in strong contrast to her growing decisiveness.

"Can't I get a wagon," she asked.

He did not know as she could—the mail-wagon went over in the morning after the early train; people generally went by that. Dill Herrick had a wagon, and folks sometimes took it, if they got there too late for the mail-wagon, and was in too big a hurry to wait till next day. But Dill was away that day. The wagon was there; but Dill had gone away on his horse.

All this was told quietly, impersonally, as if it was quite as much a thing of course as any other order of nature. Mrs. Welch was on her metal. She would for once give this sleepy rustic an illustration of energy; she would open his eyes.

"Well, is that the only horse anywhere about here?" Her tone was energetic, perhaps even exasperated. The agent was unmoved.

"No'm; Al Turley's got a *sort* of a

horse, but he don't work very well. And Al ain't got any wagon."

This was too much for Mrs. Welch.

"Don't you think we might get a horse of one man, and the wagon and harness of the other, and put them together?" she laughed.

The agent was not so sure. "Al might be going to use his horse, and he didn't work so well anyhow."

"But he does work?" Mrs. Welch persisted.

"Oh, yes'm—*some*. Al ploughs with him."

"Well, now, let's see what a little enterprise will do. I'll pay well for both horse and wagon."

The agent went off, and after a time came back. Al would see what he could do. But again he renewed his invitation to her to wait until to-morrow. He was almost urgent; he painted the difficulties of the journey in the gloomiest colors. Mrs. Welch, however, had set her mind on carrying out her plans. It had become a matter of principle with her. She had come down there to show what energy would accomplish, and she might as well begin now.

While she waited she passed her time watching the negroes.

They were so boisterous that she was glad when the station-agent returned and asked if she wouldn't go over and sit in his house "till Al came." She would have done so, but she thought it would be a good opportunity to learn something about the negroes, and perhaps also to teach him a little on her part.

"Are the negroes not improving?" she asked. Her companion's whole manner changed. She was surprised to see what a keen glance was shot at her from under his light brows.

"Not as I can see—you can see 'em yonder for yourself."

"Do they ever give you trouble?"

"Me? No'm; don't never give *me* no trouble," he answered, negligently. "Don' give nobody as much trouble as they did."

Mrs. Welch was just taking in this as corroborative of her own views, when as he turned and, with his back to her, stooped for something the butt of a pistol gleamed in his trousers pocket. Mrs. Welch froze

up. She could hardly refrain from speaking of it. She understood now the significance of his speech. Just then there was quite a roar outside, followed by the rattle of wheels, and the next instant Mrs. Welch's vehicle drew up to the door. For a moment Mrs. Welch's heart failed her, and she regretted the enterprise which had committed her to such a combination. In the shafts of a little rickety wagon, the wheels of which wobbled in every direction and made as it came up four distinct tracks, was a rickety, little yellow horse, which at that moment was apparently attempting to back the wagon through a fence. One instant he sat down in the shafts, and the next reared and plunged, and tried to go any way but the right way. Two negroes were holding on to him, while the others were shouting with laughter and delight. The driver himself was a spare, dingy-looking countryman, past middle age, and was sitting in the wagon, the only creature in sight that appeared to be unmoved by the excitement. Mrs. Welch's heart sank, and even after the plunging little animal was quieted she would have declined to go; but it was too late now. She had never put her hand to the plough and turned back.

"I can manage him," said the driver to her, serenely. And as there were many assurances that he was "all right now," and everyone was expecting her to get in, she summoned the courage and climbed in.

It was a wearying drive. The roads were the worst Mrs. Welch had ever seen; but in one way there was excitement enough. The tedium was relieved by the occasional breaking of the harness and the frequent necessity of dismounting to walk up the hill when the horse balked.

The day before had been a warm day, and Mrs. Welch's journey had not been a comfortable one, and this last catastrophe capped the climax. But she did not complain—she considered querulousness a sin—it was a sign of weakness. Perhaps, she even found a certain satisfaction in her discomfort. But when the harness broke for the half-dozen time, she asked:

"Why don't you keep your harness in good order?"

The somewhat apathetic look in the driver's face changed.

"'Tain't my harness."

"Well, whosever it is, why don't he keep it in order?"

"You'll have to ask Dill that," he said, dryly.

When, a few minutes later, they came to their next stand, she began again:

"Why don't you keep your roads repaired and rebuild your fences?"

"I don't live about here." This time the tone was a little shorter.

"Well, it's the same all the way. It's been just as bad from the start. What is the reason?" she persisted.

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know," he drawled. "Some says it's the Yankee carpet-baggers steals all the money——"

"Well, I don't believe it; I believe it's that the people are just shiftless," Mrs. Welch fired back.

The man for answer only jerked his horse: "Git up!"

"A dull fellow," thought Mrs. Welch, and presently she essayed again.

"The Yankees are thrifty enough. In all the North there is not such a road as this. I wish you could see their villages, how snug and trig and ship-shape they are; houses painted; fences kept up; everything nice and neat."

"Maybe, that's where they puts the money they steals down here," said the driver, more dryly than before.

Mrs. Welch grew hot, but she could not help being amused too.

"It must be an accident, but it is really rather a good reply—I'll write that home," thought she. But she had not much time to think. Just then they were descending a steep hill and the breeching gave way, the wagon ran down on the horse, and without a second's warning the little steed, like the Gadarene swine, ran violently down the steep hill and on up the road. The driver, who was swinging to him for life, was in the act of assuring Mrs. Welch that she need not be scared as he could hold him, when the rein broke and he went out backward over the wheel, and Mrs. Welch herself must soon have followed him had not a horseman dashed up, unexpectedly, from behind and, spurring his fleet horse beside the tearing little beast in the wagon, seized the runaway by the bridle and after a time brought it to a standstill.

The transition from the expectation of immediate injury, if not death, to absolute security is itself a shock, and even after the vehicle was quite still, Mrs. Welch, who had been holding on to its sides with all her might, could hardly take in her escape. Her first thought, however, was for the driver.

"Oh! I'm afraid that poor man is killed!" she exclaimed.

"Oh! he's all right. I hope you are not hurt, madam?" said her rescuer, solicitously. "I think I'd better hold the horse, or I would come and take you out."

Mrs. Welch assured him that it was not necessary, and she sprang out and declared that she would go back at once and look after the driver. Just then, however, the driver appeared, covered with dust; but not otherwise injured.

"Well, I was just sayin' I'd saved Al anyhow," he said, as he came up. "And I'm glad to find, Cap'n, you saved the others."

"Well, what are you going to do now?" Mrs. Welch asked when the driver had finished talking to the gentleman and begun to work at the harness.

"I'm goin' to take you to the Cote-house. I told you I'd do it."

"Behind that horse?"

"Ain't nothin' the matter with the hoss—it's the gear."

"I think I'd better take her," the young man who had rescued her said to the driver, though with a little hesitation. "I can take her behind me, and get her there by the through way."

"What! On that horse! I can't ride that creature," declared Mrs. Welch, with wide-open eyes looking at his handsome horse that was still prancing with excitement.

"Why, he's as quiet as a lamb—he's carried double many a time, and several ladies have ridden him. I could get you there much quicker than you can drive. All you have to do is to hold on to me. Whoa, boy!"

"I know that sort of lamb," declared Mrs. Welch. "What shall I do with my trunk?"

The young man's confidence was telling on her and she was beginning to weaken: the choice was between the two horses, and she had had experience of one.

"Oh! your trunk's all right. I'll carry your trunk on," agreed the driver. He had finished his mending and was gathering up his reins.

"Do you mean that you are going to get in there and try to drive that horse again?"

"That's what I'm agoin' to do'm——." He put his foot on the hub to climb up.

"Then I'll get in too," declared Mrs. Welch, firmly. Her face was pale, but there was a light in her eyes that made her suddenly very handsome. The two men looked at her, and both began to expostulate.

"I made him come, and I don't mean that he shall risk his neck for me alone," she declared, firmly, gathering up her skirts. But the horseman suddenly intervened.

"I couldn't let you be run away with again under my very eyes," he said, smilingly; "I might be held accountable by your d—by your fam—your Government."

Mrs. Welch had not been used to being talked to in this way; but she liked him none the less for it.

It was finally agreed that a trial should be made first without her, and then if the horse went all right she could get in. The young man who had rescued her told her plainly, though politely, that he would not allow her to get in the wagon again until the experiment had been made.

After a little while, as the horse appeared to have been sobered by his unwonted exertion, she was allowed to mount once more, and so proceeded, the young gentleman riding close beside the horse, to prevent any further trouble.

Mrs. Welch at last had time to look at her deliverer, and she found him to be a tall, fine-looking young fellow with the face and address of a gentleman. A slouch hat much weather-stained, and a suit of clothes by no means new, at first sight made his dress appear negligent; but his voice was as refined as any Mrs. Welch had ever heard; his manner was a mixture of deference and protection, and his face, with its clear gray eyes, firm mouth, and pleasant smile, gave him an air of distinction, and, at the same time, was one of the most attractive she had ever seen.

He had introduced himself to her when

he first spoke ; Captain Somebody, he said, she had not caught the name ; and she waited until she should get a chance to ask the driver. When she did ask him she understood him to say Captain Nallum.

CHAPTER XXIX

MRS. WELCH had not been in the county forty-eight hours before the signs of her occupation and energy were unmistakable. Every room in the little cottage was scoured afresh, and things were changed around in the old house and were undergoing a change without, which would have astonished the departed Stammers.

A gang of darkies, of all ages and sizes, was collected somehow (perhaps, no one knew just how, unless Hiram knew), who Andy Stamper said "looked like harvesters and got harvest wages ;" and the rooms were turned inside out, the yard cleared up, the fences repaired and whitewashed, and the chambers were papered or painted of a dark maroon or other sombre rich color, then the fashion, by Doan, whom Hiram Still sent over for the purpose—Mrs. Welch not only superintending actively, but showing, with real skill, how it ought to be done. For "what your hands find to do, do it with all your might," was one of the lady's maxims.

Ruth, during the repairs, took occasion to pull out carefully the nail on which Andy Stamper had told her his father used to hang his watch, and sent it wrapped in a neat little parcel to Andy, with a note saying how much pleasure she had in sending it. She did not know that by this little act she was making one of the best friends of her life. Sergeant Stamper fixed the nail in a strip beside his bed, and as he struck the last blow he turned to his wife who, with softened eyes, was standing by, "Delia," he said, "if I ever fail to do what that young lady asks me, I hope God will drive the nails in my coffin next day."

On the arrival of Mrs. Welch there was a repetition of those visits of mingled friendliness and curiosity which had been paid Major Welch and Miss Ruth. And as Major Welch and Ruth formed their opinions, so now Mrs. Welch formed hers.

Dr. Cary and Mrs. Cary called, with

Miss Thomasia and Blair ; and General Legaie and Jacquelin Gray and Steve Allen rode up together one afternoon. The two former paid only a short visit, but Captain Allen stayed to tea. Steve treated Mrs. Welch with that mingled deference and freedom that, in just the right proportion, make—at least in a young and handsome man—the most charming manners. He even dared to tease her on the serious sentiments she expressed, and her appearance that day in the wagon, a liberty that neither Ruth nor Major Welch ever ventured to take ; and to Ruth's exceeding surprise, her mother, so far from resenting it, actually appeared to like it.

As for Ruth, her mother surprised a look of real delight in her eyes.

It gave her food for thought. "That young man talked to me, but he looked at Ruth. What does it mean ? It might mean one thing—yes, it might mean that ? But it is impossible."

Mrs. Welch had no time to spend in the sort of hospitality practised by her neighbors. The idea of going over to a neighbor's "to spend the day," as most of the invitations she received ran, or of having them come and spend the day with her, was intolerable. It might have done, she held, for an archaic state of society, but it was just this terrible waste of time that made the people about her what she saw them, indolent and shiftless and poor. She had "work to do," and she meant to do it. So, having called formally at Dr. Cary's, Miss Gray's, and the other places around, the ladies from which had called on her, she declined further invitations and began her "work." She wrote her Society back at her old home that as she looked around her, her spirit groaned within her. The harvest was ripe, already too ripe, and the over-ripened wheat, day by day, was falling to the earth and being trampled in the ground. She wrote, also, her impressions of her new neighbors. She was charmed with Miss Thomasia and the General. The former reminded her of her grandmother, whom she remembered as a white-haired old lady knitting in her arm-chair, and the General was an old French field-marshal, of the time of Bayard or Sidney, who had strayed into this century, and who would not surprise her by appearing in armor with a sleeve around his helmet, *funny*

dear old fossil that he is. She was pleased with Miss Cary and the Doctor, though the former appeared to have rather too antiquated views of life, and the Doctor was impractical to the last degree. They were all densely prejudiced; but that she did not in the least mind. They were also universally shiftless; but she had hope; they must be enlightened and aided. (Mrs. Welch was conscious of a feeling of virtuous charitableness when she penned this. It was going further than she had ever deemed it possible she could go.)

When it came to the question of the poor blacks, the whites were all alike. They had not the slightest idea of their duty to them; even those she had mentioned as the most enlightened, regarded them yet as only so many chattels, as still slaves. Finally, she could not but admit, she wrote, that nothing but kindness had been shown them since their arrival. One could not but appreciate such kindness, even if it were the result of mere impulse rather than of steady principle, but Mr. Still, the Union man, of whom her friends knew, had intimated that it was only a concerted effort to blind them to the true state of affairs, and that if they showed any independence it would soon change. As to this she should be watchful. And she appealed for help.

Such was the substance of the first letter which Mrs. Welch wrote back to her old Reform and Help Society at home.

Having despatched her appeal, Mrs. Welch did not waste time waiting for a response, but was as good as her word, and like an energetic soul, without waiting for a day, sickle in hand, entered the field alone. Her first step was what she termed, "Informing herself." She always "informed herself" about things; it was one of the secrets of her success, she said.

Her first visit on this tour of inspection was to the Bend. She selected this as the primary object of her visitation, because she understood it was the worst place in the community. Dr. Cary had spoken of it to her as "a festering spot;" General Legaie had referred to it as "a sink of iniquity."

"Well, if it were a festering sore it ought to be treated; if it were a den it ought to be opened to the light," said Mrs. Welch. She found it worse than she

had expected. But this did not deter her. She forthwith set to work to build a school-house near the Bend and send for a woman to come down and take charge of it.

It does not take an earthquake to start talk in a rural community, and Mrs. Welch had not been in her new home a month, or for that matter a week, before she was the most talked-of woman in the county.

Hiram Still hoped that he could effect the sale of his land to Major Welch before it became known, but notwithstanding his desire to keep it secret, it was soon rumored that Major Welch was to buy the Stamper place and a considerable part of Red Rock. Leech, it was reported, had come up from town and given a clean title and prepared a deed which was to be delivered on a certain day.

Allowing for exaggerations, it is astonishing how accurate the bureau of advanced rumor often is. Steve Allen and Jacquelin Gray held sundry conferences in the Clerk's Office with the papers in Still's old suit before them, and it got abroad that they were not going to permit the sale.

A day or two before that set by this exact agency for the final consummation of the deal, a letter was brought for Major Welch. The messenger who brought it was a handsome, spirited-looking boy of seventeen or eighteen. The Major was away from home, but Ruth happened to be in the yard when he rode up. He was mounted on the bay with white feet, which Ruth recognized as that which Captain Allen rode. Ruth loved a fine horse, and she went up to him. As she approached, the boy sprang to the ground and took off his hat with a manner so like Captain Allen's that she smiled to herself.

"Is—is Major Welch at home?" He had pulled a paper from his pocket and was blushing with a boy's embarrassment.

Ruth said he was not, but explained that she would take any letter he might have to leave for him—or would not he tie his horse and come in and wait for her father?

This invitation quite overthrew the little structure of assurance the boy had built up, and he was thrown into such a state of confusion that Ruth's heart went out to him.

He thanked her, but he was afraid his

horse would not stand tied. He was stuffing the paper back into his pocket, hardly aware of what he was doing.

Ruth was sure the horse would stand; she had seen him tied, but she respected the boy's embarrassment and offered to take the letter for her father. He gave it to her, apparently with almost reluctance. "His cousin, Steve Allen, had told him to give it to Major Welch himself," he half stammered.

"Well, I am his daughter, Miss Welch," Ruth said, "and you can tell Captain Allen that I said I would certainly deliver it to my father. Won't you tell me who you are?" she asked, smiling.

"I'm Rupert Gray, Jacquelin Gray's brother."

"Oh! You have been off at school?"

"Yes'm; Jacquelin would make me go; but I've come back for good now. He says I needn't go any more." This in a very cheery tone. He was partly recovering from his embarrassment. "Steve, he wanted to send me to college, but I won't go."

"You won't? Why not?"

"Steve ain't got any money to send me to college. Besides, they just want to get me away from here—I know 'em—and I won't go." (With a boy's confidentialness.) "They're afraid I'll get—" He stopped short. "But I'm not afraid. Just let 'em try—" He paused, his face flushed with excitement, and looked straight at her. He evidently wanted to say something else to her, and she smiled encouragingly.

"You tell your father not to have anything to do with that Still and that man Leech." His tone was a mixture of sincerity and persuasiveness.

"Why?" Ruth smiled.

"Because—one's a carpet-bagger and t'other a scalawag."

"Why, we are carpet-baggers, too!"

"Well—yes—but—Steve, he says so, too—and he don't want you to get mixed up with 'em. That's the reason." His embarrassment returned for a moment.

"Oh! Captain Allen says so? I'm very much obliged to him, I'm sure." Ruth laughed; but her head went up and her color deepened.

"No. No—not that way. Steve's a daisy. And so is Jacquelin. He's just as

good as Steve. Never was anybody like Jacquelin. You ought to know him. That fellow Leech imprisoned him. But I knocked him down—I could die for Jacquelin. At least, I think I could. That's the reason I hate 'em so!" he broke out, vehemently. "And I don't want you to get mixed up with 'em. You aren't like them. You are more like us."

Ruth smiled at the ingenuousness of this compliment.

"And you tell your father, won't you?" he repeated. "Good-evening." He held out his hand, shook hers, sprang on his horse, and making her a very flourishing bow, galloped away, evidently very proud of his horsemanship.

He left Ruth with a pleasant feeling around her heart, which she could scarcely have accounted for. She wondered what it was that his brother and Captain Allen were afraid the boy would do.

As for Rupert, when he returned to Captain Allen he was so full of Miss Welch that Steve declared he was in love with her, and guilefully drew him on to talk of her and tell, over and over, every detail of his interview. The charge of being in love the boy denied, of course, but from that time Ruth, without knowing it, had the truest blessing a girl can know: the ingenuous devotion of a young boy's heart.

When her father came home the current of her thoughts was changed.

The letter Rupert had brought contained a paper addressed to Major Welch, which was a formal notice to him that the title by which Still held Red Rock was fraudulent and invalid, and that he would buy it at his peril, as a suit would be brought to rip up the whole matter and set aside the deed under which Still held. The paper was signed by Jacquelin Gray, and witnessed by Stevenson Allen, counsel, in whose handwriting it was. In addition to the formal notice, there was a note to Major Welch from Captain Allen, in which he stated that having heard the rumor that he was contemplating buying the place in question, he and Mr. Gray felt it their duty to let him know at once that such a step would involve him in a lawsuit, and that possibly it might be very unpleasant to him. It concluded by denouncing Still as, in his opinion, an unmitigated rascal.

Mrs. Welch took the letter not as a legal notice, but as a declaration of war, and when that gage was flung down she was always ready to accept it. She came of a stock equally prepared to be martyrs or fighters. She urged Major Welch to reply plainly at once. "It was just a part of the persecution that all loyal people had to go through." Major Welch was for moving a little deliberately. He would certainly not be bullied into receding from his purchase by anything of this kind, but he would act prudently. He would look again into the matter, and see if there were any foundation for the charge.

Ruth rallied to the side of her mother and father, and felt as angry with Mr. Allen and everyone else concerned in the matter as it was in the nature of her kind heart to be.

Major Welch's investigation did not proceed exactly on the lines on which he would have acted at home. Both Still and Leech insisted that the notice given was merely an attempt to bully him. They further furnished him an abstract of the title, which showed it to be perfectly regular and clear, and when Major Welch applied in person to the old clerk, he corroborated it and certified that no cloud was on it.

He was, however, by no means as gracious toward Major Welch as he had been the first time he saw him; was, on the contrary, rather short in his manner, and, that gentleman thought, almost regretted to have to give the certificate.

"Yes, it's clear to date as far as the records show," he said, with careful limitation, in reply to a request from Major Welch for a certificate. "But if you'll take my advice——"

Mr. Still, who was sitting near, wriggled slightly. Major Welch had been a little exasperated. "My dear sir, I should be very glad to take your advice generally, but this is a matter of private business between this gent—between Mr. Still and myself—and I must be allowed to act on my own judgment. What I want is not advice, but a certificate of the state of those titles."

A change came over the old clerk's countenance. He bowed stiffly.

"All right, sir—I reckon you know your own business," he said, dryly, and he made

out the certificate and handed it to Major Welch, almost grimly.

"You can have your deeds prepared, Mr. Still; I am going to town to-morrow and shall be ready to pay over the money on my return," Major Welch said, in a tone for the clerk to hear.

Still followed him out and suggested that he'd as leave give him the deeds to put to record then, and he could pay him when he came back. "He was always willing to take a gentleman's word." This, however, Major Welch would not consent to.

Still kept with Major Welch all the rest of the day and returned home with him—a fellowship which, though somewhat irksome to the Major, he tolerated, because Still, half-jestingly, half-seriously, explained that somehow he "felt sort of safer" when he was with the Major.

Two or three days afterward, Major Welch, having returned from the capital, paid Still the money and took his deed, and it was duly recorded.

The interview in the clerk's office, in which Major Welch had declined to hear the old clerk's advice, was reported by Mr. Dockett to Steve Allen and Jacquelin Gray that same evening. The only way to save the places, they agreed, was to institute their proceedings and file a notice of a pending suit, or, as the lawyers call it, a *lis pendens*. The bill could be filed later.

"He'll hardly be big enough fool to fly in the face of that," said Mr. Dockett.

So the very next day a suit was docketed and a *lis pendens* filed, giving notice that the title to the lands was in question.

The summonses were delivered to the sheriff, Mr. James Sherwood, but this was the day Major Welch spent in the city, and when the sheriff delivered the summons to Still, and showed the one he had for Major Welch, Still took it from him, saying he would deliver it.

Thus it happened that when Major Welch paid down the money, he was in ignorance that two suits had already been instituted, to declare the title in Still fraudulent.

Meantime, copies of Mrs. Welch's letter to her friends had come back to the county in the columns of the *Censor*, and the effect was instantaneous.

When Mrs. Welch wrote the letters to her friends, describing her new home and

surroundings, she gave, as has been said, what she considered a very favorable account of her neighbors. The *Censor* was as well known, even if not so extensively known, in the old county as in Mrs. Welch's former home. It had long been known as Leech's organ, and was taken by more than one of the Red Rock residents.

When the issue containing Mrs. Welch's first letter appeared, it raised a breeze. The neighborhood was deeply stirred, and, what appeared most curious to her, that which gave most offence was the reference to individuals, which she had intended to be rather complimentary. She made up her mind to face boldly the commotion she had raised, and to bear with fortitude whatever it might bring. She did not know that it was her patronizing attitude that gave the most serious offence.

"I don't mind her attack on us, but blame her impudent, patronizing air," declared the little General—"General Fossil," as Steve called him. "And to think that I should have put myself out to be especially civil to her. Steve, you are so fond of Northern cherries, I shall let you do the civilities for us both hereafter." To the little General's surprise, Steve actually reddened.

The next time Mrs. Welch met her neighbors she was conscious of the difference in their bearing toward her. It was at old St. Ann's. When she had been there before, the whole congregation had thronged about her, with warm greetings and friendly words. But now there was a marked change. Though Steve Allen and Rupert and Blair and a few others came up and spoke to them, the rest of the congregation contented themselves with returning her bows coldly from a distance, and several ladies, she was sure, studiously avoided her greeting.

"Well, sir, I knew she was a one-er as soon as I lay my eye 'pon her," said Andy Stamper to a group of his friends in the Court-yard the next Court day, "but I didn't know she was goin' to take that tack. She's done fixed up the place till you wouldn't know it from a town place. She have painted them old rooms so black, that Doan had to git a candle to see how to do it; and I was born in one of 'em. I told her I never heard o' paintin' nothin' that

black befo' but a coffin; but she said it was her favorite color."

"Pears like that's so, too, Sergeant," laughed someone.

"Now she's been over yonder to the Bend and got 'em all stirred up, diggin' dreens and whitewashin' and cuttin' poles for cross-lay."

"She'll be tryin' to whitewash *them*," said one of his auditors.

"Well, by Jingo! if she sets her mind to it, she'll make it stick," said Andy. "What gits me, is the way she ain't got some'n better to work on."

Report said that Jacquelin was blossoming into a fine young lawyer. Steve Allen declared that his practice was doubling under Jacquelin's devotion to the work, which was very well, as Steve, whether from contrariness or some other motive, was becoming a somewhat frequent visitor at Major Welch's these days.

The little General, too, was very complimentary about Jacquelin. "But he'll kill himself if he does not stop it. Why, I can see the difference in him already," he declared to Miss Thomasia, solicitously. Miss Thomasia herself had seen the change in Jacquelin's appearance since his return home. He was growing thin again, and she expostulated with him, and tried even to get Blair to do the same, for Blair always had great influence with him, she told her. Blair, however, pooh-poohed the matter, and said, indifferently, that she thought he looked very well. Miss Thomasia shook her head, sadly. Blair had not always been so hard-hearted.

But, however this was, Jacquelin did not alter his course. The negroes had become so unruly, that, as Rupert was often away from home, and his aunt was left alone, he came home every night, though it was often late before he arrived, but early in the morning he returned to the Court-house and spent the day there in his office, rarely accepting an invitation or taking any holiday.

When he and Blair met, which they did sometimes, unavoidably, there was a return of the old constraint, and even with Steve he appeared to be growing silent and self-absorbed.

Blair had become the main stay of her family. Unconsciously, she had slipped

into a position where she was the prop on which her parents leaned. She taught her little colored school, and at home was always busy about something. She vied with Mrs. Andy Stamper in raising chickens, and with Miss Thomasia in raising violets. Under her skilful management, the little cottage, and its wilderness of fruit-trees, became a rose-bower, and the fruit-trees became an orchard with its feet buried in clover. Her father said of her that she was a perpetual reproduction of the miracle of the creation; that she created the sun and followed it with all the plants and herbs after their kind.

Yet with all these duties Blair found time to run over to see Miss Thomasia, almost every day or two; at first shyly and at rarer intervals, but after she found that Jacquelin was always at his office, oftener and more freely. She always declared that a visit to Miss Thomasia was like reading one of Scott's Novels; while Miss Thomasia asserted that Blair was a breath of May.

Jacquelin, after a time, came to recognize the traces of Blair's visits in the little touches of change and improvement about the house; a pruned rose-bush here, a fold of white curtain there, and he often had to hear her praises sung by Miss Thomasia's guileless tongue; and the good lady's lament that she and Steve did not proceed a little more satisfactorily with their affairs.

She had an idea that it was on account of Steve's former reputation for wildness. "It would have been such a good influence on Steve; would be just what he needed. I quite approve of a young lady being coy and maidenly," declared Miss Thomasia, "but, of course, I know there is an understanding between them, and I must say I think Blair is carrying it too far."

She bridled, as she always did, at the thought of anyone opposing Steve. "I know that a man is sometimes driven by a young lady's cruelty—apparent cruelty—for I am sure Blair would not wittingly injure anyone—into courses very sad and injurious to him." Miss Thomasia heaved a sigh and gazed out of the window, and a moment latter resumed her knitting.

"Do you see anything of that—young lady, Miss Welch?" she asked Jacquelin, suddenly.

Jacquelin said he had not seen her for some time, except at church, and once or twice in the village, at a distance.

"I did not suppose you had," said Miss Thomasia, "She is a very nice, sweet girl—has always been very sweet to me when I have met her—but of course—!" Her lips closed firmly and she began to knit vigorously, leaving Jacquelin to wonder what she meant.

"I only wanted to know," she said, presently, and that was the only explanation she gave.

(To be continued.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE are more glimpses of Thackeray in the introduction to the leading volume of "the Daughter's Edition"—more formally the Biographical Edition—of his writings, which came out in April. This first of a series of thirteen volumes is "Vanity Fair," and Mrs. Ritchie has prefixed to it

Thackeray. about twenty-five pages of discourse about her father, with many extracts

from letters, and some interesting portraits and sketches. Her plan has been to publish memories of Thackeray which chiefly concern his books, and though altogether they will by no means amount to the biography which he disapproved, the books and the man were much too closely associated for it to be possible that memories that concern the books would not add materially to our intimate knowledge of their author. To that she is resigned. "So much," she writes, "has been forgotten, so much that is ephemeral has been recorded, that it is my desire to mark down some of the truer chords to which his life was set. For this reason I have included one letter to my mother among the rest. It will show that he knew how to value the priceless gifts of home and of happiness while they lasted, as well as to bear trouble and loneliness when they fell upon him."

We shall be glad to read that letter when it comes. The instalment of memories which this first volume brings has to do with the periods of Thackeray's life in which he gathered some of the impressions which made "Vanity Fair" possible, and with the years in which he wrote that book. There is something about his early school-days at Chiswick—the Chiswick of Miss Pinkerton's Academy—before his mother's return from India, something about his travels in Germany in his youth and the taste of polite society at Weimar in 1831, which furnished the setting, many years later, for some experiences of the worthy family of Sedleys. And there is a good deal about the years from 1846 to 1848, when he was settled in the house at Kensington and writing a great book, which was being issued in shilling numbers to a public wofully reluctant at first to accept them in place of its shillings. The first lots of manuscript went begging among the publishers, to

be undertaken, after awhile, by Bradbury & Evans. After publication was begun (on January 1, 1847), success was still so uncertain that the expediency of stopping the issue was considered, but by summer matters had mended, and the author writes that the book "does everything but pay."

It was while Thackeray was at school at Chiswick that his mother and her husband came home from India. In a letter written to India, she tells of her meeting with her son:

He had a perfect recollection of me; he could not speak, but kissed me, and looked at me again and again, and I could almost have said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He is the living image of his father, and God in heaven send that he may resemble him in all but his too short life. He is tall, stout, and sturdy. His eyes are become darker, but there is still the same dear expression. His drawing is wonderful.

There is a great deal of biography in that short extract, and the reference to Thackeray's father constitutes the only allusion to him not merely formal which ever happened to come to the present reader's notice. Evidently this boy loved his mother, and she him, as was to be expected, and one may recognize, from scraps of later letters, that the relation always continued intimate. If the man's nature was sweet, and a store of love was always in his heart ready to leaven the thoughts of a host of readers, it is obvious that he came honestly by those blessed attributes.

The interest in Thackeray is still such an intense and affectionate interest among so many readers, and the incentive to trace a connection between everything we know that was in his life and something that is in some book of his is so strong, that perhaps it is as well that we should not be able to indulge it too fully. He writes to his mother of seeing "poor, dear, old Mrs. Buller at Richmond," whose husband was dying downstairs, and who "told me with tears in her eyes what a comfort her sons had been to her. Charles, with his indifferent manner, never forgets his duty. He never brags about his goodness, but goes laughing through the world, honest and to be depended upon."

So we read, and remember "The End of the Play," and

Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?

So surely we should go on trying to fit all we learned to what we knew, and apt to put backgrounds of real life to familiar fiction. Doubtless it is as well that our ingenuity in that direction should lag in some degree for want of matter.

Mrs. Ritchie has evidently no intention of giving us more than we ought to have, and for all that she does give us we will be grateful. Among Thackeray's unpublished letters there must be many that it would do us good to read, and some of them—a good many, I hope—are on the way toward us now. To have kept from the world such a letter as that of May 1, 1848, to the Duke of Devonshire, telling what finally became of Becky Sharp, would not have been kind.

The chronology of the introductions to these books will evidently be a wonderful tangle. The most that we can expect is that between them all they will throw light on nearly every period of Thackeray's life.

THERE was an unusual opportunity in the Spring to see the American people make up its mind, and, incidentally, to form an opinion as to what sort of a conglomeration the American people is and what sort of a mind it has. It is a composite mind, of course, subject to so many conflicting influences, so many impulses, incentives, emotions, prejudices, convictions; so many restraints of thrift, reason, and conscience, that

A Novel
Spectacle. it seems wonderful that it can really arrive at a state of certainty worthy to be called a conclusion. Yet it

was demonstrated three months ago that that was possible. The American people, after years of rather listless consideration of the affairs of Cuba, and after months of agitation and uncertainty, finally made up its mind that something must be done about Cuba, and that without further delay. When the decision finally came, it came quickly. It followed Senator Proctor's report of the condition of affairs in Cuba, and especially of the condition of the reconcentrados. That report still seems to have been the determining statement of facts that settled the question. It was everywhere accepted as the record of the observations of a just man who had seen with unbiassed eyes what he described

and whose testimony could be trusted. The conclusion made necessary by that report was that the state of affairs the existence of which it recorded was too bad to continue. That accepted, the next question was what action was essential to stop it for all time. Would autonomy do it? Would any Spanish concession short of the abandonment of Cuba accomplish it? Consciously or unconsciously, the American mind grappled hard with that question. There was a profound aversion to war in the breasts of millions of persons, and an eagerness to be convinced that half measures would do. But that conviction would not come. The only conviction that would come was that Spain's authority in Cuba must end. Yellow journals greeted it with exultant yells; the young and fervent welcomed it with enthusiasm; older men and conservative newspapers tried long and faithfully to avoid it; men of business and men whose intellects had been trained to see what they wished to see rather than what was in sight tried strenuously to discredit and ignore it. That was as vain as arguing back the sea. The mind of the people had reached a conclusion. It showed conspicuously in Congress, but it also showed all the way from Maine to San Francisco. It was by no means a universal conclusion, but it was so nearly universal that the President knew just what his backing was and where the country stood. It was a conclusion shared by the unlettered, the irresponsible, the light-headed, by grave men who hated war, and realized the costs and horrors of it, and by a host of sober, God-fearing people whose thoughts ran ceaselessly and sadly, and who, unstirred by ambitions or impatience, or any lust for vengeance, sought to know only one thing: what was this country's duty in the sight of God. "For humanity's sake!" That was the effectual cry and the controlling sentiment.

They were stirring days, those days of March and April, and even the swift course of events that followed, the mustering of troops and sea-fights of tremendous moment, have not dulled our memory of them. We are used to political campaigns to decide who shall govern and which of two policies shall prevail; we are used to seeing one side win at the polls, and the other submit and go quietly about its business. But to the present generation of Americans the spectacle of the nation making up its mind about a question of foreign policy was a new thing.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE COMBINED ARTIST AND BUSINESS MAN

I

IT is jokingly said that "the American artist does not paint; he serves on committees." In this remark there is as much truth as sarcasm. Certain it is that a large number of talented men in this country have not only won distinction as artists, but also as "men of affairs."

At a recent meeting, for the purpose of organizing an important function, the majority present were representatives of artistic professions. In an hour's time a plan was perfected, the necessary committees appointed, the work outlined and assigned, and all the details of what afterward proved a most successful affair arranged. In leaving the room a layman was heard to remark "had these been business men they would not have accomplished half so much." And yet, only a few years ago nothing was further from the thoughts of these artists than the cultivation of the business ability which they now exhibit. Most of them were then students on the Continent. Paris, Munich, and Rome were their temporary homes. Their one object was art, and that for art's sake. All else was considered as far beneath them, and held in silent contempt. With no obligations to the community, no families to support, living inexpensively on funds brought from America, they cast aside care and entered into the spirit of the fascinating life about them. This existence was ideal. It had its dangers; it had also its charms; but it had along with both the sources of inspiration so difficult to find in this nineteenth century.

In those days the thought of engaging in any line of business would have been maddening. The case of one is recalled who, while deeply engrossed in his effort for the approaching *Salon*, received a request from a New York firm to attend to some matters of business in France, for which he was to receive a most acceptable compensation. The poor man was straightway in an agony of mind. Previous obligations to his New York

correspondent made it impossible for him to decline; besides, the consideration was most acceptable. Nevertheless, he became in his own eyes and in those of his friends—and not without some reason—a martyr.

But to each in his turn there came an end to the dream. The failure of funds, the unexpected letter calling for a return home, the advice of the agent that nothing had sold, the announcement of a death, or some other cause, served as an awakening, and his habitual haunts knew him no more.

No words can picture the anguish of the next two years. We pass over it in silence. Perhaps it was the artist's fault. In his view the America to which he returns is all wrong. His criticism is—"no art atmosphere"—"all matter of fact." Sad days ensue in which our talented friend quite disappears from view.

But such men are not born for oblivion, and one by one they reappear upon the scene. But what a change! We meet A. in the street and grasp his hand. We ask where he has been all this time, and what he has to show in his studio. "Well," he replies, "to tell you the truth, I am not painting just now. You see, I have arranged to write a series of articles for the ——— *Magazine*, and as soon as I get paid for them, I am going to paint in Gloucester. Next we run across B. Well, how does painting thrive? "Very well, though just at present I am teaching. I've got a large class, you know, and I am also the instructor for Madam——'s School for Girl's on Washington Heights. C. is president of a corporation; he paints in the evenings. D. tells you that he has made an invention, and is just now busy with the patents—expects more time for painting next summer. E. has gone into the business of house decorating; not mural decoration in its highest form, but he ultimately hopes to attain to that. G. is sacrificing himself as manager of an art gallery; H. holds the position of treasurer in the same institution. All are intensely interested in the political problems of the times, and stop to discuss them with you. All are active members of societies and clubs and are serving on innumerable committees, and many of them

are representative delegates to the Fine Arts Federation of New York.

It is certainly strange that those who, such a short time ago, scorned the business interests of life should now be gaining reputations for business ability. They are now, with few exceptions, family men, carrying their share of responsibilities. Some have assumed obligations as executors, others as directors or even presidents of companies. All talk with a certain knowledge of business principles, and rapid execution of business is an object to every one of them.

There are two thoughts suggested by the above: One is that every resident in America, even the artist, must be a business man. It is a prerequisite to any kind of existence in this country. The other is that perhaps, after all, the training of the artist is not such a bad one for a business career. Objective teaching, direct intercourse with nature, straightforward methods directly toward the goal sought and without regard for too many conventionalities, all these fit the mind as well for practical questions as for those artistic. Objective teaching, largely based in the study of art, is fast becoming the keynote of the modern system of education. The idea that the study of art is fatal to a business career must go. It may have had some truth when those who called themselves artists had for their highest aim the painting of some pretty picture to hang on the wall, but it has no truth in these days, when the wide nature of art and its exalted mission are beginning to dawn upon us. The pursuit of art is in itself a liberal education.

H. R. B.

II

IN the clever novel which Stevenson and his son-in-law wrote, apparently with the object of comparing and contrasting the art-student life of Paris and the money-getting life of America, one of the heroes utters his wail thus: "I do not wonder," he says, in effect, "that you want to do all this; but that you should want to do nothing else, beats me." The art students coming back from Paris find out that there are other things in the world to do; and this is unmistakably good for them. No man is the worse for becoming a business man, in the sense of one who keeps his engagements, who is prompt and punctual, who is strict not to miss his appointments or his trains, and who neither

directs wrongly his letters, nor puts the wrong letters into the wrong envelopes. To have business habits is as compatible with the successful practice of fine art as is the wearing of the conventional dress of the men of the day. Just as the painter has ceased to wear, out-of-doors, velvet jackets and hats of startling shape, so he has, in a great measure, ceased to be careless, forgetful, and lazy at the wrong time; and he may be said to have ceased altogether to justify such anomalous behavior on the ground of the artistic temperament and its necessary drawbacks.

There is always danger, however, that the world of men who are not artists will misunderstand their friends, the painters and sculptors, and will suppose them shiftless, unsteady and idle, when the reverse is the fact. The man of six hours a day steady attention to banking or to the ribbon of the stock telegraph; the man of eight hours a day steady grind at the business of the law—will be slow to learn how differently the artist does his most important work. It happens very often that a painting which will bring a very large sum to its author—a sum which will pay his rent for a year—may be earned in a few hours. From the time that the artist begins to sketch-in his charcoal outline until he finally lays down his brush with the conviction that to do more to the canvas would be to spoil it, there may have elapsed so few hours of actual work as to seem incredible when stated to the outsider. This rapidity of execution implies, however, hours and days of mental preparation; and there will be many times during that period of thought, of indecision, of passing in review of plans and schemes and motives, when the painter will seem but a languid and purposeless individual to the business man who watches him. The picture painted in a dozen hours and sold for a notable sum, implies many days of preparatory thought in which are not included the time of previous study. And, then, the picture so painted does not always sell promptly.

One sees the designer of a building which is intended to be a work of refined art as well as a mere physical convenience—one watches such a designer during the three days that succeed his first definite interview with the employer; he sketches with apparent lack of purpose on a scrap of paper as big as an envelope; he looks out of the window; he whistles; he opens a dozen big books and

piles them one upon another; he selects from a great bunch of photographs a dozen which are laid upon the great books; he smokes most unduly. At the end of three days he begins to draw. No Philistine who might see him then would take him for an idle fellow.

If the well-paid writer could work eight hours a day at turning out copy; if the somewhat successful painter could work eight hours a day at producing salable canvasses; they, and not the heads of big factories, would be the rich men of the time. Their position is not so very unlike that of the professor in a great university whose salary, small enough when measured by the earnings of his friends, the business men and the lawyers, seems yet large when compared to the number of hours which he spends weekly in the lecture-room. Artist and professor are paid for much besides their hours of visibly fruitful labor, and when all this is reckoned their pay is low enough!

In fact, neither artist nor professor is necessarily an unbusinesslike person, and it is well that the public should be reminded how very energetic, clear-headed, and purposeful the artists of great cities have lately shown themselves to be.

Z. Z.

III

WHAT is it to be business-like? As the American world stands to-day it means, very often, to be shrewd and cunning. What is the business man? He is, in many men's minds, the wide-awake fellow who has discovered a way of getting much more than he earns. What is business? As very often understood among us, it is the art of juggling money out of your neighbor's pocket into your own. There is a world in which to earn your bread by honest and continuous labor is not to be business-like—is not even to be "in business." In that world, to take advantage of opportunities, to conceal what you may have learned, and to trade upon your knowledge, is business. Misleading even, if secrecy cannot otherwise be obtained; that is business. In short, in that world to be business-like is to be unscrupulous. A lover of fine art may continue to hope that its devotees will not too rapidly become business men in that sense.

It has been said above that artists nowadays know how to manage their affairs. That is well. No man can be too prompt and too

attentive to duty. When the duty is to paint we may suppose that the painter does it with all his soul. *Hoc age* is a good adage for artists as well as business men. It is a fact, by the way, that John Ruskin, of all men the least a man of the world, sealed his letters at one time with a seal bearing that motto and nothing else. We like to hear of the parson whose sermon for Sunday was always written on the Monday morning previous. We rejoice to learn of men living in the world of thought, of books, and of art, who can do their work on time. We like to know the writer or the artist, as well as the superintendent or chief of the department, who is always up to his work. Nothing can be more likely to inspire confidence than the manner of the man who is never hurried. No man can be more likely to gain our confidence, in any pursuit, than he who has always leisure to talk with us—evidently, because his work is well up to date.

The world will go on believing, however, that the artists may still lack something of perfection in these respects. If that be a true report, can they not be kept from becoming business men in the other sense? They have been compared above with the professors. That is well, for teachers and artists have kept, so far, the habit of living by their wages. They have done their work and then drawn their pay. In common with blacksmiths and bricklayers, they have toiled and have been recompensed for their toil. This honorable way of life the artists are solicited, on all sides, to abandon. One hates to hear of their serving on committees. One dreads their association with "business men" in boards of management. What will become of the art power of the man who learns that dollars by the thousand can be "made" by skilful management, while hundreds are all that his best work, his own hand work, can bring him? Heaven keep the artist from the knowledge and from the relish of business methods and business habits!

R. S.

IV

OF the cases suggested in the first paragraph above, some are rather those of men who are not so much artists and business men at one and the same time, as men who have changed their calling. Some of the painters, who "do not paint, but serve on committees," probably never could be painters in any higher sense of the word, and mis-

took their vocation when they studied the art of painting. There are in every profession, in every line of business, men who have previously been engaged in other pursuits, but we do not on that account call them by the name of their previous occupation. We do not speak of a ranch-owner as a lawyer, even if he has once been a lawyer, nor of an actuary as a professor of mathematics, even though that has once been his calling. Why, then, do we hear of artists who have gone into business? Is it because of the extraordinary charm of the artist-life, which is so very delightful that even the man who has taken up other work cannot make up his mind to abandon it entirely? This powerful charm exists and it is well that the artist should live in an atmosphere of art. Intercourse with workers who, like himself, are trying to solve delicate and difficult problems of execution; communion with fellow-artists, and with the work of the great masters—all this forms not only a most delightful environment, but one most necessary to the artist. And the world of ordinary affairs is not more unfit for the artist than is the world of literature. Whether the sculptor, for instance, is thrown among railroad kings or professors of mathematics, or shop-keepers or writers of criticism, each of these societies is a bad one for him to live in. Nor is this true only in this country. It is true in the other countries of the world, and would be true in any land we can now imagine. The mental process by which a work of fine art is produced seems to be inconceivable to the layman. And herein lies the general failure of art criticism. This failure is conceded by all; but not all recognize that the difficulty lies in the lack of understanding in the men who are not producers of works of fine art, of the manner in which such works of fine art are produced. This is why the artist should have the daily companionship of his fellows, and why, if he become a business man in the ordinary sense of the word, he will cease to be a producer of good art and to be a good judge of his own productions.

M. S. T.

V

THEMISTOCLES said that he "could not make use of any stringed instrument; could

only, were a small and obscure city put into his hands, make it great and glorious." In this way did the budding statesman declare at once his belief in himself and his belief that politics are the only pursuit worthy of an able man. He has his sympathizers; but the artist is he who would rather play the stringed instrument rightly, and, who, *a fortiori*, would rather compose music for it, greatly, than deal in public affairs at all.

Make a small city great and glorious? Yes, but what if the one worthy object of having a great and glorious city be to shelter the artist, with his compeer, the thinker and the student? What was the city which Themistocles did, indeed, make great and glorious, but a home for the artist, the dramatist, the philosopher? The greatness and the glory which Themistocles sought to give, and gave, to his city, vanished within the lifetime of one man, but during those seventy years the walls of Athens had sheltered Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles and Aristophanes; Plato, Socrates, and Xenophon; Thucydides; Phidias and the sculptors who worked under him: the architects of the Parthenon and the Propylæa; the creators of expressional painting whom we refer to when we vaguely say "Polygnotus." What is the city good for, what is the state good for, but as a means to an end? That the individual shall live his life freely and do his work under the fitting conditions—that is all we have to ask of the state. Let Themistocles build it up if he will; the artist will thank him for that, chiefly because the conditions are thus provided for the production of the work of art.

The production of the work of art; is this, then, the chief reason why the state should exist? The artist may be permitted to think so; it is his business to think so. It is his business to think that a noble work of art is the noblest achievement of man, and that the state exists chiefly that such works of art may be brought into being. To the artist, the work of art is the noblest intellectual work of man. Until the non-artistic world understand that he holds this belief and somewhat of his reasons for holding it, the artist had better live among his fellows, and mainly apart from the world which does not and cannot really comprehend him.

R. S.



Drawn by I. W. Taber.

DECK OF THE BONHOMME RICHARD DURING THE FIGHT WITH THE SERAPIS.

—John Paul Jones in the Revolution.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV

AUGUST, 1898

NO. 2



Tampa Bay Hotel.

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD OF THE WAR

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR THE MAGAZINE BY D. L. ELMENDORF

AFTER Dewey's victory on May 1st, and while Sampson was chasing the will-of-the-wisp squadron of Spain, the army lay waiting at Tampa and marked time. The army had no wish to mark time, but it had no choice.

It could not risk going down to the sea in ships as long as there was the grim chance that the Spanish fleet would suddenly appear above the horizon line and send the transports to the bottom of the Florida straits. The army longed to be "up and at them;" it was impatient, hot, and exasperated, but there was true common-sense in waiting and a possible failure in an advance without a convoy, and so it continued through the month of May

to chafe and fret and perspire at Tampa. Tampa was the port selected by the Government as the one best suited for the embarkation to Cuba. There is a Port of Tampa, and a city nine miles inland, of the same name. The army was distributed at the port and in the pine woods back of the city, and the commanding generals of the invading army, with their several staffs, made their head-quarters at the Tampa Bay Hotel.

And so for a month the life of the army was the life of an hotel, and all those persons who were directly or indirectly associated with the army, and who were coming from or going to Key West, came to this hotel and added to its interest. It was

fortunate that the hotel was out of all proportion in every way to the size and wealth of Tampa, and to the number of transient visitors that reasonably might be expected to visit that city. One of the cavalry generals said: "Only God knows why Plant built an hotel here; but thank God he did."

The hotel stands on grounds reclaimed from the heavy sand of the city. It is the real oasis in the real desert—a giant affair of ornamental brick and silver minarets in a city chiefly composed of derelict wooden houses drifting in an ocean of sand; a dreary city, where the sand has swept the paint from the houses, and where sand swamps the sidewalks and creeps into the doors and windows. It is a city where one walks ankle-deep in sand, and where the names of avenues are given to barren spaces of scrubby undergrowth and palmettoes and pines hung with funereal moss.

In the midst of this desolation is the hotel. It is larger than the palaces which Ismail Pasha built over-night at Cairo and outwardly not unlike them in appearance, and so enormous that the walk from the rotunda to the dining-room helps one to an appetite.

It has great porches as wide and as long as a village street, shut in behind screens of climbing vines and clusters of mammoth red and yellow flowers. In the made-grounds about it are made-gardens of flowers of brilliant colors, and palms and palmettoes of every shape and of every shade of green.

Birds sing over the flower-beds, and peacocks strut and chatter. It is like an Eastern garden, and the hotel itself struggles against the brick and plaster lines to be Oriental too. It has the curved tops of a mosque over the doors and windows; great crescents are cut in the woodwork and stamped in the plaster, and are flung out against the sky, and minarets that glow at

night like a dozen light-houses are distributed along the great lines of its roof. Arches of colored electric lights spread out over the door-way, and Turkish rugs and palms in pots fill miles of hall-way.

It is something between Shepherd's Hotel, at Cairo, and the Casino Roof Garden.

Someone said it was like a Turkish harem with the occupants left out. For



Captain Arthur H. Lee and Count von Goetzen, British and German Military Attachés.

at first there were no women at the hotel. It was an Eveless Eden, and during the early part of May the myriads of rocking-chairs on the long porches were filled with men. This was the rocking-chair period of the war. It was an army of occupation, but it occupied the piazza of a big hotel.

Everyone believed that the army was going to move in two days. "Well, certainly by Monday," they would say. So at first everyone lived on a war basis. All impedimenta were shipped North, white linen was superseded by flannel shirts, collars were abandoned for polka-dot kerchiefs. Men, fearing the mails would

prove too slow, telegraphed for supplies, not knowing that they could walk North and back again before the army would move.

Those were the best days of the time of waiting. Officers who had not met in years, men who had been classmates at West Point, men who had fought together and against each other in the last war, who had parted at army posts all over the West, who had been with Miles after Geronimo, with Forsythe at Wounded Knee, with Hardie and Hunter in the Garcia campaign along the Rio Grande, were gathered together apparently for an instant onslaught on a common enemy, and were left to dangle and dawdle under electric lights and silver minarets. Their talk was only of an immediate advance. It was to be "as soon as Sampson smashes the Cape Verde fleet." "It will be all over in two weeks," they said. "We're not going to have a look in at all," they growled. "Do you know what we are? We're an army of occu-



Maj.-General Joseph Wheeler.

pation, that's all we are. Spain will surrender when her fleet is smashed, and we'll only march in and occupy Havana." So they talked and argued and rocked and drank gallons of iced tea, and the hot days wore into weeks. Life then centred around the bulletin-board; men stood eight deep, peering over each other's shoulders as each new telegram followed fast and was pasted up below



Tampa Bay Hotel Piazza.

the last. Outside, in the sun, horse dealers from every part of the State led their ponies up and down before the more or less knowing eyes of dough-boy officers and war correspondents, and this daily sale of horses was the chief sign of our activity—this and the frequent reappointment of commanding generals.

One day General Wade was the man of the hour, the next it was General Shafter, and every day came promises of the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief himself. "Miles is coming in a special car," everybody told everybody else. "Now we shall certainly start," everybody said, and each man began to mobilize his laundry, and recklessly paid his hotel bill and went over his campaign kit for the thirtieth time. But the Commander-in-Chief did not come until after many false alarms, and gloom fell upon the hotel, and many decided it would be cheaper to buy it outright than to live there any longer, so they slept under canvas with the soldiers, and others shaved again and discarded piece by piece the panoply of war. Leggings and canvas shooting-coats gave way to white duck, fierce sombreros to innocent straw hats, and at last wives and daughters arrived on the scene of our inactivity, and men unstrapped their trunks and appeared in evening dress.

It was the beginning of the end. We knew then that whether Sampson smashed the ubiquitous fleet or not, we were condemned to the life of a sea-side summer

resort and to the excitement of the piazzas. The men who gathered on those piazzas were drawn from every part of the country and from every part of the world, and we listened to many strange stories of strange lands from the men best fitted to tell them. Lieutenant Rowan, just back from six weeks with Garcia, and bronzed and hidden in an old panama hat, told us

lingered with the army of the rocking-chairs for a day before swimming into Matanzas harbor and going to Cabañas prison. Captain Dorst tried to explain why the Gussie expedition failed, as though its name were not reason enough; and young Archibald, who accompanied it, and who was the first correspondent to get shot, brought wounds into contempt by refusing to wear his wound in a bloody bandage, and instead hid his honors under his coat.

There were also General O. O. Howard, and Ira Sankey, who bustled about in the heat, preaching and singing to the soldiers; Miss Clara Barton, of her own unofficial Red Cross Army; Mr. George Kennan, and Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who had views to exchange on Russia and why they left it, and General Fitzhugh Lee, looking like a genial Santa Claus, with a glad smile and glad greeting for everyone, even at the risk of his becoming Vice-President in consequence; and there was also General "Joe" Wheeler, the best type of the courteous Southern gentleman, the sort of whom Page tells us of in his novels, on whom politics had left no mark, who was courteous because he could not help being so, who stood up when a second lieutenant was introduced to him, and who ran as lightly as a boy to help a woman move a chair, or to assist her to step from a



A Group of War Correspondents.

Frederic Remington.

Caspar Whitney.
Grover Flint.

Richard Harding Davis.

Capt. Arthur H. Lee, R.A.,
British Military Attaché.

of the insurgent camp; Major Grover Flint, who had been "marching with Gomez," told us of him; William Astor Chandler, in the uniform of a Cuban colonel, from which rank he was later promoted to that of captain in our own volunteer army, talked of Africa with Count von Goetzen, the German military attaché, who was also an African explorer; Stephen Bonsal and Caspar Whitney, both but just back from Siam, discoursed on sacred elephants and white ants; and E. F. Knight, the London *Times* correspondent,

carriage. There was also, at the last, Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, with energy and brains and enthusiasm enough to inspire a whole regiment, and there were military attachés in strange, grand uniforms, which kept the volunteer army gaping.

But the two men of greatest interest to the army of the rocking-chairs were probably America's representative, Frederic Remington, and Great Britain's representative with our army, Captain Arthur H. Lee. These two held impromptu receptions at

every hour of the day, and every man in the army either knew them or wanted to know them. Remington was, of course, an old story, but Lee, the new friend and the actual sign of the new alliance, ran him close in popularity. There was no one, from the generals to the enlisted men, who did not like Lee. I know many Englishmen, but I know very few who could have won the peaceful victory this young captain of artillery won; who would have known so well just what to see and to praise—and when to keep his eyes and

mouth shut. No other Englishman certainly could have told American stories as well as he did and not have missed the point.

Many strange experiences and many adventures had fallen to the lot of some of these men, and had the war been delayed a

little longer, the stories they told under the colored lights of the broad verandas would have served for a second "Thousand and One Nights," and would have held as great an interest. They were as familiar with the Kremlin as with the mosque of St. Sophia, with Kettner's Res-



Correspondent Bargaining for a Horse.

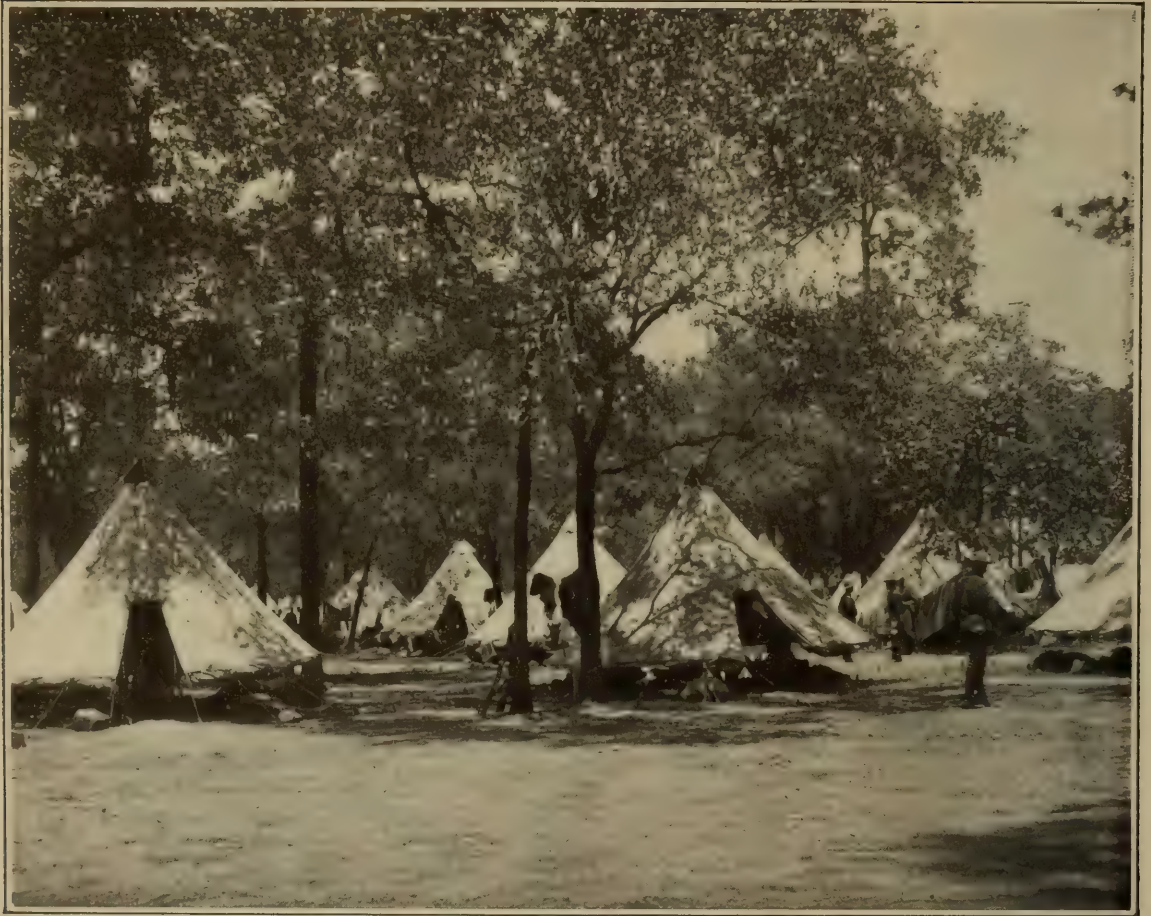


Cuban Volunteers Marching.

taurant as with the Walls of Silence. They knew the love-story of every consul along the Malaysian Peninsula and the east coast of Africa, and why he had left home; they disagreed as to whether laced leggings or heavy boots are better in a Borneo jungle; they talked variously in marks, taels, annas, and shillings; they had been chased by

lions, and then, feeling some doubt as to his nerve, dropped four thousand feet out of a balloon to test it.

On the whole, it was an interesting collection of men—these generals with new shoulder-straps on old tunics, these war correspondents and military attachés, who had last met in the Soudan and Greece,



A Typical Camp Scene at Tampa.

elephants and had shot rhinoceri; and they had themselves been fired over, with the Marquis Yamagata in Corea, with Kitchener in Egypt, with Maceo in Cuba, and with Edam Pasha in Thessaly. One of them had taken six hundred men straight across Africa, from coast to coast; another had explored it for a year and a half without meeting a white man. This man had explored China disguised as a Chinaman and Russia as a Russian; that had travelled more hundreds of miles on snow-shoes than any other American, Indian, or Canadian; there was one who had been to school with an emperor, and another who had seen an empress beheaded, and another who had shot thirteen

and these self-important and gloomy Cuban generals, credulous and mysterious; these wealthy young men from the Knickerbocker Club, disguised in canvas uniforms and Cuban flags, who are not to be confused with the same club's proud contribution to the Rough Riders. There were also women of the Red Cross Army, women of the Salvation Army, and pretty Cuban refugees from Havana, who had taken a vow not to dance until Havana fell. Each night all of these people gathered in the big rotunda while a band from one of the regiments played inside, or else they danced in the big ball-room. One imaginative young officer compared it to the ball at Brussels on the night before



First Artillery—"Fire."

Waterloo; another, less imaginative, with a long iced drink at his elbow and a cigar between his teeth, gazed at the colored electric lights, the palm-trees, the whirling figures in the ball-room, and remarked sententiously: "Gentlemen, as General Sherman truly said, 'war is hell.'"

Four miles outside of this hotel, sleeping under the pines and in three inches of dirty sand, there were at first ten thousand and then twenty-five thousand men. They were the Regulars and Volunteers, and of the two, the Volunteers were probably the more interesting. They were



Serving Rations in Camp.

an unknown proposition ; they held the enthusiasm of amateurs ; they were making unusual sacrifices, and they were breaking home-ties which the Regulars had broken so long before the war came that the ties had had time to reknit. The wife or mother of the Regular had grown accustomed to his absence, and had arranged her living expenses on a basis of his monthly pay ; the family of the Vol-

unteer, were from the small towns in the western half of Massachusetts ; they were farmers' sons, and salesmen in village stores ; some of them were country lawyers, and many of them worked in the mills. They took to the trees and lakes contentedly ; their nerves did not jerk and twitch at the enforced waiting ; they had not been so highly fed with excitement as the New York boys ; they did not miss the



Third Cavalry at Drill.

unteer, on the contrary, were used to see him come home every evening and hang his hat in the hall, and had been living on the salary he received as a book-keeper, salesman, or mill-hand. So the Volunteers had cares which the Regulars did not feel for those at home, as well as the discomforts of the present moment. Neither of them showed much anxiety as to the future.

The first two regiments of Volunteers to arrive at Lakeland, which lies an hour's ride farther back than Tampa, were the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts. They made an interesting contrast. The New York men were city-bred ; they had the cockney's puzzled contempt for the country. Palm-trees, moss hanging from trees, and alligators were as interesting to them as the first sight of a Pathan prisoner to a British Tommy. Their nerves had been edged by the incessant jangle of cable-cars and the rush and strain of elevated trains. Their palates had been fed on Sunday papers and Wall Street tickers ; their joys were those of the roof-gardens, and Muschenheim's, of Coney Island, and the polo grounds. The Massachusetts men, on the other

rush and hurry of Broadway. Their wants were curiously in character. One of them "wanted to see a stone fence once more before he was shot," and another "wanted to drink water from a well again out of a bucket." He shut his eyes and sucked in his lips at the recollection. The others all nodded gravely ; they all knew they had drunk out of wooden buckets. The New York men knew nothing of stone walls. They made jokes of their discomforts, and added others from Weber & Fields, and their similes showed that they had worked when at home in the law courts, the city hospitals, and in the department stores. "The food was not exactly Shanley's," they said, and the distance across the lake was about that of the home stretch at Morris Park. They were more restless, nervous, and argumentative than the New England men, and they held the Spaniard in fine contempt. They "wouldn't do a thing to him," they said. The Massachusetts men were more modest. I told them that the New York men were getting up athletic sports, and running races between the athletes of the different companies.

"Oh, well," said one of the New Eng-



First Artillery Horses Bathing in the Surf.

land men, "when they find out who is their fastest runner, I'll challenge him to run away from the first Spaniard we see. I'll bet I beat him by a mile." It is a good sign when a regiment makes jokes at the expense of its courage. It is likely to be most unpleasant when the fighting begins.

It seemed a fact almost too good to be

true, that the great complaint of the New York men was the superabundance of beans served out to them, and that the first complaint of the sons of Massachusetts was that they had not received beans enough. "Beans for breakfast, beans for lunch, beans for dinner—what t'ell!" growled the New Yorkers.



Leaving the Water.



Third Cavalry—"Present, Sabres."

"And as for beans," shrieked a Massachusetts warrior, "they don't give you enough to fill a tablespoon."

The Regular soldier was professionally indifferent. He was used to camp-life, and regarded soldiering as a business. Indeed some of them regarded it so entirely as a business, and as nothing more, that those whose time had expired in camp did not re-enlist for the war, but went off into private life in the face of it. That is where they differed from the Volunteer, who left private life the moment war came. A great many of these time-expired Regulars did not re-enlist because they preferred to join the Volunteers, where advancement is more rapid, and where their superior experience would soon obtain for them the rank of sergeant, or possibly a commission.

Those who did remain were as fine a looking body of soldiers as can be seen in any of the Continental regiments. Indeed, there are so few of them that the recruiting officer has only himself to blame if he fails to pick out the best, and the result of his selection is that the men of our Regular army correspond to the *corps d'élite* of European armies. Whether it was General Randolph's artillerymen firing imaginary shrapnel at imaginary foes, or the dough-boys in skirmish line among the roots of the palmettoes, or at guard-mounting, or the cavalrymen swimming their horses, with both horse and man entirely stripped for action, the discipline

was so good that it obtruded itself; and the manner in which each man handled his horse or musket, and especially himself, made you proud that they were American soldiers, and desperately sorry there were so few of them.

An American citizen thinks the American soldier is the best, for the easy reason

that he is an American; but there were three Englishmen whose profession had qualified them to know soldiers of every land, and who were quite as enthusiastic over the cavalry as any American could be—as is Frederic Remington, for instance. For one thing, all of our men are physically as large as Life Guardsmen, and what they lose in contrast by lack of gold and pipe-clay, and through the inferiority of their equipment and uniform, is made up to them in the way they ride a horse. A German or English trooper sits his horse like a clothes-pin stuck on a line—the line may rise or sag, or swing in the wind, but the clothes-pin maintains its equilibrium at any cost, and is straight, unbending, and a thing to itself. The American trooper, with his deep saddle and long stirrup, swings with the horse, as a ship rides at anchor on the waves; he makes a line of grace and strength and suppleness from the rake of his sombrero to the toe of his hooded stirrup. When his horse walks, he sits it erect and motionless; when it trots, he rises with it, but never leaves the saddle; and when it gallops he swings in unison with it, like a cow-boy, or a cockswain in a racing-shell.

It was a wonderful sight to see two thousand of these men advancing through the palmettoes, the red and white guidons fluttering at the fore, and the horses sweeping onward in a succession of waves, as though they were being driven forward by the wind. It will always puzzle me to know what the American people found to

occupy them of such importance as to keep them from coming to see their own army, no matter how small it was, while it was rehearsing and drilling among the pines and palms of Florida. There will be few such chances again to see a brigade of cavalry advancing through a forest of palms in a line two miles long, and breaking up into skirmishers and Cos-sack outposts, with one troop at a trot and another at a walk, and others tearing, cheering through the undergrowth, their steel swords flashing over their heads and the steel horse-shoes flashing underfoot. It was a fine spectacle, and it was due to such occasional spectacles in and around the camps that the rocking-chair life was rendered bearable.

But at last it came to an end, for the Commander-in-Chief finally arrived, and with him his staff in the new uniform, looking very smart and very soldierly; and all the other officers who had been suffering at Tampa, in heavy blue tunics without pockets, gazed but once upon the staff, and with envy, and then telegraphed frantically for the khaki outfit that would not come.

We were all desperately hurried then; we had no idea where we were going, nor for how long. No secret, be it said to the credit of the censor and the staff officers, was ever better kept; but we knew, at least, that we were going, and that was joy, and the tears and rage of those who were to be left behind was a fine thing to see.

One hour we thought Santiago was the place, and the next Porto Rico, and the next we swung back to Santiago. We thought this because A, of such a staff, had told B, of another staff, who had told C, that we would take only ten days' rations. On the other hand, the Japanese military attaché had been told to take his tent with him; so that must mean a landing at Mariel. Still, the censor had objected to the word "spurs," so it must be Matanzas. It was all quite as absurd as that, and, as a matter of fact, no one knew up to the hour when we were ordered on board. By the time this is printed we all shall know perhaps that it was none of these places. But wherever it may be, the deck of a transport going somewhere is better than a rocking-chair locked to the piazza of an hotel.



Transports Waiting for the Troops at Port Tampa.



Montgomery.

Rogers.

Panther New Orleans,
towing Amphitrite.
New York.

Cincinnati.
Wasp.
Foote.

Sampson's Fleet Sailing
Drawn by L. A. Shafer from



Detroit.
Indiana.

Mayflower.
Kanapaha.

Puritan.
Vesuvius.

Annapolis. Newport.
Miantonomoh. Machias. Wilmington.
Associated Press Boat.

due East, Thursday May 26th.
diagram by John R. Spears.

THE CHASE OF CERVERA

By John R. Spears

AT 12.15 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, May 4, 1898, the battle-ships Iowa and Indiana left the anchorage off Sand Key light, Key West, and headed away to the south at cruising speed. To the spectators, and to about every man of the crews as well, their sailing thus was a mystery. For, with the flag-ship they had been recalled from their blockading stations off the Cuban shore, three days before, and during the interval at the anchorage the crews had been engaged in preparations that, even to a landsman, could mean but one thing, and that an impending battle. For each of the three ships was loaded full of coal and other supplies, the small boats were busily engaged in bringing off from Fort Taylor bags of sand, that were piled in places about the decks that lacked protection from an enemy's fire, and thick chain-cables were distributed where they might serve the purpose of armor rather than that for which they were designed. Farragut, at the mouth of the Mississippi, did not labor more faithfully or effectively than Sampson did now for the protection of the crews. On top of all this, was the still more important fact that neither the Admiral nor any of his staff, nor the Captain of either of the ships, would say a word about the event that impended, and as for the rest of the officers, very few, if any, knew what was to be done.

As the reader remembers, the war was not then two weeks old, and it had been conducted on the basis of a peaceful blockade. Some of us who were spectators when the battle-ships sailed that night, guessed the policy had been changed, and that the better one of pushing the fight would now prevail. Very likely a foothold on Cuban soil was to be taken—possibly Havana itself was to be attacked. We had heard, indeed, that Admiral Cervera, of the Spanish Navy, had been at the Cape Verde Islands with a considerable fleet, and that he had sailed, but that he was in any way involved in these preparations,

did not seem at all likely. Why should he risk his ships in a conflict with the superior force under Admiral Sampson?

As the night wore away at the anchorage, the lights of the cruiser Detroit disappeared, followed by those of a Yankee steam-coaster, the Niagara, that had come to the flag-ship loaded with coal. Then, at the peep of dawn, the flag-ship herself got up her anchor and away we all went—the flag-ship and the newspaper despatch boats—heading straight for the blockade rendezvous off Juruco Cove, twelve miles east of Havana, where we found, on arriving soon after midday, the two battle-ships awaiting us.

Thereat the three big fighters formed in line, and without incident, save when the flag-ship went in chase of two strange steamers, only to learn that they were newspaper boats, we held a steady course to the east until soon after nightfall, perhaps 7.30 o'clock.

At that time we were very nearly abreast of Cardenas light-house, and we had just noticed its white gleam when, as if by magic, eight vertical lines of red and white signal lights appeared out of the night ahead of us.

A few moments later the moon came from behind some heavy clouds, and there, on the silver-white water, lay the monitors Terror and Amphitrite, the cruisers Detroit and Montgomery, the torpedo boat Porter, the armed tug Wompatuck and the coal carrier Niagara.

Not since the days of sailing frigates has a more beautiful sea picture been seen than that off Cardenas light, that night; though the truth is, few of us considered its beauties very much. We were thinking a deal more of what was to come, because the presence of the supply-ship told us very plainly that we were bound on a long cruise, and no cruise could be more prolonged than one in which a search was to be made for the Spanish fleet from the Cape Verdes. And a search for the Cape Verde fleet it proved to be.

Perhaps, before giving further details of



Manœuvring of the Fleet at the Bombardment of San Juan.

this search—a search that ended with the bombardment of San Juan de Porto Rico, I may be permitted to say, on the authority of men who know, that the squadron which Admiral Sampson had to take when going in chase of the Spanish was not only most remarkable; it was, from at least one point of view, simply absurd. One need not be a trained naval man to understand this. For consider the Spanish squadron. Admiral Cervera had four modern ships, every one of which was rated at a speed of twenty knots, not to mention his swift torpedo-boat destroyers like the *Furor*. His was a twenty-knot squadron, well armored and well armed. To catch this twenty-knot squadron Admiral Sampson had the twenty-one knot *New York*, the seventeen-knot *Iowa*, the 15.5 knot *Indiana*, the 10.5 knot *Terror* and *Amphitrite*, a squadron that at best was fit to

make for brief intervals a speed of ten knots and for a full day's passage no more than eight. This is not to criticise the Admiral, he had to take what was given to him.

Placing the 10.5-knot *Amphitrite* in tow of the 17-knot *Iowa*, Admiral Sampson, at ten o'clock on the night of May 4th, started in chase of the 20-knot Spaniards. The next morning he had to take the *Terror* in tow of the *New York*, and thereafter we all moped at an average speed of under seven knots, away through the long narrow channel that lies between the Bahama group on the north and the chain that is formed by Cuba, Hayti, and Porto Rico, on the south.

Save for the capture on the 5th of a little Spanish brigantine that was coming all the way from the Argentine Republic with a load of dried beef for Havana, there was little of stirring interest done by

the squadron for several days. We cruised along in line of battle after a fashion. The New York with the Terror in tow on the right (south), the Iowa with the Amphitrite in tow on the left, and the Indiana astern of all formed a compact, and, for the purpose of defence, a formidable fighting nucleus. And there was the Detroit on outpost at the north with the Montgomery in a similar place on the south, while the swift Porter was alternately shuttling to and fro as a messenger, or dragging lazily over the sea from a tow line astern of the Detroit. To a novice the squadron was unquestionably of unceasing interest.

The towing was necessary, of course, in order to save coal. Not that no coal was used on the monitor, however, for when the longitude of Cape Haytien, Hayti, was reached, they had to refill their bunkers, and so indeed did the Detroit and Montgomery. Fortunately—most fortunately, the weather favored. The sea was so smooth that the thin-sided Niagara was able to take both monitors alongside at once, like a pair of twins, and nurse them up. The Porter, too, got coal across the deck of a monitor, and after that the two cruisers had a turn. The coaling was completed on Monday, May 9th.

After that we loitered off the port until despatches had been sent to and received from Washington, and then we jogged along to the eastward again, until the afternoon of May 11th. It was a jog perforce. The monitors could not serve as cruisers, coax them as their officers might, and even the machinery of the Indiana was not in perfect trim for such service.

At five o'clock on the 11th, the Admiral shifted his flag to the Iowa. We were then less than fifty miles from San Juan, Porto Rico, and from the dispatches received at Cape Haytien, there was reason to suppose that Admiral Cervera's ships were lying there refitting for a raid either on Yankee blockaders or the Yankee coast. An attack on the port was therefore inevitable, and it seemed not at all improbable that Cervera, who, if there, had learned from the Spanish consul at Cape Haytien of the presence of the Yankees, would come out to meet us on the open sea, where the superior speed of his ships would be of some advantage to him.

That it was a night of sleepless vigilance among the American ships scarcely need be said. Not a light of any kind, save well-shrouded taffrail followers, was displayed after nightfall. No one even took a smoke on deck, and the usual strokes of the bells to count the hours were omitted.

In perfect silence, and well-nigh invisible to each other, we drifted in until, at three o'clock on the morning of the 12th, the flickering electric lights of the city streets came into view, and then all hands were called on every ship.

A most impressive moment was that as we came on deck and saw the dim traces of the city through the night. One who was there knows now how the tiger feels as it creeps up on its sleeping prey.

In the flush of dawn that soon came on apace, the city appeared out of the shades as a yellow-walled checker of houses blanketed over a low ridge, lying east and west along the sea. At the east the ridge fell away into a sandy beach that was lost in a swamp. Along the front the trade-wind waves broke in tossing masses against a precipitous wall that, at the west, rose into a bluff seemingly fifty feet high, and there, dark and frowning, stood the ancient Morro Castle, at once a fortress and a hopeless prison for political offenders.

At the foot of this bluff lay the channel leading to the harbor behind the ridge, and there was where every Yankee afloat hoped we would find the Spanish fleet.

Over to the west, across this channel, was a tiny island, and back of all, rising terrace on terrace, in the gloom, were the hills and mountains. It was a scene of growing beauty in the morning light, but the mind could not dwell on that, for there was our squadron, still silent and dark, drifting steadily toward the harbor. But the order of the ships was changed, now that a battle impended.

Ahead of all—a thousand yards in advance of the flag-ship Iowa—steamed the little cruiser Detroit, sent there by the Admiral. We could see that a man was on a tiny platform, over each rail, swinging a lead to take the depth of water, and while we looked, a tiny American ensign, that had been set just over the breech of her after pivot gun by an enthusiastic gunner, to the joy of the whole squadron, a few days before, was observed in place flapping

vigorously in the brisk morning breeze. And that is something worth telling, too, trifling as it may seem, because at that moment not another piece of bunting, save the Admiral's flag, was to be seen in all the squadron.

To the right, at a distance of five hundred yards off the flag-ship's bow, and heading well in toward the westerly side of the channel (toward Cabras Island), was the tug Wompatuck. She was towing a small boat that had a red flag flying from an improvised staff, and this boat was to be anchored and left whenever the water shoaled to ten fathoms, in order that the squadron might have a landmark to steer by, later, when the fight was on, and smoke obscured the marks ashore.

At this time Admiral Sampson was on the bridge of the Iowa, with Captain Robley D. Evans, who is affectionately called "Fighting Bob," by his men. And for the other officers of this ship as well as of every other ship off San Juan, it must be said that every one was either on bridge or superstructure unless he was stationed below. And so, too, of every member of the crew. Few, indeed, of these men had ever been under fire, but as was noted by more than one observer, there was only one difference between their bearing now and that when at common drill. They were at once silent and alert.

And another fact about them will be significant to those who know the history of the navy. Many of them were picking their teeth—all had been served with an early breakfast.

Even as the growing light showed that the ships were well within range of the Morro showed, too, a fort on a small island west of the channel, and a succession of new works extending from the Morro easterly along the precipitous front of the city and away to the sandy beach at the east—even then the men looked on in silence and with no other move as they waited for the call to quarters, than an occasional glance at the officers who were in immediate charge of them.

Finally—it was at five o'clock precisely—the call was heard, and away they ran. In a minute they reached their stations and began to cast loose and provide the guns with the speed and certainty of a practice drill. But to what was done in

practice drill was now added one other operation. Men walked to and fro scattering gray sand thickly over the decks, sand that would give the men a foothold, though the blood from dead and wounded were flowing in floods, where work had to be done.

Eight minutes later some signals fluttered to the signal yard on the military mast of the Iowa, and a minute or two later we saw the ensigns begin to rise to the trucks of masts and staffs all over the fleet—holiday ensigns, work-a-day ensigns, ensigns for use in foul weather; new ensigns and ensigns that were old and patched. Even the Admiral's flag came down from the truck of the Iowa's military mast and was hoisted—where does the reader think? To a smoke-stack guy in order that Old Glory might float highest of all. Battle-ships and monitors have few spars and those of the smallest size, but by 5.15 o'clock there was not a ship afloat off San Juan that did not display at least three ensigns to the honor of the nation.

Up to this moment not a sign of life had been seen on shore save as the flicker of the street lamps and the flash from the light-house tower told of some who were on duty there. The flag-ship was now perhaps eighteen hundred yards from the Morro. The Detroit, at a distance of one thousand yards nearer, turned to the east, called the leadsmen from the chains, and steamed slowly across the sea front of the old fortress. The tug Wompatuck cut loose the small boat on the western edge of the channel and having anchored it there, started out to sea. And then, at a word from the Admiral, at 5.17 o'clock, a lean six-pounder at the starboard end of the Iowa's bridge, was aimed at a port in the curtain wall of the Morro and fired. The battle was on.

Instinctively, as the sharp crack of the little rifle was heard, all eyes turned toward the Detroit. She was so close in shore, and an instant return fire at her was expected. And so we saw, but can never describe, how the gunner who had kept the flag flying over the breech of his pivot gun took it from its place, rolled it up, shoved it into the open breast of his shirt, and then, as he turned the gun to point at the enemy, flung open the breech, while another shoved home the cartridge.

At this moment the eight-inch guns in the forward turret on the shore side of the Iowa began to talk. For an instant the gunner glanced over at the Iowa, turned to look where the shot struck on the face of the fort, and then bending low over his own gun, he took a clear-eyed marksman's aim at the nearest port and pulled the trigger.

In quick succession, from aft forward, the men at the other guns followed—six clean five-inch rifles were worked so swiftly that their sharp reports blended into a rattle and whirr that was like the old-time ratchet call for boarders, and it thrilled the spectators till some involuntarily shouted aloud for the glory of the flag and the honor of these men who were fighting for it.

And then came the thunder of the twelve-inch guns of the Iowa. The rifles of the Detroit had strung the nerves till we shouted, but there was that in the sound of these mighty guns that bade us stand still and be silent. The spurting flame, the bulging clouds of smoke, the whirring roar of the huge shells, the distinct thud when they struck, followed by the dull boom of the shells' explosion—it was a moment full of awe to those who now saw war afloat for the first time. What it was to those ashore, God knows!

And then came the Indiana, with her great thirteen-inch guns in the main turrets and the eight inch in the lesser ones, to join in. With every discharge of a great gun, the ship beneath it shivered under the recoil. The jumping gases literally dragged the heated air up from the stoke holes, so that the men below felt the breath of the discharge. Even spectators who were two miles away on a press-boat felt the tremble of each discharge, as one feels an earthquake shock.

For six minutes, by the writer's time, the ships fired without reply from land, and then a gun on the parapet of the old Morro belched flame and smoke, and hurled a big round shell far out over the sea, where it exploded more than fifty feet in the air.

We laughed heartily at that display of fireworks—at the idea of firing an old smooth-bore at a modern battle-ship—but later we felt like taking our hats off to the gunner who did it.

With the first shot from the shore the torpedo boat Porter began to attract attention. In the printed plan of attack, issued to the squadron on the day before, Admiral Sampson had said: "The Porter, when the action begins, will cross the harbor-mouth behind the Iowa and get close under the cliff to the eastward of the Detroit and torpedo any Spanish cruiser trying to get out of the harbor."

In obedience to this, she had rolled along under the walls of the battle-ship, that was now turning across the mouth of the harbor herself; in fact, lay with her broadside facing the first anchorage. But now the Porter began to draw ahead, and in a few minutes had reached her station. It seemed a safe station at first—so far as the guns of Morro Castle were concerned it was perfectly so—but within a few minutes—it was at 5.29 o'clock—a gun in one of the works over near the Tierra Gate suddenly awoke the echoes with a report not born of a smooth-bore. Another and another followed from the same works, and then two rifles from near the market-place, and two more from the height of land just back (to the southeast) of the old Morro, spurted flame and white smoke. Nor was that all they spurted, for from each white burst of smoke came something with an eager, whining cry, that made the nerves of the unaccustomed quiver as never before. It takes a sailorman to look at a weapon like that smilingly, but Captain John C. Fremont, of the Porter, is just that. He found his boat within easy range of the easterly guns, and its "armor," as he called its walls, was just three-eighths of an inch thick. Worse yet, he was within musket-range of the nearest works, and he might have been swept under the sea by a field-piece located anywhere alongshore. But from 5.30 o'clock until peremptorily ordered out of range by the Admiral at 8, the Porter flirted to and fro over the rolling seas, where all might see and shoot—flirted, to the exasperation of every sal-low gunner ashore and the exuberant delight of every man afloat. Exuberant is used advisedly, for, when word was passed on the press-boat that Fremont was shooting back with his little one-pounders at the nearest Spanish fort, the firemen in the stoke-hole came up on deck to yell their approval.

Having delivered a full round from all the guns that would bear at the Spanish works as she lay broadside to them, the Iowa turned about and headed out to sea. The Indiana had already opened fire before the Iowa was done, and she in due course followed. The New York came next, and last of all were the Amphitrite and Terror. The whole line was moving slowly—"only about twenty-five turns per minute," as an engineer on the Iowa expressed it afterward—and it was 6.10 o'clock—about an hour after the squadron cleared for action—when the Terror, bound out, fired the last shot of the first round.

For nearly an hour the American fleet had been firing steadily at the old Morro, and for half an hour our ships had been under the fire of perhaps twenty modern guns on shore, it being impossible to count them accurately on account of smoke.

Of the marksmanship on our side, it is necessary to say that during this round it was on the whole bad. The aim of the big guns was particularly bad, for many shots intended for the Morro, built on a hill sixty feet above the sea, really splashed in the water at the foot of the bluff.

When asked about this, the officers explained that when firing the first rounds they gave their guns the exact elevation called for by the range-finders (1,400 yards), although the range-finder merely showed the horizontal distance of the fort, and made no allowance for the height of the guns above the sea. Moreover, there was a sea on that disturbed the unaccustomed. The lighter guns, such as the five-inch rifles on the Detroit, were, however, handled more like sporting weapons, and so sent home their shots. These repeatedly drove the men from the guns in the Morro.

But if the work of the Yankees in the first round be called bad, an adjective for the marksmanship of the Spaniards is lacking. It is a matter of mathematical demonstration, that, with one or two exceptions, not a gunner ashore took any other aim than an attempt at a line shot. For we watched particular guns and their shots carefully, and we saw that these gunners splashed the water short of or beyond the huge targets continuously, without arriving any nearer than at the first shot. In every case where a shot struck near a ship (say

within a quarter of a mile or so), the next shot from the same gun invariably struck at least twice as far away. There was, indeed, a certain circle, so to speak, a dead line some two miles out from the Morro, where many shot fell, and of that something will be said further on.

The one gun that seemed to have a marksman behind it stood away off to the east of the city, on a sandy point, where some old barracks are found. It was apparently a six-inch rifle, and the gunner was unable to reach the battle-ships, because the Tierra Gate batteries were in his way. But the torpedo boat Porter got within his range before the end of the first round; and at the Porter this sand-beach gunner tried his skill, and soon demonstrated his superiority to the others, for he more than once compelled her to move. He was persistent in following the Porter. The first shot at her, after she took a new position, invariably fell wide away, but the second struck never more than a third of a mile from her, the third usually but two hundred yards away, and the fourth so close that she would snap back with her little one-pounders, and skip away in search of an unmolested view of the battle. It is not unlikely, however, that this gunner saw that he had for a target a ship that could not shoot back effectively.

As the last of the armored squadron steamed out to sea, the Detroit turned slowly around, bringing her port battery to bear on the fort. Opening fire with this, she steamed slowly down wind across the mouth of the channel. History tells how the Constitution and the Java became fogged in by the smoke of battle, until only a towering cloud that flamed and thundered could be seen drifting down the wind. We saw such a cloud as that. It was a thunder-cloud that splashed the earth with blood instead of rain, and made it a desert instead of living green.

As the Detroit was turning around, the gunners on the face of the Morro worked with tremendous energy, for to them the squadron seemed retreating, and the Detroit about to follow. The air over the little cruiser was full of projectiles, and it must not be forgotten that even the old smooth-bore shell was deadly for her if it should happen to hit. Some of us who watched her turned sick at the thought of

friends on board, but they—well, her captain stood on the end of the bridge as she turned, and with a revolver fired at a floating sardine can a servant had thrown overboard—hit it five times, too, before it got under water, as a shipmate who saw it is willing to testify.

A minute after the can sank the port battery took up the range, beginning at the easterly end of Morro's sea face. One could tell where her shots were aimed by the sudden cessation of fire from that region. By turns the crew of every gun but one in that face was driven away, and that crew was the one on the parapet around the old smooth-bore that had at first excited our mirth. We didn't laugh now. His gun might be out of date, but his courage wasn't.

During most of the first round of the squadron, the Montgomery had been idle perforce. Under orders she was "to remain in the rear of the column, stopping outside of the fire from Morro on the lookout for torpedo-boat destroyers. If Fort Canuelo fires, she is to silence it."

We saw her do that duty. Under the starboard quarter of the Terror, she drifted in until opposite the west side of the mouth of the harbor channel. Had any torpedo boat been there to venture out, we think it would have found the peril from her five-inch guns too great to face. But none was there to come, and it seemed as if her crew would have to be content with the satisfaction of having been entirely ready and willing. But as the last of the squadron turned out to sea the guns of Fort Canuelo suddenly began to belch. Canuelo stands on a sand-bar on the west side of the channel, and fairly commands the channel entrance. With skilled gunners there, the Spanish should have sunk both the Detroit and the Montgomery at the first round, and ripped the superstructures of the armor-clads to scrap-iron, before they had been ten minutes under fire. As it was, they did not fire a second round, for the Montgomery opened on them with such fierce energy that they slumped like prairie dogs into their bomb-proofs, and there they remained.

Having failed to bring out the Spanish squadron by this first round, Admiral Sampson, turned, when about four miles out at sea, and came back to try once

more, with the ships in the same order. The crews had had a breathing spell, and that means that they had taken stock of the mistakes of the firing in the first round. We who were non-combatants had thought of this, and our glasses were on the forward turret of the Iowa when, at 6.40 o'clock, the guns once more warmed to their work. Apparently both guns were fired together, and there was no guesswork about the range, this time, for both shots struck home in the wall of the Morro. There had been a wicked battery just where these shot struck, and we strained our eyes to see what the result was, but effort was vain, for from that time on until the round was over, the wall of the Morro was wholly obscured in clouds of dust. We know, however, that the guns in that part of the wall were fired no more in that battle.

Following the guns of the Iowa came, of course, those of the Indiana, she joined in while yet the Iowa was working away, and then came the New York also, so that all three were firing together. The picture had been, as a whole, one of pyrotechnics on the first round, but now it was one of death and desolation. For not only were the huge projectiles crushing in the walls of the Morro; they were passing through and over it into the town beyond. The Ballaja Barracks, back of the cemetery, caught the first shot to fall in the city. A red cloud of brick dust that sprang up was followed by the black smoke of a conflagration. Another cloud of brick dust, with another smoke of fire, was seen over the ridge to the south, a minute later, and before the round was done, no less than seven fires were counted in the westerly part of the town.

We had looked upon the island town, with its tile-covered houses, the green sea at its foot, and the fleecy trade-wind clouds in the blue sky above and beyond it, with pleasure. We had seen the wicked gleam amid the puffing white wreaths of smoke from the cannon fired back at us from behind the low yellow earthworks, and had listened to the fandango music of their shells with the eager joy of battle. But all this feeling disappeared before these smoke-stained clouds of dust raised by our mighty shells. For these were falling now among the innocents—the women and the

little ones—and the heart turned sick at the thought of it.

A third round followed. The Detroit, the Montgomery, and the Porter were ordered out of range. It was comforting to note how slowly they obeyed the order, and it was inspiring to see how the Terror, in the last round, lingered long for another and another parting shot. The last shot from the Amphitrite that preceded her was fired at 7.40 o'clock. The last from the Terror, in the natural course, should have been heard not more than fifteen minutes later, but at 8 and at 8.10, and again at 8.15, as with watch in hand we followed her, we saw the stern turret belch its fire.

The battle had lasted precisely three hours on our side. To the credit of the Spanish let it be said that they were by no means quelled. In the batteries of new guns east of the Morro there was never a minute after they were called there when the crews were not at their stations. Their last shots were fired from the two guns in the hill-crest battery back of the Morro at 8.29 o'clock.

More than that, in spite of their wretched marksmanship, the Spaniards managed to hit two of our ships. During the last round, as the New York was drawing out of range—was passing the two-mile dead line—a six-inch shell struck an awning stanchion high on the superstructure aft on the port side, and burst. The fragments killed one seaman, broke the leg of another, and slightly wounded three. A boat and a search light were wrecked and many parts of the superstructure scarred. A short time before this, a larger shell struck a gallows-frame on the Iowa, cut it half off, and, bursting, wounded three men. These facts, with what follows, are worth considering by those interested in the destructiveness of modern weapons.

What damage we did to the Spanish has not yet been definitely determined. A newspaper printed in the town notes thirty houses, including churches and the Ballaja Barracks, that were "considerably damaged" by the projectiles, not half of which exploded, however. It says, also, that at Morro "the damage was evidently considerable." The highest report of killed was forty, and of wounded seventy.

In short, to speak bluntly, the Spanish squadron was not there, and we accom-

plished nothing decisive. That the city might have been captured, had that been the object, will probably not be disputed even by the educated Spaniards. There has been much talk about the mines in the Spanish harbors, and the fate of the Maine makes American seamen somewhat nervous on the subject of submarine mines. But that nervousness is not in any sense fear. The monitors and the little cruisers would have found their way to the inner harbor of San Juan while the battle-ships at short range attended to the sea-coast forts, had that been the order.

Having missed Cervera, and having failed to locate him by wire or by swift scouts like the St. Paul and St. Louis, Sampson could only turn back to Key West.

Meantime, as the reader will remember, we had had what we called a flying squadron under Commodore Schley at Hampton Roads. Among other swift wings, there was the Texas, rated at 17.8 knots. Two of the flyers, the Columbus and Minneapolis, had been sent scouting to Bar Harbor and other New England ports, but when we reached Key West we found off Sand Key the Brooklyn (flagship), the Massachusetts, and the Texas, under Schley, besides the famous liner St. Paul, rigged as a scout. Cervera had been into Curaçao—there was no doubt about that. Just where he was then was a question, but here were reinforcements to help gather him in, and Sampson was as quick as the coaling facilities permitted, to take advantage of what had been sent him.

Within a day—on Wednesday—the St. Paul was sent flying away to the southward of Cuba to find the lost trail, and Schley, with the Brooklyn, Massachusetts, and Texas, followed next day, while on Friday morning the Iowa was sent to join him.

There was, at this time, a report at Key West that Cervera's fleet was in Cienfuegos, while another report located him in Santiago.

On careful consideration of these reports, both were rejected by experienced men on the ground that Cervera was too bright a man to bottle himself in any such port as these—too enterprising, as well as bright, for that matter. Had he not come across the sea to fight rather than slink?

Certainly, that was what his reputation would imply. The reports, most likely, had been sent out to deceive, and the place to look for Cervera was on the north coast of Cuba, where he would be found making a dash for Havana and gathering in blockading tugs as he travelled along.

With this theory in mind, Admiral Sampson gathered his remaining forces to go in quest of the elusive Spaniards. At noon on Saturday, May 21, 1898, he held a consultation with a number of his subordinates at the old rendezvous of Juruco Cove, and next day he sailed slowly away to the east. It was not a very large fleet at first. There were the New York, the Indiana, the Puritan, the Miantonomoh, the Machias, and the torpedo boats Foote and Rogers. Incidentally, there were six newspaper despatch boats, but these eventually dwindled to four, while the war-fleet was augmented as it travelled, until it stretched out in the two long lines shown in the engraving [pp. 142, 143].

That was a beautiful sea display from which this engraving was made—beautiful, but not to say magnificent, because that adjective implies more power than the quality of the majority of the ships would warrant. Nevertheless, it was the best that the previous naval policy of the nation permitted, and what the ships lacked in quality would have been made up by the spirit of the personnel had the Spaniards appeared.

Alas! The Spaniards even then had proved that cowards slink more dangers than brave men run, for they had hidden away in the mountain-locked harbor of Santiago. They were like fish in a pound-net, and it only needed a Hobson to close the neck of the purse that they might be held fast.

Sampson, who had counted on the dash and enterprise of Cervera, had his cruise in vain. But he had sent Schley to the south coast. For a day or so Schley lingered off Cienfuegos, deceived by a lot of merchantmen and gun-boats that his night scouts mistook for men-of-war. But on Tuesday, May 24th, the insurgents sent him a message saying that Cervera had been in Santiago.

On arriving at Santiago the tale seemed

incredible, for there lay the St. Paul blockading the harbor. How did it happen that the Spaniard, with four swift cruisers let a converted merchantman lie there unmolested day after day?

But there he lay, nevertheless, and very soon Schley had determined the fact. There was, in fact, a fight with one of them on May 31st, when the Iowa, the Massachusetts and the effective armored cruiser New Orleans, attacked the shore batteries, for the Cristobal Colon came to the neck of the harbor to aid the forts in beating off the detested Yankees.

It was now time for Sampson to hasten to the scene, and this, of course, he did. And then followed the act that closed the neck of the purse-net.

With the squadron was a collier bearing the ill-fated name of Merrimac. At the suggestion of Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson, who had been cruising on the New York, this steamer was stripped, and prepared with torpedoes, so placed that when exploded they would instantly sink her. Having prepared his ship, Hobson, with seven men, steered her with the flood-tide boldly into the channel, starting at three o'clock in the morning on Friday, June 3d. It was a most perilous undertaking, for she had to risk the mines and endure the bombarding of three forts. But Hobson was the man for the place, and when he had reached the narrowest part of the channel, he dropped his anchor, let the ship swing broadside to, and then he sank her. Cadet Powell, of the New York, had followed the steamer in with a steam-launch, in order to pick up Hobson and his men should they escape alive. His errand was but little less perilous than Hobson's, and he faithfully executed his orders. But Hobson lost his small boat. He was obliged to take to a life-raft instead, and so he drifted ashore, to be captured by the Spaniards.

Hobson is a handsome, modest fellow, one whom his acquaintances were proud to know before his name was on the lips of the world. The hope of the nation lies in the fact that every class graduating at Annapolis has a-plenty of Hobsons and Powells, who need only the chance that these men made and had to prove their worth.



THE SEA IS HIS

BY EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

DRAWINGS BY HENRY McCARTER



ALmighty wisdom made the land
Subject to man's disturbing hand,
And left it all for him to fill
With marks of his ambitious will,
But differently devised the sea
Unto an unlike destiny.

Urgent and masterful ashore,
Man dreams and plans,
And more and more,
As ages slip away, earth shows
How need by satisfaction grows,
And more and more its patient face
Mirrors the driving human race.





BUT HE WHO PLOUGHS THE ABIDING DEEP
NO FURROW LEAVES, NOR STAYS TO REAP.
UNMARRED AND UNADORNED, THE SEA
ROLLS ON AS IRRESISTIBLY
AS WHEN, AT FIRST, THE SHAPING THOUGHT
OF GOD ITS SEPARATION WROUGHT.



DOWN TO ITS EDGE THE LANDS-FOLK FLOCK,
AND IN ITS SALT EMBRACES MOCK
SIRIUS, HIS WHIMS. FOREVER COOL,
ITS DEPTHS DEFY THE DAY-STAR'S RULE:
SERENE IT BASKS WHILE CHILDREN'S HANDS
ITS MARGIN SCORE AND PIT ITS SANDS.



BUT HE WHO PLOUGHS THE ABIDING DEEP
NO FURROW LEAVES, NOR STAYS TO REAP!
UNMARRED AND UNADORNED, THE SEA
ROLLS ON AS IRRESISTIBLY
AS WHEN, AT FIRST, THE SHAPING THOUGHT
OF GOD ITS SEPARATION WROUGHT.



DOWN TO ITS EDGE THE LANDS-FOLK FLOCK,
AND IN ITS SALT EMBRACES MOCK
SIRIUS, HIS WHIMS. FOREVER COOL,
ITS DEPTHS DEFY THE DAY-STAR'S RULE:
SERENE IT BASKS WHILE CHILDREN'S HANDS
ITS MARGIN SCORE AND PIT ITS SANDS.



AND EVER IN IT LIFE ABIDES,
AND MOTION. TO AND FRO ITS TIDES,
BORNE DOWN WITH WATERS, EVER FARE,
HOWEVER LISTLESS HANGS THE AIR,
STILL, LIKE A DREAMER, ALL AT REST,
RISES AND FALLS THE OCEAN'S BREAST.



BENIGN, OR ROUSED BY SAVAGE GALES;
FOG VEILED, OR FLECKED WITH GLEAMING SAILS;
A MONSTER RAVENING FOR ITS PREY,
ANON, THE NATIONS' FAIR HIGHWAY—
IN ALL ITS MOODS, IN ALL ITS MIGHT,
'TIS THE SAME SEA THAT FIRST SAW LIGHT.



THE SEA THE TYRIANS DARED EXPLORE:
THE SEA ODYSSEUS WANDERED OER:
THE SEA THE CRUISING NORTHMEN HARRIED,
THAT CARTHAGE WOULD AND VENICE MARRIED,
ACROSS WHOSE WASTES, BY FAITH LED ON,
COLUMBUS TRACKED THE WESTERING SUN.



GREAT NURSE OF FREEDOM BREEDING MEN
WHO DARE AND BATTLED STRIVE AHEAD
A RAMPART ROUND THEM IN THEIR YOUTH
A REFUGE IN THEIR STRAITS AND RUTH
AND IN THEIR SEASONED STRENGTH A ROAD
TO CARRY LIBERTY ABOARD!

WHEN ALL ABOUT THY BILLOWS LIE,
SOLE ANSWER TO THE QUESTIONING EYE,
TO WHERE THE FIRMAMENT ITS BOUND
STRETCHES THEIR HEAVING MASSES ROUND,
WITH THAT ABOVE, AND ONLY THEE,
FIXED IN THINE INSTABILITY —

THEN TIMELY TO THE SOUL OF MAN
COME MUSINGS ON THE ETERNAL PLAN
WHICH MAN HIMSELF WAS MADE TO FIT,
AND EARTH AND WATERS UNDER IT;
WHEREWITH IN HARMONY THEY MOVE,
AND ONLY THEY, WHOSE GUIDE IS LOVE.

WHO MADE THE PLAN AND MADE THE SEA
DENIED NOT MAN A DESTINY
TO MATCH HIS THOUGHT. THOUGH MISTS OBSCURE
AND STORMS RETARD, THE EVENT IS SURE.
EACH SURGING WAVE CRIES EVERMORE
“DEATH, ALSO, HAS ITS FURTHER SHORE!”



THE AMALGAMATED BILL

By Charles Warren



X - SENATOR DON-
ELLY, Mr. Ronalds,
Colonel Butterfield, and
Mr. Ashton to see you
in relation to the Amal-
gamated Bill," said the
private secretary.

The Governor's face became serious and his mouth firm as he laid down a roll of parchment which he had been reading. "Show them in, Mr. Edwards," he said, "in three minutes ; and, by the way, you may come in yourself with the morning's mail in fifteen minutes."

As the private secretary went out, the Governor rose and walked to the end of the room. The portraits of the former governors of the State looked down upon him—each of them showing in face or figure some one distinctive token of that which had helped him to the Executive chair—here a searching eye, there a bulldog chin, there a noble mouth, there a vigorous hand. Each of them during his administration had faced some crisis, had had to deal with serious problems. But to no one of them had there been presented a question involving his personal future, his hopes and ambitions, to such an extent as that which the present Governor was now called upon to decide. The last portrait was that of a fearless man, several years younger than his successor, who had fought many a fight while in office ; and whose decisions had always been on the right side. He, however, had been the candidate of the minority party in the State, elected not so much through the skill of his party managers as by a peculiar combination of political events. He could act and did act independently from his party when the occasion demanded. But his whole character and surroundings made it easier for him to do so.

The case of the present Governor was different. He was older and he had never claimed to be anything more than a partisan politician. The Legislature had just passed by a large majority a bill granting

powers to a great corporation, powers such as had never been given before, powers which could be used for the benefit of the people but which might be used to their oppression. The bill had received the united support of the party in control, although the newspapers had inveighed against it and the thinking people had raged against it. The fight had been hard ; but there were many men whose hopes of success depended on their votes. Now the fight was clearly over, for it was conceded on all sides that the Governor had received too many honors from his party to fail to give his signature to a strictly party measure. Besides, the president of the corporation, Mr. Ronalds, was a close personal friend of the Governor ; the treasurer, Colonel Butterfield, was the chairman of the State Committee of the party ; the counsel for the corporation, Mr. Ashton, was one of the Governor's most dangerous rivals for preferment ; and, perhaps most important of all, "the legislative counsel," as he was called in the *Standard*, "the lobbyist" as he was termed in the *Star*, ex-Senator Donelly, was, underneath the surface, the leader of the machine in the largest city in the State.

The Governor stood looking at the portraits as if to gain inspiration. He paused perhaps for the longest time before the last and newest one ; for he recalled the day when he first entered this room after his inauguration. The sturdy ex-Governor had remained behind to greet him and had said, pointing to the chair which he had just given up : "You will have to fight in that many times, and the hardest part of it all will be that it will not always be your enemies whom you will have to fight. But you will find that the people of your State will back you up whenever you do your duty."

The Governor sat down at his desk again as the door to the Executive Chamber opened and four men briskly entered.

"Good-morning, gentlemen ; ah, Colonel Butterfield, how are you ; ah, Senator,

what can I do for you to-day?" he said cheerfully though his face was stern and serious.

"Well, Governor, I suppose your work is nearly over with the Legislature about to die, and you're getting ready to let the Lieutenant-Governor do a little work while you fish," said Colonel Butterfield. "But we thought we'd come around and see about our bill."

"It went to you Tuesday, and as to-day's Friday," said the ex-Senator, "I suppose you've had time to think it over."

"I have," said the Governor.

"And when do you expect to sign it?" asked Mr. Ronalds.

The Governor laid down his pen which he had been fingering nervously. A breeze came in at the window and swayed some of the old battle-flags which hung on the opposite wall. He waited, tapping on his desk, as if choosing his words, then he straightened himself firmly back in his chair and looked directly at the three men who sat at the other side of the desk.

"Never," he said.

The three men sat still a moment, apparently not comprehending his answer; then they rose to their feet together.

"What do you mean by that, Governor?" said Colonel Butterfield, in a harsh and raucous voice.

"I mean, Colonel, that I shall veto that bill."

"But I understood that we had removed all the objectionable clauses and the wordings that you disliked before it passed," said Mr. Ashton.

"The wording is all right, sir," said the Governor, "but the bill itself is wrong. It is an outrage on the people of the State. I have felt that for a month, but not clearly. To-day I am certain of it."

"Come, come, Governor, be reasonable," said the Colonel. "You don't understand this. Don't you know that our party voted for it to a man in both House and Senate? Don't you know that it was fought out at the polls after last year's bill was defeated? You are a servant of the party and its representative. Why should you think you're right and they're wrong?"

"I am the servant of no man," said the Governor, quickly, drawing himself up to his full height. "I am the representative of the whole people of this State, and as

their representative I will never sign that bill."

"The Governor seems to forget," said Mr. Ashton, smoothly, "that our party convention comes in two short months; and that there is a senatorial election in a year or so."

"I do not forget that, sir," the Governor replied, growing somewhat paler; "nor do I forget that you are prominently mentioned in the *Standard* as a candidate. But if there were fifty elections within the next five years and each one was for a higher and higher office I would not and will not barter my signature to that bill for any preferment you can name."

The president of the company had remained quiet up to this point. From the moment when the Governor had mentioned veto he had seemed to become suddenly weak, leaning against a bookcase as if prostrated by the news. This bill meant either a fortune or ruin to himself and to the rest of his associates.

"Bob," he said, "you and I have known each other a good while, we have talked on this bill many times in the last month. You've always seemed to think it was all right. You don't think that I would ask you to sign anything that I thought would injure your character or your reputation, do you?"

"I am the best judge of that, Ronalds," was the reply.

"I suppose, Governor, you remember that the Amalgamated has been one of the largest contributors to your campaign fund, and that you are dealing a terrible blow to the party by alienating Ronalds and the other directors. Do you think that you have the right as one man to destroy the party?" Ashton said, very quietly.

"If they paid a million dollars to the party for my signature they will find that the party cannot deliver the goods," said the Governor, still more calmly; "and if the party exists only by the grace of the Amalgamated Company, then I am not responsible for its defeat."

"I call it a dirty political trick," said Colonel Butterfield.

"Yes," said the ex-Senator with a sneer on his smooth-shaven face. "This little talk would surprise some of the boys, wouldn't it? Haven't you told Jim Brandon, and Senator Corse, and Drake and

Mullen right along that you didn't see anything the matter with the bill? When you wanted re-election did you say anything about being opposed to it? What we should like to know who's been queering this game? Who's seen you before we did? Who's working you? There's some underhand business going on here which——" He broke off, for the Governor, who had been seated, rose suddenly from his chair, and his face was very white.

"I allow no man, sir, to use such expressions to me," he said. "I am Governor of this State, and I am also a gentleman. You may leave this room if you cannot use the language of a gentleman."

The Governor stood with one hand on his hip, and with his closed fist resting heavily on the desk. The five men faced each other. Colonel Butterfield and the ex-Senator were red with passion. Mr. Ashton and Mr. Ronalds nervously twisted their watch-chains, and looked savage as bull-dogs. Each one felt that the situation could not continue long. Inside the room the noise of their deep and rapid breathing was the only thing to disturb the silence. Outside the typewriters clicked busily. Colonel Butterfield finally stepped forward so that he stood touching the desk directly across from the Governor.

"I tell you," he cried out with a vicious snap to each broken sentence, "Governor Stanford, you're a dead dog politically from this day if you keep this up. Have we been working for years to get you nominations and elections, have we slaved away our time and money, when there were better men in the field, because you wanted to keep your grip on the machine—and now to be thrown down like this by a man who owes his position purely to us? I tell you, Governor, you've seen your day for good and all. The boys are not going to stand treachery of this kind. By God, sir, you'll sign that bill or we'll proclaim you a traitor and a cutthroat from every stump, and in every paper in this State."

The Governor brought his fist down crashing through a pile of papers: "By God, sir," he shouted, losing control of himself for just one moment, "I'll not sign that bill; and you and your party associates may do what you please. Go, tell the party voters on every stump, tell your party delegates that I refused to sign a bill fa-

vored by the whole party; and I will tell the whole people of this State on every stump, that, acting under the best light which God could give me, acting as an honest man, acting as true to my belief, to my self-respect, and to what I conceived to be my duty, I vetoed a bill which took away from the people the liberties which that great Governor on the wall behind you won for them in the Revolution, which that other Governor helped to preserve for them thirty years ago. And I, standing here in the room where they stood, say to you and to all who come here with your arguments, I will not fail the high standard which my predecessors have set."

Again the five men looked silently in each others' eyes. "It's all very well to go off into high-flown perorations; I've heard that from you night after night on the stump, Robert Stanford," exclaimed Mr. Ashton. "But I remember the time when you wouldn't have dared to talk that way to me, the time when you wanted favors and weren't being asked for them. This is what we get in return."

"Yes, sir," said the ex-Senator, "we've stuck by you, defeated or not. We've held you up as a good party man who believed in our principles. The papers and the people know you're a good party man. And they won't believe in all your moral talk. That's rot. They'll know from your past record that you wouldn't veto a bill which was supported by the entire party, unless you had pretty good inducements held out to you. Now there's no use beating about the bush any longer; what are you holding out for? Is it stuff, or is it pull, or patronage, or position? No—don't stop me." The Governor's figure was quivering. "Things have gone too far now. You let us wait until the last moment, making us think you're going to sign. I tell you this bill must go through or we are ruined men; the party is a goner; now come down to plain facts, what is it you want?" The Governor closed his lips tightly and pressed an electric button on his desk. The private secretary entered carrying a basket containing the morning mail. "Mr. Edwards, show these gentlemen out. Good-morning, gentlemen." The Governor turned, walked to the end of the room, walked back, sat down at his desk and took up his mail.

Colonel Butterfield stopped. "Bob Stanford, you and I have been good friends to this hour. Now, sir, look out for yourself, because you've got the damndest enemy to fight that you ever ran up against. You can't treat us this way without knowing what you've struck." The Governor looked at him contemptuously. "Good-morning, Colonel Butterfield," he said, and continued with his letters. The door closed. "I'll look these over myself," the Governor said, and the private secretary went out.

The Governor remained seated with his head bowed forward on his hands upon his desk, thinking of the scene he had been through. He could not conceal from himself that it was bitter to him. He had broken with his oldest associates and with his party. He had destroyed his hopes of party advancement. But more bitter than any of these things was the thought that what they had said was partially true. He *had* been such a party man in the past that people would not believe that his change of attitude upon this bill could be sincere, uninfluenced by sordid or self-seeking motives. He had been such a party man that the politicians of his party had dared to come to him as they had to-day and to offer him a bribe—for that was what it amounted to—a bribe to him, Robert Stanford. He took up the roll of parchment which he had been reading before his visitors had entered, and read the long document through from beginning to end. Then taking a sheet of paper he wrote slowly these words, "I return herewith without my approval a bill entitled an 'Act to Amend the Charter of the Amalgamated Company,' Robert Stanford." He looked a long time at this as if to impress upon his mind how the actual words would look; then rolling it up in the parchment, he rang for his secretary.

"Mr. Edwards bring me Wednesday morning's *Star* and read me again that editorial." The secretary did so.

"The Amalgamated Bill went to the Governor yesterday afternoon at exactly five o'clock. The Legislature has voted to adjourn on Tuesday at 5.05 P.M. in order to give His Excellency the full five days within which to sign or veto the bill. This will make the longest session of the Legislature on record; but the people of the

State may well be thankful when on next Tuesday it breaks up and goes home. The work of the party in power in putting through during these closing days the infamous and colossal robbery known as the Amalgamated Bill will meet its just rebuke next fall at the polls. Alas, too late then! For there is no doubt that the Governor will sign the bill, and then its worst feature cannot be changed, under the provisions of the bill itself, by succeeding Legislatures for thirty years. Bob Stanford is too well trained a puppet to veto it. Colonel Butterfield pulls the string and ex-Senator Donnelly does the rest. Oh for the days of Governor Ballantyne or Governor Bradley when we had a man! But, though we know it is useless, we make this last appeal to His Excellency. Protect the people of this State whose interests you were elected to guard. Be a man. Veto the Bill."

"Now," said the Governor, "read me what the *Daily Standard* says."

"The Legislature is to be congratulated on sending to his Excellency for his signature a bill which in importance, in its benefits to the best interests of this State, and in its effect in cheapening one of the great necessities of life has rarely if ever been equalled in our legislature. The party has fought hard and well for it, and the overwhelming triumph of the bill at the polls last fall and in the Legislature points clearly to the continued ascendancy of the party and the advancement to still higher honors of the leader of his party, the Governor. Standing as he does and knowing what he does the Governor would indeed be a fool if he paid attention to the wild ravings of our neighbor across the street, whose violence and vituperation are in inverse ratio to its circulation."

The sunlight streamed into the Executive Chamber and seemed to revivify the portraits of Governor Ballantyne and Governor Bradley. The Governor unrolled the parchment again, took out the sheet of paper, and after reading it over placed it in a pile of papers on his desk. "Mr. Edwards," he said, "I am going to be a man, and a fool. I have vetoed the Amalgamated Bill. Ring for the stenographer and I will dictate my veto and my objections in full." The private secretary gasped. "Isn't this a little sudden, Governor?" was

his guarded remark. "To-morrow being Saturday and the next day Sunday do not count in the five days you know. You have until five o'clock Tuesday."

The Governor thought a moment. "You're right, Edwards," he said; "my objections are so vital that they cannot be stated in a moment. I will take a little time to write that document. I am going down to the shore to-morrow afternoon. You may expect me at the State House here at nine o'clock promptly Monday morning. I shall not oblige the Legislature to wait until five o'clock Tuesday for me. You may have the pleasure of taking in my veto to the Legislature long before that hour. You may tell the reporters that I have gone to the sea-shore over Sunday in order to give most careful consideration to the Amalgamated Bill."

At three o'clock in the afternoon on that same Friday a very serious and a very angry group of men were talking hotly, loudly, and rapidly in the private office of the senior partner of the law firm of Ashton, Bingham & Greene. They all saw looming before them the downfall of their hopes, the failure of their carefully laid plans, and the total loss of two years of hard and persistent work on the stump, among the voters and among the legislators, and of outlay in well-paid and plausible editorials, in expensive expert testimony and in large but well-spent legal fees. Until the present moment their scheme had moved forward in one continuous progress. Each expenditure of energy and of money had produced one more factor to contribute to its final completion. There had been no waste. Careful engineers had with foresight marked out the paths, added part to part at exactly the right time, and improved its construction the minute a defect appeared. Every obstacle had been overcome by some means; so that all that was needed now was two strokes of the pen, the formation of fourteen letters spelling out the name of "Robert Stanford." It had never occurred to any of the promoters that this would not be the easiest part of it all.

And so it was that the news told by the president to the few directors who could be hastily called together came like a stroke of apoplexy in the full flush of

apparent final triumph. For now the man whose hand they had looked on as the smallest and surest portion of their movement rose up as the destroyer of the whole. Staid business men had shrieked out with passion; President Ronalds himself could control his voice only with difficulty. Two men were calmer than the rest, Mr. Ashton and Colonel Butterfield.

The Colonel had passed through too many exciting political episodes to allow his brain to be turned long from the end in view and the means to accomplish that end. It was he who, when it was found that all the halls in the principal cities had been engaged by the other party for the night before election, immediately had devised the scheme of putting up huge tents everywhere, each containing a brass band. It was he who originated the first "swing-ing around the circle" as it was called, that is to say, running his party's candidate across the entire State in a train with stops for five minute speeches. But even he was obliged to confess, after all had tired themselves out in fruitless discussion, that he saw no way of devising means of preventing a veto.

"He's made up his mind, that is sure; and I don't believe there is anything that can change it," said the president, Mr. Ronalds, sitting down hopelessly.

"Couldn't Ashton go up to him on the quiet and have a calm talk with him? Perhaps you were a little too rough this morning," said one of the directors.

"Couldn't the Legislature adjourn before he has a chance to send in his veto, Colonel," asked Ronalds.

"No," replied the Colonel, "the law provides that if the Legislature adjourns before the expiration of the five days given for signature, the bill fails."

"When does it adjourn?" asked Ronalds.

"Tuesday, at 5.05 P.M.," answered the Colonel. "You see it is the law in this State that the Governor shall have precisely five business days from the exact moment when the bill goes to him. The Legislature does not sit Saturdays or Sundays, so that up to five o'clock Tuesday he has the power to veto."

Ashton, who had been looking casually at a newspaper, remarked: "You gentlemen might be well cast in the part of

'Henry the Second' in *Becket*, which I see Irving is playing here. With what fervor you could exclaim 'Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest!'" As Ashton said this with a dry and disagreeable laugh, ex-Senator Donnelly gave a searching glance at him as if he thought there was more meaning in the words than appeared on the surface. As he turned back to the window, in front of which he had been standing, he saw two men put up a new bulletin board before the newspaper office across the street. The ex-Senator at once gave a violent start and brought his fist noisily down on the window-ledge. Then he whistled loudly, and read the bulletin eagerly again. The large blue letters apparently gave him great pleasure.

"Off for the Shore.—The Governor leaves to-morrow for a short cruise.—Will not sign the Amalgamated Bill till Monday."

"Colonel," he said, quietly, "just step here a minute." The Colonel did so; read the bulletin and looked more cheerful also.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we've got a reprieve. This fool has made up his mind to wait a little. He's going to think of what we said over Sunday."

The others rose excitedly and rushed to the window. "So he won't veto the bill till Monday anyway," said Ronalds.

"That gives us a little time still."

"But what good will it do us?" said one of the directors.

"Gentlemen." Everyone looked up. The ex-Senator had stepped into the centre of the room, and the tones of his voice were very business-like. "Gentlemen, the Governor will not veto that bill on Monday or on Tuesday."

"What do you mean? What plan have you got?" came from the excited men.

"I mean what I just said," said the ex-Senator, sharply. "I want five thousand dollars. I want no questions asked, and I want you men to see that the Legislature adjourns at five o'clock Tuesday without fail."

"Look here, Donnelly, what are you going to do?" said Ashton.

"That's my business," replied the ex-Senator. "You men heard what I just said, didn't you? I'll guarantee that the Governor shall not veto that bill within five days. You guarantee to ask no

questions. You, Colonel, make out a check payable to bearer for five thousand dollars."

Colonel Butterfield looked hard at Donnelly and then across at the bulletin board. Then he gazed inquiringly at Donnelly again. The faintest kind of a wink appeared on the latter's face. The Colonel nodded. Then he laughed. Then he said: "Senator, you're a wonder. Here's your check."

Friday night at about six o'clock a forty-foot sloop with two men on board sailed from Capetown, and early Saturday morning dropped anchor in a deep cove about three miles down the coast from the fishing village of Squannet Harbor. The sand beaches stretched for miles utterly deserted, with no house or building in sight. The pine forest came down to the shore and a faint and overgrown road disappeared into the woods nearly opposite the point where the sloop lay at anchor.

At half past eleven on Saturday morning Mr. Edwards, private secretary to the Governor, was called to the telephone to answer an inquiry as to what train Governor Stanford expected to take for Squannet. He had already been rung up by the newspaper men nine times during the previous hour to reply to similar questions, and so without giving more thought he answered, "He was going on the one o'clock but has been delayed and will take the half past four."

Just before one o'clock on the same day two men purchased tickets at the Great Southern Railroad office for Squannet. One wore blue glasses. The other had a full beard. The train which they took arrived at the little station at half past three. The station was about four miles from the sea-shore, situated in a small clearing. A fire had gone through that region on one side of the track and dreary black wastes stretched to the horizon, relieved by the green of the small scrub-oaks. On the other side of the track the clearing soon broke off sharply against a mass of pines.

The two men alighted from the train and walked to one side of the station until the station-master, who being busy with the mail-bag did not notice them, went in to his office. Then they walked quietly to the back of the building. Here stood an old

broken-down carryall, drawn by an unkempt and loose-jointed horse that was waiting patiently. As they went toward it a sunburnt man, who had evidently seen more of the sea than the land, came round the other corner of the station.

"You're Capt'n Barnes, aren't you?" said one of the men. The Captain nodded solemnly.

"You're waiting for the Governor, aren't you?" said the other. The Captain nodded again and stolidly crushed a fly on the horse's obtrusive ribs.

"The Governor couldn't come down on this train," said the first man, "but asked us to come down and get things all ready so that we can start as soon as he gets here. He's coming on the 4.30 train." The Captain again nodded gravely and appeared entirely uninterested in the conversation. "He wants you to have the boat prepared and to get your men and the bait on board so that we can set sail just as soon as he gets down here."

The Captain slowly unhitched his horse. "S'pose I'll hev to drive back then, and see to it; what will you fellers do?"

"We'll drive down to the harbor with you. You can go aboard and we'll drive back for the Governor, so's to save you the trouble," said the spectacled man after a short pause.

"The Gov'nor don't generally come so late," said the Captain; "must be powerful sight of business up State House way."

The three men climbed into the shaky vehicle and in a minute they had disappeared among the pines. The station-master was dozing in his office. The hot sun gleamed on the tracks which stretched off toward the south and vanished round a curve into the forest. A few locusts uttered their creaking buzz. Nothing disturbed the lonely little clearing until the arrival of the next train.

At twenty-five minutes after four on the same Saturday afternoon, Governor Stanford, looking tired and hot but grateful for his Sunday's sailing trip, boarded the Great Southern train, carrying a valise and a bundle of fishing-rods.

"Good luck to you, Governor," shouted one of the group of reporters who had assembled to see him off.

"Any news to give us about the Amalgamated Bill?" asked another.

"I guess not to-day, boys," said the Governor. "Come up to the State House Monday and perhaps I can give you more definite information."

As the train started the Governor settled himself in his seat and took out the afternoon papers. Each one had headlines in relation to the bill. Only one paper defended what they all assumed in advance would be his action upon it. The Governor smiled a little bitterly, as he thought how little confidence they had in his ability to judge for himself.

"The Governor had better begin to build his cyclone cellar. He will not know what has struck him when election comes," was the editorial in one pert sheet. Again he read, "'To sign or not to sign,' says Stanford. 'I must ask Pete Donnelly,'" at this the Governor really laughed aloud, so that the passengers across the aisle looked up and nodded pleasantly. "I should like to see the ex-Senator's face when he reads that," thought the Governor.

At seven o'clock, when it was nearly dusk, the train stopped at Squannet. As the Governor stepped from the train the station-master greeted him, "Hullo, Gov'nor, you down here again? They tell me the bluefish are biting pretty fresh." The Governor smiled and looked around for the familiar form of Captain Barnes. Then, recognizing the old horse and carryall of former trips that stood behind the station, he threw his valise and rods aboard, patted the horse, and waited. Two men came up to him, one with blue spectacles, the other with a full beard.

"Is this you, Governor?" said the first.

The Governor stepped forward, surprised. "Where's the Captain?" he asked.

"Oh, Capt'n Barnes had to stay on the boat and sent us down to fetch you. There's a good breeze and we can start right off, as soon as you get aboard," was the answer.

The Governor lighted a cigar. "All right," he said. "Let's get aboard in a hurry, I'm hungry. Are you one of the crew?"

"Yes," said the bearded man.

The three drove off into the pine-woods. The rumble of the train could be heard in

the distance and a few crickets chirped briskly. The station-master locked up the station and wandered leisurely down the track to his home.

It was a slow, dark drive and the Governor puffed his cigar in silence while he longed for his supper. After they had gone about two miles he said, "I thought we generally took that turn to the right."

"The road isn't so sandy this way," said one of his companions. They drove along through the forest for two miles more, when suddenly the sound of waves plunging upon the shore broke the silence.

"Where are we?" asked the Governor. "This is new to me."

As he spoke they emerged from the woods directly upon a long, deserted stretch of sand-beach. A hundred yards from the shore was a sloop at anchor. A dory was drawn up on the beach and a man stood beside it. For the first time the Governor began to have a feeling of distrust. Before he could say anything, however, a handkerchief was quickly tied down over his mouth and his arms were pinioned by his two companions. In spite of his struggles he was carried on board the dory and two of the men rapidly rowed out to the sloop. As soon as they arrived the sails were hoisted and in a few minutes she was headed out to sea with a fair breeze.

"I am sorry, Governor," said the man with the spectacles as they scudded down the cove, "but we shall be obliged to ask you to be our guest until Tuesday afternoon. If you make no disturbance we will guarantee that you shall enjoy yourself and have good fishing, even though we couldn't ask Capt'n Barnes to accompany us."

The bearded man stood on the beach watching the sloop until it melted into the darkness. He then drove off into the woods, and in half an hour stopped at the head of the wharf in the sleepy village of Squannet Harbor.

"Hullo, Capt'n Barnes!" he shouted. A form rose slowly from a pile at the end of the wharf. "The Governor lost the train," said the man, "and isn't coming down. He telegraphed us. Here's your team. Good-night."

Captain Barnes took his pipe out of his mouth. "Well, I'm jiggered!" he ejacu-

lated, as he watched the man disappear down the crooked street.

On the next Monday morning the following double-leaded editorial appeared exclusively in the *Standard*: "We hear, on the highest authority, that Governor Stanford will veto the Amalgamated Bill to-day. To say that we are astounded is putting the case very mildly. A grosser betrayal of trust can hardly be imagined. The bill has received the support of the party and of all its leaders, and no possible reason can be given by the Governor for a veto if he believes in redeeming party pledges. We refrain from commenting further until this incredible news is confirmed. We will only state that our information comes partially from a distinguished ex-Senator who was personally informed by Governor Stanford last Friday that he intended to send in a veto. We can only hope that his Sunday's trip will have caused him to change his mind."

When the private secretary, Mr. Edwards, reached his office in the State House at a quarter before nine he found the room completely filled with a crowd of ravenous reporters and excited legislators. He could not tell them anything about the report of a veto. The Governor would be in at nine o'clock, and they could see him personally. Nine o'clock passed and the Governor did not appear. At ten o'clock more members of the Legislature were seated nervously waiting for him. Several of the State committee and most of the political leaders of the party arrived shortly. At half past ten Mr. Edwards telephoned to the Great Southern Station to find out whether the train had been delayed. The reply was that the train had arrived on time, and the next train would not arrive till 12.45 P.M.

A number of reporters proposed that they should hire a special train and go down to Squannet Harbor. "There is no use in doing that," said the private secretary, "because the Governor did not intend to go back to Squannet. He always sails up the coast, lands at Torrance, and takes the train farther along on the road." Meanwhile the Legislature met. There was no formal business, and an excited discussion arose regarding the coming veto. The party leaders tried to feel con-

fidant that they could pass the bill by a two-thirds vote over the veto, but the other side were triumphantly positive that this could not be done.

One o'clock came, and the Governor did not appear. The private secretary tried not to seem nervous, but he telegraphed to the weather bureau to find if any reports of storms to the south had been sent in. There were none.

At three o'clock he had made up his mind that the Governor did not intend to return on that day. It was a very unusual thing for him to stay away in this manner, as his punctuality had always been a source of terror to his private secretary. All the afternoon the telephone-bell kept ringing, and angry politicians demanded that appointments should be made for them as soon as the Governor arrived. The six o'clock edition of the evening papers mentioned the peculiar absence of His Excellency at so critical a time ; but no further comment was made.

The private secretary waited at the State

House for two hours after the Legislature had adjourned and the offices had been closed, and then left for his home. At a quarter past seven, however, he sent a telegram to Squannet Harbor to Captain Barnes and another to Torrance, asking for news. He did not know that the last train passed Squannet at 7.05, and that five minutes later the station was locked up.

At eight o'clock that evening Colonel Butterfield met ex-Senator Donelly in the lobby of the Empire House.

"Very extraordinary, this absence of the Governor to-day," said the Colonel.

"Very," said the ex-Senator, drily. Then he winked carefully at the Colonel and passed on. The Colonel stood still a moment, apparently thinking very deeply.

"I wonder if he's done it?" he muttered. "It's dangerous. But what a stroke of genius!" As he stood there Mr. Ronalds came in at the door looking pleased.

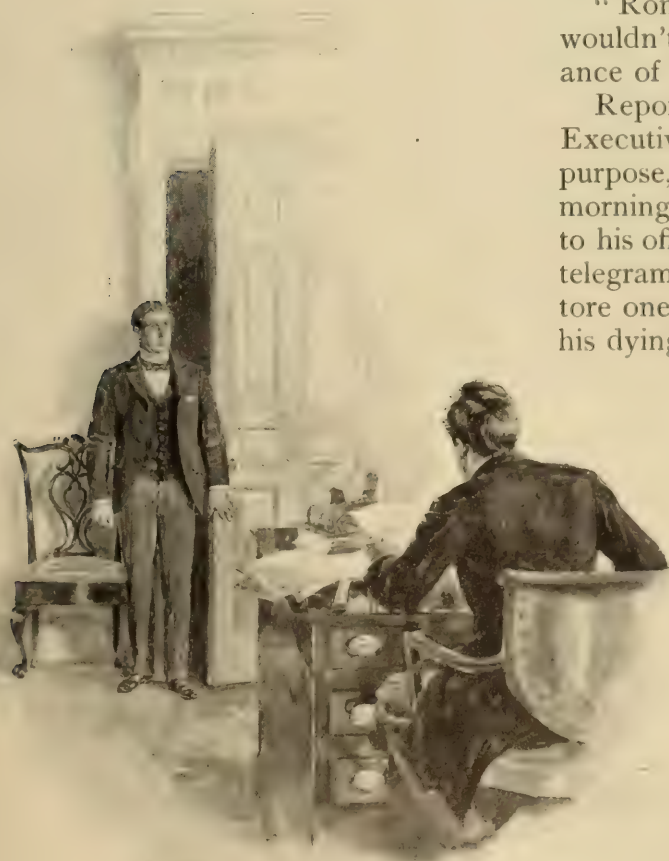
"Butterfield," he said, "we may have a chance yet. The Governor is taking his time to consider that veto."

"Ronalds," answered the Colonel, "I wouldn't talk much about this disappearance of Stanford if I were you."

Reporters sat on the doorsteps of the Executive Mansion all night, but to no purpose, for no one arrived. Tuesday morning, when the private secretary went to his office at eight o'clock he found three telegrams waiting for him. He rapidly tore one of them open. Mr. Edwards to his dying day will never forget the sensation of that moment. He

read the words in a dazed way, and remained motionless, as if his brain had stopped working. It read: "Governor not here. Did not arrive Saturday night. Joshua Barnes." He mechanically opened the other two. One was from Torrance: "Governor not here yet;" the other from the station-master at Squannet. "Governor arrived on seven o'clock train Saturday. Took carriage for Harbor. Is anything the matter?"

Half an hour later a special train carrying six detectives



"Show them in, Mr. Edwards."—Page 161.

was racing down the Great Southern line bound for Squannet, while telegrams were being sent to the police and constables in every town on the coast.

"I don't know whether there has been foul play or not," said the Chief of State police, "but we'll take every precaution."

At nine o'clock the Governor had not arrived, and the news was given to the papers. In fifteen minutes the whole city was alive with newsboys crying, "Mysterious disappearance of the Governor!" "Governor Stanford lost!" A tumultuous crowd was pressing through the State House corridors trying to seek from the private secretary accurate information. There was the wildest excitement everywhere, and the streets in front of the newspaper offices were completely blocked. Mr. Ronalds, ex-Senator Donelly, and Colonel Butterfield were in close consultation with the

leaders of the party in the Legislature.

"Shall you adjourn at five o'clock, as was agreed upon?" Ronalds asked.

"Yes, sir," said the Speaker of the House. "It's the Governor's own lookout, if he isn't here; we are not obliged to wait for him to get back from fishing trips. It's his duty to be here, and if he isn't he must take the consequences."

"But," said Butterfield, "supposing there has been foul play?"

"That doesn't make any difference," was the answer. "If the Governor does not veto that bill within the five days allowed him, we'll adjourn, and the bill will become law."

"Why not have the Lieutenant-Govern-

or sign the bill as acting Governor, in the absence of the Governor? He's on our side in the matter," suggested Donelly, quietly.

This was felt to be a happy solution, and the Lieutenant-Governor was sent for.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am in favor of this bill, but believing that the Governor meant to veto it I do not feel like signing. Furthermore, I am only empowered to act 'whenever the chair of the Governor is vacant by reason of death or absence from the State or otherwise.' Unless you can prove that his Excellency is dead or out of the State I shall not perform his functions."

The conference broke up at noon with the assurance from the President of the Senate and from the Speaker of the House that the Legislature would surely adjourn at five minutes past five if no veto arrived from the Gov-

ernor. An exultant and happy group of men lunched together at the City Club. They were the officers of the Amalgamated Company. Not a word was said and not a question was asked regarding the possible causes of the Governor's disappearance.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Chief of the State Police received long telegraphic reports from his men. The only facts that could be found out were that the Governor had left Squannet Station at seven o'clock Saturday evening, accompanied by two men, whom Captain Barnes said were friends sent down by the Governor on the earlier train. They had driven away in Captain Barnes's vehicle,



The portraits of the former governors of the State looked down upon him. — Page 161.



The Governor rose suddenly from his chair, and his face was very white.—Page 163.

and the same vehicle had been returned to the captain at half-past eight that evening. Beyond that nothing was known. The station-master had not noticed the men, and the Captain's description was incoherent and his interest in them had been apparently most cursory.

The private secretary immediately communicated the facts to the Speaker of the House, and begged him to postpone adjournment until further news could be had.

"It can't be done, Mr. Edwards," replied the Speaker. "But the Governor had decided on his veto and was just about to dictate it before he left," pleaded the

private secretary. "It was a final decision."

"That makes no difference," said the Speaker. "Besides, his five days are up at exactly five o'clock this afternoon."

At four o'clock both parties had made up their minds that the bill would become law. There was no sign of the Governor, and no news from him of any kind. The Lieutenant-Governor still declined to act. The private secretary paced up and down his office; at every ring of the telephone-bell he ran at full speed to take the message. At half-past four he gave orders that the doors to the

Executive Department should be closed and that no one should be admitted. He also ordered that the Governor's private entrance and stairway should be guarded by the executive messengers, and that no person should be allowed to remain near them. If the Governor should arrive at the last moment there must be no one to obstruct him, and the private secretary was determined to be the first person to see him.

At a quarter before five he went into the Governor's room, which he had entered at least fifty times before on that day, and sat down at the desk, which was heaped high with the accumulation of two days' mail. He looked aimlessly over this. He took up the long roll of parchment on which was engrossed the fatal bill, and attempted to read it; but he was unable to do so. He began to sort out a pile of papers that had lain upon the desk for weeks. The first three were memoranda on subjects long ago acted upon. He marked them properly for filing, and, taking up the fourth, looked at it in a weary fashion. As he did so he gave a sharp cry. The words written on it seemed to swim before his eyes. He brushed his hand roughly over his eyes, and read "I return herewith without my signature a bill entitled 'An Act to Amend the Charter of the Amalgamated Company.' Robert Stanford." It was the Governor's handwriting. In a second he remembered seeing the Governor take a sheet of paper out of the parchment roll on Friday just before asking for the stenographer.

The private secretary looked at the clock. It was seven minutes before five. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. "It may be a State's prison offence," thought the private secretary; "but he told me he had vetoed it. He told me I might have the pleasure of taking in his veto to the Legislature long before five o'clock Tuesday. He would have sent it in before this if he had been here. I know that he would be here now if there hadn't been fraud somewhere. That veto must go in now whatever the consequences may be to me. I will not wait for further authority."

Snatching up the parchment roll and the loose sheet of paper, he rushed out of

the room. "Keep every door to the Executive Department closed," he shouted to the executive messengers standing around. "Tell nobody whether the Governor has arrived or not." He ran as fast as he could run down the long corridor of the State House. When in college he had done the one hundred yards dash in ten and two-fifths seconds. As he approached the hall of the House of Representatives he heard a noisy murmur. Suddenly the door of the telegraph office opened, and a boy tumbled out, ran into the private secretary, and they both fell on the floor. Mr. Edwards gave a cry of anger. The boy thrust a telegram into his hand, but he could not wait to open it. He dashed in at the door of the House of Representatives. It was three minutes before five o'clock. The decorous and slow-moving assistant Sergeant-at-Arms tried to restrain him. "From the Governor," he panted. The Sergeant-at-Arms saw him, and instinctively grasped the situation. "A message from his Excellency the Governor," he cried. A tumult of shouts arose at this, then loud hisses, angry yells, and catcalls as the members caught sight of the form of the private secretary, Mr. Edwards, pressing forward to the Speaker's desk. "Admit the messenger," said the Speaker, reluctantly. Instantly about twenty men sprang forward, jumping over desks and chairs, and tried to prevent his further progress. At the same time a still larger group rushed behind him and pushed him forward. The mass of men swayed back and forth as more and more of the Representatives joined in the crowd both in front and behind. The private secretary was lifted from the floor, and his body was borne forward and back like a plank in the surf. The Speaker's gavel fell noisily time after time with no effect, while the Speaker himself kept his eye on the clock. Just as the hand was reaching the hour, the private secretary summoned all his efforts, gave a wild lurch forward at the desk, and threw the bill and the veto upon it almost in the Speaker's face. "I have the honor," he gasped, in the formal words used on such occasions, "to submit a message in writing from his Excellency the Governor to the Honorable House of Representatives." Then he fell, bruised



At twenty-five minutes after four . . . Governor Stanford . . . boarded the Great Southern train.—Page 167.

and unconscious, into the confused mob which surrounded the desk. The Speaker slowly took up the sheet of paper, and read the opening words. As he did so the clock struck five.

The officers of the Amalgamated Company were sitting in the private office of Mr. Ashton, each of them smoking the best cigar obtainable.

"This is the luckiest moment of our lives," said Mr. Ronalds, as he looked at the clock. It was five o'clock.

"It is a clear case of Divine Providence," said one of the directors.

"We came out on top in spite of the treachery of that fool, didn't we?" said Colonel Butterfield.

"Look here, Senator, did you really know this was going to happen when last Friday afternoon you guaranteed the Governor wouldn't sign?" asked Ronalds.

The ex-Senator looked grim, but a faint sign of cheer appeared in one eye.

"I think our agreement was 'no questions asked,' wasn't it, Mr. President?" he said. "You've got what you wanted. I've got my \$5,000. That's all there is about it."

As he said this he turned toward the window and looked out. Immediately his face grew white and he fell across a table. The others started toward the window. Then each man gave some kind of a cry. On the bulletin-board, in great flaring letters, appeared "The Governor vetoes the Amalgamated Bill."

"How in h—— did he do it?" shouted Donelly, and ran toward the door. As he opened the door a violent gust of wind blew down the street, followed by a driving rain.

When the private secretary opened his eyes he was in his own office.



Then he winked carefully at the Colonel and passed on.—Page 169.

"Has the Governor arrived?" he asked, in a weak voice.

The stenographer shook his head.

"What about the bill?"

"They failed to pass it over the veto," was the reply. "The vote was 198 to 121 in the House and 32 to 20 in the Senate, a close shave, though."

Edwards rose and walked to the window. The street outside was almost deserted, for a furious rain-storm, which had been gathering all day, was pouring down.

"Does anyone know whether the Governor is here or not?"

"Not a soul," the stenographer said.

Edwards felt in his pocket for his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his face.

As he did so the telegram which had been delivered just before his entry into the House, tumbled out. He opened it and

shouted aloud as he read: "I veto the act to amend the charter of the Amalgamated Company. Find veto written out on my desk in pile of paper. Send it in to House. Robert Stanford." Edwards looked at the envelope. It was addressed to him at the State House. The time of sending marked on the message was 4.50 P.M. The place from which it was sent was Marsh-ton Bay, a seaport town eighty miles beyond Squan-net Harbor. Strictly and legally there could be no doubt that the private secretary to the Governor had assumed the executive function and vetoed a bill passed by the Legislature. But he had acted with authority without knowing it.

The explanation of the arrival of the telegram can be given in a few words. In accordance with instructions the sloop bearing the Governor had been kept far out at



The private secretary was lifted from the floor, and his body was borne forward and back like a plank in the surf.
—Page 178.

sea during Sunday and Monday. The men in charge were ordered to land him as early as possible, but not before five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. All Tuesday afternoon the sloop had been tacking up and down the coast to the north of Marshton Bay, a town on the boundary-line between the two States. A stiff off-shore wind had been blowing with increasing force for some hours, and heavy gray-black clouds had been piling up around the horizon. Toward four o'clock it was evident that a violent storm was close at hand, and the man with the spectacles, who appeared to be in charge, looked worried and ordered the sloop to be closely reefed down. At half-past four the wind was blowing a gale, and the danger of remaining off the coast any longer was apparent even to a landsman.

At twenty-five minutes before five it was evident that unless the Governor should be put ashore at once it would be impossible to effect a landing that day. It was so near to five o'clock, thought the spectacled man, that it could make no difference; and he knew besides that it would take the Governor at least an hour to reach any spot where means of communication could be established by him with the Capitol. Accordingly the sloop with difficulty made a little cove or inlet about eight miles from Marshton Bay, and the Governor, with his rods and valise, was quickly landed there. The sloop immediately bore out to sea, and a white sheet of rain driven on by the wind soon hid her from sight.

By a singular chance, however, only a short quarter of a mile from the spot where the Governor was landed a large revival camp-meeting was being held with a corps of reporters in attendance. The Governor, wild with anger, feeling bitterly the disgrace of his position, and realizing the full effect of his enforced absence, ran inland from the sea as fast as he was able under the force of the gale. Intent upon reaching some settlement, but without having any particular destination in his mind, he stumbled on through the underbrush until suddenly he came upon the revivalist settlement; and over the door of the first substantial building that met his eye was the inscription "Western Union Telegraph Office." It was a quarter before five.

At half-past eight that evening Governor Stanford arrived at the State House in the midst of a violent storm. The Legislature had adjourned for the year. The Amalgamated bill had been vetoed.

Great was the curiosity among politicians and the newspaper-men regarding the veto and the manner of its presentation. Some at first doubted its authenticity. Some even boldly asserted that it was a forgery by the private secretary. Others declared it illegal, and threatened to take the matter into the courts. Private Secretary Edwards, however, disclosed only to the Governor the fact that he had opened the telegram after he had presented the veto.

"You did a bold deed, Edwards," said the Governor; "an absolutely unwarranted one—but—you were right, and you saved my reputation, my honor, and my self-respect."

Although telegrams were sent to the police in every seaport in the country warning them to inspect carefully any sloop that might put in; although the most diligent watch was kept up and down the entire coast; and although every resource in the power of the detective department of the State was employed, no traces of the kidnappers of the Governor were ever found.

The storm which broke on that Tuesday afternoon lasted for three days; and as many vessels upon that portion of the coast, being unprepared for it, were blown out to sea and lost, it was supposed that the forty-foot sloop met a like fate.

Gradually the excitement aroused by this novel political episode died away.

But the politicians of his party never could understand the sequel to the event, which happened in November; for Governor Robert Stanford, after being triumphantly re-nominated in his party convention, received at the polls nearly one hundred thousand more votes than had been cast for him at the previous election. This result of the Governor's action was a profound mystery to the machine-leaders. Governor Bradley's remark, however, had been justified. "The people of your State will back you up whenever you do your duty."

EPISODES OF THE WAR



Captain Phister with a Detachment of Company G Covering the Retreat of the Boats.

The vessels in the distance are the Manning and the Wasp.

(After a sketch by the author.)

THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT OF AMERICAN TROOPS ON CUBAN SOIL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES ON THE SPOT BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF



The Gussie.

THERE could be nothing more mysterious in all army life than marching-orders coming at night, when all is quiet, and when this quiet is suddenly broken by the hurried movements of orderlies, of trumpet-calls, and of the general turning out of a command. Little groups of officers gather in the small circle of light around a candle-lantern and speculate upon the sudden move. The men work rapidly with the company outfit, and then make their blan-

ket-roll; and finally fall in line to go where orders may call them.

It was just this sort of scene in the First United States Infantry camp when, early in May, at the dead of night, Companies E and G were ordered to pack up all their belongings and transfer them to a transport. That was all they knew; their surmises ranged from Madrid to the Philippines, with the majority favoring Cuba, and this last proved correct.

I have campaigned with the regiment several years in the West, and have been the guest of the officers since leaving the Presidio of San Francisco; and I obtained permission to go, I knew not where.

The transport Gussie lay at the wharf, and a guard kept any prowling visitor from investigating the activity shown. Before



The Captain.

daybreak every man was stowed away, three Cuban scouts were aboard, and the transport cleared for the south. Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Dorst commanded the expedition.

If anyone conceives the idea that a blockade is a pastime, let him take a short cruise in Cuban waters during the present war. A "shot across the bows" has a sort of business-like ring to it even when read in despatches or tales of the sea; but to be roused out of one's peaceful sleep by the roar of an eight-inch rifle, to look straight into a searchlight that turns all in front of it to day and all behind it to blacker darkness than night, is a vivid, almost dramatic, experience! After long hailing and finally proving your craft is not on mischief bent, you are allowed to proceed some few miles before the operation is repeated. The transport that I sailed in to Cuba was brought up short with the usual shot no less than seven times in one night.

We had orders for the Manning to act as our escort, and not long after leaving Key West we found her and proceeded toward the Cuban coast. When the expedition had been planned, a fortnight before, the insurgents were easily able to come to the coast in force at any time they wished, but during the intervening two weeks condi-

tions took a decided change. The Spanish authorities suddenly became extremely active—infantry, cavalry, and artillery were hurried to many hitherto unprotected points on the seaboard. Instead of being able to communicate with the shore, the insurgents seemed to be penned in the interior.

During the week's cruise of the transport and her convoy, we passed up and down the coast six times from Bahia Honda to Cardenas, passing Matanzas, Havana, and Mariel near enough to distinguish troops and study fortifications without the slightest difficulty. At Mariel, a probable landing-place of the army of invasion, we could make out the entire defence of the town from the ship.

At Banes, about twelve miles west of Havana, the forts and field-batteries opened on us, and nearly succeeded in at least disabling our ship. The Manning and Wasp replied, and demolished the fort and silenced the batteries after about forty-five minutes' action. It was magnificent to see the bombardment of the fort, to watch the flight of the shells, and to hear



The Bancroft Firing Across the Bows of the Transport.

the cheers of the men as they took effect. The American marksmanship was excellent, and not many shots were wasted. The very first shot fired by the Wasp tore a hole in the corner of the fort large enough to drive a six-horse battery through. There was a hasty evacuation by the enemy, who took to the underbrush like rabbits pursued by a hound.

It is the Cuban idea to belittle, in every possible manner, every arm of the Spanish service. Cavalrymen cannot ride.

Artillerists cannot find the range. Infantrymen cannot march or shoot. Their arms are antiquated and their hearts are not in the fight. A Cuban scout told me that if a Spanish cavalryman galloped his horse he would fall off; if any of the Spanish army heard a gun-shot they would run away. My observations have not found this to be a fact, however, and I do not think too much dependence should be placed upon the prejudiced word of the over-enthusiastic patriot from across the Gulf. The time that we spent on the Cuban coast showed the Spaniards to be very alert, and ready for attack. They have an excellent signal-service both with wires and with heliograph and flags. The intelligence of our movements was evidently conveyed by this service each day, as the movement of troops indicated. Batteries had been placed at every spot where a ship could be landed. Anything but a landing in force would be the extremity of folly.

When it was found that the insurgents were unable to communicate with the shore, it was decided to land three Cuban scouts on May 12th and endeavor to have word taken by them to the insurgent leaders in the interior. We skirted the shore



Major Doñato Soto, one of the Cuban Scouts landed by the Expedition.

for a favorable spot, which was difficult to find, as the landing was to be effected in daylight. The reason for a daytime landing I have still to find out. We attempted a landing about six miles east of Cabañas, but soon discovered a large force of Span-



Some Officers of the Expedition.

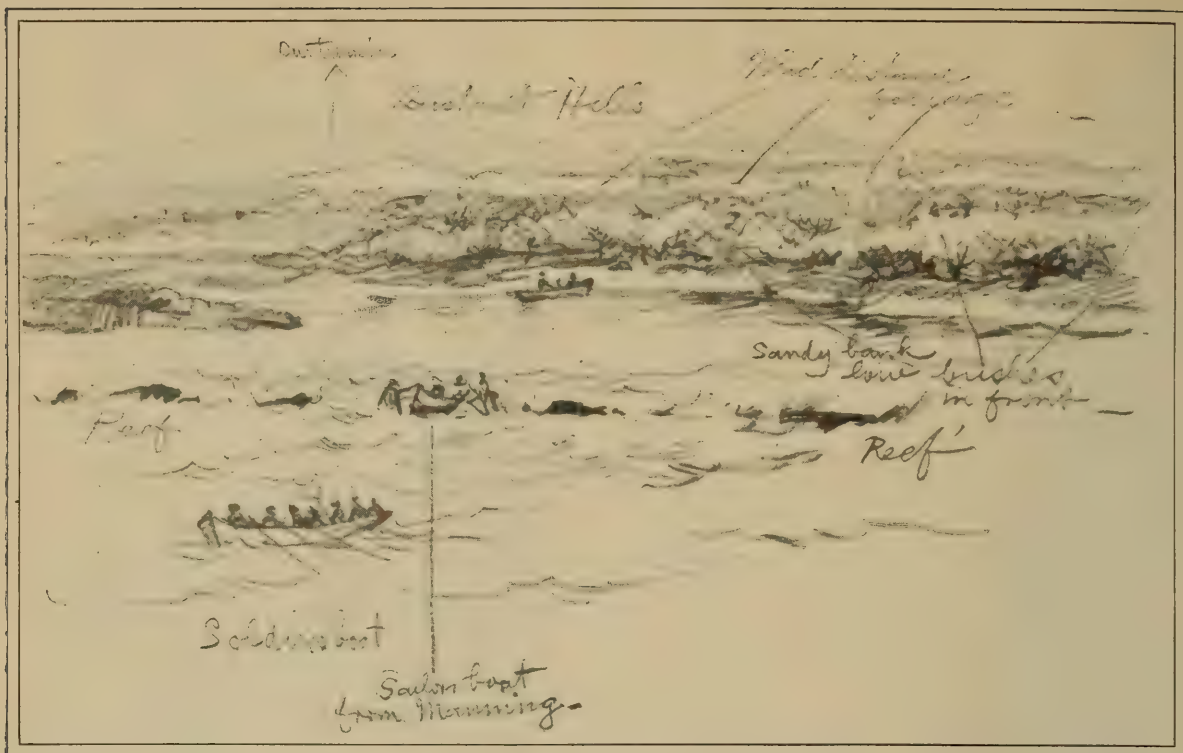
Capt. J. J. O'Connell.

Lieut. F. E. Lacey.

Capt. N. Phister.

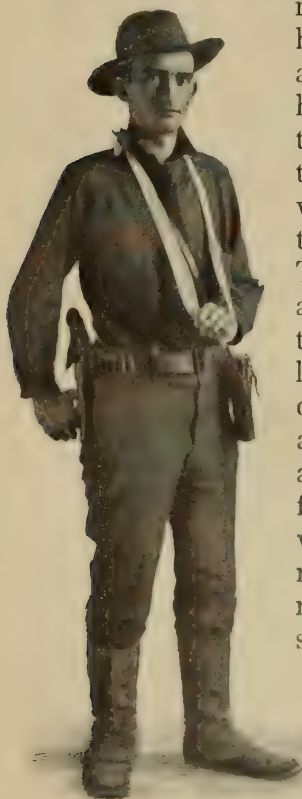
Lieut. D. E. Nolan.

Lieut. William Crofton.



The Landing of the Expedition.

Fac-simile of a sketch made on the spot by the author.



J. F. J. Archibald.
Wounded in the engagement.

ish cavalry and so continued westward. We passed the mouth of Cabañas Harbor, and could easily make out the city. At the point that forms the western side of the

mouth of the harbor we hove to and dropped anchor. The bottom was hard and smooth, and the anchor dragged, so that about three hours were consumed before the ship was made fast. The shore looked favorable for a landing and the boats prepared for lowering. While an anchorage was being made, a hard wind sprung up and the rain began to fall. "Fall" is not the word, however, for it rained as it only can rain in the tropics. A sea commenced to run, and by the time the boats were launched the water was lashed into fury.

Meanwhile a small force of cav-

alry were on the opposite side of the harbor, firing at the transport, but the range was rather long, and their shots were entirely ineffective. However, back over a hill could be heard a continual fire of musketry; which was, I think, an engagement going on between the Spaniards and the Cubans. As this expedition was expected, it is possible that the insurgents were endeavoring to force a connection with our line. The result of this engagement or its cause we have not had the means of ascertaining, but it ceased about an hour afterward.

The Cuban scouts to be landed were Major Doñato Soto, Major Antonio Cabañas, and an orderly. Their equipment was the best this government could give, and three of the best cavalry horses were selected for their use. These officers of the island service had been selected from Gomez's command on account of their bravery and of their perfect knowledge of the country. The horses were hoisted out of the hold, and when all was in readiness the troops took to the boats and were lowered into the water.

Company E, of the First United States Infantry, was detached under Captain J. J. O'Connell, and with him were his lieutenants, William Crofton and D. E. No-

lan. To this company of brave men goes the honor and distinction of being the first of the United States forces to invade the enemy's domain and to plant the Stars and Stripes upon Cuban soil.

The boats were manned by the soldiers, and they proved themselves good sailors as well. I asked permission of Captain O'Connell, and was allowed to accompany the landing-party, and was given a boat to handle, Captain O'Connell sitting in the bow. Lieutenants Crofton and Nolan each took a boat, and the party set off. Captain Nat Phister and Company G were arranged on the hurricane deck, behind breastworks built of bales of hay, ready to protect our landing. We had not gone far when we discovered that a sunken coral-reef extended along the entire coast-line about two hundred feet from shore, and it was impossible to row across this reef. The men were compelled to jump into the surf and lift the boats over the reef.

All this time a firing had been directed at us from the shore, but, luckily, no one was hit, owing probably to the fact that such a heavy sea was running; although my boat was pierced by a ball through the air-chamber, just beneath the stern-seat where I was sitting.

The point, known as Arbilotos, upon which we landed, was densely overgrown with tropical vegetation, so that we could not see more than ten feet away. Captain O'Connell had instructed the men before taking to the boats to form a skirmish line at twenty paces, and to immediately take to the undergrowth. Throwing an entire company into a skirmish line makes a very extended line, and on this account Captain O'Connell requested me to take command of a detachment of about twenty men, which I did during the engagement. There was not the slightest nervousness shown among the men, and the only difficulty we experienced was to keep them under cover and from advancing too rapidly. We had advanced but a short distance when a shot was fired upon my immediate left. Private Metzler reported having seen a mounted Spaniard, and having fired; but he had missed. Upon following, a well-travelled road was found, and the tracks of horsemen were plainly defined in the sand.

The rain had ceased; and in that country it is dry almost as soon as the shower is over, although we were all soaking wet from both rain and surf. Following the road we came upon a bridge or dike built of logs, across an arm of the bay about forty feet wide. Fearing an ambush, I called upon the men to halt, and we broke our way through the bushes to the water's edge. Just across the water was a Spaniard mounted, who fired point-blank, but missed, and I returned the fire with my six-shooter, dismounting him. He was preparing for a second shot when the men came up and he ran into the bushes. A volley was fired, the result of which was not known, but as the modern thirty-calibre ball is not deflected by any ordinary obstruction, it is quite likely the enemy knew of our presence. This was the first firing of the army in this war.

During this time the other skirmish lines had struck the enemy, and the firing became general on both sides. We held this line against the Spaniards until the Cuban scouts and their horses had been landed and their saddles adjusted. One of them then went out to ascertain our whereabouts, and shortly returned with the startling intelligence that we were within two miles of the fortress of Cabañas, where over two thousand troops were stationed. It was natural to suppose that the enemy would be reinforced, and consequently Captain O'Connell came up to order us to fall back. Captain O'Connell and myself were standing in a small clearing, when the enemy opened with renewed force. The bullets zipped with savage vim all about us, one passing through my left arm just above the elbow. We returned the fire and fell back toward the boats, and then part of the men threw up intrenchments while the others kept up a fire on the Spaniards.

Lieutenant Nolan was compelled to draw in his right. We then had a line directly across the little point of land, and our only danger was at our rear, which could only be reached by boats from across the harbor; and the Dolphin, attracted by the firing, had evidently seen and appreciated this fact, for she steamed up and lay off, watching the mouth of the harbor during the engagement. There was a perfect rattle of shots for about

half an hour, and when the enemy could not be seen the reports of their pieces were the targets of our aim. Balls sung around us and over us like a lot of angry hornets, but their aim was generally too high.

During this engagement, that could be heard from the ships, the excitement on the *Gussie* and the *Manning* and the *Wasp* was intense. They could see the enemy's position from the smoke of their firing, as they used a brown-smoke powder ; but the ships could not fire, as they did not know our position. Neither did they know how many of the Spaniards we had engaged. We soon perceived this ; our right was drawn in, and Captain O'Connell communicated with the war-ships and Captain Phister, and soon all three were hurling death and destruction into the enemy's line, compelling them to withdraw.

Lieutenant F. E. Lacey was sent ashore with a reinforcement and to communicate some orders, and did some excellent work in handling the men.

Captain Phister did wonderful execution with his volley-firing and covered the boat-retreat. Had it not been for him we should probably never have left the shore alive.

In looking over the field after the Spaniards had retreated from Captain Phister's fire, we found many dead, although we

have no means of knowing just how many were killed in this the first engagement. I personally saw four dead, and one of these was a lieutenant of the *guardia civil*. We secured the side-arms of these and brought them away with us. All the Spaniards were armed with the machete, which is the favorite Cuban arm, as it is used principally, when not in a fight, to cut the low undergrowth, which is light but almost impenetrable.

The launching of the boats occasioned a great amount of labor, and not until several boat-loads were overturned in the surf was it accomplished and all safely back on shipboard. There can be but one explanation why we were not met in great force when we attempted to land, and completely wiped out ; and that is that the insurgents were engaging the main garrison of Cabañas, on the other side of the harbor where we heard the firing. It is probable that a number were on the way, however, as they must have been informed of our attempt, for we spent about three hours in manœuvring before landing.

So were the first American troops landed and engaged on Cuban soil ; and if all the following engagements of this war could be attended with the same good fortune, we might look forward with less horror to the coming strife.

JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD.

NOTE.—On June 16th Major Doñato Soto and three companions arrived at Key West after a month of narrow escapes. They had safely reached General Diaz, commander of the Cuban forces in Pinar del Río, and brought back full information as to the strength of the insurgents, with despatches to the Government at Washington.

THE AFFAIR OF THE WINSLOW

IT was only a skirmish, if compared with the kind of naval actions usually described in history, but the fight at Cardenas, on May 11, 1898, was the first of the war for the Spanish expulsion where American blood was shed, and the story of it should be preserved if only to show what is to be expected of Yankee sailors under such circumstances.

When Admiral Sampson went away to Porto Rico in search of Cervera's squadron, he left on blockade duty off Cardenas Bay, Cuba, the gun-boats *Machias*, Commander Merry ; and *Wilmington*,

Commander Todd ; the swift torpedo-boat *Winslow*, under Lieutenant J. B. Bernadou, and the converted revenue cutter (a harbor tug in size and model), under Lieutenant F. H. Newcomb of the Revenue Marine.

For a time these had nothing to do but keep lookouts awake, but after a few days they learned definitely that three Spanish gun-boats were in the harbor, and plans were laid to capture them. On Sunday, May 8th, the *Winslow* was sent in as a bait to troll them out where the guns of the *Machias* might reach them,

and this succeeded far enough to bring one Spaniard where the *Machias* was able to land a six-pound shell in her.

Thereafter, an unused (and therefore unmined) channel was sounded out for the use of the light-draught *Wilmington*, and on Wednesday, the 11th, at one o'clock, she, with the *Winslow* and *Hudson*, started in, determined to make an attack on the gun-boats as they lay at the city piers. Everything went well until within a mile and a half of the piers, where the shoal water stopped the *Wilmington*. At that time one gun-boat could be plainly seen at the piers, with a number of sailing-vessels on either side of her, and Commander Todd ordered the *Winslow* to run to the piers and cut her out, while the *Wilmington* lay to and covered the attack.

To understand fully what that order meant to the crew of the *Winslow*, it must be told that the Spanish gun-boats were known to carry twelve-pounders, while the sides of the *Winslow* vary from three-sixteenths to one-quarter of an inch in thickness.

Nevertheless, Lieutenant Bernadou, nothing loath, drove his slender craft ahead straight at the Spanish gun-boat, with the slower *Hudson* following as best it might, her crew being eager to share the danger for the sake of a share of the honor.

There was a commotion along-shore as the little war-ships headed in, but no attention was given that matter until half a mile of the route was covered, when the *Winslow* found herself approaching a lot of red buoys placed as if to mark a channel. A moment later a puff of smoke from a gun at the piers was seen, and a shot knocked a cloud of spray from the water in the midst of the buoys. Another shot followed on the instant, as the *Winslow* dashed ahead, and this, for the *Winslow* was running where the previous shot had struck, hit her fair on the bow, passed through the captain's quarters and exploded in the paint locker, setting the contents on fire.

Still holding his course, Bernadou called his men to help extinguish the fire. He was guiding them successfully at the work when another shot exploded against the forward conning-tower, and a piece of the shell pierced the left groin of Lieutenant Bernadou, and lodged within half an inch of the artery.

Quickly placing his hand on the wound to stanch the blood, Bernadou called for a towel. With this he formed a stout bandage around the limb, and to still further compress the wound, he shoved a cartridge, from a one-pounder, handy-by, into the bandage and then went on with his work.

But in the brief moments that he was so engaged the work of the Spanish gunners had been deadly. Another shot had hit the forward conning-tower, totally disabling the steering gear, and another had passed through the forward boiler, fortunately, however, without scalding anyone seriously. And then came still another, the sixth to strike the ship, and this disabled the starboard engine.

It was not only swift, it was the hottest kind of work that the Spaniards were doing, but Bernadou walked aft and was just beginning to steer the ship by the hand-gear there, when another shot struck her and wholly disabled the last of the steering apparatus.

In this condition there was but one thing to do, and that was to get the *Winslow* out of the fight, if possible, though it should be said that during all this time the crew had worked the little one-pounders with steady vigor, and they were still at it.

Although unable to steer the ship, Bernadou found, nevertheless, that by going ahead and then backing with the uninjured engine, he was able not only to interfere with the Spanish aim, but he was working clear of the deadly field of red buoys. Accordingly, Ensign Worth Bagley, the second in command, was placed at the hatch amidships to direct the engineer (for speaking-tubes and other means of communication had been shot away), while Bernadou called to the *Hudson* to come and tow him out to the *Wilmington*. For the *Hudson* had arrived at this time within easy hail, and with her guns was pumping steel at the Spaniards with perfect coolness and swift energy.

Up to this moment, in spite of the fact that ten shells had struck the *Winslow*, Bernadou was the only man who had been hit. But while the *Hudson* was responding to his call, the eleventh and last shot came on board, struck the hose-reel, and exploded in the midst of a group of men

who were standing near Bagley, and who, for the most part, were coolly surveying the conflict with nothing to do. For two of them were firemen and one an oiler from the disabled engine compartment, and a fourth was a cook.

As the shell exploded, one man threw up his hands, and crying "Save me! Save me!" tumbled back and was falling overboard, when a shipmate caught him; Bagley staggered to the signal mast, clasped it and sank down to the deck. Both of these died at once. Three more died within an hour, and five, all told, were wounded. Out of a crew of twenty-one, five were killed and five wounded.

Was it a hot fight?

On seeing that the Winslow was disabled, the Spaniards worked their guns with increased energy, and the air was full of

screeching shells; but the Hudson's crew brought a line to the torpedo-boat, as if they were to tow a river-barge in New York Harbor. Unfortunately, however, as the Hudson started ahead the line parted. Some say it was shot away, and others, that it broke because the Winslow could not be steered to follow. Again the line was passed, and again it broke, when Newcomb brought his tug to the side of the Winslow, made her fast there, and then ran clear of danger with her.

The battle—skirmish, if you will, was soon done. The Wilmington had meantime shot the gun-boat to pieces, which had been the object of the expedition, and soon after the Winslow was towed out so that the Wilmington's gunners were not afraid of hitting her, they silenced every gun along-shore.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

THE LANDING OF THE ARMY

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THERE are three places in the West Indies where Columbus is said to have first landed; one of them is at Santiago. Some hundreds of years from now there will probably be a great dispute as to where the American troops first landed when they came to drive the Spaniard across the sea and to establish the republic of Cuba. There were two "first landings" of the army of invasion; but before it came to Cuba soldiers of the regular army were put ashore at Arbolitas Point when they acted as an escort to the Gussie expedition. On this occasion a Spanish lieutenant and several of his soldiers were killed, and on the American side a correspondent was shot through the arm. Still another landing was made before the regulars came in force, this time by marines, at Guantanamo Bay; and as they established a camp there and remained on shore, the credit of first raising the American flag on Cuban soil, and of keeping it in its place, belongs to them and through them to the

navy. The first American flag raised temporarily was put up on a block-house near Cardenas by Lieutenant Miller, also of the navy.

When the army came at last, sixteen thousand strong, in thirty-one transports, and with an escort of fourteen warships, it made two landings; a preliminary one on June 20th, when only twenty people went ashore at Aserradero, and on June 22d at Baiquiri, when all through the day there was a continuous going and coming of shore-boats from the transports, each carrying from twenty to thirty men, and following after each other as swiftly as cable cars on Broadway.

The preliminary landing was made by General Shafter and Admiral Sampson without any escort or protection from United States troops. They landed to confer with General Garcia, and had the three commanders been captured by the Spaniards and cut off from their ships, the conduct of the war might have been consid-

* * * This passage of Mr. Davis's narrative of the War was received after "The Rocking-Chair Period" was already on the press, and is necessarily printed later in the number.

erably altered. As it was, the long-boat, in which General Shafter and Admiral Sampson were rowed from the ship, was met at the shore by a mounted force of Cuban officers, who gave them their protection. It was one of the most striking pictures of the war, and one of the most dramatic ever witnessed in any part of the world. The sun was blazing over a brilliant blue sea, great grim mountains rose straight before us, and at the edge of the water a grove of cocoanut-palms made a background for the Cuban troops. As the blue-jackets drove the long boat toward the shore, the Cubans dashed into the water up to their waists and came toward us, cheering and shouting, and the officers on horseback surrounded the boat, splashing and churning up the water, and saluting the two men whose coming meant for them the freedom and independence of their island.

The landing in force took place the second day after this at nine o'clock in the morning. All we had been told was that the landing would take place at day-break, and at that hour we woke to find the transports drawn up in their usual disorder opposite the town of Nueva Salamanca, which lies eighteen miles east of Santiago. Just above this village is the river Baiquiri, and it was this river and not the town that gave its name to the landing-place. We watched the landing from the docks of the Seguranca, the headquarters ship of the transports which carried General Shafter, and which, in order that he might the better direct the landing, was the ship that ran in closest to the shore. To better understand what followed, the reader might know what we did not know, the plan of operations as it was prepared beforehand. The full plot is given in the bulletin from the flag-ship New York, issued on the day before the landing, which the newspapers have already frequently printed. Some of its most important orders were as follows :

NORTH ATLANTIC STATION, U. S. FLAG-SHIP NEW YORK (1st Rate),

Off Santiago de Cuba, June 21, 1898.

ORDER OF BATTLE.

1.—The Army Corps will land to-morrow morning, the entire force landing at Baiquiri. The landing will begin at daylight, or as soon thereafter as practicable. General Castillo, with a thousand men coming from the eastward of Baiquiri, will assist in clearing the way for an unopposed landing, by flanking out the Spanish forces at that point.

2.—Simultaneously with the shelling of the beach and

blockhouses at Baiquiri, the Ensenada de los Altares, and Aguadores, both to the eastward of Santiago, and the small Bay of Cabañas, about two and one half miles to the westward of Santiago, will be shelled by the ships stationed there for that purpose.

3.—A feint in force of landing at Cabañas will be made, about ten of the transports, the last to disembark their forces at Baiquiri, remaining during the day, or greater part of the day, about two miles to the southward of Cabañas, lowering boats and making apparent preparations for disembarking a large body of troops; at the same time General Rabi with 500 Cuban troops will make a demonstration on the west side of Cabañas.

4.—The following vessels are assigned to bombard the four points mentioned above :

At Cabañas, the Scorpion, Vixen, and Texas.

At Aguadores, the Eagle and Gloucester.

At Ensenada de los Altares, the Hornet, Helena, and Bancroft.

At Baiquiri, the Detroit, Castine, Wasp, and New Orleans, the Detroit and Castine on the westward flank, the Wasp and New Orleans on the eastern flank. All the vessels named will be in their position at daylight.

6.—The Texas and Brooklyn will exchange blockading stations, the Texas going inside to be near Cabañas. The Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Iowa, and Oregon will retain their blockading positions, and will keep a vigilant watch on the harbor mouth. The Indiana will take the New Orleans's position in the blockading line east of Santiago, and between the flagship New York and the shore. This is only a temporary assignment for the Indiana, to strengthen the blockading line during the landing, and avoid any possibility of the enemy's breaking through should he attempt to get out of the port.

7.—The Suwanee, Osceola, and Wompatuck will be prepared to tow boats. Each will be provided with two five or six inch lines, one on each quarter; each long enough to take in tow a dozen or more boats.

8.—These vessels will report at the New York at 3.30 A.M. on June 22d, prepared to take in tow the ships' boats which are to assist in the landing of troops and convey them to Baiquiri.

9.—The Texas, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Iowa, Oregon, New York, and Indiana will send all their steam-cutters and all their pulling boats, with the exception of one retained on board each ship, to assist in the landing. These boats will report at the New York at 3.00 A.M.

10.—Each boat, whaleboat, and cutter will have three men; each launch five men, and each steam-cutter its full crew and an officer for their own management. In addition to these men, each boat will carry five men, including one capable of acting as coxswain to manage and direct the transports' boats. Each steam-launch will be in charge of an officer, who will report to Captain Goodrich. Care will be taken in the selection of boat-keepers and coxswains, to take no men who are gun-pointers or who occupy positions of special importance at the battery.

14.—The attention of Commanding Officers of all vessels engaged in blockading Santiago de Cuba is earnestly called to the necessity of the utmost vigilance from this time forward—both as to maintaining stations and readiness for action, and as to keeping a close watch upon the harbor mouth. If the Spanish Admiral ever intends to attempt to escape, that attempt will be made soon.

WILLIAM T. SAMPSON,

Rear Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station.

At Baiquiri are the machine-shops and ore-dock of the Spanish-American Iron Company. The ore-dock runs parallel with the coast-line, and back of it are the machine-shop and the company's corrugated zinc-shacks and rows of native huts thatched with palm-leaves. Behind these rise the mountains, and on a steep and lofty spur is a little Spanish block-house with a flag-pole beside it. As the sun rose and showed this to the waiting fleet it is probable that every one of the thousands of impatient soldiers had the same

thought, that the American flag must wave over that block-house before the sun sank again.

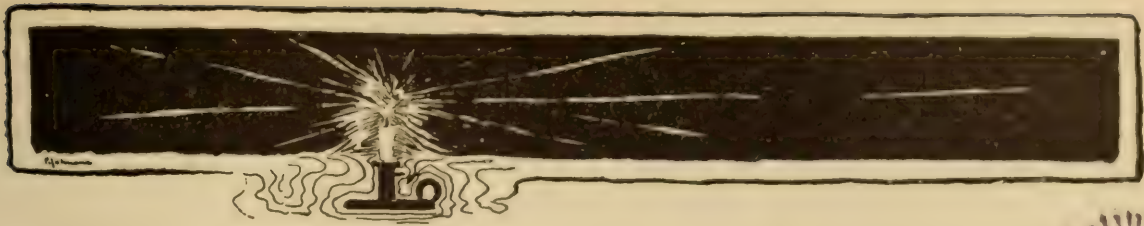
The morning broke cool and clear. There was no sign of life in the village, and, except that the machine-shop and one of a long row of ore-cars on the ore-pier were on fire and blazing briskly, we would have thought that the place was deserted. Until nine o'clock nothing happened, and then from Siboney came the first sounds of bombardment. It is probable that to ninety per cent. of the soldiers it was the first shot they had ever heard fired in anger. There was another long wait while the launches sped from ship to ship with shore-boats rocking in tow on cable behind them, and in time they were filled, but not without much mirth and a few accidents.

It was delightful to see the fine scorn of the coxswains as the "doughboys" fell and jumped and tumbled from the gangway ladder into the heaving boats, that dropped from beneath them like a descending elevator or rose suddenly and threw them on their knees. It was much more dangerous than anyone imagined, for later in the day when two men of the Twenty-fifth Regiment were upset at the pier, the weight of the heavy cartridge-belt and haversack and blanket-roll carried them to the bottom. Soon the sea was dotted with rows of white boats filled with men bound about with white blanket-rolls and with muskets at all angles, and as they rose and fell on the water and the newspaper yachts and transports crept in closer and closer, the scene was strangely suggestive of a boat-race, and one almost waited for the starting gun.

It came at last, though in a different spirit, from the New Orleans, and in an instant the Detroit, the Castine, and the little Wasp were enveloped in smoke. The valleys sent back the reports of the guns in long thundering echoes that reverberated again and again, and the mountain-side began at once to spurt up geysers of earth and branches of broken bushes, as though someone had stabbed it with a knife and the blood had spurted from the wound. But there were no an-

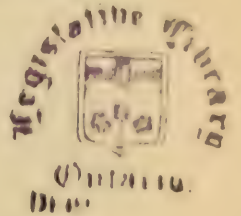
swering shots, and under the cover of the smoke the long-boats and launches began to scurry toward the shore. Meanwhile, the war-ships kept up their fierce search for hidden batteries, tearing off the tin roofs of the huts, dismantling the block-houses, and sending the thatched shacks into bonfires of flame. The men in the boats pulled harder at the oars, the steam-launches rolled and pitched, tugging at the weight behind them, and the first convoy of five hundred men were soon bunched together, racing bow by bow for the shore. A launch turned suddenly and steered for a long pier under the ore-docks, and the waves lifted it to the level of the pier, and a half-dozen men leaped through the air and landed on the pier-head, waving their muskets above them. At the same moment two of the other boats were driven through the surf to the beach itself, and the men tumbled out and scrambled to their feet upon the shore of Cuba. In an instant a cheer rose faintly from the shore, and more loudly from the war-ships. It was caught up by every ship in the transport fleet, and was carried for miles over the ocean. Men waved their hats, and jumped up and down, and shrieked as though they themselves had been the first to land, and the combined cheering seemed as though it must surely reach to the walls of Santiago and tell the enemy that the end was near. But the cheers were whispers to what came later, when, outlined against the sky, we saw four tiny figures scaling the sheer face of the mountain up the narrow trail to the highest block-house—they were bunched together there for a moment at the side of the Spanish fort, and then thousands of feet above the shore the American flag was thrown out against the sky, and the sailors on the men-of-war, the Cubans, and our own soldiers in the village, the soldiers in the long-boats, and those still hanging to the sides and ratlines of the troop-ships, shouted and cheered again, and every steam-whistle on the ocean for miles about shrieked and tooted and roared in a pandemonium of delight and pride and triumph.

BAIQUIRI, June 23, 1898.



GORMLEY'S SCOOP

By E. A. Walcott



I

"GORMLEY!"

The voice of the city editor rang sharp and decided from the inner sanctum, with an explosive suddenness which startled the flies droning in the afternoon sunlight that streamed into the local room, deserted now save for one figure bending over a well-littered desk.

The figure started up, with the drowsy air of the close, warm room pictured in every movement, and sleepily replied, "Here."

"What are you working on?" asked the city editor.

"Half a column on the danger of small-pox from over-ripe sewers."

"Well, let that go. The sewers will keep. Just step into the news-room. Mr. Peters wants you."

Gormley bundled together the scattered sheets of his "sensation," put them where he would be sure to forget them, and stepped briskly into the news-room.

The news editor was waiting for him.

"I want you to start for the Legislature on the next train. You can just catch it. There is a big sensation, exposé, or something of the kind on hand, and Thompson has wired for help. He'll tell you all about it when you get there. Have you got money enough for expenses? No? Well, here's an order on the business office. It's too late to get a pass. There'll be enough to see you through."

"I'll catch the five o'clock," said Gormley.

"D—n the Legislature," he thought to himself as he closed the door. "I wish it was Patagonia instead." Gormley had "done the Legislature" at the previous

session, and knew the detail for what it was.

But, Patagonia or the Legislature, an order was enough. Gormley was a reasonably loyal member of a profession that calls for the same prompt obedience that must be given by the soldier and the commercial "drummer." He cashed the order and caught the train.

II

It lacked twenty minutes to nine and the office was again almost deserted. Upstairs the printers were busy, and the click of metal as the "afternoon copy" was being put into type suggested some curious machine. But down in the editorial-rooms there was hardly a sound to be heard but the whirl of a dynamo in the basement and the passing sounds of traffic on the street.

The city editor had just come in and was looking over the detail-book, wondering if that Dobson scandal was a "scoop." The copy-reader was savagely slashing the last pages of the afternoon's "copy." The local room held but two men writing up their belated work.

Suddenly a messenger-boy thrust the door open, hurried through the local room with a scared, hunted glance behind him, and flung a packet on the city editor's desk.

The city editor glanced up and over the boy's shoulder, noted that a figure passed the door, silently and softly, and walked on to Gormley's desk. The back was toward him. But the back was indubitably the back of George Gormley, who had left the office four hours ago.

The packet was the long office envelope with the office address printed across its face. Under the address was written "rush," the mark of important news.

"I—I found it," stammered the boy. "That's—I mean—I dunno—I mean I finds it in me hand, and a gent—or least I thought it was a gent or a something—says ter run with it here. He was a reg'lar queer un—mighty queer," and the boy looked over his shoulder in a half scared way.

"He must have been a queer one to set you to running in here the way you did." The city editor condescended to make the statutory joke on the messenger-boy as he tore open the envelope.

The manuscript was in Gormley's hand.

The city editor read a few lines and then drew a long whistle.

"Gormley!" he called.

There was no response.

The city editor got up and looked out into the local room.

Gormley's chair was vacant.

"Jones," he asked, sharply, "where did Mr. Gormley go?"

Jones looked up from his writing in surprise.

"Gormley hasn't been here since five o'clock, sir," he said, "I met him then. Said he was going to catch a train!"

"Well, he's back. I saw him come in here not two minutes ago."

Jones looked astonished.

"Nobody's been through here but the boy," he said.

It was beneath the city editor's dignity to dispute over a simple matter of fact with a reporter.

Gormley had come, for he had seen him. He must have gone to the news editor's room. At all events, here was something for the news editor's eye.

"Stay here a minute," he said to the boy waiting to have his tag stamped, and he hustled into the news editor's room.

"It's lucky you sent Gormley up this afternoon," he said. "Here's a big story. Train wrecked at Greendale. Thirty people killed. Cars on fire. Sickening details. Gormley's the best man in the shop for a fire or an accident."

The news editor glanced over the sheets.

"First rate, first rate," he muttered, admiringly. "But, see here," he exclaimed, suddenly. "What time is it?"

"A quarter to nine."

"Well, according to this account the

wreck occurred at 8.25. How the mischief is Gormley going to write four columns and get it from Greendale in twenty minutes? It takes the best part of four hours to get there."

The city editor's face fell. The sensation was knocked into a hoax.

"Wait a minute," said the news editor, turning to the speaking-tube that led to the telegraph-room. "He might have made a bull on the hour, or the place."

The telegraph-room's answer to his questions were short and sharp. No, there was no news of a railroad wreck anywhere in the country.

The city editor was a picturesquely profane man, and he swore.

"That's the first time Gormley ever played a trick on the office," growled the city editor between oaths. "As he's hanging round the building somewhere, he might as well come and explain himself."

"What! Is he here?"

"Yes, he followed the boy who brought that stuff. I thought he came in here to square himself with you. By the way, I mustn't forget to charge him up with the messenger."

"But, great Scott! Thompson's story," said the news editor, recalling the neglected "sensation" in the Legislature. He was profane only under provocation, but the occasion seemed to justify all the remarks that he could make. And he made them.

Decidedly, Gormley owed the office an explanation.

But no Gormley was to be found. He was not in any of the rooms, and no one but the city editor had seen him.

The messenger who brought the packet was called in.

"Where did you get this envelope?" asked the news editor.

The boy looked over his shoulder nervously, as though he had an impression that someone was behind him.

"I—it was—I—found it in me hand," he said at last. "I can't tell yer how it got there. A gent says to me, 'Rush that to the office'—leastways, I thought it was a gent. And it didn't seem like he'd spoke, neither."

"Didn't you see him?"

"It was darker'n cats just where he

gives it to me, and when I turns to ask him where to go, he wasn't there. Then I goes to the next lamp and sees it's for here, and I brings it. See? But I gits the idea that the gent's a follerin' me to see that I come straight. Yer bet I did come straight, too."

"Was it the man who followed you in?" asked the city editor.

"Naw. There didn't no one fol-ler me in."

"But the man who wrote this came into the office just behind you."

The boy looked over his shoulder with the same nervous fear in his face.

"Naw, he didn't. Leastways, there weren't no one there. I kinder felt as though he was a-follerin', and I looks round—so," and he glanced behind him again. "And there weren't no one there."

That was all that was to be got out of the boy. His card was stamped, and he was allowed to go.

The news editor and the city editor looked at each other a full minute without speaking.

"Well, this beats me," said the news editor. "I'll wire Greendale, and see what can be made out of it at that end of the line."

"It goes beyond anything in my time," said the city editor, as the news editor wrote the dispatch of inquiry, and handed it to the office-boy. "I saw Gormley come in that door as plainly as I see you sitting there."

"Rather elaborate hoax," said the news editor, running over the sheets and thrilling with professional appreciation of a good thing as he noted the manner of its

doing. "Clever, too. Gaudy story. Complete with all the gory details, names of the killed and wounded, and everything in order. It ought to have happened, if it didn't."

"Gormley never faked on us yet," said the city editor, with the tone of one who was half inclined to throw aside the evidence and the probabilities and accept the story.

"Well!" said the news editor, drawing a surprised whistle. "What do you think of this item?"

And he held up the last sheet, and pointed to the final paragraph. It read:

"Among the killed was George Gormley, a newspaper correspondent, on his way to X—. His body was frightfully mangled, and death was instantaneous."

"I never knew a man that was killed to write copy

like that," said the news editor, grimly. "And if Gormley came to the office less than fifteen minutes ago, he didn't go on the train, for that will be getting into X—in about half an hour. If he didn't go he couldn't have been in the accident, if it took place. If he had gone and was killed, he couldn't have written anything at all. If he had gone through an accident, he could not have written this copy under three or four hours, and if he had had it already written, it couldn't possibly have got from Greendale for two hours yet, even if it had come on a special."

"Clear case of fake, then," said the city editor. "Dump it into the waste-basket."

"It's a bang-up story," said the news editor, regretfully. "I wish we could use it."



"I wish it was Patagonia instead."—Page 187.



The city editor got up and looked out into the local room.—Page 188.

He held it over the waste-basket. Then he hesitated, glanced over his shoulder as though he expected to see someone behind him, and put the copy back on his desk. He looked a bit foolish as he did so. Before he could explain his motive, if he wished to do it, the telegraph editor burst into the room in much excitement.

"Here's your wreck," he said; "got a despatch from X—— just this minute. There's been a big smash-up on the road. The five o'clock express went through the bridge at Greendale about an hour ago. Wreck caught fire. Hundred people killed and injured. Wrecking train just started from X—— No particulars."

The doubt and perplexity cleared from the news editor's face. Here was something on which to act.

"Wire Thompson to let his story go over. Tell him to turn the Legislature over to Wilkins, take Curtis, get a special, strike for Greendale and get everything." Then he turned to the city editor. "Give me

two men from here, and I'll send them to help or relieve Thompson. Get the local story from the railroad men. Keep everything else down to bedrock."

The city editor stopped at the door. There was a curious look on his face, as he pointed with his thumb to the Gormley packet on the desk and asked:

"Where did that come from?"

But the news editor did not seem to hear him, and he went out.

III

MIDNIGHT had come and the news editor was gloomily taking account of stock.

"It's a bad wreck," the city editor reported. "The railroad men cannot be got to talk, and that's a sure sign. No special to be had for love or money. They won't even give out the name of a passenger. We've got about fifty names of men who went on the train, pictures of Greendale, photos of about a dozen of the big passengers, and about a column of stuff.

Railroad is getting acres of despatches, but not a word is to be squeezed out of them."

The telegraph editor had hardly a more satisfactory story.

Thompson, being refused a special engine, had caught the doctor's train and had smuggled himself to Greendale as a surgeon. The wreck was a bad one. Forty or fifty killed, and more wounded. With this much information Thompson's despatches had been cut off the wire, and not a word could be got to or from him.

"Been wiring him for an hour and can't get a line," concluded the telegraph editor.

"Just as I expected," said the news editor. "The railroad has got the wires. The operator at Greendale is the railroad agent too, and we won't get a word if they can help it. If they could shut out the newspapers their bill for damages wouldn't be very heavy.

"Pretty situation," grumbled the telegraph editor. "Biggest sensation of the year, and only one column of double-leaded padding, and a column of local to go with it. I've built up half a column of scare heads. That's a fine kind of a showing for a live paper printed within a hundred miles of the scene."

The news editor glanced at the city editor, and picked up the manuscript in Gormley's hand.

"I'm going to use it," he said, hesitatingly. "I've compared the names of the

killed and wounded with the passenger list we get from this end. Names are all correct, so far as the local list goes. It's a full account, and—and—well, I'll risk it. Send it up, double-leaded." And he handed it to the telegraph editor, who ran over it hastily.

"Good—good. This is prime. Where did you get it? Is it a fake?"

"The Lord knows. Get it in and we'll tell you the story later."

IV

THE news editor still sat at his desk, though it was long after his usual hour to leave. The upper floors of the building were deserted and gloomy. The last form had been sent down, and the presses were roaring in the basement grinding out the grist of newspapers, and carriers and mail-wagons were noisy below his windows.

Yet the news editor sat there staring with vacant eye, thinking, doubting.

At midnight it had seemed real, and he was ready to take the heavy responsibility. But the morning was already changing from black to gray. The electric clamps seemed to grow dim.

And in the gray light of the coming day it was all so fantastic, absurd, impossible. It was the act of a lunatic to use the story that had come so strangely.

He rose to order the press stopped, the edition called in, and a new page made up.



"A gent says to me, 'Risk that to the office'—leastways, I thought it was a good one."—Page 191.

But as he turned from his chair, there came upon him an impression that George Gormley stood before him—an impression so clear and distinct that he sat down with a nervous terror upon him that unmanned him for an instant, though his eyes showed him no companion in his room.

Then he walked out of the office into the cool morning air, wondering, doubting, but shutting his mind to the impulse to try to recall his step. And he walked the streets in the growing light while the newsboys' cry rose on the air and informed the early riser that he could get all the particulars of a bloody accident for five cents.

It was a scoop. The other papers, to be sure, had the little dribblets of news that had come by wire and the items that could be gathered from the local field. But here were the full details of the

bloodiest wreck in the history of the State. The presses were rolling off the papers, far into the morning, hardly able to keep up with the demand from the business office. The news editor came back to the office to compare with pride, tempered by misgivings, the completeness of his description with the meagre showing made by the rival sheets.

But the misgivings turned to exultation as the hours wore on. The delayed despatches from Thompson were in the office before noon. An "extra" was projected and abandoned. Item by item the published account was confirmed. All that was to be added was the stories of the survivors and the description of scenes about the wreck as the work of search and rescue went on.

Late in the afternoon the news editor handed the city editor a despatch:



"Well!" said the news editor, drawing a surprised whistle. "What do you think of this item?"—Page 180.



The telegraph editor burst into the room in much excitement. "Here's your wreck," he said.—Page 190.

"The twenty-third body recovered was that of George Gormley, a newspaper correspondent. The body was considerably mutilated. The left hand grasped a mass of charred brown paper, on which the writing was illegible."

"What was it?" said the city editor, looking rather uncomfortable.

The news editor had no reply to make, so he made none.

V

GORMLEY was buried at the expense of the office.

But they never speak of his "scoop." There were few who knew of it, and these have an unpleasant feeling when they think of it. It was an impossible thing, and no good can come from probing into certain mysteries in this world or another.



A SAGA OF THE SEAS

By Kenneth Grahame

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

IT happened one day that some ladies came to call, who were not at all the sort I was used to. They suffered from a grievance, so far as I could gather, and the burden of their plaint was Man—Men in general and Man in particular. (Though the words were but spoken, I could clearly discern the capital M in their acid utterance.)

Of course I was not present officially, so to speak. Down below, in my sub-world of chairlegs and hearthrugs and the undersides of sofas, I was working out my own floor-problems, while they babbled on far above my head, considering me as but a chairleg, or even something lower in the scale. Yet I was listening hard all the time, with that respectful consideration one gives to all grown-up people's remarks, so long as one knows no better.

It seemed a serious indictment enough, as they rolled it out. In tact, consideration, and right appreciation, as well as in taste and æsthetic sensibilities—we failed at every point, we breeched and bearded prentice-jobs of Nature; and I began to feel like collapsing on the carpet from sheer spiritual anæmia. But when one of them, with a swing of her skirt, prostrated a whole regiment of my brave tin soldiers, and never apologized nor even offered her aid toward revivifying the battle-line, I could not help

feeling that in tactfulness and consideration for others she was still a little to seek. And I said as much, with some directness of language.

That was the end of me, from a society point of view. Rudeness to visitors was the unpardonable sin, and in two seconds I had my marching orders, and was sullenly wending my way to the St. Helena of the nursery. As I climbed the stair, my thoughts reverted somehow to a game we had been playing that very morning. It was the good old game of Rafts—a game that will be played till all the oceans are dry and all the trees in the world are felled—and after. And we were all crowded together on the precarious little platform, and Selina occupied every bit as much room as I did, and Charlotte's legs didn't dangle over any more than Harold's. The pitiless sun overhead beat on us all with tropic impartiality, and the hungry sharks, whose fins scored the limitless Pacific stretching out on every side, were impelled by an appetite that made no exceptions as to sex. When we shared the ultimate biscuit and circulated the last water-keg, the girls got an absolute fourth apiece, and neither more nor less; and the only partiality shown was entirely in favor of Charlotte, who was allowed to perceive and to hail the saviour-sail on the horizon. And

this was only because it was her turn to do so, not because she happened to be this or that. Surely, the rules of the raft were the rules of life, and in what, then, did these visitor-ladies' grievance consist?

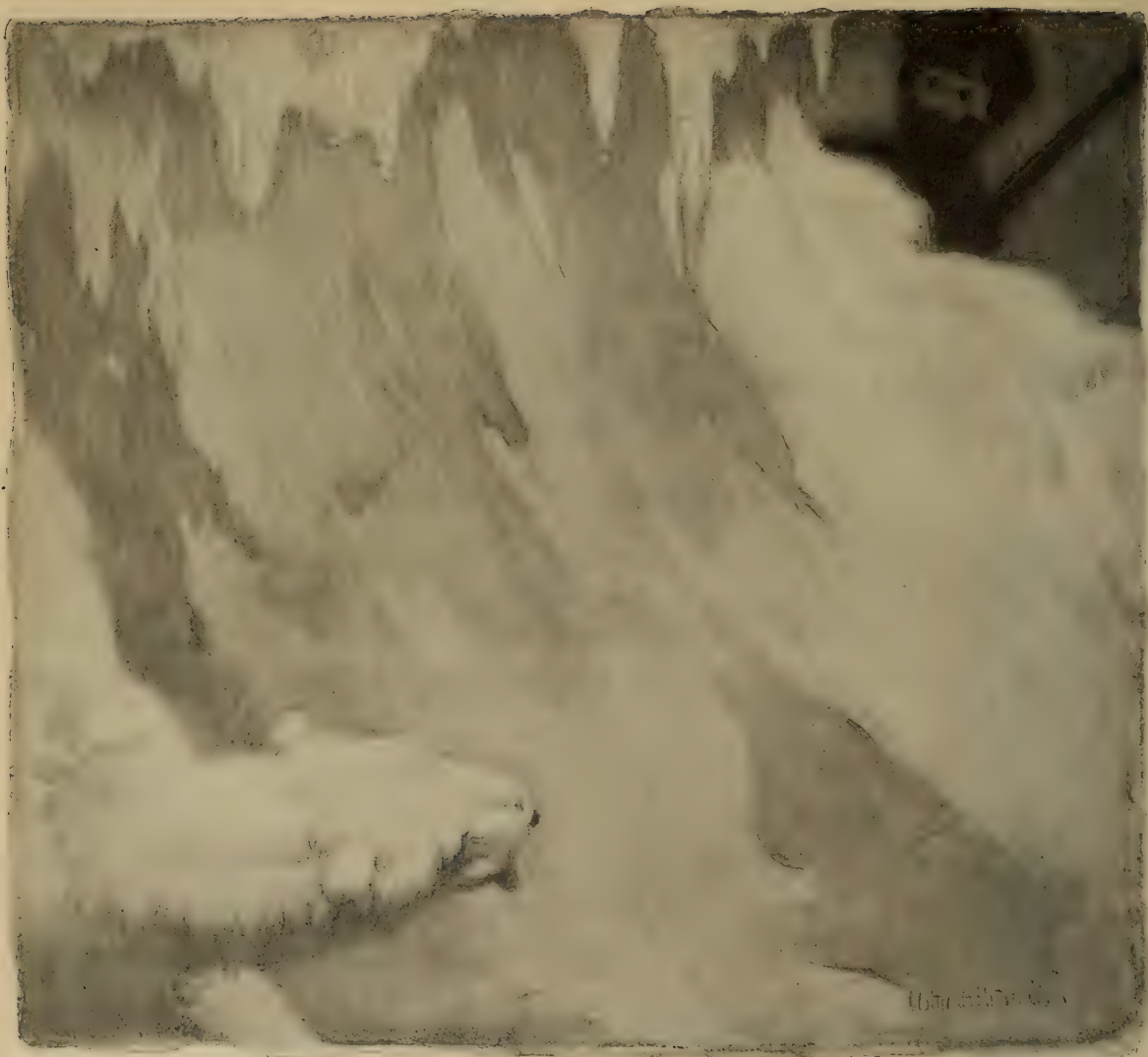
Puzzled and a little sulky, I pushed open the door of the deserted nursery, where the raft that had rocked beneath so many hopes and fears still occupied the ocean-floor. To the dull eye, that merely tarries upon the outsides of things, it might have appeared unromantic and even unraftlike, consisting only as it did of a round sponge-bath on a bald deal towel-horse placed flat on the floor. Even to myself much of the recent raft-glamour seemed to have departed as I half-mechanically stepped inside and curled myself up in it for a solitary voyage. Once I was in, however, the old magic and mystery returned in full flood, when I discovered that the inequalities of the towel-horse caused the bath to rock, slightly, indeed, but easily and incessantly. A few minutes of this delightful motion, and one was fairly launched. So those women below didn't want us? Well, there were other women, and other places, that did. And this was going to be no scrambling raft-affair, but a full-blooded voyage of the Man, equipped and purposeful, in search of what was his rightful own.

Whither should I shape my course, and what sort of vessel should I charter for the voyage? The shipping of all England was mine to pick from, and the far corners of the globe were my rightful inheritance. A frigate, of course, seemed the natural vehicle for a boy of spirit to set out in. And yet there was something rather "uppish" in commanding a frigate at the very first set-off, and little spread was left for the ambition. Frigates, too, could always be acquired later by sheer adventure; and your real hero generally saved up a square-rigged ship for the final achievement and the rapt return. No, it was a schooner that I was aboard of—a schooner whose masts raked devilishly as the leaping seas hissed along her low black gunwale. Many hairbrained youths started out on a mere cutter; but I was prudent, and besides I had some inkling of the serious affairs that were ahead.

I have said I was already aboard; and, indeed, on this occasion I was too hungry for adventure to linger over what would have been a special delight at a period of more leisure—the dangling about the harbor, the choosing your craft, selecting your shipmates, stowing your cargo, and fitting up your private cabin with everything you might want to put your hand no in any



A few minutes of this delightful motion and one was fairly launched.



I have rarely enjoyed better shooting. . . .—Page 197.

emergency whatever. I could not wait for that. Out beyond soundings, the big seas were racing westward and calling me, albatrosses hovered motionless, expectant of a comrade, and a thousand islands held each of them a fresh adventure, stored up, hidden away, awaiting production, expressly saved for me. We were humming, close hauled, down the Channel, spray in the eyes, and the shrouds thrilling musically, in much less time than the average man would have taken to transfer his Gladstone bag and his rugs from the train to a sheltered place on the promenade-deck of the tame daily steamer.

So long as we were in pilotage I stuck manfully to the wheel. The undertaking was mine, and with it all its responsibilities, and there was some tricky steering to be done as we sped by headland and bay, ere we breasted the great seas outside and the land fell away behind us. But as soon as

the Atlantic had opened out I began to feel that it would be rather nice to take tea by myself in my own cabin, and it therefore became necessary to invent a comrade or two, to take their turn at the wheel.

This was easy enough. A friend or two of my own age, from among the boys I knew; a friend or two from characters in the books I knew; and a friend or two from No-man's-land, where every fellow's a born sailor; and the crew was complete. I addressed them on the poop, divided them into watches, gave instructions I should be summoned on the first sign of pirates, whales, or Frenchmen, and retired below to a well-earned spell of relaxation.

That was the right sort of cabin that I stepped into, shutting the door behind me with a click. Of course, fire-arms were the first thing I looked for, and there they

were, sure enough, in their racks, dozens of 'em—double-barrelled guns, and repeating-rifles, and long pistols, and shiny plated revolvers. I rang up the steward and ordered tea, with scones, and jam in its native pots—none of your finicking shallow glass dishes; and, when properly streaked with jam, and blown out with tea, I went through the armory, clicked the rifles and revolvers, tested the edges of the cutlasses with my thumb, and filled the cartridge-belts chock-full. Everything was there, and of the best quality, just as if I had spent a whole fortnight knocking about Plymouth and ordering things. Clearly, if this cruise came to grief, it would not be for want of equipment.

Just as I was beginning on the lockers and the drawers, the watch reported ice-

bergs on both bows—and, what was more to the point, coveys of Polar bears on the icebergs. I grasped a rifle or two, and hastened on deck. The spectacle was indeed magnificent—it generally is, with icebergs on both bows, and these were exceptionally enormous icebergs. But I hadn't come there to paint Academy pictures, so the captain's gig was in the water and manned almost ere the boatswain's whistle had ceased sounding, and we were pulling hard for the Polar bears—myself and the rifles in the stern-sheets.

I have rarely enjoyed better shooting than I got during that afternoon's tramp over the icebergs. Perhaps I was in specially good form; perhaps the bears "rose" well. Anyhow, the bag was a portentous one. In later days, on read-



I disliked the looks of her from the first. Page 197

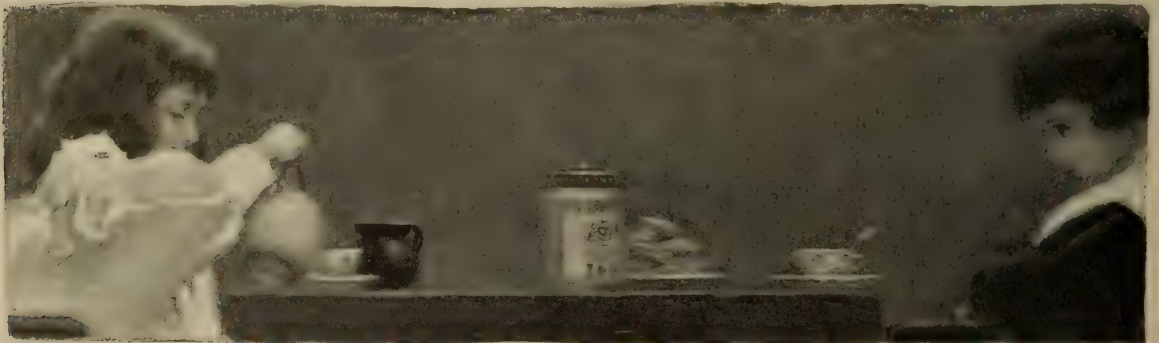
ing of the growing scarcity of Polar bears, my conscience has pricked me ; but that afternoon I experienced no compunction. Nevertheless, when the huge pile of skins had been hoisted on board, and a stiff grög had been served out to the crew of the captain's gig, I ordered the schooner's head to be set due south. For icebergs were played out, for the moment, and it was getting to be time for something more tropical.

Tropical was a mild expression of what was to come, as was shortly proved. It was about three bells in the next day's forenoon watch when the look-out man first sighted the pirate brigantine. I disliked the looks of her from the first, and, after piping all hands to quarters, had the brass carronade on the fore-deck crammed with grape to the muzzle.

This proved a wise precaution. For the flagitious pirate craft, having crept up to us under the colors of the Swiss Republic, a state with which we were just then on the best possible terms, suddenly shook

pirates. They were stark veterans, too, every man seamed with ancient sabrecuts, whereas my crew had many of them hardly attained the maturity which is the gift of ten long summers—and the whole thing was so sudden that I had no time to invent a reinforcement of riper years. It was not surprising, therefore, that my dauntless boarding-party, axe in hand and cutlass between teeth, fought their way to the pirates' deck only to be repulsed again and yet again, and that our planks were soon slippery with our own ungrudged and inexhaustible blood. At this critical point in the conflict, the bo'sun, grasping me by the arm, drew my attention to a magnificent British man-of-war, just hove to in the offing, while the signalman, his glass at his eye, reported that she was inquiring whether we wanted any assistance or preferred to go through with the little job ourselves.

This veiled attempt to share our laurels with us, courteously as it was worded, put me on my mettle. Wiping the blood out of



... And she was allowed to "pour out."—Page 201.

out the skull-and-cross-bones at her mast-head, and let fly with round-shot at close quarters, knocking into pieces several of my crew, who could ill be spared. The sight of their disconnected limbs aroused my ire to its utmost height, and I let them have the contents of the brass carronade, with ghastly effect. Next moment the hulls of the two ships were grinding together, the cold steel flashed from its scabbard, and the death-grapple had begun.

In spite of the deadly work of my grape-gorged carronade, our foe still outnumbered us, I reckoned, by three to one. Honor forbade my fixing it at a lower figure—this was the minimum rate at which one dared to do business with

my eyes, I ordered the signalman to reply instantly, with the half-dozen or so of flags that he had at his disposal, that much as we appreciated the valor of the regular service, and the delicacy of spirit that animated its commanders, still this was an orthodox case of the young gentleman-adventurer *versus* the unshaved pirate, and Her Majesty's Marine had nothing to do but to form the usual admiring and applauding background. Then, rallying round me the remnant of my faithful crew, I selected a fresh cutlass (I had worn out three already) and plunged once more into the pleasing carnage.

The result was not long doubtful. Indeed, I could not allow it to be, as I was



It was to be an affair of boats, he explained.—Page 201.

already getting somewhat bored with the pirate business, and was wanting to get on to something more southern and sensuous. All serious resistance came to an end as soon as I had reached the quarter-deck and cut down the pirate chief—a fine black-bearded fellow in his way, but hardly up to date in his parry-and-thrust business. Those whom our cutlasses had spared were marched out along their own plank, in the approved old fashion; and in time the scuppers relieved the decks of the blood that made traffic temporarily impossible. And all the time the British man-of-war admired and applauded in the offing.

As soon as we had got through with the necessary throat-cutting and swabbing-up, all hands set to work to discover treasure; and soon the deck shone bravely with ingots and Mexican dollars and church plate. There were ropes of pearls, too, and big stacks of *nougat*; and rubies, and gold

watches, and Turkish Delight in tubs. But I left these trifles to my crew, and continued the search alone. For by this time I had determined that there should be a Princess on board, carried off to be sold in captivity to the bold bad Moors, and now with beating heart awaiting her rescue by me, the Perseus of her dreams.

I came upon her at last in the big state-cabin in the stern; and she wore a holland pinafore over her Princess-clothes, and she had brown wavy hair, hanging down her back, just like well, never mind, she had brown wavy hair. When gentle-folk meet, courtesies pass; and I will not weary other people with relating all the compliments and counter-compliments that we exchanged, all in the most approved manner. Occasions like this, when tongues wagged smoothly and speech flowed free, were always especially pleasing to me, who am naturally inclined to be tongue-tied

with women. But at last ceremony was over, and we sat on the table and swung our legs and agreed to be fast friends. And I showed her my latest knife—one-bladed, horn-handled, terrific, hung round my neck with string; and she showed me the chiefest treasures the ship contained, hidden away in a most private and particular locker—a musical box with a glass top that let you see the works, and a railway train with real lines and a real tunnel, and a tin ironclad that followed a magnet, and was ever so much handier in many respects than the real full-sized thing that still lay and applauded in the offing.

There was high feasting that night in my cabin. We invited the captain of the man-of-war—one could hardly do less, it seemed to me—and the Princess took one end of the table and I took the other, and the captain was very kind and nice, and told us fairy-stories, and asked us both to come and stay with him next Christmas,

and promised we should have some hunting, on real ponies. When he left I gave him some ingots and things, and saw him into his boat; and then I went round the ship and addressed the crew in several set speeches, which moved them deeply, and with my own hands loaded up the carronade with grape-shot till it ran over at the mouth. This done, I retired into the cabin with the Princess, and locked the door. And first we made coffee in the cabin-stove: and then we ran the train round and round the room, and through and through the tunnel; and lastly we swam the tin ironclad in the bath, with the soap-dish for a pirate.

Next morning the air was rich with spices, porpoises rolled and gambolled round the bows, and the South Sea Islands lay full in view (they were the *real* South Sea Islands, of course—not the badly furnished journeymen-islands that are to be perceived on the map). As for the pirate



Naturally he was surprised and considerably alarmed, till I discharged one of my set speeches at him.—Page 202.

brigantine and the man-of-war, I don't really know what became of them. They had played their part very well, for the time, but I wasn't going to bother to account for them, so I just let them evaporate quietly. The islands provided plenty of fresh occupation. For here were little bays of silvery sand, dotted with land-crabs; groves of palm-trees wherein monkeys frisked and pelted each other with cocoanuts; and caves, and sites for stockades, and hidden treasures significantly indicated by skulls, in riotous plenty; while birds and beasts of every color and all latitudes made pleasing noises which excited the sporting instinct.

The islands lay conveniently close together, which necessitated careful steering as we threaded the devious and intricate channels that separated them. Of course no one else could be trusted at the wheel, so it is not surprising that for some time I quite forgot that there was such a thing as a Princess on board. This is too much the masculine way, whenever there's any real business doing. However, I remembered her as soon as the anchor was dropped, and I went below and consoled her, and we had breakfast together, and she was allowed to "pour out," which quite made up for everything. When breakfast was over we ordered out the captain's gig, and rowed all about the islands, and paddled, and explored, and hunted bisons and beetles and butterflies, and found everything we wanted. And I gave her pink shells and tortoisés and great milky pearls and little green lizards; and she gave me guinea-pigs, and coral to make into waistcoat-buttons, and tame sea-otters, and a real pirate's powder-horn. It was a prolific day and a long-lasting one, and weary were we with all our hunting and our getting and our gathering, when at last we clambered into the captain's gig and rowed back to a late tea.

The following day my conscience rose up and accused me. This was not what I had come out to do. These triflings with pearls and parrakeets, these *al fresco* luncheons off yams and bananas—there was no "making of history" about them. I resolved that without further dallying I would turn to and capture the French frigate, according to the original programme. So we upped anchor with the

morning tide, and set all sail for San Salvador.

Of course I had no idea where San Salvador really was. I haven't now, for that matter. But it seemed a right-sounding sort of name for a place that was to have a bay that was to hold a French frigate that was to be cut out; so, as I said, we sailed for San Salvador, and made the bay about eight bells that evening, and saw the topmasts of the frigate over the headland that sheltered her. And forthwith there was summoned a Council of War.

It is a very serious matter, a Council of War. We had not held one hitherto, pirates and truck of that sort not calling for such solemn treatment. But in an affair that might almost be called international, it seemed well to proceed gravely and by regular steps. So we met in my cabin—the Princess, and the bo'sun, and a boy from the real-life lot, and a man from among the book-men, and a fellow from No-man's-land, and myself in the chair.

The bo'sun had taken part in so many cuttings-out during his past career that practically he did all the talking, and was the Council of War himself. It was to be an affair of boats, he explained. A boat's-crew would be told off to cut the cables, and two boats'-crews to climb stealthily on board and overpower the sleeping Frenchmen, and two more boats'-crews to haul the doomed vessel out of the bay. This made rather a demand on my limited resources as to crews; but I was prepared to stretch a point in a case like this, and I speedily brought my numbers up to the requisite efficiency.

The night was both moonless and starless—I had arranged all that—when the boats pushed off from the side of our vessel, and made their way toward the ship that, unfortunately for itself, had been singled out by Fate to carry me home in triumph. I was in excellent spirits, and, indeed, as I stepped over the side, a lawless idea crossed my mind, of discovering another Princess on board the frigate—a French one this time; I had heard that that sort was rather nice. But I abandoned the notion at once, recollecting that the heroes of all history had always been noted for their unswerving constancy.

The French captain was snug in bed when I clambered in through his cabin win-

dow and held a naked cutlass to his throat. Naturally he was surprised and considerably alarmed, till I discharged one of my set speeches at him, pointing out that my men already had his crew under hatchways, that his vessel was even then being towed out of harbor, and that, on his accepting the situation with a good grace, his person and private property would be treated with all the respect due to the representative of a great nation for which I entertained feelings of the profoundest admiration and regard and all that sort of thing. It was a beautiful speech. The Frenchman at once presented me with his parole, in the usual way, and, in a reply of some power and pathos, only begged that I would retire a moment while he put on his trousers. This I gracefully consented to do, and the incident ended.

Two of my boats were sunk by the fire from the forts on the shore, and several brave fellows were severely wounded in the hand-to-hand struggle with the French crew for the possession of the frigate. But the bo'sun's admirable strategy, and my own hairbrained gallantry in securing the French captain at the outset, had the fortunate result of keeping down the death-rate. It was all for the sake of the Princess that I had arranged so comparatively tame a victory. For myself, I rather liked a fair amount of blood-letting, red-hot shot, and flying splinters. But when you have girls about the place, they have got to be considered to a certain extent.

There was another supper-party that night, in my cabin, as soon as we had got well out to sea; and the French captain, who was the guest of the evening, was in the greatest possible form. We became sworn friends, and exchanged invitations to come and stay at each other's homes, and really it was quite difficult to induce him to take his leave. But at last he and his crew were bundled into their boats; and after I had pressed some pirate bullion upon them—delicately, of course, but in a pleasant manner that admitted of no denial—the gallant fellows quite broke down, and we parted, our bosoms heaving with a full sense of each other's magnanimity and good-fellowship.

The next day, which was nearly all taken up with shifting our quarters into the new frigate, so honorably and easily acquired,

was a very pleasant one, as everyone who has gone up in the world and moved into a larger house will readily understand. At last I had grim, black guns all along each side, instead of a rotten brass carronade; at last I had a square-rigged ship, with real yards, and a proper quarter-deck. In fact, now that I had soared as high as could be hoped in a single voyage, it seemed about time to go home and cut a dash and show off a bit. The worst of this ocean-theatre was, it held no proper audience. It was hard, of course, to relinquish all the adventures that still lay untouched in these Southern seas. Whaling, for instance, had not yet been entered upon; the joys of exploration, and strange inland cities innocent of the white man, still awaited me; and the book of wrecks and rescues was not yet even opened. But I had achieved a frigate and a Princess, and that was not so bad for a beginning, and more than enough to show off with before those dull unadventurous folk that continued on their mill-horse round at home.

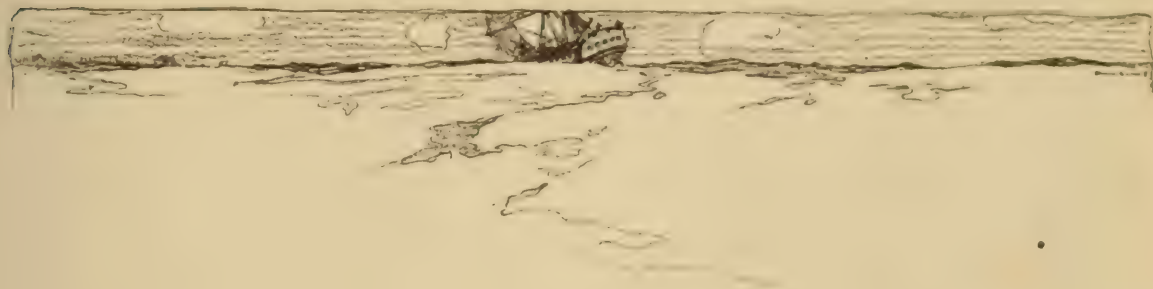
The voyage home was a record one, so far as mere speed was concerned, and all adventures were scornfully left behind, as we rattled along, for other adventurers who had still their laurels to win. Hardly later than the noon of next day we dropped anchor in Plymouth Sound, and heard the intoxicating clamor of bells, the roar of artillery, and the hoarse cheers of an excited populace surging down to the quays, that told us we were being appreciated at something like our true merits. The Lord Mayor was waiting there to receive us, and with him several Admirals of the Fleet, as we walked down the lane of pushing, enthusiastic Devonians, the Princess and I, and our war-worn, weather-beaten, spoil-laden crew. Everybody was very nice about the French frigate, and the pirate booty, and the scars still fresh on our young limbs; yet I think what I liked best of all was, that they all pronounced the Princess to be a duck, and a peerless, brown-haired darling, and a true mate for a hero, and of the right Princess-breed.

The air was thick with invitations and with the smell of civic banquets in a forward stage; but I sternly waved all festivities aside. The coaches-and-four I had ordered immediately on arriving were blocking the whole of the High Street;

the champing of bits and the pawing of gravel summoned us to take our seats and be off, to where the real performance awaited us, compared with which all this was but an interlude. I placed the Princess in the most highly gilded coach of the lot, and mounted to my place at her side; and therest of the crew scrambled on board of the others as best they might. The whips cracked and the crowd scattered and cheered as we broke into a gallop for home. The noisy bells burst into a farewell peal——

Yes, that was undoubtedly the usual bell for school-room tea. And high time

too, I thought, as I tumbled out of the bath, which was beginning to feel very hard to the projecting portions of my frame-work. As I trotted downstairs, hungrier even than usual, I heard the opening of the front-door and the departing voices of our angular elderly visitors as they made their way down the walk. Man was still catching it, apparently—Man was getting it hot. And much Man cared! The seas were his, and their islands; he had his frigates for the taking, his pirates and their hoards for an unregarded cutlass-stroke or two; and there were Princesses in plenty waiting for him somewhere—Princesses of the right sort.



SENESCIMUS

By Arthur Colton

Tempora labuntur tacitisque senescimus annis.

"TIME glides away and we grow old

By process of the silent years,"

More fain the busy hands to fold,

More quiet when a tale is told

Where death appears.

It is not that the feet would shrink

From that dark river, lapping, cold,

And hid with mists from brink to brink.

Only one likes to sit and think,

As one grows old.

JOHN PAUL JONES IN THE REVOLUTION

By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.

SECOND PAPER



ON the 14th of August Jones's squadron sailed a second time from Groix Roads, for the cruise since so celebrated. Besides the five vessels under the American flag—the Bonhomme Richard, Alliance, Pallas, Vengeance, and Cerf—it was joined now by two French privateers. On the 23d, having taken two prizes on the way, it sighted Cape Clear and the southwest coast of Ireland. That afternoon, the Bonhomme Richard being close inshore and becalmed, with the flood tide setting her into a dangerous bay, the barge was sent ahead to tow her out; the ordinary boats being then in chase of a strange sail. Taking advantage of these conditions, the men in the barge cut the tow-rope and pulled to the shore. They were at once followed by another boat with an officer—the master—and four marines; but the chase leading far, and a fog setting in, both pursuers and pursued were lost to the ship, and landed in Ireland. Jones was thus deprived of two officers and twenty-four men; probably, from the circumstances, among the most enterprising and capable. The incident led to a stormy interview between Jones and Landais, in which the latter took occasion, not only to blame his superior, but to assert his own right to independence of action, as “the only American in the squadron.” It seems a pity that Jones did not at once put him under arrest, and send his capable first lieutenant, Dale, to command the Alliance; but he was hampered by the “Concordat,” short also of officers of mature years, and had besides just lost the master. Poor as she was, the Bonhomme Richard was the efficient backbone of the squadron, under his own sure control, and therefore not to be weakened; but the whole affair, from first to last, serves to illustrate the radical nature of the difficulties Jones had to contend against, and thereby to exhibit his

personal ascendancy of character, which wrung success out of conditions that would not have been experienced by the commander of a more regular force.

On this occasion Landais showed also the petulant timidity of temperament, which probably was the real cause of his miserable conduct in the time of action. If they “continued in that station three days longer,” he complained, “the squadron would be taken.” This was not his responsibility, but that of Jones; and the latter intended to remain there for a week or ten days, because favorably placed for intercepting the enemy's trade. Nevertheless, two days later, on the evening of the 26th of August, a southwest gale coming on, he quitted the place and proceeded northward. In this, “I declare,” he said in his official report, “that I did not follow my own judgment, but was led by the assertion of Captain Landais.” “To his fears and remonstrances on the coast of Ireland,” he wrote again, two months afterward, “is owing the escape of eight East India ships that arrived at Limerick three days after I had gratified him by leaving sight of the entrance of that harbor.” In measure, however, Jones here condemns himself; and an admission of his a few weeks later, in reference to a particular project, not specified, reveals a strain of weakness in his motives. “Nothing prevented me from pursuing my designs but *the reproach that would have been cast upon my character as a man of prudence, had the enterprise miscarried.* It would have been said, ‘Was he not forewarned by Captain Cottineau and others?’” The subordination of public enterprise to considerations of personal consequences, even to reputation, is a declension from the noblest standard in a public man. Not life only, but personal credit, is to be freely risked for the attainment of public ends.

At or about the time of the gale of the 26th, the two privateers and the Cerf



Courses of the Ranger and Bonhomme Richard on their Cruises about the British Isles.

parted company and never rejoined. The diminished squadron proceeded north on its appointed course, and for the appointed rendezvous. On the 4th of September it passed Fair Isle, between the Orkneys and the Shetlands, and entered the North Sea. Nothing of particular interest occurred, beyond the capture of prizes and renewed

instances of insubordination by Landais, who, after disappearing once or twice, parted company on the night of September 6th, and did not rejoin until the morning of the 23d. On the 13th the Cheviot Hills, between Scotland and England, were sighted. Being now off the Firth of Forth, Jones projected entering it, to seize the

shipping at Leith and lay the town under contribution. The wind being favorable, he would, if alone, have proceeded at once to do so ; but having the Pallas and Vengeance in sight, he felt compelled to concentrate his force for the enterprise. Time was lost in recalling them, and more in council, "in pointed remarks and sage deliberation." "I do not think," Jones wrote to Lafayette, "that the desire of glory was the uppermost sentiment in the breast of any captain under my command, at the time we left L'Orient." Next day, the 15th, the wind came contrary. The three vessels nevertheless continued to beat in until the morning of the 17th, when, being nearly within cannon-shot of the town, the wind increased to a gale, and forced them out. The attempt was then abandoned, and the squadron steered south.

Jones was now in a situation that intercepted the colliers between London and North Britain, upon which the capital depended for its coal supplies. Several of these were destroyed ; and he was also favorably placed for menacing the Baltic trade. At the same time the position was one of great danger, for the alarm had been given, and it was not to be doubted that the Admiralty would speedily concentrate in that quarter a greatly superior force. It was now Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, who urged an instant departure, and Jones heard afterward that he had announced his intention of leaving the coast, if the Richard, which had dropped out of sight while repairing a topmast, did not join next day. It was Jones's good fortune that the opportunity of his life was already hastening across the North Sea, and now close at hand ; it was his merit that he seized it, and immortalized his name.

On the 21st of September the three vessels were off Flamborough Head, a bold promontory and natural landmark, jutting far into the sea from the eastern coast of England, which here trends north-north-west and south-southeast. As such a projecting point necessarily forces coasters off their direct course, they always tend to pass close to it, and it is therefore a specially good position for a commerce-destroyer. Immediately south of the Head is Bridlington Bay, and thirty miles farther on Spurn Head, at the mouth of the Humber. Twenty miles to the northward of Flam-

borough Head lies the town of Scarborough, also on the coast. An extract here from Jones's report of his proceedings will convey an idea of the injury threatened to British trade. Having "taken and sunk a brigantine collier belonging to Scarborough, a fleet appeared to the southward ; it was so late that day that I could not come up with the fleet before night ; at length, however, I got so near one of them as to force her to run ashore, between Flamborough Head and the Spurn. Soon after I took another, a brigantine from Holland, belonging to Sunderland ; and at daylight next morning (September 22d), seeing a fleet steering toward me from the Spurn, I imagined them to be a convoy, bound from London for Leith, which had been for some time expected. They had not, however, courage to come on, but kept back, except one which seemed to be armed, and that one also kept to windward [the wind was southwest] very near the land, and on the edge of dangerous shoals which I could not with safety approach." This fleet put back, notwithstanding that Jones hoisted a British private signal, obtained from a pilot who had taken the Richard for a British ship. He then steered north to rejoin the Pallas, which had been cruising in that quarter, and at 3 A.M. of the 23d found her, in company with the long missing Alliance.

At dawn the business of overhauling passing vessels was resumed, but the day was to close upon a more stirring scene. Having just chased a brigantine to windward [southwest], a large ship was seen, about noon, rounding Flamborough Head from the north. Jones then sent a boat in pursuit of the brigantine, and turned the Richard's bows toward the new-comer. While standing this way a fleet of forty-one sail appeared off the Head, bearing north-northeast from the Richard, which therefore evidently was close in shore. The single ship had now anchored in Bridlington Bay ; but Jones forsook this smaller prey for the larger, and, making signal for a general chase, stood toward the fleet.

The latter was a body of merchantmen from the Baltic, under convoy of the *Serapis*, 44-gun ship, Captain Richard Pearson, and of the *Countess of Scarborough*, a vessel of twenty guns. At four o'clock that morning, being then close in with

Scarborough, Pearson had been informed by a boat from shore that a hostile squadron was on the coast. He immediately signalled the convoy to bear down under his lee—that is, to get north of him, the wind being south-southwest—and allow him to be between them and the enemy; but they, “behaving,” to use Nelson’s words about a Baltic convoy two years later, “shamefully ill, as all convoys that ever I saw did,” replied by making all sail and standing on southeast, to double the Head. At noon, however, they got sight of the American vessels. “They then tacked,” wrote Pearson, “and made the best of their way under the shore for Scarborough, etc., letting fly their topgallant-sheets, and firing guns,” in token of danger. The *Serapis* continued southeast until 4 P.M., when she had Jones’s ships in plain sight from the deck. Being now far enough to windward to be sure of covering his charge, Pearson hove-to (stopped) to allow the Scarborough to come up from the northward, while Jones continued to approach from the south. At 5.30 P.M. the Scarborough had joined, and at six o’clock the *Serapis* went about and steered west, on the wind on the port tack, “in order to keep our ground better between the enemy’s ships and the convoy.” She was on this course when the action opened, the Scarborough following at a little distance in her wake. As the United States ships kept their bows “end-on” toward him, Pearson was unable to count their guns, or to estimate their force accurately.

The detailed description of the *Bonhomme Richard* has been deferred to this point, in order to present her in close connection with her adversary and her battle. As before said, she was an old Indiaman, with exceedingly high poop. Her principal battery was composed of twenty-eight 12-pounders on a single deck, fourteen on each side. On the deck above these were eight 9-pounders. This was her proper force, and actually that with which she fought; but to increase it, as far as he could, Jones had cut three ports aft, on each side, near the water-line, on the deck below the principal battery. In these ports were mounted six 18-pounders. The ship had therefore in all 42 guns, 21 on a side, which discharged a total weight of 258 pounds.

The *Serapis* was classed as a 44-gun ship on two decks; that is, on two *covered*

decks. On the lower gun-deck she had twenty 18-pounders; on the deck above it, the upper gun-deck, twenty 9-pounders; and on the uncovered deck above that, ten 6-pounders. Total, 50 guns, 25 on a side, throwing together 300 pounds. The mere total weight of a single broadside is not the only factor to be considered; the penetration power of 18-pounder guns being singly much greater than that of 12-pounders.

Jones had ordered his vessels to form line, for mutual support; but Landais, whose post was astern of the *Richard*, stood on disregardfully with his greater speed, until he could make out the force of the stranger. Then he hauled up, out of gunshot to windward, and so remained until after the battle began. He had already hailed Captain Cottineau of the *Pallas*, saying that if the enemy had a ship of more than fifty guns there was nothing to do but to run away; the particular demerit of which remark is not so much in the opinion itself, as in the fretful, unofficerlike insubordination, which alone could have induced a junior to utter such an opinion in the hearing of two ships’ companies.* The question of running was not for his decision, but for Jones.

Although steering nearly before the wind, the *Richard* was so slow that she did not come within range until 7 P.M., when, it being already after dark, she rounded-to—*i.e.*, turned her side to the wind, parallel to her opponent—on the port bow † of the *Serapis*, within pistol-shot (see Plan on page 208, 1). Pearson’s delay to fire during the critical last moments of approach may probably have been due to a lingering doubt as to the stranger’s character. He now hailed: “What ship is that?” The answer was understood by him to be: “The *Princess Royal* ;” but a shot soon following, the antagonists exchanged broadsides, and the battle began. Two of the three 18-pounders on that side of the *Richard* burst at the first volley, killing and wounding most of their people, and blowing up the deck

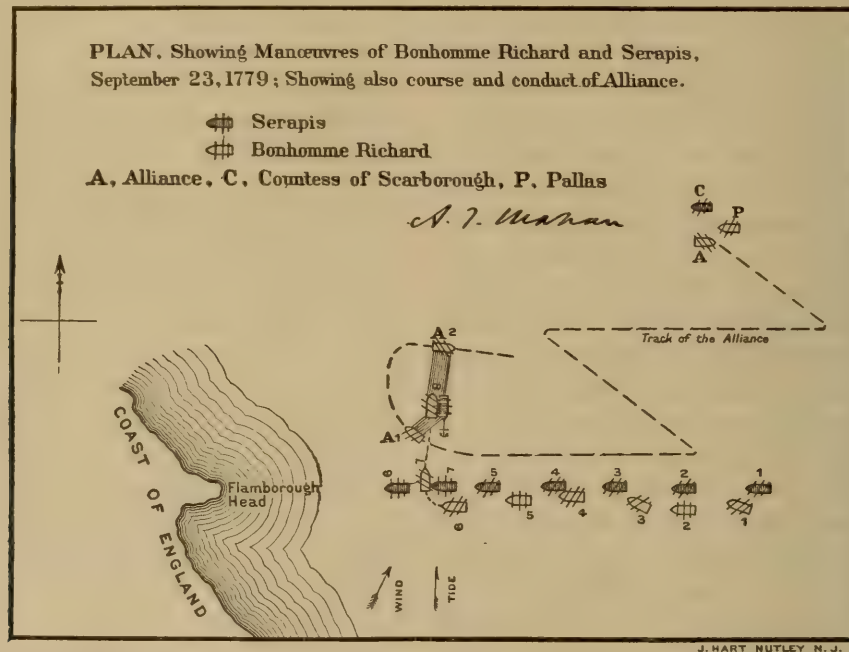
* Cf. Captain Marryat’s fine expression, speaking of a moment of peace: “I saw by his countenance that the first lieutenant did not agree with the captain, but he was too good an officer to say so at such an instant.”

† The bow is the forward end of a ship, which strictly has of course but one bow; but at sea it is customary to speak of an object which in a general way is ahead, but somewhat to one side, as being on the starboard or port bow. For a similar position astern the phrase is, on the starboard, or port, quarter.

above. Only eight 18-pound shot were fired by her during the engagement. After each ship had discharged two or three times the guns of the batteries engaged—the port, or left hand one of the Serapis, and the starboard of the Richard—Jones threw his sails aback, that the Richard might drop slowly astern. (2) As the Serapis was advancing, this caused the American ship

force on one part of the long line the enemy has to defend; or else, lying across her opponent's bows, where the raking fire of her guns, and the other's powerlessness to reply, support her boarders. After a ship has been well whipped, she can be boarded with less caution.

Jones ascribed this failure, and others to which he alludes, to the unmanageable-



to pass along the side of her opponent, at a distance of eighty to a hundred feet, both firing continuously. Jones's object was to get a little in the rear of the Serapis, so that, by filling his sails again, he could come up on her, and by using the helm run alongside, rush his men on her decks, and carry her by a charge. Being of inferior battery force, but with an unusual number of soldiers, close fighting, hand to hand if possible, was imperative. The same attempt could have been made from his first position, by crossing the bows of the Serapis, but was less certain. Accordingly, when he found himself a little astern, he again went ahead, (3) and ran on board "upon the Serapis's weather-quarter"—to use Pearson's words; or, as the American lieutenant, Dale, says, ran her bows into the stern of the Serapis. (4) The attempt to board from such a position was too disadvantageous, and was easily checked by the British. To board successfully, numbers being still nearly equal, the attacking ship should either be alongside, able thereby to throw her men in

ness of the Richard, cumbersome at best, and now with rigging shot away. Her sails being again backed, she dropped clear, (5) filled once more, and stood ahead, still for the port side of the enemy. Pearson on his part, fearing to be raked from astern, now threw his sails aback, to come once more abreast of the Richard. Thus, one moving slowly forward and the other backward, (6) the American ship drew again ahead. As she did so, her helm was put over, and the Richard crossed the bow of the Serapis, from left to right (6, 7). Jones's intention, to use his own words, was "to lay the Bonhomme Richard athwart the enemy's bow;" that is, to place her in such wise that, when the collision occurred, the bow of the Serapis would be at the middle of the Richard's length, the two perpendicular to each other. In this case the American guns would fire from end to end of the British ship, which could not then reply. Here again he was partially foiled, because the Richard, owing to her braces being shot away, did not work promptly; and partly, perhaps, because he did not

clearly perceive that the *Serapis* was going astern. Instead, therefore, of touching at mid-length near the mainmast, the *Richard*, as she fell on board the *Serapis*, caught the jib-boom of the latter in her own mizzen-rigging. (7) Then the wind, pressing on the sails of the *Serapis* as she was held fast forward, turned her stern round to the right, and the vessels swung alongside, the bow of the *Serapis* abreast the stern of the *Richard*, the starboard sides of the two touching nearly throughout their length.

As Jones wished such close action, he at once busied himself lashing the ships together. Pearson, on the contrary, having much the heavier guns, wanted to get away, to regain that great advantage. He therefore let go an anchor from the port side—opposite from the *Richard*—trusting that, the *Serapis* being thereby held fast, the American vessel would be wrenched away before realizing the situation. Here, however, he was the one deceived. The two vessels, riding to the one anchor, swung together to the tide, an indication of the slackness of the wind. (8) As the tidal current was then setting to the northward, toward Scarborough, the bow of the *Serapis* and the stern of the *Richard* pointed to the southward; a condition necessary to be noted, to comprehend the subsequent movements of the Alliance.*

It was now eight o'clock. Henceforward—to use Nelson's words about his own most desperate action—"there was

no manœuvring, there was only downright fighting;" and great as was Jones's unquestionable merit as a handler of ships, it was downright fighting endurance, of the most extreme and individual character, that won this battle. When thus in contact, the superiority of the British eighteens over the American twelves, though less than at a distance, was still great; but a far heavier disparity lay in the fabrics of the two enemies. The *Richard* was a very old ship, rotten, never meant for naval use; the *Serapis* was new, on her first commission. The fight hitherto having engaged the port guns of the latter, the starboard lower gun-ports were still closed, and from the ships' touching could not be opened. They were therefore blown off, and the fight went on. "A novelty in naval combats was now presented to many witnesses, but to few admirers," quaintly wrote Lieutenant Dale, who was in the midst of the scene below decks. "The rammers were run into the respective ships to enable the men to load;" that is, the staves of the rammers of one ship entered the ports of the other as the guns were being loaded. "We became so close fore and aft," reported Pearson, "that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides;" and even so, by the testimony of the lieutenant on the lower gun-deck of the *Serapis*, her guns could not be fully run out, owing to the nearness of the vessels.

The gradual process of demolition on board the *Richard* has not been traced, but the total result has been recorded. "With respect to the situation of the *Bonhomme Richard*," says Jones's report, "the rudder was cut entirely off the stern frame, and the transoms were almost entirely cut away. The timbers by the lower deck especially, from the mainmast to the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description." "On my going on board the *Bonhomme Richard*," wrote Pearson, "I found her to be in the greatest distress; her counters and quarters entirely drove in, and the whole of her lower-deck guns dismounted; she was also on fire in two places, and six or seven feet of water in her hold." In short, the two sides of the *Richard*, from the mainmast aft, were practically gone. She had also several shot-holes below water, and Jones states that toward the end of

* The account given of the manœuvres of the combat, before the ships were lashed together, agrees in the main with that of Captain Mackenzie, rejecting Cooper's version where the two vary. A discussion at length of the points in dispute is out of place here; but as the writer, in believing that the *Serapis* never was on the port side of the *Richard*, differs both from Mackenzie and Cooper, his reasons will be stated. First, Article 19, of the charges against Landais, says, "As the most dangerous shots which the *Bonhomme Richard* received under water were under the larboard (port) bow and quarter, they must have come from the *Albatross*, for the *Serapis* was on the other side." As Landais's honor, if not his life, was at stake in these charges, it is not to be supposed that she uttered hostile lies. French Marine officers, four of whom were specially well situated for seeing, would have made this statement, if the *Serapis* had at any time been in position to fire those shots. Again, the fact that the *Serapis* had to blow off her lower ports, when her starboard battery came into action, is corroborative, though not alone conclusive, that she had not been on the *Richard*'s port side, to use her own starboard guns, while both were heading in the same general direction. It is to be added that Nathaniel Fanning, midshipman of the main-top, stated afterward that the *Serapis* raked the *Richard* several times. Jones implies the same in his report, which unfortunately lacks fulness. Pearson, on the contrary, who is extremely explicit, makes no such claim, though it would have been to his credit. If this actually happened, it would not necessarily follow that the *Serapis* got on the *Richard*'s port side. Fanning's narrative labors under the disadvantage of being published twenty-seven years after the event on which it is based, whereas he signed Article 19 only a month after it.

the battle the shot of the *Serapis* ranged over her lower decks, and passed to the sea beyond, meeting no side to resist them.

The decisive factor in this really tremendous exhibition of human energy and fury, was that the *Richard*, hopelessly overpowered in the battery, had superior force above decks and aloft—in the tops. This reproduced essentially the conditions of the famous duel between the *Victory* and the *Redoubtable*, in which Nelson fell. Jones states expressly that “the battery of 12-pounders, on which I placed my main dependence, was entirely silenced; not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action.” It seems difficult to reconcile this with the tenor of Dale’s account, but the latter is not absolutely explicit on the point. It is clear, however, that the *Serapis*’s gunners must in great measure have kept those of the *Richard* under, and the fact accounts for their unremitting fire. Her lower guns, by the evidence of their officer, fired two shot at each discharge. “I had only two pieces, 9-pounders,” continues Jones, “on the quarter-deck, that were not silenced.” The officer in charge of them being desperately wounded, Jones had to take his place. One deck officer had been lost off Ireland; and the one sent away that morning had, to his discredit, failed to return. One lieutenant, one sailing-master, and a lot of raw midshipmen, constituted Jones’s sea-officers on this occasion, which again illustrates his personal force. One more 9-pounder was with difficulty brought over from the other side of the deck, and these three guns maintained the fight; mightily seconded, however, by the musketry from the tops. One of the three was aimed continuously, with double-headed shot, against the mainmast of the *Serapis*, which broke short off at the deck, and fell, just as that ship struck. The other two were directed to clearing the enemy’s deck, in which was the one remaining chance of victory. “The enemy were unable to stand the deck,” reported Jones, “but the fire of their cannon was incessant;” and the British on the gun-decks probably did not realize at all any possibility of defeat from their silent opponent.

Under these conditions the fight went on. The *Richard* was already leaking heavily when the ships came together, and one of

the pumps also had been shot away. The carpenter, finding the water gaining, expressed the fear, somewhere between nine and ten o’clock, that the ship would sink; and one of the under-officers, a gunner, becoming frightened, ran to the flagstaff to haul down the colors. Fortunately, the staff had already been shot away, so that he was reduced to shouting for quarter. This cry Pearson heard, and called to know whether his opponent had struck. Receiving no answer, for Jones had hurled his boarding-pistols at the clamorer’s head, breaking his skull and silencing his yells, he ordered his men to board; but as they attempted to do so, they found a superior force gathered to oppose them, and retired. By this time, indeed, Jones had established his predominance above decks; the British seamen having been so driven out of their own tops that the Americans went back and forth to them by means of the entangled yards and rigging. Here, however, a new trouble arose. In the midst of the confusion, the panic of the gunner and the carpenter reached the master-at-arms, in charge of the British prisoners on board, between two hundred and three hundred in number. The *Richard* was on fire also in various places, “a scene dreadful beyond the reach of language,” says Jones; and Dale notes that he had continually to take men from the guns to extinguish the flames, at times close to the magazine. Supposing the ship doomed to speedy destruction, by fire or water, or both, the master-at-arms released the prisoners, who came swarming on deck; an act of treachery, Jones thought, but this does not necessarily follow, and the man, though put in irons next day for this fault, was afterward employed again by Jones in the same capacity. It is a prescribed duty of a master-at-arms to release prisoners in a moment of emergency, though to do so on so large a scale, without express orders, on a doubtful rumor, certainly shows lack of head. Fortunately, the prisoners also were badly frightened, wholly disorganized, of course, and in utter ignorance of the state of things. Dale consequently, with much presence of mind, put them to pumping, where they worked for dear life, taking no time to think of aught else. The *Richard*’s men at the pumps were thus enabled to join the fight. One prisoner, however, a ship captain, took a

cooler look, and, it is said, passed over to the *Serapis* to tell Pearson that the *Richard* was beaten, if he only held on.

But Pearson also had his difficulties. "From eight to ten,"* he reports, "from the great quantity and variety of combustible matters which they threw upon our decks, chains, and in short, into every part of the ship, we were on fire no less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion at times that we were able to get it extinguished." The first lieutenant of the *Serapis* testified that the starboard side, the one engaged, was all in a blaze, including parts of the rigging. The silencing of the British above-deck fire left the topmen of the *Richard* a comparative impunity in throwing grenades, which resulted at last in an incident that definitely turned the fight. A quantity of cartridges had been permitted to accumulate on the *Serapis's* lower decks, and upon one of these a hand grenade fell. A terrific explosion followed, running from cartridge to cartridge, from the mainmast aft, blowing up all the men and officers there stationed, and rendering useless the five after guns. A number of men jumped overboard, probably because their clothes were on fire; among them being the lieutenant of the lower deck, who was badly scorched.

Pearson, who was a gallant fellow, continued to fight for nearly an hour longer; but a crew that has suffered thus from an internal catastrophe experiences a loss of confidence, of moral force, far greater than those who, like the *Richard's* men, had undergone only the punishment naturally to be expected from the external enemy. The bursting of the 18-pounders, was, it is true, of a like character, but narrowly localized; it paralyzed efficiency at the particular point, but through the rest of the ship the spirit of Jones and of Dale yet reigned unabated. Under the conditions, the next important incident, although it bore more heavily upon the *Richard*, which was also in far worse material condition than the *Serapis*, affected the British, through their commander, more than it did the Americans, and decided their submission. This was the

final appearance of the *Alliance* upon the scene.

By a weight of testimony, which cannot be gainsaid, it appears that shortly after the two chief contestants grappled, the *Alliance* passed athwart the line on which they were lying anchored, and fired cross-bar and grape-shot; raking them at such a distance that the inevitable scattering of the projectiles threw a large proportion into the *Richard*. Two men were killed, and many ran from their quarters, crying, "The *Alliance* is manned with Englishmen, and firing upon us." She then sailed away, and stood down to the *Countess* of Scarborough and the *Pallas*, which were lying some distance to leeward—north or northeast—of the *Richard* and *Serapis*; the Scarborough having struck to her superior opponent, after an hour's engagement (Plan, C, P, A). Landais spoke the *Pallas*, and then returned toward the other vessels. To do this he had to make some tacks, both wind and tide being contrary. At about ten o'clock he passed to windward—southward—of the two; crossing first the bow of the *Serapis*, which lay to seaward, and then the stern of the *Richard*. As he drew upon the port—inshore—quarter of the latter, he fired a broadside, part of which the *Serapis* may have got, but most of it entered the *Richard* (A¹). As she was approaching, Jones had had the private signals shown on the port side of his ship; but it was, besides, bright moonlight,* the moon being at full, and passing the meridian at about eleven, therefore shining from behind the *Alliance* toward the combatants, in the most favorable position to distinguish the latter, which differed in form and color. Despite all these circumstances, Landais, after running along the *Richard's* port side at some distance, kept away, with the wind well on the quarter, passed north of the two vessels, across the *Richard's* bow, again at a great distance (A²), and again fired a broadside, which struck both ships.

It is not, perhaps, very material to the

[* The following facts, computed from the lunar data of the day for the author, by the kindness of the United States Hydrographic Office, may be interesting: "To an observer off Scarborough Head," at the average height of a ship's deck, "the time of visible rising of the moon's upper limb on September 23, 1770, was 8.23 P. M." (local time). "Assuming the normal tidal conditions at the present time, the tidal stream was setting north by east (imagined) between 8 and 9 P. M., and north-northwest (imagined) between 9 and 10."]

* The report says 8.30 to 10.30; but the *Serapis's* time was a half hour fast of the *Richard's*, which has been followed.

sufferer in such a case, whether the guilty party is treacherous or merely incapable; the result is the same. Jones and his officers doubtless believed the worst of Landais's motives; and it may be assumed that almost any person who had undergone such an experience would have thought the same, especially in view of his previous record of talk and action. As he held an American commission only, it was impracticable, with the few officers of rank then in Europe, to bring him to a court-martial; and the matter therefore was never thoroughly sifted by sworn evidence and cross-examination on both sides. In default of such decision, Jones, by the advice of Benjamin Franklin, caused a paper to be drawn up, embodying, under twenty-five heads, the instances of insubordination and incapacity shown by the captain of the Alliance during this cruise. Each particular was attested by a number of officers of the squadron, including, in several cases, some of Landais's compatriots. It was thus placed beyond all reasonable doubt that the man was not only unfit by temper and professional ability to command a ship, but that he was also of that excessive timidity which grows petulant, fractious, and querulous in the face of danger, under the strain of apprehension.

To account for his action during the battle, one is forced to the alternatives of cowardice or treachery. Franklin, who was now American Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris, and who studied the evidence, wrote a year later to the officers of the Alliance, as follows: "Although I have declined any judgment of his manœuvres in the fight, I have given it as my opinion (to Congress), after examining the affair, that it was not at all likely, either that he would have given orders to fire into the Bonhomme Richard, or that his officers would have obeyed such an order had it been given them. Thus I have taken what care I could of your honor in that particular." To Landais himself, who was recalled to Paris to give an account of his course, Franklin wrote: "I consider you so imprudent, so litigious, and quarrelsome a man, even with your best friends, that peace and good order, and consequently the quiet and regular subordination so necessary to success, are, where you preside, impossible; these are within my observa-

tion and apprehension; your military operations I leave to more capable judges. If I had twenty ships of war in my disposition, I should not give one of them to Captain Landais. The same temper which excluded him from the French marine would weigh equally with me."

Landais's firing into the Bonhomme Richard, in short, was not due primarily, if at all, to a purpose to hurt her, but to timidity—personal or professional, or both. This kept him out of action for a disgraceful length of time, not even engaging the weak Countess of Scarborough; and finally, when driven by very shame to do something, this prevented his closing with the Serapis, so that he could fire surely into her without endangering his consort ship. He admitted afterward that he knew that the grapeshot he used must scatter; that, indeed, a novice at sea would know. That some of each broadside struck the Serapis as well is certain, for Pearson in his report says: "She kept sailing round us the whole action, and raking us fore and aft, by which means she killed and wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks." In this there certainly is exaggeration, which, in a man smarting under defeat by a foe otherwise greatly inferior, is pardonable, or at least accordant with the usual self-excuses of worsted warriors; but it places beyond doubt the fact of the Alliance having done some damage to the Serapis. It must be added that Pearson's report confirms inferentially the statement of Jones and his officers that the Alliance made two separate onslaughts; one early in the fight, one much later, not over three-quarters of an hour before the Serapis struck.

It is to her last broadside that Pearson attributes his surrender. He did not know the character of Landais, nor understand the fatal weakness he was showing; neither did he appreciate the condition of the Richard. He saw only the terrible state to which his own ship was reduced, and now a fresh enemy coming upon the scene. "After 10 P.M., the frigate coming across our stern, and pouring her broadside into us again, without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her, I found it in vain, and indeed impracticable from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success. I therefore struck. (Our mainmast at the same time

went by the board.)” Pearson’s reasons, while they do no dishonor to himself as a man of courage, who was proved that day fully equal to, if not greater than, the average man, reveal the essential difference between himself and his antagonist—the exceptional man, of rare and extraordinary heroism. Bad as was the case of the *Serapis*, that of the *Richard* was far worse; nor can the discouragement attendant upon the appearance of the *Alliance* be considered greater than the combination of disasters, through which Paul Jones endured to the end. To use the words of Captain A. S. Mackenzie, of the United States Navy, which the writer willingly adopts as his own: “The achievement of the victory was wholly and solely due to the immovable courage of Paul Jones. The *Richard* was beaten more than once; but the spirit of Jones could not be overcome. . . . Pearson was a brave man; but, had he been equally indomitable, the *Richard*, if not boarded from below, would have gone down at last, with her colors still flying in proud defiance.” The four forward 18-pounders of the *Serapis* were still being fired when she struck.

The share taken by the *Alliance*, flimsy as it was, was used by the British Government of the day to give to this affair a color not reconcilable with the facts. That an 18-pounder two-decked ship should have struck to a 12-pounder vessel, whose only claim to a second deck was the abortive battery of six eighteens, carried barely above the water-line, was a circumstance not to be admitted, if it could be otherwise represented. Pearson had spoken of the *Richard* as a two-decker, and he promoted the *Alliance* to 40 guns. She was rated a 32, but carried 36 guns; as the *Serapis*, nominally a 44, carried 50. Thus the court-martial and the government considered that Pearson had for three hours resisted a vastly superior force; and to emphasize his merit he was knighted. As a recognition of his unquestionable courage and conduct—for he had saved the convoy in his charge*—this was not amiss; but it is open to doubt whether it is good policy to ignore failure or, under such circumstances, to reward defeat.

It was 10.30 when the *Serapis* struck.

Lieutenant Dale swung himself on board, and was followed by a party of men under a midshipman. The latter was immediately run through the thigh by a boarding-pike in the hands of a British seaman, ignorant that the ship had surrendered. Such incidents are inevitable in the confused moments of transition from strife to submission. As Dale accosted Pearson, requiring him to go on board the *Richard*, a British lieutenant also came up from below, and asked whether the enemy had struck. Dale took up the reply, and said, “No, on the contrary, you have struck to us.” The officer, however, naturally repeated this as a question to his captain, who answered, “Yes, I have.” The lieutenant rejoined, “I have nothing more to say,” and turned to go down again; but Dale directed him to accompany the captain to the *Richard*. “If you will permit me to go below,” he said, “I will silence the firing of the lower-deck guns,” which still continued. This Dale refused; whether because he was unwilling to allow him to exercise authority on board a ship now become American, or whether, conscious of the desperate condition of the *Richard*, he feared a renewal of the strife, does not appear. The firing was soon after stopped, and the battle was over. Jones put Dale in command of the *Serapis*, the lashings were cut, and the *Richard* dropped clear. Dale attempted to manœuvre the prize, but to his astonishment found that she would obey neither sails nor helm. The master of the ship then approached him and said, “From your orders, I suppose you are not aware she has an anchor down.” It was the first Dale knew of it.

While the battle itself was won, Jones, to use his own expressive words, “had yet two enemies to encounter far more formidable than the Britons—I mean fire and water. The *Serapis* was attacked only by the first, but the *Bonhomme Richard* was assailed by both.” Although the weather was moderate, “the three pumps that remained could, with difficulty, only keep the water from gaining”—did not diminish it. “The fire broke out in various parts of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be thrown to quench it, and at length broke out as low as the powder magazine, and within a few inches of the powder. I took out the powder upon deck, ready to be thrown over-

* This, of course, and not unfairly, gave him the support of the mercantile interest.

board at the last extremity, and it was ten o'clock the next day, the 24th, before the fire was wholly extinguished." The question of keeping the ship afloat still remained. A careful survey was made by competent officers from the squadron, and the conclusion reached was that she could not be carried into the nearest friendly port if the wind increased. Jones, nevertheless, stuck to his purpose to take her in, if possible. The wounded were removed, and a party of pumpers kept on board, with boats sufficient for escape, if necessity arose. That night it blew harder, the water gained, and hope had to be abandoned. At 9 A.M. of the 25th all left her, with her colors flying, to await her fate. The water had then risen to the lower deck, and a little after 10 she went down head foremost. No lives were lost in her.

Jones now took command of the *Serapis*, intending to make the French port of Dunkirk; but, according to his own account, the other captains persisted in going to the Texel, and he felt compelled to do the same. On October 3d, the squadron anchored off the harbor, and soon after entered it. Here new difficulties in abundance awaited him. Holland was neutral in the war, and the British minister to the Hague at once addressed a remonstrance to the government against harboring "a rebel and pirate," who had attacked two British ships of war without being provided with a commission from a Sovereign State, which would enable him to carry on legal warfare. The United Provinces strove to temporize, being under pressure on the one side from France, the ally, and on the other from Great Britain, the enemy, of the United States, whose independence Holland had not yet acknowledged. Great Britain, however, was the more persistent, and her naval power the more to be feared. The French Court and Minister of Marine, moreover, were unwilling to go to further expense in refitting the squadron under the American flag. The final solution of the matter was that the French Government declared the expedition at an end, and all the vessels again became French, except the *Alliance*. Even the two prizes, the *Serapis* and *Scarborough*, were, by agreement with Franklin, given over to France, and Jones was obliged to transfer himself to the *Alliance*, which Landais

had now quitted. It was proposed by the French minister to secure Jones's personal safety, in case of subsequent capture, by offering him a French letter-of-marque* commission; but he refused with indignation such a subterfuge for a Captain of the United States Navy. "I hope," wrote he to Franklin, "that my letter to the Duc de la Vauguyon will meet your approbation; for I am persuaded it could never be your intention that the commission of America should be overlaid by the dirty piece of parchment which I have this day rejected."

Disappointment also met Jones in the matter of his prisoners as well as of his prizes. A leading motive of his expedition, as stated by himself, was to capture seamen, to be exchanged against Americans then confined in England. "Had not the plea of humanity in favor of the unfortunate Americans in English dungeons suspended all consideration of self, I would not have proceeded from Groix under such circumstances." The difficulties thrown in the way of a direct exchange by Great Britain were so great, that, by the wish of the King of France, Jones's prisoners were exchanged for Frenchmen, and subsequently France redeemed the Americans by Englishmen in her own hands.

In the *Alliance* Jones continued to be pursued by the importunity of the Dutch authorities, urged unremittingly by the British minister. A number of British ships of war were cruising outside the Texel, to capture him when forced out. He finally sailed thence on the 27th of December; and when once clear of the entrance, with sea-room in plenty, he took his course defiantly, trusting to the famous speed of the ship and to his own seamanship. Attempting no evasion by going round the north of Scotland, he pushed boldly through the English Channel, and on the 16th of January, 1780, reached Coruña, in Spain. There he remained but a few days, put again to sea, and on February 10th arrived at Groix, where he proceeded at once to repair the *Alliance*, preparatory to taking her to America.

Here the old difficulties about money again arose. Franklin told him that nothing could be hoped from the French Court, and that he himself was so pressed by calls

* Merchant ship authorized to engage in hostilities.

from different quarters that the closest economy must be observed. By hook and by crook, Jones got the ship into good condition by the middle of April. She was to carry back 15,000 stand of arms, and a quantity of cloth, for equipping and clothing the American army. It was fully expected, and intended, that Jones should command her; but the needs of his crew—"almost naked, and I had no money to administer to their wants"—impelled him to go to Paris, to get some allowance upon the prize-money of the late cruise, if only upon the *Serapis* and the *Scarborough*, which were now in French ports—the *Serapis* at Brest, and the *Scarborough* at Dunkirk. He was received with enthusiasm at the capital, where his exploits had for months been the talk of the town; and he received from the government the promise of a twenty-gun ship, the *Ariel*, to assist in carrying to the United States the equipments, all of which the Alliance could not take on board.

While he was thus enjoying his ovation, however, Landais, whom Franklin had supplied with money to return to America for trial, went down to L'Orient, and laid claim to the command of the Alliance, on the ground of his commission from Congress. It would appear that in this he was supported by the officers of the ship, disaffected by the accusations made against her conduct in the battle with the *Serapis*. The crew, also, naked and unpaid, were mutinous, and demanded that their "legal captain" should be returned to them. The case was submitted for an opinion by Jones to Mr. Arthur Lee, who had been a Commissioner, and was now about to return in the ship as a passenger. He, with a certain weight of authority, decided that Landais was the rightful captain, because he had been commissioned *to the ship* by resolution of Congress, whereas Jones was acting only by virtue of his general commission, as a captain in the navy; and there was in Europe no power, Lee held, to set aside the act of Congress. Considering all the preceding circumstances, and that at least four months would be needed to hear from Congress, strict construction could scarcely be carried farther. Jones yielded, however, rather than insist at the cost of possible bloodshed, and the ship sailed under Landais. It may be

added here that on the passage he was deprived of the command by his subordinates, and after arrival dismissed from the navy.

When the *Ariel* was ready, Jones sailed in her. Before his departure, however, he was officially notified by M. de Sartine, the Minister of Marine, that the King of France had directed a gold sword to be presented to him, in recognition of his gallantry and services, and also the Cross of the Order of Military Merit; the latter subject, of course, to the consent of the United States Government. On October 8th, the *Ariel* put to sea; but the following night she had to cut away her masts, to avoid being driven ashore in a very heavy gale, and was obliged to return. On December 18th, she again sailed, and after a somewhat adventurous voyage arrived at Philadelphia, February 18, 1781. Jones had been absent from America three years, three months, and eighteen days.

Great dissatisfaction had been felt at the delay of the much-needed stores embarked in the *Ariel* and the Alliance, and this had very probably been increased by the accounts of Jones's fashionable career in Paris—which could easily be construed as dilatory—and by the reports of those unfriendly to him in the Alliance. The Board of Admiralty, acting under direction of Congress, proceeded to investigate his course while abroad, and to that end drew up forty-seven questions, to which he was required to give answers. This he did, *seriatim*, in a paper dated March 21, 1781. On the 28th of the month the Board submitted its report to Congress, and on April 14th the following resolution was adopted:

"That the thanks of the United States in Congress assembled, be given to Captain John Paul Jones, for the zeal, prudence, and intrepidity with which he has supported the honor of the American flag; for his bold and successful enterprise to redeem from captivity the citizens of these states who had fallen under the power of the enemy; and, in general, for the good conduct and eminent services by which he has added lustre to his character, and to the American arms."

There was one man in America by whom beyond all others the burden of the delayed equipments would be felt most heavily; one also whose word of commendation,

then as now, outweighed the resolutions of legislatures and the praises of courts. To Washington Jones apparently wrote, and from him received the following letter, dated May 19, 1781:

"Had I any particular reasons to have suspected you of being accessory to that delay, which I assure you has not been the case, my suspicion would have been removed by the very full and satisfactory answers which you have, to the best of my judgment, made to the questions proposed to you by the Board of Admiralty, and upon which that Board have, in their report to Congress, testified the high sense which they entertain of your merit and services.

"Whether our naval affairs have in general been well or ill conducted, would be presumptuous in me to determine. Instances of bravery and good conduct in several of our officers, have not, however, been wanting: delicacy forbids me to mention that particular one which has attracted the admiration of all the world, and which has influenced the most illustrious monarch to confer a mark of his favor, which can only be obtained by a long and honorable service, or by the performance of some brilliant action.

"That you may long enjoy the reputation you have so justly acquired is the sincere wish of,

"Sir, your most obedient and very
humble servant,
"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Very soon after this, on the 26th of June, Congress, by a unanimous ballot, elected Jones to command a 74-gun ship, the *America*, then building at Portsmouth, N. H. Several of that class had been ordered by a resolution of November 20, 1776; but this one alone was in any state of forwardness, and she was still far from completion. He was employed superintending her construction until September, 1782. Upon the 3d of that month, a resolution was passed giving her to the King of France, to replace the *Magnifique*, of the same force, which had lately been lost by accident in the harbor of Boston. By this act Congress sought to testify to his Majesty the sense it entertained of his generous exertions in behalf of the United States.

Jones was thus left without a ship; but the matter was of little importance to his naval career, for the war, especially so far as America was concerned, was now languishing to its end. Nearly a year had already elapsed since the surrender of Cornwallis. Impatient, nevertheless, of inaction, he obtained permission to join the French fleet then in Boston, under the command of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the successor of DeGrasse, who with five ships-of-the-line had been captured by the British, in Rodney's celebrated battle of April 12, 1782. That action had frustrated, temporarily, the attempt of the French and Spanish against Jamaica, but they intended to renew it in the following spring. Jones's former local experience in the English merchant service would here be of use; "for of all appointed to serve in this expedition, no one knew the island of Jamaica as well as myself." De Vaudreuil received him with distinction, and his anticipations of increased renown, and of greater professional acquirement, waxed high. The naval part alone of the expedition was to be raised to seventy ships-of-the-line, by reinforcements from Europe under the command of D'Estaing. "I had the flattering hope of finding myself in the first military school in the world, in which I should be able to render myself useful, and to acquire knowledge every important for conducting great military operations."

To this expression of his undiminished earnestness for professional improvement may be added an allusion to the evidences of the diligent use of this opportunity, which are found in a letter, addressed soon after his return to the American Minister of Marine. Quotation would lead too far for our present space, but, taken together, they afford striking indications of that comprehensive professional intelligence which, when combined with the daring in enterprise, and the endurance in action, shown by Jones, gives the best antecedent tokens of the great general-officer that might have been.

The French fleet sailed from Boston, December 24, 1782, but the expedition against Jamaica came to nought: the news of the preliminaries of peace being received in the West Indies, in April, 1783. "The most brilliant success and the most instructive experience in the art of war could not



Engagement between the Benbow and the Richard.

Painted by J. C. Powell.

U.S. Navy
1874

have given me a pleasure comparable to that which I received, when I learned that Great Britain, after so long a contest, had been forced to acknowledge the independence and sovereignty of the United States of America."

With this ardent expression of feelings, worthy of both the citizen of the world and the American patriot, the career of John Paul Jones in the Revolution fitly concludes. The subsequent events of his life may be briefly sketched. Returning from the West Indies to the United States in the summer of 1783, he obtained authority from Congress to go to Paris, as agent for recovering and receiving the prize-money due for the cruise of the *Bonhomme Richard*, which had not yet been paid. The troublesome negotiations connected with this, arising from conflicting claims, delayed him in France till 1786. He then paid a brief visit to the United States, in the course of which Congress, by a unanimous resolution, passed October 16, 1787, voted him a gold medal, in commemoration of "his valor and brilliant services, in the command of a squadron of American and French ships, under the flag and commission of the United States, off the coast of Great Britain in the late war." At the same time a letter to the King of France was given him, in which, after testifying the esteem felt by Congress, and the bestowal of the medal in token thereof, the request was made that he should be permitted to embark in the French fleet of evolution.

Jones then again crossed the ocean, toward the end of 1787; but he never availed himself of this letter, though obtained by his own solicitude. He went almost immediately to Denmark, to seek compensation for three of the prizes taken in 1779, which had been sent by Landais to a Danish port, and had by the Danes been surrendered to the demands of Great Britain. While at Copenhagen, the Empress Catherine of Russia, then at war with the Turks, and soon after with the Swedes also, offered him a commission of Rear-Admiral in her Navy. This was eagerly accepted, without waiting for permission from the United States. He was, indeed, no longer an officer, for the Navy of the Revolution had been disbanded; but that he hesitated at all shows that, despite his wandering life,

he felt himself above all an American. "I must rely upon your friendship," he writes to Jefferson, then minister to France, "to justify to the United States the important step I now take, conformable to your advice. I have not forsaken a country that has had many disinterested and difficult proofs of my steady affection. But America is now independent, is in perfect peace, has no employment for my military talents; . . . and when, a few months ago, I left America to return to Europe, I was made the bearer of a letter to His Most Christian Majesty, requesting me to be permitted to embark in the fleets of evolution. Why did Congress pass those acts? To facilitate my improvement in the art of conducting fleets and military operations. I am, then, conforming to the views of Congress; but the roll allotted me is infinitely more high and difficult than Congress intended. Instead of receiving lessons, from able masters, in the theory of war, I am called to immediate practice, where I must command in chief, conduct the most difficult operations, be my own preceptor, and instruct others. Congress will allow me some merit in daring to encounter such multiplied difficulties."

So the Citizen of the World passed into the service of the Autocrat of all the Russias. There were then many British naval officers in the same employment. These sent in their resignations, rather than serve under him; and he was consequently sent to the Black Sea against the Turks, instead of to the Baltic against the Swedes. Into the details of his career in Russia this narrative does not propose to go. He saw fighting in the Black Sea during the operations against Oczakov, but had difficulty with Russian officers—above all, Potemkin—fell out of favor, and at the end of 1788 was recalled to St. Petersburg. In the summer of 1789 he left Russia on leave of absence, and never returned. Though not formally disgraced, he felt this leave to be an intentional slur and humiliation. "I confess," he wrote to the Empress, "that I was extremely afflicted, and even offended, at having received a parole for two years in time of war." Among the assets specified by himself in his will, were "arrears of my pay from the Empress of Russia."

The remainder of Jones's life was spent

chiefly in Holland and in France. He died at Paris July 18, 1792, aged forty-five. "It is somewhat singular," wrote Gouverneur Morris, then United States Minister to France, who saw him intimately, "that he, who detested the French Revolution and all those concerned in it,

should have been followed to the grave by a deputation from the National Assembly." Not till two years after his death did the United States begin the building of the new navy, which was to take the place of that of the Revolution, in which Jones served.



THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE



A British Wagon-train Surprised by Marion.

THE SOUTH RISES IN DEFENCE

THREE weeks after the fall of Charleston, Sir Henry Clinton wrote home to the Ministry: "I may venture to assert that there are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners or in arms with us." The assertion was not extravagant, for the State seemed to lie pros-

trate at the foot of its conqueror. Yet, although the native loyalists were numerous and active, the submission of the mass of the people was more apparent than real. Many of them, stunned by the surrender of the capital, and well aware that the only American army in the State had ceased to



Drawn by F. C. John.

The Battle of King's Mountain.

exist, were ready to yield and accept British rule in silence. If they had been properly and judiciously dealt with, they could have easily been kept quiet, and if not loyal, they would at least have been neutral. But the policy of the British commanders made this impossible. To the people of South Carolina, brave, high-spirited and proud, they offered only the choice between death, confiscation, and ruin on the one side, and active service in the British army on the other. Thus forced to the wall, the South Carolinian who was not a convinced loyalist quickly determined that, if he must fight for his life, in any event he would do his fighting on the side of his country. Major James, for example, went into Georgetown to offer, in behalf of himself and his neighbors, to remain neutral. The usual choice was brutally offered him by the captain in command. James replied that he could not accept such conditions, and the gallant captain thereupon said that James was a "damned rebel," and he would have him hanged. Then James knocked the representative of Great Britain down with a chair, left him senseless, and went off with his four brothers to take up arms against England and fight her to the death. In one form or another, barring perhaps the little incident of the chair, James and his brothers were typical. The people began to rise in all directions, take their arms and withdraw to the woods and swamps, thence to wage a relentless, if desultory, warfare against their invaders.

All that was needed to direct the popular force thus roused to life and make it as effective as a guerilla war could be, was proper leadership, and that was found at once. Among the few who were neither prisoners nor in arms with the British, and to whom Sir Henry Clinton so carelessly referred, was Francis Marion, soon to become very well known to the British, and called by them, both in hatred and in fear, the "Swamp Fox." He was of Huguenot descent, had served in the old French war, taken arms early against England, fought at Charleston and Savannah, and had been saved from surrender with Lincoln by a broken ankle, which had forced him to leave the city before it was surrounded. Others of the "few" mentioned by Clinton were Davie, Pickens, and Davidson,

all familiar with partisan warfare, all brave and able to rally men around them. The most important, however, in the Clintonian exception, was Thomas Sumter, a Virginian by birth, like Marion of a soldier of the old French war, and of the Revolution from the beginning. He was Colonel of a Continental regiment, and in recognition of this fact the British turned his wife out of doors and burned his house. It was not an exceptional performance at all, but quite characteristic of the war which Tarleton opened by the slaughter of the surrendered Virginians at the Waxhaw, which was inflamed by the bitterness between loyalist and patriot, both active in arms, and which was marked by fire and sword among the peaceful villages as well as in the soldiers' camps. Yet even if a common incident, it was one well calculated to edge the blade of a bold fighter like Sumter when he saw his wife a wanderer and his home in ruins. Rallying a few followers about him, men like the user of the chair, all with wrongs to avenge, he organized and armed them as best he could and prepared to strike. Opportunity soon came. July 12, 1780, Captain Huck was out on a patrol with twenty mounted infantry and sixty loyalists. He reached the village of Crossroads, near Fishing Creek, and was preparing for the usual work of destruction, listening impatiently meantime to the women, who were begging him to spare them and their children, their lives and homes. Suddenly, while Captain Huck, no doubt somewhat bored, was hearing these vain appeals, there was a loud shout, and from each end of the lane Sumter and his men charged in upon him. The Americans were inferior in number but they were unexpected, they were desperate, and they had the advantage of a complete surprise, for it was understood that the country was conquered, and the spirit of the people broken. All was soon over. Huck was killed with most of his men, and his party was destroyed. It was the first slight change in the long run of defeat. Many heavy reverses were still to come, but a beginning on the right side at least had been made. The great fact made evident in this skirmish was that the people of the South were up in arms in earnest.

The victory at the Crossroads too, al-

though small in itself, was nevertheless potent in its results. Cornwallis had undertaken to hold the State by taking possession of scattered posts, and so long as the people were submissive this answered very well, but when the country rose around him every outlying garrison was in danger. The fight at Fishing Creek also had an immediate effect upon the public mind. Men ceased to think of yielding to the British as the only resource, and many who had given way in the first panic returned to the patriots' cause. A large detachment under Colonel Lisle, who had been forced into the British army in this way, left the English colors and joined Sumter, who, thus strengthened, attacked the British at Rocky Mount. He did not take the post, but a week later he surprised the British at Hanging Rock, routed the loyalist regiment, sacked their camp, and inflicted severe losses on the regiment of the Prince of Wales. He then drew off to the Catawba settlements, and recruits began to come in to him rapidly. The war was spreading, the people were taking up arms, and Cornwallis, instead of being able to invade North Carolina, confident in the possession of South Carolina and Georgia, found that as he advanced the country behind him broke out in revolt, and that he really held only the ground which he could occupy.

On the other hand, the full effects of the disaster at Charleston, where Lincoln had cooped himself up, only to surrender, became more than ever apparent. Sumter and Marion and Pickens, it is true, had stemmed the tide setting toward submission. They had roused the people, and forced the British to fight for everything they held, but they could do no more than carry on a partisan war of post attacks and skirmishes. They had only the men they could collect themselves, under the rudest discipline, and so poorly armed that they were obliged to depend in large measure upon victory over their enemies for the guns, powder, and small arms, which were only to be procured as the prize of a successful battle. The crying need was an organized disciplined force, no matter how small, which would form a centre of resistance and to which men could rally. This Lincoln ought to have preserved, and this force it was now

sought to supply once more from the North.

Washington, before the fall of Charleston, ever ready to take risks himself in order to help against invasion elsewhere, now, as in the case of Burgoyne, detached from his small army DeKalb with the Maryland division, and the Delaware regiment, amounting to 2,000 men in all, and sent them South. They moved slowly, for transportation was difficult, and DeKalb was unfamiliar with the country. To the call for aid Virginia responded generously, authorizing a levy of 2,500 men, and the small force of the State already in arms, some three to four hundred strong, joined the Continental forces. Still it was June 20th before DeKalb reached North Carolina, to find there when he arrived no magazines, no preparation, and a militia anything but subordinate. Nevertheless, here at least was the beginning of an army for the South, a good body of well-disciplined troops from the Continental army quite sufficient to form a rallying point. All that was required to develop it was a competent General. For this difficult work Washington had picked out Greene—undoubtedly the best selection that could have been made—but Congress thought otherwise, and chose their favorite Gates to take command in the Southern department with an entirely independent authority. They honestly believed no doubt that Gates would clear the South, as he had in their opinion vanquished Burgoyne, but even if the victory at Saratoga had been in any way due to him, which it was not, he now had before him a widely different task. Here, in the Carolinas, he succeeded to no Schuyler, who had hampered the invaders and checked their march by skilfully prepared obstructions, nor did he come to an army flushed with success, and growing every day by the arrival of well-armed recruits. In the South there was no American army; the British, instead of being concentrated in a single united force, held all the posts in two States, and were able to go where they pleased, and draw supplies from the coast instead of being cut off from all communication as Burgoyne had been. The people, stunned by the disasters which had fallen so rapidly upon them, were only just rousing themselves

to fight, and in that sparsely settled region were singularly destitute of arms and equipments, which with their seaports in British hands could only be obtained after long delays from the North. It was a situation which demanded not only great military capacity, but patience, endurance, and the ability to avoid a decisive action until there had been time to rally the people to the nucleus of regulars and make an army able to march and fight, to win victories and sustain defeat.

Such were the difficult but imperative conditions of success in the South, and Gates disregarded every one of them. As soon as he arrived in DeKalb's camp he made up his mind to at once march on Camden, a most important point, which he apparently expected to take without trouble. On July 27th, having sent Marion out to watch the enemy, almost the only intelligent step taken at this time, Gates started for Camden along a line which led him through a poor and barren country, where his army was hard pressed for subsistence.

On August 3d he was joined at the crossing of the Pedee by Colonel Porterfield with a small but excellent body of Virginians. Thence he moved on against the advice of some of his best officers, and formed a junction with Caswell and the North Carolina militia, who were so ill-organized and badly disciplined that Colonel Williams, of Maryland, actually rode through their lines without being challenged. With these dangerous reinforcements Gates marched on cheerfully toward the British, who under the command of Lord Rawdon, an active and enterprising officer, had called in their outlying parties and taken up a strong position on Lynch's Creek. Instead of marching up the creek, turning Lord Rawdon's flank and then moving on Camden's, which under these conditions would probably have fallen an easy prey, Gates lingered about for two days, doing no one knows what, and then bending to the right, took the road from Charlotte and advanced to Clermont, where he was joined on August 14th by Colonel Stevens with seven hundred Virginia militia. The same day Sumter came into camp with four hundred men, and asked for as many more that he might cut off the British baggage train and

convoy. It seems almost beyond belief, but Gates granted this request, and deliberately allowed the best fighters in the South to leave his army with eight hundred men when he was on the eve of battle, in the presence of a strong, well-disciplined, well-commanded enemy, and when his own forces were largely composed of raw militia, who, unlike Sumter's men, had never been under fire. Even more incredible than the fact is the explanation. Gates actually did not know how many men he had under his command. He thought he had seven thousand, and finding that he had but three thousand and fifty-two, he coolly said, "that will be enough for our purpose." The English spies, who seemed to have had the run of his camp, no doubt made a more accurate and earlier count than that of the American General.

While Gates was thus weakening himself in the face of the enemy, Cornwallis arrived in the British camp and determined to surprise the Americans. With this purpose he started on the morning of August 15th, and Gates, who had set forth at the same hour, blundered into the arms of the advancing British, not having apparently the slightest idea where his enemies were, or what they were doing. Colonel Armand, a French officer, was in front with a small body of cavalry, and gave way before the British advance. Gates, on learning that he was in the presence of the enemy, determined, after a hasty conference with his officers, to fight. His position was a bad one, for although his flanks were protected by a marsh, this narrowed his front and gave advantage to the smaller but compact, well-led, and well-disciplined force of the British. When it was seen that the enemy was forming to advance, Stevens was ordered to charge with the Virginia militia, utterly raw troops, who had only joined the army the day before. Cornwallis, to meet them immediately, threw forward his right wing, consisting of his best troops under Webster. The Virginians gave way at once without firing, dropped their guns and fled in a wild panic. The next line, consisting of the equally raw North Carolina militia, followed the example of the Virginians without a moment's hesitation, except for one regiment, which fired a few

rounds. This left only the Continental troops, the regular soldiers of the Maryland and Delaware line, under DeKalb, to meet the whole British army. These men stood their ground so stubbornly and successfully that DeKalb, not realizing fully the utter disaster on the left wing, ordered a charge, and drove the British back. No men could have fought better than these soldiers of Washington's army in the face of disaster. Eight hundred of them fell on the field, and DeKalb, wounded eleven times, died a prisoner in the hands of the British. But they were fighting against hopeless odds; they were outnumbered and outflanked, and after rallying twice gallantly in the midst of their enemies, they finally broke and retreated.

To defeat these Continental soldiers cost Cornwallis nearly four hundred men, a severe loss to an army no larger than his, and one he could ill afford. The American army, however, was utterly broken and dispersed. Colonel Williams said that DeKalb's fate was "probably avoided by the other generals only by an opportune retreat," which was an euphemistic way of stating that Gates went off with the militia and that very night reached Charlotte, sixty miles away, which was a highly creditable feat of hard riding. He was closely followed by Caswell, the North Carolina commander, and others, and the next day, still restless apparently, he betook himself to Hillsborough, where the North Carolina Legislature was in session, for he always seems to have been more at home with congresses and legislatures than with armies. Either an abounding charity or a love of paradox has tempted some recent writers to say that Gates has been too harshly judged, but it is difficult to discover any error he could have committed which he did not commit. He came down to form an army where none existed around a nucleus of regular troops, not to take command of one already organized. He should not have fought until he had made his army, disciplined it, marched and manoeuvred with it, and tested it in some small actions. Instead of this he took the Continentals and marched straight for the main British army, picking up reinforcements of untried, undisciplined militia on the way. Arriving within striking distance of the

enemy, he actually did not know how many men he had, and sent off eight hundred of his best troops, the only militia apparently who had seen fighting. When he stumbled upon the enemy he put his poorest troops in front, first of all the militia who had been with him only twenty-four hours. Colonel Stevens of Virginia, a brave man, said that the rout was due to the "damned cowardly behavior of the militia," and as he commanded one division of them he knew what he was saying. But to lay the fault on the militia is begging the question. The unsteadiness of perfectly green troops in the open field is well known, and these men ought not to have been brought into action against regulars at all at that moment, least of all should they have been put in the van to resist the onset of seasoned veterans without instructions or apparent support. The defeat of Camden was due to bad generalship, and resulted in the complete dispersion of the militia, and the sacrifice and slaughter of the hard-fighting Continentals. Sumter even was carried down in the wreck. He had cut off the convoy and baggage with perfect success, but the victory at Camden set the British free to pursue him. He eluded Cornwallis, but encumbered and delayed by his prize, he was overtaken and surprised by Tarleton. Half his force was killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The rest were scattered, and it is said that Sumter, a few days later, rode into Charlotte alone, without a saddle and hatless, to begin all over again the work of forming a regiment, which he performed as usual with great energy and success.

Cornwallis did not follow up his victory very energetically, but there was really little need to do so. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution in the South, which now lay well-nigh helpless and quite open to the enemy. A second army had been swept away, and again no organized American force held the field. The three Southern Colonies were, for the time at least, conquered, if not subdued, and the way seemed clear for the British march upon Virginia, the great State which was one of the pillars of the American cause. Yet it was just at this gloomy time that the first grievous disaster came to the British arms, from a quarter where no danger was expected and where it seemed as if armed men sprang up from the earth.

Before moving on Virginia it was deemed desirable to trample out the last embers of rebellion still smouldering in the interior of the conquered States. For this purpose Cruger and a detachment of loyalists went after the Americans under Clarke, who was attacking Augusta. Clarke was defeated, driven off, and forced to take to the mountains, while the victorious loyalists hung some thirteen prisoners, a practice in which the British and their allies were just then fond of indulging. With the same general object, another and larger force, composed chiefly of loyalists but with some regular troops, was sent to sweep along the borders of the Carolinas and complete the absolute reduction of the country. This division was under the command of Patrick Ferguson, a son of Lord Pitfour, a soldier of twenty years' experience in Europe and America, a gallant and accomplished officer, and one of Cornwallis's most trusted lieutenants. He was the very model of a brilliant and dashing partisan leader, and by his winning manners was especially successful in encouraging the loyalists, and in drawing them out to enlist under his standard, which they did in large numbers. He was less merciless than Tarleton, for he did not massacre prisoners nor permit women to be outraged after the manner of that distinguished officer, but he did a good deal of burning and pillaging and hung rebels occasionally. He was a brave, effective, formidable fighter, and the pacification of the borders could not have been intrusted to better hands.

Ferguson, in the performance of his task, advanced to the foot of the mountains and sent word by a prisoner that he would penetrate the hills and destroy the villages there if the people sent aid to their brethren of the plain and sea-coast. It was an ill-timed message and had results very different from those expected by the sender. Beyond the mountains which Ferguson was skirting with his army lay the frontier settlements of Franklin and Holston, destined to develop one day into the State of Tennessee. The inhabitants were pioneers and backwoodsmen of the same type as those who followed Boone and Logan and Clarke in Kentucky. They had cleared their farms in the wilderness, and while they drove the plough, or swung the axe, the rifle was never out

of reach. Like the men of Kentucky, they had been doing stubborn battle with the Indians stirred up against them by the British, and they had taken but little part in the general movement of the seaboard colonies. Isaac Shelby, indeed, had crossed the mountains with two hundred men in answer to an appeal for help from the Carolinas, but with this exception the men of the West had had no share in the Revolution other than the desperate work by which they had held their own against the savages. Now they heard that Ferguson was on the edge of their settlements threatening them with fire, sword, and halter. This brought the war, in very grim fashion, to their own doors, and they were neither a timid nor a peace-loving race. They did not wait for the enemy to come, but set out to meet him. Shelby heard the news first, and rode in hot haste to the home of Sevier, the other county lieutenant, to carry the tidings. At Sevier's settlement there was a barbecue, a horse-race, and much feasting going on, but when Shelby gave his message the merrymakers all promised to turn out. Thence Shelby rode back to raise his own men, and sent a messenger to the Holston Virginians, who had already been out in one campaign, and were even now organized to go down and fight Cornwallis. At first they refused to change their plans, but on a second and more urgent summons they agreed to join their brethren of the mountains.

They all assembled at the Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga, on September 25th. Four hundred of the Virginians came under William Campbell, 500 from the more southern settlement under Shelby and Sevier, and 160 refugees under McDowell, of North Carolina. The next day they started, after a stern old Presbyterian minister had prayed and asked a blessing upon them. They gathered in an open grove, and leaning on their rifles, these backwoodsmen and wild Indian fighters bowed their heads and listened in silence to the preacher who blessed them and called upon them to do battle and smite the foe with the sword of the Lord and Gideon.

Then they set out, a strange-looking army, clad in buckskin shirts and fringed leggings, without a tent, a bayonet or any baggage, and with hardly a sword among

the officers. But every man had a rifle, a knife, and a tomahawk, and they were all mounted on wiry horses. Discipline in the usual military sense was unknown, and yet they were no ordinary militia. Every man was a fighter, bred in Indian wars, who had passed his life with horse and rifle, encompassed by perils. They were a formidable body of men, hardy, bold to recklessness, and swift of movement. They pushed on rapidly over the high table-land covered with snow and then down the ravines and gorges—rough riding, where there was hardly a trail—until, on the 29th, they reached the pleasant open lowlands near the North Forks of the Catawba. Here they were joined by more than three hundred North Carolina militia, led by Colonel Cleave-land, a hunter and Indian fighter, quite the equal in prowess and experience of any who had crossed the mountains, and with a long list of private wrongs to avenge, for he had been in the thick of the civil war and partisan fighting which, since the fall of Charleston, had desolated the Southern States. On October 1st the forces, thus increased, passed Pilot Mountain and camped near the head of Cane and Silver Creeks. Thus far they had proceeded, as they had gathered together each band under the command of its own chief, but such an arrangement involved too much disorder even for so unorganized an army as this, and the next day, dropping all local differences and personal jealousies, they agreed that Colonel William Campbell should take command of the entire expedition. On October 3d they started again, after Shelby had addressed them. He first told any man to go who desired to do so, and not one stirred. Then he bade them remember that each man must be his own officer, fight for his own hand, draw off if need be, but never leave the field, and when they met the British, “give

them Indian play.” Thus reorganized and instructed they set forth. As they marched they picked up small bands of refugees, and heard of a large body of four hundred militia crossing the country from Flint Hill to join them. They were near Gilberttown on the 4th, with their numbers raised now to nearly fifteen hundred men.

Gloucester Oct. 21 1781

Sir

*I am to request of you to
interest yourself in obtaining permission
from His Excellency Gen.^l Washington,
for me, to pass to Europe from
New York, if I remain prisoner
in parole to the united States of
America—*

*My affairs are greatly
deranged by a stay of upwards of
five years in this country there—
for*

A Letter of Tarleton—In the Drear

Here they had expected to come up with Ferguson, but the English leader, who had good eyes and ears and was well informed, had moved rapidly away, doubling and turning, and meanwhile sending diligently in all directions for reinforcements and urging the loyalists everywhere to rally to his support. He marched so rapidly and with so much cunning that he would easily have baffled any regular army, no matter how quick in motion or how lightly equipped. But his pursuers were no ordinary soldiers. They had passed their lives in tracking game and in following or eluding savages, wilder and more artful than any beast of prey that roamed their for-

ests. Now they pursued Ferguson as they would have hunted an Indian war-band. They rode in loose order, but followed the trail with the keen fidelity of hounds upon a burning scent. They had no bayonets and no tents, but they could go for many hours without sleep or food, and minded bad weather as little as the

intend to let him escape. So, with half their number, the strongest and best mounted, they hurried on. They rode hard all day, and it was growing dark when they reached the Cowpens, and were there joined by the bands of militia from Flint Hill. On the way they had heard of bodies of loyalists, some very

large, going to Ferguson's assistance, but they were not turned aside to win an easy victory and lose that which they had crossed the mountains to gain. They were a simple-minded, rough folk, and hence they were disposed to have one idea at a time, and cling to it—a very unfortunate propensity for their enemies at this precise moment. So they heeded not the loyalists making for the British camp, but made their last preparations, for they were near at last to the object of their pursuit.

Ferguson had gradually drawn away from the mountains, but he was unwilling to leave the Western loyalists wholly undefended. So he moved slowly, gathering such help as he could, until he was as near to Cornwallis at Charlotte as he was to the mountaineers. Here he established himself in a very strong position on October 6th on a spur of King's Mountain, just south of the

North Carolina boundary. He fixed his camp on a rocky ridge some seven hundred yards long, with steep wooded sides, and about sixty feet above the valley level. The heavy baggage train was massed on the northeastern end of the ridge, and the soldiers camped between that and the southern declivities. So confident did Ferguson feel in the strength of his position that he did not move on the morning of the 7th, and was probably quite willing to receive an attack.

The "Backwater men," as the British leader had called his enemies, started on the evening of the 6th, and, through the darkness and rain, marched slowly on.

*-For I wish as early as possible
to visit my native land & that
whether my changed, or on parole,
I may not be prevented from the
execution of my design -*

*I assure you, that you will
do me a kindness by performing
this business & giving me an early
answer*

Yours R. R. R.

*To be
Your most obed^t & most affec^ted son
Ben: Johnston
23rd*

To Mr. Leonard

Collection, Pennsylvania Historical Society.

animals they stalked and killed. These "Backwater men," who had sprung up so suddenly from the wooded hills, were tireless and determined, and they meant to fight.

When they found that Ferguson was no longer near Gilberttown, that many of their horses were worn out, and that some of the militia who had joined them on foot were weary with marching, they did not stop for rest and refreshment, but picked out the strongest horses and the best men to the number of seven hundred and fifty and pressed on. To their minds the fact that Ferguson was retreating meant simply that he was afraid, and they did not

The next morning the rain was still falling, but they kept on, indifferent to weather, merely wrapping their blankets about the gunlocks. From two captured tories they learned just where Ferguson was, from a Whig friend, what his dispositions were, and how he was dressed, which last little bit of information was the death-warrant of the gallant Scotchman when he faced those deadly rifles. Nearer they came and nearer, and when within a mile of the mountain, the rain having ceased, they dismounted, tied their horses, and prepared for an assault on foot. The colonels made their last arrangements; Campbell's and Shelby's men were to hold the centre and to attack in front. The left wing was under Cleaveland, and was formed of his men and the Flint Hill militia. The right wing was led by Sevier, and threw out a detachment which swung far around, and by desperate riding got to the rear, and thus cut off the only avenue of escape before the battle was over. The countersign was "Buford," the name of the leader whose troops had been massacred by Tarleton after surrendering at the Waxhaw. The riflemen were again ordered to follow their officers, to fight each for himself, to retreat if necessary, but never to run away, and once more to let the foe have "Indian play." The word of command was given, and on and up they went. The backwoodsmen were nearly as numerous as their enemy, but the British forces had all the advantage of position; they were chiefly loyalists, with some regulars, but were all well disciplined, thoroughly drilled, and equipped with bayonets. Ferguson was alert and well informed, and yet so swift and silent were the movements of these backwoodsmen that he was surrounded and found himself attacked almost unawares. Suddenly the steep sides of the mountain seemed to start to life with armed men, and the flash of the rifle flared out from behind the trees, silent and dark but a moment before. Ferguson, however, was never unprepared. Short as the warning was, he got his men in line and blowing his silver whistle, with which he directed the charges, flung his column upon Campbell's men. The riflemen gave way before the bayonet and slipped back down the hill. But when Ferguson turned there were Shelby's men swarming up the other

side. Again the silver whistle blew, again the column formed and charged down, and again the mountaineers gave way. But even while he flung back Shelby, Campbell's men were again coming up, gliding from tree to tree, picking off their foes with deadly certainty, and constantly getting nearer the top. Ferguson rode from point to point rallying his men. The silver whistle would blow, the compact of well-disciplined soldiers would charge, repel their assailants, and return to meet another attack. The moment the red line paused in the charge and prepared to repulse an assault from another quarter, the riflemen would turn and follow them up the slope. So the fight raged fiercely, the British rallying and driving their foes with the bayonet in one place only to meet them in another, and each time the wave of backwoodsmen came a little higher. At last, as Sevier's men were nearing the crest, they caught full sight of the gallant figure they had so long been looking for. The rifles rang out, and Ferguson, pierced by half a dozen bullets, fell dead from his horse. De Peyster, the next in command, bravely rallied the men, but the end was near. The deadly aim of the rifles had done its work. Half the British regulars were killed, and the rest were broken and dispersed. The loyalists and riflemen fought hand to hand along the crest of the ridge, brother with brother, kinsman against kinsman. Then the loyalists broke and fled to the baggage wagons, only to find that they were completely surrounded. Further resistance was hopeless, and De Peyster raised the white flag and surrendered. The hard-fought fight was over. The British had lost all told, in killed and disabled, between three and four hundred, and the Americans about one hundred and twenty. The resistance which sacrificed nearly forty per cent. of its force was desperate, but the British overshot, while the hunters and Indian fighters made all their shots tell. The victory was complete. Ferguson was killed, and his whole force either left on the field or captured. The Americans departed at once with their prisoners, and their great spoil of arms and equipment. They sullied their victory a few days later by hanging nine of their prisoners in revenge for the many hangings by the men of Tarleton and

Ferguson, and especially for the thirteen just hanged by Cruger. The officers interfered and checked any further executions, thirty having been condemned to death. Then, leaving their prisoners with the lowland militia, the men of the Western waters shouldered their rifles, took their spoils, crossed the mountains, and in due time celebrated their victory with much feasting, shooting, racing, and eating of whole roast oxen at their block-houses and log-cabins beyond the Alleghenies.

Cornwallis, appalled by this sudden disaster, very naturally feared that after their great victory the backwoodsmen would pour down and assail him on flank and rear. His alarm was needless. The riflemen burst out of the wilderness to hunt down the man who threatened their dearly bought and hardly defended homes. They caught their enemy, killed him, captured his army, and then the thing they came for done, they disappeared among the Western forests as suddenly as they had come. They swept down from their hills like a Highland clan, won a complete and striking victory and withdrew. They were incapable of doing the work or carrying on the patient labors and steady fighting of a disciplined army, by which alone campaigns are won. But they were perfect for the particular feat they actually performed of swiftly pursuing a hostile force, surrounding it, and then without strategy or tactics, by sheer hard fighting and straight shooting, win a victory from which hardly a single enemy escaped. It was only by superior fighting that they won, for they were slightly inferior in numbers, very much at a disadvantage in position, and without military discipline or proper equipment. Yet it so happened that the battle of King's Mountain—won without any plan or object beyond the immediate destruction of an invader whom the backwoodsmen dealt with as they would have done with a large Indian war-party, if they could have penned it up in the same fashion—proved one of the decisive battles of the Revolution. It turned the tide of war in the Southern States. From that time, with ups and downs of course, the British fortunes declined. The spirits of the Southern people rose at a bound. The back country was freed, for Ferguson and his men con-

stituted the force upon which Cornwallis counted to subdue the interior and crush out all local risings. That force and its very brave and efficient commander were wiped out of existence. The British General had lost one of the most important parts of his army, and his campaign for the future was permanently crippled in consequence. The immediate effect was to check his movement northward, and the first advance through North Carolina to Virginia failed. On October 14th he began his retreat from Charlotte, and after a hard march of fifteen days, through rain and mud and with scant food, he reached Winnsborough, near Camden. All the way his men had been attacked and shot down by the militia, something quite impossible before King's Mountain. Encouraged in the same way, Marion had again taken the field and began to cut off outlying British posts. Tarleton went after him, burning and ravaging as he rode, but Marion eluded him, and then he was forced to turn back, for Sumter had broken out near Camden and was intercepting supplies, beating loyalist militia, and generally making the life of the commanding General uncomfortable. The interior country, in fact, was slipping from the British control, and even the position of their main army was menaced. So Tarleton went after his old enemy with his usual zeal. He came up with Sumter at the Black stock plantation, did not stop to consider either Sumter's position or numbers, and dashed at him with two hundred and fifty men. This time Sumter was neither surprised nor encumbered with baggage, and fought on ground of his own choosing. He repulsed Tarleton's charge, and then drove back the infantry with such severe loss that Tarleton was forced to retreat rapidly, leaving his wounded in the hands of the enemy.

The year closed cheerfully for the Americans. Cornwallis had been forced to abandon his Northern march and retreat. The country was up in arms, and Sumter and Marion threatened British posts and communications in all directions, while the victory at King's Mountain had destroyed an important part of the British force. But at the same time the riflemen had disappeared silently and swiftly as they had come, and the only Ameri-

can forces were, as before, scattered bands. It is true the spirit of the people had revived, but there was still no army, and without a regular army the British could not be driven from the South. Twice had the central government tried to supply the great defect, and one army had been captured at Charleston and another flung away at Camden. Now a third attempt was to be made, and on it the fate of the war in the Carolinas would turn. This time Congress allowed Washington to choose a commander, and he selected Greene, as he had done in the first instance. He said that he sent a General without an army, for, generous as he was, he could now spare only three hundred and fifty men from the regular line. But he felt that the commander was really the main thing, since experience had shown that there was abundance of material for soldiers, and he knew that in this instance he sent a man who not only could make an army, but who would not fight until his army was made.

Greene, thus chosen to command, at once went to Philadelphia, where he delivered Washington's letter and made his report to Congress. Then he examined all papers relating to his new department, and in two days made another report to Congress, setting forth his needs. It appeared that he wanted pretty much everything, money, men, stores, arms, and ample authority. Congress had never liked Greene overmuch, but since the wreck of their favorite, Gates, they were in a chastened frame of mind, and with extraordinary promptness they proceeded to comply with their new General's demands. They assigned Steuben to the Southern department; they gave Greene every possible power and authority, and letters of recommendation and appeal to all the State legislatures. In the more important material things they could give less, for they had little to give. Fifteen hundred stand of arms was about the measure of their contribution, for money, men, and clothing they had not. Greene, the indefatigable, reached out in all directions trying to beg or borrow everywhere, money, clothing, medicine, or anything else. Pennsylvania, through Reed, helped him to some wagons to replace those lost by Gates, but he got little else. Then Greene, believing that he could use

cavalry in the South, persuaded Congress to give him Henry Lee, "Lighthorse Harry," commission him as a Lieutenant-Colonel and authorize him to raise a regiment. All these things done, or at least vigorously agitated, Greene set forth to his command. As he went he steadily kept up the work he had begun in Philadelphia, demanding, urging, praying for men, money, and supplies to be sent with him or after him. He went with his story and his requests before the legislatures of Delaware and Maryland, and presented the letters of Washington and of the Congress. He roused both States, and obtained pledges which were later to bear fruit. Thence he pressed on to Richmond, where he met Jefferson, then Governor, and the legislature. The spirit, the disposition of all were excellent, but everything was in confusion; clothing could not be had, recruits were coming in slowly, a body of the enemy had landed in the southeast, and there was an infinity of work to be done before the great State on which he would chiefly have to rely could be brought to a condition where its resources would be available. Greene gave them Steuben to take charge of their military affairs, set other matters in such train as was possible, wrote urgent letters to Congress and to Washington, and then set forward again. Now he began to get reports from the scene toward which he was going, vague, contradictory, fluctuating reports which troubled him much, and seemed to pre-
sage a very troublesome and chaotic situation to be met and overcome. Finally, on December 2d, he reached Charlotte. Almost his first act was to answer Cornwallis's complaint of the hanging of prisoners at King's Mountain, by sending a list of fifty prisoners hung by order of the British commanders, and at the same time declaring that he did not intend to wage war in that fashion. But it was the work of army-making which chiefly concerned him, not verbal controversies with Cornwallis. Unlike Gates, he at once counted his army instead of waiting until the eve of battle for that information. The result was not inspiring. He found that he had 2,300 men, who had been gathered together by Gates since his defeat. They were poorly equipped and badly disciplined. The militia were in the habit of

going home when the humor took them, but Greene, in his prompt fashion and with a painful disregard for local customs declared this to be desertion, shot the first offender, and demonstrated that a new commander had really come. While he was organizing the army he also examined and surveyed the rivers, found where the fords were, and then, instead of plunging headlong at the enemy, withdrew to the fertile meadows of the Pedee and there formed a camp and proceeded to drill his troops and prepare them for work. He acted quickly, quietly, and without much conversation. "I call no councils of war," he wrote to Hamilton on December 20th. Yet bad as was the condition of the weak and broken army, Greene was extremely fortunate in his officers. Harry Lee, the most brilliant cavalry officer of the Revolution, in which cavalry was but little used, had come with him. On the spot he had found John Eager Howard and Colonel Otho Williams, of Maryland, and William Washington, of Virginia. These were all brave, experienced, dashing officers, just the men who would prove invaluable to Greene. There was also another officer higher in rank than any of these, who had come to Charlotte as soon as he heard of the rout at Camden. This was Daniel Morgan, of Virginia, an abler soldier than any whom Greene found at Charlotte, and far more suggestive of the deeper meanings of the American Revolution. Lee and Howard and the rest represented the rich landholders, the well-established aristocracy of the Colonies. They had wealth, position, and education as a birthright, in addition to their own courage and capacity. At them could not be flung the constant sneer and gibe of the loyalist satirist, and pamphleteer that the American officers were men of lowly birth, fishers and choppers and ploughmen. Yet that at which the loyalist and the Tory sneered was one of the great signs of the time, a portent of the democratic movement, a new source of strength in war and peace. The custom of the world then was to give military power and command by favor, to treat them as plunder to be shared among a limited class. Rank, birth, political service, the bar sinister if it crossed a coat of arms sufficiently illustrious, were the best

titles to high military command. England, forgetting whence she had taken Clive and Wolfe, had relapsed into the current system of favoritism and sent out Howes and Clintons and Burgoynes to command her armies in America. Many men of this class were physically brave, now and then one, like Cornwallis or Rawdon, was efficient, but as a rule they lacked brains, were self-indulgent, and sometimes cruel. They represented an old system now rotten and broken, and against them came a new system with the blood of youth in its veins. The democratic movement was to draw most of its leaders from the people, whence its real strength came. Twenty years later that which was a little-understood fact in the American war had been formulated into an aphorism in the mighty revolution sweeping over Europe, and men learned that the new order of things meant *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, and that every private soldier had perchance a marshal's bâton hidden in his knapsack.

Of this class, so preëminently children of their time, and of the great social forces then stirring into life, Daniel Morgan was a most typical example. Born in New Jersey, the son of a poor Welsh emigrant, he began life as a day-laborer. Drifting out to the frontier he became a wagoner, then a soldier in the Braddock expedition, was brutally flogged under the savage military code of the time for striking a companion, kept on in spite of this hideous wrong, and so distinguished himself in battle that he was promoted from the ranks and given a commission. Desperately wounded, he escaped from the Indians in a hot skirmish, clinging blindly to the neck of his frightened runaway horse. So he lived on the frontier, reckless, fighting, drinking, gaming, saved only from destruction by his gigantic strength and hard head. A fortunate marriage turned him from his wild life and brought his really fine and gentle nature uppermost. He settled down in Virginia, and although he fought in Pontiac's and Lord Dunmore's wars, he became a steady, hardworking planter. When the Revolution came only one side was possible to such a man—he was the friend of Washington, the way was open to ability, and his time had come. With his riflemen raised in Virginia he had dis-

tinguished himself in almost every action from Boston to Monmouth, and had been taken prisoner in the desperate night assault at Quebec. He had been especially conspicuous in the Burgoyne campaign, playing a very large part in all the fighting which culminated in the surrender of Saratoga, where the British commander told him that he commanded "the finest regiment in the world." Congress did not, however, seem impressed in the same way. In the promotions so lavishly given to foreigners and favorites, Morgan was passed over, and at last withdrew in disgust to his home in Virginia. But when he heard of the defeat at Camden he at once said that this was no time for personal feelings or resentments, and went directly to Hillsborough to join the defeated Gates. Then at last Congress gave him his tardy promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General, and when Greene arrived he found Morgan already at work. With excellent judgment Greene confirmed Morgan in his separate command, and the latter, threatening Cornwallis's flank, crossed the Catawba and, picking up some small additional bodies of militia, moved along the Pacolet River, where he cut off and defeated with heavy loss a large body of loyalists who were ravaging that country. His operations and his position alike threatened the British seriously, and Cornwallis could not advance into North Carolina or against Greene until he had disposed of Morgan's division. He therefore detached Tarleton with the light infantry, and eleven hundred men in all, to follow Morgan, while he moved in such a way himself as to cut Morgan off if he attempted to retreat to North Carolina.

Tarleton moved rapidly, and Morgan fell back before him, until, on January 16th, he reached the Cowpens, where cattle were rounded up and branded, a place about midway between Spartanburg and the Cherokee ford of the Broad River. Morgan, brought up in the school of Washington, and having a perfect understanding of the situation in the South, wished just then, as much as Greene, to avoid a decisive action. At the same time, as he wrote his chief, this course might not be always possible, and he knew that he was in a position at once difficult and dangerous. Well informed by his scouts, he was aware that

he was between two armies, and when he reached the Cowpens he determined to stand his ground and fight, although some of his officers recommended otherwise. In the evening he walked about among the camp-fires talking to the militia, who were of the same class from which he himself had sprung. He told them that he was going to fight, took them into his confidence, assured them that "the old wagoner would crack his whip over Tarleton," and that if they gave three fires they would surely win. The next morning he had his men roused early so that they could breakfast well, and then he formed them for battle. His main line was composed of the Maryland Continental troops in the centre, with the Virginia riflemen on each flank. In front he placed the militia under Pickens, and in the rear, out of sight, Colonel Washington and the cavalry. Then Morgan rode up and down the line and told the militia to give the enemy two killing fires and fall back. He explained to the Continentals that the militia would retire after delivering these volleys that they must stand firm in the centre, and, placed as they were on rising ground, fire low. As soon as Tarleton came in sight of the American army thus posted and drawn up, he raced at them, hardly waiting to form his line or to allow his reserve to come up. It was Tarleton's way, and had proved very pleasant and successful on several occasions in dealing with raw militia. But here he was face to face with an experienced soldier, and with an army resting on a body of tried veterans in the centre. As he advanced, the militia, under Pickens, delivered two or three well-aimed and destructive volleys, and then gave ground and fell back, as they had been told, but without disorder, round the wings of Howard and the Marylanders, who held the centre. The main line in turn poured in such a heavy and well-sustained fire that the British hesitated, and Tarleton, calling for his reserves, flung himself upon Howard's men. Howard, seeing that his flank was being turned, ordered the right company to face-about. The order was misunderstood, and the whole line faced about and began to retreat. This blunder was turned into the stroke of victory by Morgan's quickness. Pickens and his militia had reformed, and were assailing the Brit-



Given by Howard Pyle.

The Meeting of Greene and Gates at Charlotte, N. C., upon the Former's Assuming Command. General Davidson in uniform, Kosciuszko, and General Morgan in buckskins, are behind General Gates in the picture.



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

The Combat Between Colonels Washington and Tarleton at the Battle of the Cowpens.

It was through his bravery in this personal encounter that Tarleton was able to effect his escape after the battle.

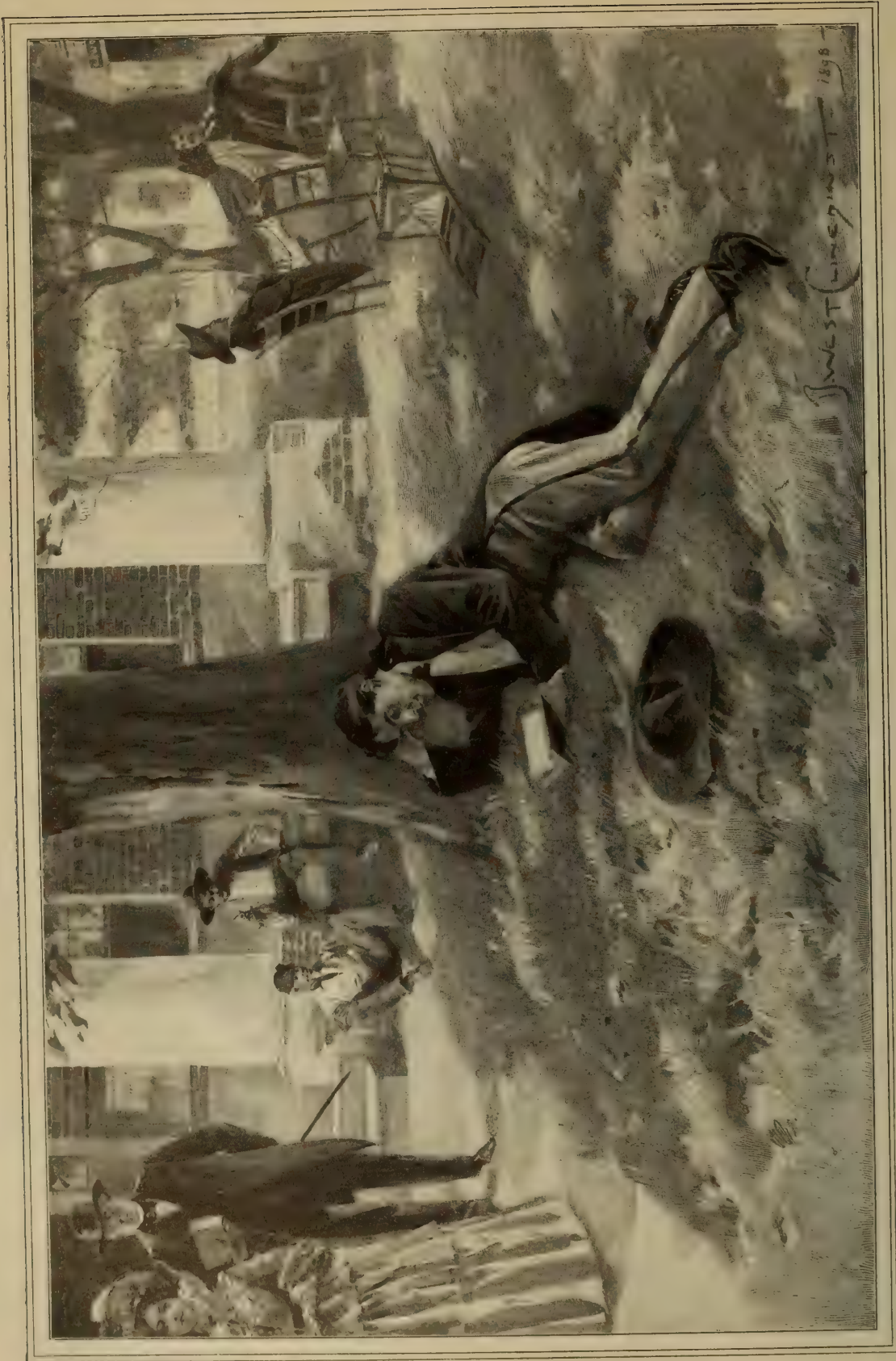
ish right wing, while Colonel Washington, charging suddenly and breaking the right wing, got to the rear of the enemy, and saw them rushing forward pell-mell after Howard's retreating line. "They are coming on like a mob," he sent word to Morgan. "Give them a fire and I will charge them." Suddenly at the command, the steady Continental troops halted, faced about, poured in a heavy and deadly fire, and followed it with a bayonet charge upon the disordered British line. At the same moment Washington dashed in upon them in the rear. All was now over in a few minutes. The rout was utter and complete, and the British infantry, outflanked and surrounded, threw away their arms and began to cry for the quarter which they had refused to Buford's men, but which was here accorded to them. Six hundred of Tarleton's eleven hundred were captured. Ten officers and over a hundred men were killed, showing the gallantry with which they fought until taken between two fires. Tarleton himself, by personal prowess and hard riding, barely escaped. All the cannon, arms, equipage, everything, fell into the hands of the Americans, who on their side lost only twelve killed and sixty wounded.

The numbers engaged at the Cowpens

were small, only eight hundred Americans and about eleven hundred British, but it was one of the best-fought actions of the war. Morgan, no doubt, took a serious risk in fighting with the Broad River in his rear and with no protection to his flanks, but he knew his men, he did not intend that they should have any temptation to retreat, and he had confidence in them and in himself. Tarleton, no doubt, was rash in the extreme and blundered in his hasty advance, but he was one of the best of the British officers, and his error arose, as the British errors usually did, from contempt for his opponent. Yet, after all allowances for Tarleton's mistakes, the fact remains that Morgan's tactics were admirable, and he handled his men, who behaved with the utmost steadiness, so well that he turned a blunder in an important order into a decisive opportunity for immediate victory. How well he fought his battle is best shown by the fact that he not only defeated his enemy, but utterly destroyed him. Moreover, his coolness and judgment, so excellent before the fight and in the heat of action, were not affected by his victory. He crossed the Broad River that very night, and when Cornwallis, stung by the defeat of Tarleton, rushed after Morgan, actually burning his baggage that he might move



The Bayonet Charge by the Second Maryland Brigade at the Battle of Camden



Steve stretched, and, picking up his book, dived once more into the "Idylls of the King."—Page 248.

the faster, reached the Little Catawba it was only to learn that the victorious Americans had crossed with their prisoners two days before and were on the way to join Greene's army.

The victory at the Cowpens was a fit supplement to that at King's Mountain. The backwoodsmen had sprung out of their hills in defence of their homes and swept away the strong corps to which Cornwallis trusted for scouts, outpost work, and the conquest of the interior. A regular army, commanded by one of Washington's Generals, had utterly defeated a select body of British troops, and crushed out of existence the light infantry which Cornwallis had used so effectively, and which he was to need so much in the future. There was much

hard fighting still to do, but the days of panic and submission were over. The question had ceased to be how much the British would overrun and conquer, and had become the very different one of how long they could hold their ground, and how soon the Americans, represented at last by a regular army and an able General, could drive them out. The first chapter in the British invasion of the South, England's last and most effective attempt to conquer her colonies, closed at Charleston with the loss of Lincoln's army and the utter prostration of the American cause in that region. The second chapter began with Camden and ended with King's Mountain and the Cowpens. After Morgan's victory a new campaign opened in the South.

RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XXX

THE difference in the attitude of their neighbors toward them was felt deeply by Major and Mrs. Welch. Even Dr. Cary's wonted cordiality had given place when he met Mrs. Welch to a grave and formal courtesy. Toward Major Welch the formality was less marked; while toward Ruth there was almost the same warmth and friendliness that had existed before Mrs. Welch's letters were seen. Ruth, however, was far too loyal to her own to accept such attentions; so far from accepting, she resented the overtures made her, and was not slow in letting it be understood. There was one or two exceptions to this general feeling on her part. Toward Blair Cary her liking deepened. Blair was sweeter than ever to her, and though Ruth felt that this was to make up to her for the

coolness of others, there was a true sympathy in Blair, and a delicacy and charm about her manner of showing it that touched her, and Ruth was conscious that day by day she became drawn more and more closely to her young neighbor. Such friendships are rare. The friend with whom one does not have to make explanations is God-given.

With her other neighbors Ruth stood on her dignity, in armed guardfulness. She carried her head higher than she had ever done in her life and responded to their advances with a coldness that shortly gained her a reputation for as much pride as she could have desired, if not for a good deal of temper. Mrs. Dockett attempted a sympathetic matter with her, and if subsequent rumors were any indication, that redoubted champion did not come off wholly unscathed.

"The little minx has got her mother's tongue," sniffed the offended lady. "Why, she actually snubbed me—*me!* Think of her daring to tell me, when I was giving her to understand that we knew she was not responsible for any of the insulting things that had been said about us, that she always agreed with her mother and father in everything! And away she marched, with her little mouth pursed up and her head held as high as Captain Allen's. She'll know when I try to be civil to her again! She's getting her head turned because Captain Allen said she had some pretension to good looks."

It must be said, though, on behalf of Mrs. Dockett, that after the first smart of the rebuff she had received was over, she liked Ruth none the less, and used to tell the story of her snubbing her with a very humorous take-off of Miss Welch's air and of her own confusion. And long afterward she admitted that the first time she really liked Ruth was when she resented her condescension.

"It takes a good woman—or man either—to stand up to me, you know!" she said, with a twinkle of pride and amusement in her bright eyes.

Mrs. Dockett was not the only one by any means to whom the young lady showed her resentment. Ruth felt her isolation keenly, and suddenly began to take a much deeper interest than ever before in her mother's philanthropical work, riding about and visiting the poor negroes, and extending her visits to the poorer whites as well.

It happened that more than once on these visitations Ruth fell in with Captain Allen. She treated him with marked coldness—Steve declared afterward, with actual savageness—but, it must be said, it appeared to have little apparent effect on that gentleman; it seemed simply to amuse him. He was "riding about on business," he explained to her, with smiling eyes. He seemed to have a great deal of business to ride about on of late. Ruth always declined, with much coolness, his request to be allowed to escort her; but her refusal did not seem to offend him; he would turn up unexpectedly the next time she rode out alone, cheerful and amused. (One singular thing was that she rarely saw him when she was accompanied by her father.) Still

she did not stop riding. She did not see why she should give up her visits of philanthropy simply because Captain Allen also happened to have business to attend to. She began to be vaguely conscious that sometimes she even felt disappointed if on her ride she did not see him somewhere, and she hated herself for this, and took to disciplining herself for it, by riding on unfrequented roads. Yet, even here, now and then, Captain Allen passed her, and she began to feel as if he were in some sort following her. On one occasion, when he overtook her on a somewhat lonely road, he took her to task for riding so much alone. She was secretly pleased; but fired up at his manner.

"Why?" She looked him defiantly in the eyes.

He appeared confused.

"Why—because—Suppose you should lose your way, what would you do?" She saw that this was not his reason.

"I should ask someone," she answered, coolly.

"But whom would you ask? There is no one—except one old woman, my Mammy Peggy, who lives down in this direction—who lives anywhere between the old road that is now stopped up and the creek, and farther back is a through cut to the Bend, which you crossed, along which some of the worst characters in the county travel. They do not come this side of the creek, for they are afraid. But I assure you that it is not safe for you to be riding about through the woods this way, this time in the evening, by yourself."

"Why, I see this path; someone must travel it," she said. She knew that somewhere down in that direction was the old hospital-place, which the negroes said was haunted, and which was rumored to be the meeting-place of the Ku Klux. Steve looked a little confused.

"Yes——"

"And if no one is down here there cannot any harm come to me." She enjoyed her triumph.

"Yes, but you don't understand—people pass this way going backward and forward from—from the Bend, and elsewhere, and——" He broke off. "You must trust me and take my word for it," he said, firmly. "It is not right for you; it is not safe." He was so earnest that Ruth could not

help feeling the force of what he said, and she was at heart secretly pleased; yet she resented his attitude.

"Whom should I be afraid of? Of the Ku Klux?" She was pleased to see him flush. But when he answered her he spoke seriously:

"Miss Ruth, there are no Ku Klux here—there never were any—except once for a little while, and there is not one in the county or in the South who would do you an injury, or with whom, if you were thrown, you would not be as safe as if you were guarded by a regiment."

Ruth felt that he was telling her the truth, and she was conscious of the effect he had on her. Yet she rebelled, and she could not resist firing a shot at him.

"Thank you," she said, mockingly. "I am relieved to know that they will not murder ladies." Steve flushed hotly, and before he could answer she pressed her advantage with delight.

"Could you not persuade them to extend their clemency to other poor defenceless creatures? Poor negroes, for example! You say there never were any Ku Klux in this county; how about that night when the State militia were raided and their arms taken from them, and when poor defenceless women were frightened to death? Were the men who did that really ghosts?"

She looked at Steve and was struck with a pang that she should have allowed herself to be carried so far. She had meant only to sting him and revenge herself, but she had struck deeper than she had intended. The look on Steve's face really awed her, and when he spoke, the tone in his voice was different from any she had ever heard in it.

"Miss Welch, I did not say there had never been any Ku Klux in this county—you misunderstood me. I said there had never been any but once. I myself organized a band of Ku Klux regulators—'a den,' as we called it in this county—and we made one raid—the raid you spoke of, when we took the arms from the negroes. I led that raid. I organized it and led it, because I deemed it absolutely necessary for our protection at the time—for our salvation. No one was seriously hurt, no women were frightened to death, as you say. It is true that some women were frightened, and no doubt frightened badly,

at the pranks played that night. We meant to frighten the men. If necessary, we should have done more to them—the leaders—but never to frighten the women. Under the excitement of such an occasion, where there were hundreds of young men, some full of fun, some wild and reckless, some unauthorized acts were committed. It had been attempted to guard against them; but some men overstepped the bounds, and there were undoubtedly unjustifiable acts committed under cover of the disguise adopted. But no lives were taken and no great violence was done. The reports you have heard of it were untrue. I give you my word of honor as to this. That is the only time there has been a raid by Ku Klux in this county—and the only time there will be one. We accomplished our purpose, and we proved what we could do. The effect was salutary. But I found that blackguards and sneaks could take advantage of the disguise and, under its cover, wreak their private spite, and by common consent the den was disbanded shortly after that night. There have been ruffianly acts committed since that time by men disguised as Ku Klux; but not one of the men who were in that raid, so far as I know, were concerned in them or have ever worn their disguise since then. They have sworn solemnly not to do so. The place where they met is the old plantation down here on the river; this path leads to it, and at the top of the next hill I can show you the house. It is only a ruin, and was selected by me because the stories connected with it protected it from the curiosity of the negroes, and, in the case of invasion, the woods around, with their paths, furnished a ready means of escape.

"I have told you the whole story and told you the truth absolutely, and I hope you will do me the honor to believe me." His manner and voice were so grave and cold that Ruth had long lost all her resentment.

"I do," she said.

He bowed. They had reached the crest of the hill.

"There is the house." He held a bough aside and indicated a large rambling mansion below them, almost concealed on one side by the dense growth, while the other appeared to be simply a ruin. It lay in a cleft between two wooded hills, around the

base of which ran the river, and seemed as desolate a place as Ruth had ever seen.

"My showing it to you is a proof that 'the den' is broken up. Now we will go back." He turned his horse.

"I did not need it," she said, earnestly. "And I will never tell anyone that I have ever seen it."

To this he made no response.

"I must see you back to the main road safely," he said, gravely.

Ruth felt that she had struck him deeply, and as they rode along she cast about in her mind for some way to lead up to an explanation. It did not come, however, and at the main road, when her gate was in sight, he pulled in his horse and lifted his hat.

"Good-evening."

"Good-evening. I will think of what you said," she began, meaning what he had said about her riding out alone.

"I would at least like you to think of me as a gentleman." He bowed gravely, and lifting his hat again, turned and rode slowly away.

Ruth rode home filled with conflicting emotions. Among them was anger, first with herself, and afterward with Captain Allen.

Miss Welch on her arrival at home that evening was as nearly at war with everyone as it is possible for a really sweet-tempered girl to be. Dr. Washington Still had called in her absence and proffered his professional services for any of her patients. She broke out against him, vehemently, and when her mother undertook to defend him, she attacked the whole Still family and connections, except Virgy, whom she admitted to be a poor, weak, little kind-hearted thing, and shocked her mother by warmly denouncing the stories of the Ku Klux outrages, and openly declaring that she did not believe there had ever been any Ku Klux in the county, except perhaps on the one occasion when they had disarmed the negro militia—and that she thought they did exactly right, and just what she would have had them do.

Mrs. Welch was too much shocked to do anything but gasp.

"Oh, Ruth! Ruth!" she groaned. "That ever my daughter should say such things!" But Miss Ruth was too excited for control just then. She launched out

yet more warmly and shocked her mother by yet more heretical views, until suddenly moved by her mother's real pain, she flung herself into her arms in a passion of remorse and tears, and declared that she did not mean half of what she had said, but was a wicked, bad girl, who did not appreciate the best and kindest of mothers.

A few days afterward the man known as "the trick-doctor," but who called himself "Doctor Moses," came to Major Welch's and told them a pitiful story of an old woman's poverty. Mrs. Welch gave him some sugar, coffee, and other things for her, but he asked them to go and see her. She lived "all by herself mostly, and honed to see the good white folks."

"Ef his young Mistis would be so kind as to go and see her some evenin', he would show her de way," he said, with a look at Ruth, and that smile and uneasy look which always reminded her of a hyena in a cage.

They promised to go immediately, and he undertook to describe the road to them.

"It was too bad to drive a carriage over—you had to ride on horseback; but his young Mistis would fine it, she was such a fine rider."

Ruth could never bear the sight of the negro; he was the most repulsive creature to her that she had ever seen. Yet it happened that from his description of the place where the old woman lived and of the road that led there, she was sure she was the same old woman whom Captain Allen had mentioned to her that afternoon as having been his mammy, and as the one person who lived on the deserted plantation. And this or some other thought determined Ruth next day to go and see her. She had expected her father to accompany her, as he frequently did, but it happened that he was called away from home, and as her mother received another urgent call that morning to go and see a sick child, Ruth had either to postpone her visit or go alone. She chose the latter alternative, and as soon as the afternoon had cooled a little, she started off on horseback.

Ever since her interview with Captain Allen she had been chafing under the sense of obeying his urgency that she should not ride through the woods alone. As she recalled it, it was less a request than a command he had given her. She had not rid-

den out alone since that evening—at least she had not ridden through the wood roads; she had stuck to the highways, and she felt a sense of resentment that she had done so. What right had he to issue orders to her? She would now show him that they had no effect on her.

She would not only go against his wishes, but would go to the very place he had especially cautioned her against. She would see this old woman who had once belonged to him, and perhaps she would some time tell him she had been there.

Ruth had no difficulty in finding her way. She knew the road well as far as the point where the old disused road led off from the highway, and she had a good idea of direction. There she turned into the track that took her down toward the abandoned plantation, and shortly crossed the zigzag path that she knew cut through the pines and led down to the Bend. She remembered Captain Allen pointing it out to her that afternoon, and as she approached it, she galloped her horse rapidly, conscious of a feeling of exhilaration as she passed it. A quarter of a mile farther on the thought occurred to her that it was cowardice to ride rapidly. Why should she do so? And, though a cloud was coming up in the west, she pulled down to a walk. The woods were beautiful and were filled with the odors of grape-blossoms; the path was gradually descending, and she was glad of it, as it assured her she was on the right track. A little farther on, as it had been described to her, it should cross a stream. So she was pleased to see below her, at the bottom of a little ravine, the thicket where the stream crossed. She rode down through a cut, washed long ago by rains, into the ravine, and to the stream. To her surprise the path appeared suddenly to stop at the water's edge. There was no outlet on the other side; simply a wall of bushes. It was very curious. Suddenly her horse threw up his head and started. At the same moment a slight noise behind her attracted her attention. She turned, and in the path behind her stood Moses.

The blood deserted Ruth's face. She had often met him before—had found him on the side of the road as she passed along, or had turned and seen him come

out of the woods behind her, but she had never been when alone so close to him before. And now to find herself face to face with him in that lonely place, made her heart almost stop. Yet it was only his look. After regarding her for a moment silently, he began to move slowly forward, bowing and halting with that peculiar gait, that always reminded Ruth of a crawling worm. She would have fled, but she took it in an instant that there was no means of escape. The same idea must have passed through the negro's mind. A curious smirk was on his face.

"My Mistis," he said, with a grin that showed his yellow teeth and his horrid gums.

"The path seems to end here," said Ruth, with an effort commanding her voice.

"Yes, my Mistis; but I will show you de way. Old Moses will show you de way. He-he-he!" His voice had a singular feline quality.

"No, thank you, I can find it, I shall go back up here and look for it." She urged her horse back up the path to pass him. But the negro stepped before him and blocked the way.

"Nor'm, dat ain't de way. I'll show you de way. Jes let Doctor Moses show you." He gave his snicker again, moved closer and put his hand on her bridle.

The act changed her fear to anger.

"Let go my bridle, instantly!" Her voice rose suddenly. The tone of command took the negro by surprise, and he dropped his hand; the next moment, however, he caught her bridle again, so roughly that her horse reared and started back, and if Ruth had not been a good rider, she would have fallen from the saddle.

"I'm *gwine* to show you." It was now a snarl. He clung to the bridle of the frightened horse. His countenance had changed.

Raising her riding-whip, Ruth struck him with all her might across the face.

"Let go my bridle!" she cried.

He gave a howl of rage and sprang at her like a wild beast; but her horse whirled and slung him from his feet and he missed her, only tearing her skirt. It seemed to Ruth at that moment that she heard the sound of a horse galloping somewhere, and she gave a scream. It was answered in-

stantly by a shout over the hill on the path down which she had come, and the next moment the swift rush of a horse on the muffled wood-path back in the woods was heard.

The negro caught the sound as he turned to seize her bridle again, stopped short and listened intently ; then, suddenly wheeling, plunged into the bushes and went crashing away. The same instant the horseman dashed over the crest of the hill and came rushing down the path, his horse's feet scattering the stones before him. And the next second, before Ruth could take it in, Steve Allen, his face whiter than she had ever seen it, was at her side.

"What is it? Who was it?" he asked.

"Nothing. Oh! he frightened me so," she panted.

"Who?" His voice was imperious.

"That negro."

"What negro?"

"The one they call Moses—Doctor Moses."

The look that came into Steve's face was for a second almost terrifying. The next moment, with an effort, he controlled himself.

"Oh! it was nothing," he said, lightly. "He is an impudent dog, and must be taught manners. Don't be frightened. No one shall hurt you." His voice had suddenly grown gentle and soothing, and he led Ruth from the subject, talking lightly and calming her.

"I told you not to come here alone, you know," he said.

His manner reassured Ruth, and she almost smiled as she answered :

"I thought that was a woman's revenge."

"I did not mean it for revenge. But I want you to promise me now you will never do it again. Or if you will not promise me, I want you to promise yourself."

"I will promise you," said Ruth. She went on to explain why she came.

"The old woman you speak of wants nothing," he said, "and you have passed the path that leads to her house. That negro misled you—you did not take the right road to reach her place. You should have turned off some distance back. It was a mere chance—simply Providence—that I came this way and saw your track and followed you. If you wish to see my

old Mammy I will show you the way. It is the nearest house, and the only one we could reach before that storm comes, and we shall have to hurry even to get there."

Ruth looked over her shoulder and was frightened at the blackness of the cloud that had gathered. There was suddenly a dense stillness. Almost at the moment she looked a streak of flame darted from the cloud, and a terrific peal of thunder following immediately showed that it was close on them.

"Come." And catching her bridle Captain Allen headed her horse up the hill. "Mind the bushes. Keep him well in hand ; but put him out."

She urged the horse and gave him the rein, and they dashed up the hill, Steve close at her horse's flank. It was to be a close graze, even if they escaped at all ; for the rising wind, coming in a strong blast, was beginning to rush through the woods, making the trees bend and creak. The bushes swept past her, and dragged her hat from her head.

"Keep on! I'll get it!" called Steve, and leaning from his saddle he picked it from the ground and in a moment was up with her again. The thunder was beginning to crash just above their heads, and, as they dashed along, the air was filled with flying leaves and small boughs, and big drops were beginning to spatter on them. She heard Steve's voice, but could not tell what he said. The next instant he was alongside her, his hand outstretched to steady her horse. She could not, in the roar of the wind, distinguish his words ; but saw that he meant her to pull in, and she did so. The next moment they were at a path that led off at an angle from that they were on. Steve turned her horse into it, and an instant later appeared a small clearing, on the other side of which was an old cabin. That instant, however, the cloud burst upon them, and the rain came in a sheet that wet Ruth through. Before she could stop her horse at the door, Steve was on the ground and lifted her down as if she had been a child.

"Run in," he said, and it never occurred to her to oppose him. Holding both horses with one hand, he reached across, pushed open the door and put her inside. An old negro woman, the only occupant, was facing her, just as she had risen from her chair

by the fire, her small black eyes wide with surprise at the unexpected entrance. The next moment she advanced toward her.

"Come in, Mistis. Is you wet?" she asked.

"Thank you—why, yes—I am rather—But——" Ruth turned to the door. She was thinking of her companion who was still out in the storm.

"Yes, to be sho' you is. I'll shet de do'." The old negress moved to push it closer to.

"No, don't!" cried Ruth. "He is out there."

"Who? Don't you go out dyah, Mistis."

She restrained Ruth, who was about to go out again. But the door was pushed open from the outside, and Steve, dripping wet, with a pile of broken pieces of old rails in his arms and Ruth's saddle in his hand, came in.

"Marse Steve! Fo' de Lawd!" exclaimed the old woman. "Ain't you mighty wet?" She had left Ruth and was feeling Steve's arms and back.

"Wet? No, I'm as dry as a bone," laughed Steve. "Here—make up a good fire." He threw the wood on the hearth and began to pile it on the fire, which had been almost extinguished by the rain that came down the big chimney. "Dry that young lady. I've got to go out." He turned to the door again.

"No—please! You must not go out!" cried Ruth, taking a step toward him.

"I have to go to see after the horses. I must fasten them."

"Please don't. They are all right. I don't want you to go!" She faced him boldly. "Please don't, for my sake," she pleaded.

He hesitated and looked about him.

"I shall be wretched if you go out." Her face and voice proved the truth of her words.

"I *must* go. I am already soaking wet; but I'll come back directly." His voice was cheerful, and before Ruth could beg him again, with a sign to the old woman he was gone, and had pulled the door close behind him.

"Heah, he say I is to dry you," said the old Mammy, and she set a chair before the fire and gently but firmly put Ruth into it, proceeding to feel her shoes and clothing. "Dat's my young master," she

said with pride, in answer to Ruth's expostulations. "You're 'bliged to do what he say, you know. He'll be back torectly."

Ruth felt that the only way to get Captain Allen to come in out of the storm was to get dried as quickly as possible; so she set to work to help the old woman. Steve did not come back, however, for some time, not until Ruth sent him word that she was dry and he must come in or she would come out. Then he entered, laughing at the idea that such a rain meant anything at all to him.

"Why, I am an old soldier. I have slept in such a rain as that, night after night, and as soundly as a baby. I enjoy it." His face as he looked at Ruth sitting before the fire, showed that he enjoyed something. And as she sat there, her long hair down, her eyes filled with solicitude, and the bright firelight from the blazing resinous pine shining on her and lighting up the dingy little room, she made a picture to enjoy.

Old Peggy, bending over her and ministering to her with pleased officiousness, caught something of the feeling.

"Marse Steve, is dis your lady?" she asked, suddenly, with an admiring look at Ruth, whose cheeks flamed.

"No—not—" He did not finish the sentence. "What made you think so?"

"She so consarned about you. She certingly is pretty," she said, simply.

Ruth was blushing violently, and Steve said:

"I'm not good enough, Aunt Peggy, for any lady."

"Go 'way, Marse Steve! You know you good 'nough for anybody. Don't you b'lieve him, young Mistis. I helt him in dese arms when he wa'n't so big" (she measured a length hardly above a span), "and I knows."

Ruth thought so, too, just then, but she did not know what to say. Fortunately, Steve came to her rescue.

"Mammy, you're the only woman in the world that thinks so."

"I know better'n dat!" declared the old woman, emphatically. "You does, too, don't you, my Mistis?" At which Ruth stammered: "Why, yes—" and only blushed the more. She looked so really distressed that Steve said:

"Come, Mammy, you mustn't embarrass your young Mistress."

"Nor, indeed, dat I won't. But you see dyah! you done call her *my* young Mistis!" laughed the old woman, enjoying hugely the confusion of both her visitors.

It was time to go, Steve said, as the rain had stopped, so they came out and he saddled Ruth's horse and handed her into the saddle. He turned back to the door and spoke a few words to the old woman in a low voice, to which she gave an affirmative, quick reply. As they rode off, the old woman called, "You mus' come again," which both of them promised, separately and faithfully, to do.

Steve bade Miss Welch good-by at her gate. He had scarcely gotten out of sight of her when he changed his easy canter for a long gallop, and a look of grim determination deepened on his face. At the first byway he turned off from the main road and made his way by bridle-paths back to the point where he had rescued Miss Welch. Here he tied his horse and began to examine the bushes carefully. He was able at first to follow the track that the negro had made in his flight; but after a little it became more difficult. The storm had obliterated the traces. So Steve returned to the point where he had left his horse, remounted and rode away. He visited Andy Stamper's and several other plantations, at all of which he stopped, but only for a few moments to speak a word or two to the men at each, and then galloped on to the next, his face still grim and his voice intense with determination.

That night a small band of horsemen rode through the Bend, visiting house after house. They asked for Moses the trick-doctor. But Moses was not there. He had left early the morning before, their informants said, and had not been back since. There was no doubt as to the truth of this. There was something about that body of horsemen, small though it was, riding in pairs, that impressed whoever they accosted, and it was evident that their informants meant to tell the truth. If, at their first summons at a door, the inmates peered out curious and loud-mouthed, they generally quieted down at the first glance at the silent riders outside.

"What you want with him?" asked one of the men, rather inquisitively. Instantly,

two horsemen moved silently in behind him, and cut him out from the group behind.

"You know where he is? Come along." Their hands were on his collar.

"Nor, suh, b'fo' God! I don't, gent'mens," protested the negro, almost paralyzed with fright. "I didn't mean nuttin' in the worl', gent'mens."

At a sign from the leader he was released, and was glad to slip back into obscurity behind the rest of the awe-struck group, till the horsemen rode on.

It was, no doubt, well for the trick-doctor that his shrewdness had kept him from his accustomed haunts that night. He visited the Bend secretly a night or two later, but only for a short time, and before morning broke he was far away, following the woodland paths, moving at his swift, halting pace, which, hour by hour, was placing miles between him and the danger he had discovered.

Thus the county, for a time at least, was rid of his presence, and both whites and blacks breathed freer.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE bill in Jacquelin's suit against Still was not filed for some time after the notice was sent and the suit was instituted. Meanwhile, Steve Allen had met the Welch's several times, and, although there was a perceptible coolness in their manner to him, yet the civilities were kept up. As to Steve himself, he went on just as he had done before, ignoring the change and apparently perfectly oblivious of the chilliness with which he was received.

Steve appeared to have changed of late. His old cheerfulness and joviality seemed to have gone, and he was often in a state at times bordering on gloom. It was, however, a period in which most of those with whom this story deals were in a state of actual gloom, so Steve's condition was set down to the general cause. Occasionally, indeed, it occurred to Jacquelin that some trouble with Blair Cary might have a part in it. Steve did not go to Dr. Cary's as often as he used to go; and when he did go, on his return to the court-house, he was almost always in one of his fits of depression. Jacquelin set it down to another

exhibition of Blair's habitual capriciousness. It was that Yankee Captain that stood in the way. And Jacquelin hardened his heart.

At length the bill in Jacquelin's suit was ready to be filed.

One evening the two young lawyers were seated in their office. It was at the end of a hard day's work, and the result of their labor lay on a desk before them in the shape of the completed bill in Jacquelin's and Rupert's suit. Jacquelin had put the finishing touches to it, and, as he completed it, he handed it across to Steve, who took it and read it all over. It was a bill to reopen, on the ground of fraud, the old suit in which Still had become the purchaser of Red Rock, and to set aside the conveyance to him and the subsequent conveyance of a part of his purchase to Major Welch. It charged Still with gross fraud in his accounts as well as in the possession of the bonds. It ended by making Major Welch a party as a subsequent purchaser, and charged constructive knowledge on his part of Still's fraud. Actual knowledge by him of Still's fraud was expressly disclaimed; but it was stated that he had knowledge of facts which should have put him on inquiry. It was alleged that a formal notice had been served on Major Welch before he became the purchaser, and it asked that an issue out of chancery, as the lawyers call it, might be awarded to try the question of fraud, and that both deeds be set aside and the property restored to Jacquelin and Rupert as the rightful owners.

When Steve was through reading the paper, he laid it on his desk and leant back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, in deep thought. Jacquelin did not disturb him, but watched him, in silence, as the expression on his face deepened into one of almost gloom. Presently Steve stirred.

"Well, is that all?" asked Jacquelin.

"Yes."

"You don't think it will hold?"

"I am not sure; I am sure we shall show fraud, on that rascal's part, at least so far as his accounts are concerned, and I am equally sure that his possession of the bonds was fraudulent; but, as you have said all along, I am not sure that we have been specific enough in our

charges, and I am not sure that the bill will hold."

"Nor I; but, as you say, we'll get at something, and it is all we can do. I am willing to take the risk for Rupert, if not for myself. Will you sign as counsel? And I'll go over to the office and file it. Mr. Dockett said he'd wait for us."

Steve took the pen and dipped it in the ink; then again leant back in his chair, and, after a second's thought, sat up and signed the paper rapidly; and Jacquelin took it across the court green and left it with the old clerk.

"Well, the Rubicon is crossed," he said, gayly, as he re-entered the door of their office a few minutes later.

Steve did not answer. He was again leaning back in his chair, deep in thought, his face graver than before.

"Steve, don't bother about the thing any more. We've done the best we could, and if we fail we fail, that's all. 'Tis not in mortals to command success,' you know!" he quoted, lightly. But the other did not respond in the same vein.

"Yes; we've crossed the rubicon," he said, with something between a sigh and a yawn.

"Steve, what's the matter?"

"Oh! nothing."

"Yes, there is; tell me."

"Nothing; I assure you there's not."

"And I know better. Confound it! Can't I see something is going on that I don't understand? You couldn't be gloomier if you had broken with—with your sweetheart."

"Well, I have." Steve turned and looked out of the window to where the light in the clerk's office shone through the trees.

"What!" Jacquelin was on his feet in a second.

"Jack, I'm in love."

"I know that; but what do you mean by—by—that you have broken with——?"

"That I'm in love with Ruth Welch."

"What! What do you mean?" Jacquelin's voice faltered.

"What I say—that I've been in love with her ever since I met her." He was still looking out of the window.

"Steve!" Jacquelin's tone had changed and was full of deep reproach. As Steve was not looking at him and did not an-

swer, he went on : "Steve, I don't understand. Does she know?" His throat was dry and his voice hard.

"I don't know."

"Steve Allen!" The tone was such that Steve turned to him.

"I thought you were a gentleman!"

"Jacquelin Gray!" Steve sprang to his feet, and the two young men stood facing each other, their faces white and their eyes blazing.

Jacquelin went on sternly : "As Blair Cary has no brother to protect her, I will do it. I never thought it would have to be against you."

"Blair Cary? Protect her? Against me? In God's name, what do you mean?"

"You know."

"I swear I do not." Jacquelin turned from him with a gesture of contempt, but Steve seized him, roughly.

Jacquelin shook him off, but faced him, his whole expression full of scorn :

"Haven't you been engaged to—engaged to—or as good as engaged to—or, at least, in love with Blair Cary for years?"

Steve gazed at him for a moment, with a puzzled look on his face which gave place the next instant to one of inexpressible amusement, and then, with a shove which sent Jacquelin spinning across the room, he flung himself into a chair and burst into a ringing laugh.

"You fool! You blamed fool!" he exclaimed. "But I'm a fool, too," he said, finally.

"I think you are," said Jacquelin.

"Why, Blair knows it."

"Knows what?"

"Knows that I'm in love with Ruth Welch; she divined it long ago and has been my confidante."

"What! Steve——"

"Steve——?" Jacquelin began again, in hopeless amazement, with a tone almost of entreaty, and stopped short.

"You double-dyed, blind idiot!" exclaimed Steve. "Don't you know that Blair Cary don't care a button for me, never has cared, and never will care for but one man?"

"Middleton!" Jacquelin turned away with a fierce gesture.

"No; you jealous fool!"

"Then, in Heaven's name, who is it?" Jacquelin turned and faced him.

"A blind idiot."

The effect was not what Steve anticipated. Jacquelin made a gesture of wild dissent, turned his back, and, walking to the window, put his forearm against the sash and leant his forehead on it.

"You don't know what you're talking about. She hates me. She has always done it since that cursed Middleton——"

"I don't say she hasn't. I simply say she——" He broke off. "She ought to have treated you badly. But before that, if you had gone about it in the right way, I know that you'd have won her." (Jacquelin groaned.) "Instead of that, you must put on your high-and-mighty airs, and try to bully and hector a spirited girl like Blair Cary." (A groan from the window.) "Why, if I were to treat my horse as you did her, he'd break my neck!"

Jacquelin faced him.

"Steve, I loved her so—I have loved her ever since I was a boy—ever since that day I made her jump off the barn. It was what sustained me in prison and kept me alive many a time when otherwise I'd have gone. And when I came home ready to go down on my knees to her—to die for her—to find her given to another, or, if not——" He stopped and turned away again.

"Then why didn't you tell her so, instead of—outraging her feelings?"

"Because—because I thought you loved her, and she loved you, and I would not——" He turned off and walked to the window.

Steve rose and walked slowly up to him.

"Jacquelin," he said, putting his hand on his shoulder and speaking with a new tenderness, "I never knew it—I never dreamed it. You have been blind, boy. And I have been worse. I was never really in love with her, and she knew it. She has known ever since Ruth Welch came here that I liked her, and now—that I have become a fool like the rest of you." He turned away.

Jacquelin stood for a moment looking at him, a light dawning on his face.

"Steve, I beg your pardon for what I said." The next second he rushed out of the door. In a moment he was back, the bill he had just filed in his hand. Steve rose as he entered.

"What have you done?"

"I may be a fool—but—" He held up the bill and catching the last sheet began to tear it. Steve made a spring toward him, but was too late. Jacquelin had torn the signature from the paper. "I'm not such a selfish dog as to let you do it and bar your chance of happiness. I did not know."

Steve insisted that he would sign the bill; he had brought the suit and he would assume the responsibility for it. But Jacquelin was firm; he declared that if Steve still held to his decision he would not continue the suit at all. Steve urged Rupert's interest. Jacquelin said Rupert would still have six months after he came of age to save his rights. In this unexpected turn of the case, Steve was forced to give in, though it was late in the night before they came to an understanding. It was agreed as a compromise that the suit should be brought, but that Steve should not appear in it, and Jacquelin recopied the whole bill in his own hand and filed it the next morning. It was signed by Jacquelin and Rupert personally, and by General Legaie as counsel. It created a sensation in two households in the County, at least, though for different reasons.

When Still read the bill he almost dropped to the floor. It was based on the charge of fraud, and Major Welch had said the statute of limitations did not apply. After a conference, however, with Leech, who happened to be at home, he felt better. Leech assured him that the bill would not hold good against his possession of the bonds.

"They'll hold against all creation," said that counsellor, "if they weren't stolen and ain't been paid." This declaration did not at first seem to relieve Still much, but when Leech added:

"And they've got to prove both of 'em, and before Baily," Still plucked up more courage.

That evening they took a copy of the bill up to Major Welch. Mrs. Welch and Miss Ruth both were in a state of great excitement and indignation. The idea of fraud being charged against Major Welch was an outrage that they could not tolerate.

Major Welch alone was calm and unmoved. It was, after all, expressly stated that no actual fraud was attributed to him,

and, though he felt keenly having his name mixed up with such a matter, he had no anxiety as to the result. He could readily prove that he had had no knowledge whatever of anything to arouse the slightest suspicion. He should of course have to employ counsel. He began to canvass the names of the lawyers in the county.

"Papa, why don't you get Mr. Allen to represent you? They say he is the best lawyer in this part of the country," said Ruth. She was conscious that the color was flushing her face as Still quickly looked at her.

"He's the one that started the whole matter," said Still.

"Why, I don't see his name to the bill!" the Major said.

"Ain't it? Well, anyhow, he's the main one. If it hadn't been for him the suit never would 'a' been brought. Colonel Leech saw a copy of the bill in his handwriting in his office this morning, didn't you, Colonel?"

Leech declared that he had seen the copy and corroborated Still in his statement that Mr. Allen had inspired the suit.

Mrs. Welch gave an exclamation of indignation.

"Well, I did not think he would have played the sneak!"

Ruth rose and walked to the window, and pressed deep in between the curtains.

"The Colonel says 'tain't goin' to be any trouble to beat the suit; that he can git it dismissed on demurrer—if that's the word! You know I ain't got any book-learnin'—I'm nothin' but a plain farmer," Still said.

"Yes; that's it;" and Leech explained his point. "I don't cross a bridge till I get to it; I've got several in this case, but I believe in making every defence."

"That may be so, but I'm going to fight this case on its merits," declared Major Welch, firmly. "I don't propose, when a question of fraud is raised, to shelter myself behind any technicalities. I mean to make it as clear as day that I had no connection with any fraud." Though he spoke quietly, his voice had a ring in it, and his face a light on it which made both Mrs. Welch and Ruth proud of him, and Ruth squeezed her mother's arm in her joy. How different he looked from those other men!

Meantime, the change in Steve Allen was perceptible to many who had no idea of the true reason, and others besides Jacquelin set it down to the wrong cause. Miss Thomasia, like Jacquelin, laid Steve's despondency at Blair's door, and the good lady cast about in her mind how she might draw Blair into the subject and give her some affectionate advice. But, as often as she touched on the subject of love, even in the most distant way, bringing in Jacquelin as a sort of introduction, Blair shied off from it, so that Miss Thomasia found it more difficult to accomplish than she had anticipated.

Steve Allen, however, was working on his own lines. His position was intolerable to him. The fact that his name had not appeared on Jacquelin's bill stuck like a thorn in his memory.

Steve was lying on the grass under a tree in the court-green one afternoon, reading a book—not a law-book, either—when the sound of horses' feet caught his ear. He looked up lazily as they came nearer and shortly in view appeared two riders, a girl and a young man. They cantered along the little street, their laughter coming across to Steve where he lay, his book neglected on the ground beside him. Steve stretched, and, picking up his book, dived once more into the "Idylls of the King." But the spell was broken. A line from Dante flashed through his mind. Launcelot and Guinevere, Tristram and Isolt, Geraint and Enid, interested him no more. The reality had passed before him. Resting his head against the tree, he tried to go to sleep; but the minute denizens of the grass around bothered him; the droning of bees in the locust boughs above failed to lull him.

"'I am half sick of shadows,'" he murmured to himself, and he sat up and, resting against the tree, thought deeply.

He suddenly sprang to his feet and walked straight to his office, his face resolute and his step determined. Jacquelin was at his desk deep in a big law book. Steve shut the door behind him and stood with his back against it, looking down on his partner.

"Jacquelin, I am going to marry Ruth Welch."

"What!" Jacquelin looked up in blank amazement. "Oh!" he laughed.

"I thought you meant you had asked her."

"You misunderstand me. I have no idea she will accept me now, but she will in the end. She shall. I will win her." He was grave, and, though his words spoke conceit, his voice and face had not a trace of it. Jacquelin, too, became grave.

"I believe you can win her if you try, Steve, unless someone else is in the way; but it is a long chase, I warn you." Steve's brow clouded for a second, but it disappeared as quickly as it came.

"You don't think there is anything in that story about Wash Still?" His tone had a certain fiery contempt in it. "I'll tell you there isn't. I'll stake my salvation on that. An eagle does not mate with a weasel."

"No; I do not believe she would; but how about her mother? You know what she thinks of us, and what they say of her missionary ideas, and Wash Still has been playing on that string, of late, assiduously. Besides, they have not the same ideas that we have about family and so on, and they don't know the Stills as we do."

"Not pride of family! You don't know her. She's one of the proudest people in the United States of her family. I tell you she could give General Legaie six in the game and beat him. By jove! I wish one could do the old-fashioned way. I'd just ride up and storm the stronghold and carry her off!" burst out Steve, half in jest, half in earnest, straightening up and stretching out his arms, his eyes flashing and his color rising.

"Now you have to storm the stronghold, all the same, without carrying her off!" Jacquelin laughed. "You have not seen her since the suit was brought, and I doubt if she will speak to you."

"She will not? I'll make her. Whether she speaks or not, I'll win her."

"You have to win her parents first, for you have to ask their permission."

"Do you think that's necessary?" Steve asked, doubtfully, as if almost to himself.

"Under the circumstances—for you; not for Wash Still."

"The gorgon will refuse me."

"Probably; all the same, you have to do it."

Suddenly, with a sigh, Steve came out of his reverie as if he were emerging from a cloud.

"You are right. I'll do it if I lose her." He turned to go out.

"When are you going to do it?"

"Right now." His face had got back all its fire, his voice all its ring.

"I believe you'll win her," said Jacquelin.

"I know I shall, some day," said Steve. And a little later Jacquelin heard him whistling "Bonny Dundee," and calling Jerry to saddle his horse.

Major Welch was sitting on his veranda that afternoon about sunset when a rider came out of the woods far below and continued to gallop all the way up the hill toward the house. As he came nearer, Major Welch recognized Captain Allen. He remembered the advice Still had recently given him, always to have a pistol handy when he met Allen. He put the thought away from him with almost a flush of shame that it should have even crossed his mind. Should he meet a man at his own door with a weapon? Not if he was shot down for it! So, as the rider approached, he walked down to meet him at the gate, just as Steve, dismounting, tied his horse.

The young man's face was pale, his manner constrained and he was manifestly laboring under more emotion than he usually showed. Wondering what could be the object of his call, Major Welch met him, gravely. He held out his hand, and the Major took it, formally. The visit was peaceful, at any rate.

"Major Welch, I have come to see you—" he began, hesitatingly, his hat in his hand, and his face flushed.

"Won't you walk up on the veranda and sit down?" The Major did not mean to be outdone in civility.

"Not until I have stated the object of my visit. Then, if you choose to invite me, I shall be very glad to accept."

"I have come this evening for a purpose which perhaps will—no doubt will—surprise you." The Major looked affirmative, and wondered more and more what it could mean.

"I have come to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"What?"

"I am not surprised that you are astonished." The young man, now that the ice was broken, was recovering his composure.

"I have loved your daughter a long time; perhaps not long in duration, but ever since I knew her. From that evening that I first met her here, in that tree, I have loved her. If I can obtain your consent, and shall find favor in her eyes, I shall be the happiest and most blessed of men." He gave a deep sigh of relief. He stood before Major Welch a different man—as wholly different, at least, outwardly, from the person that Major Welch had of late esteemed him, as light from darkness. Modest and manly, not without recognition of his power, and yet not for a second presuming on it, Major Welch could not help being impressed by him. A wave of the old liking that he had had for him when he first met him came over him.

"Does my daughter know of this?"

"I hardly know. I have never said anything of it to her, directly, but I do not know how much a girl's instinct can read. My manner has seemed to myself always that of a suitor, and at times I have wondered how she could help reading the thoughts of my heart; they have seemed to me almost audible. Others have known it for some time, at least one other has, and I thought she knew it. Yet now I cannot tell. She has never given me the slightest encouragement."

"I thought you were in love with— with someone else—with your cousin—and her accepted lover? Rumor has so stated it." The elder gentleman's manner cooled again as the thought recurred to him.

Steve smiled.

"Blair Cary? I do love her—dearly—but only as an older brother might. Her heart has long been given to another, who has loved her from his boyhood. From certain causes, which occurred before you arrived, differences grew up between them, and they have not had anything to do with each other; but, under it, the affection remains. Jacquelin does not yet know it, but in time he will succeed, and it is one of my most cherished hopes that some time he will realize that great happiness in store for him. Meantime, I feel sure you

will consider what I have said of this as confidential ; I have, perhaps, said more than I should."

Major Welch bowed.

"Of course I will, and now I wish to say that I am so much taken by surprise by what you have told me that I scarcely know just what answer to give you. I must consult my wife, who is my best adviser and our daughter's best guardian, and I can only say that we wish for nothing but our child's best and most lasting happiness. I cannot, of course, under the circumstances, renew my invitation for you to come in. Nor can I hold out to you any hope." He paused and reflected. "And I think I must ask you not to speak to my daughter on the subject until I have given my consent."

"I promise you that," said Steve. "I should not have come to you at all unless I had been prepared to give that promise."

The young man evidently had something more that he wished to say ; he hesitated a moment and then began again.

"One other thing I should tell you. I brought the suit for Jacquelin and Rupert Gray. Although my name was not signed to the bill, I brought the suit and have the responsibility."

Major Welch could not help a graver look coming into his face—he felt almost grim—but he tried to choke down the sensation.

"I was aware of that."

"May I say, also, that I am not one who changes or is easily disheartened? I know that, even if I should secure your consent, I should have to make the fight of my life to win your daughter, but I should do it. I think the prize well worth all, and far more than I could give." He stood, diffidently, as if not knowing whether Major Welch would take his hand if offered. The Major, however, held out his hand. The two men shook hands ceremoniously, and Steve mounted his horse, and, without looking around, rode off, while Major Welch returned, slowly, to the house. The only glance Steve gave was one up toward the old cherry-tree in the yard.

Mrs. Welch had seen Steve ride up and had watched with curiosity and some anxiety the conference that had taken place at the gate. When the Major an-

nounced to her the object of Mr. Allen's visit, she was deeply offended. Without an instant's hesitation, she was for despatching an immediate and indignant refusal.

"Of course, you at once refused him and told him what you thought of his effrontery?"

"Well, no ; I did not," said Major Welch. In fact, though he had been astonished by Steve's proposal, and had supposed that it would be rejected, it had not occurred to him that his wife would take it in just this way.

"You did not! Oh, you men! I wish he had spoken to me! But he would not have dared to face me with his insulting proposal."

"Well, I don't think he intended it as an insult. I think if you had seen him you would have felt this."

"Do you think I would entrust my daughter's happiness to a desperado and a midnight assassin?"

"No, I cannot say that I thought you would—nor would I. But I am not prepared to say I think him either an assassin or a desperado."

"Well, I am," asserted Mrs. Welch. "I was deceived in him once, and I will not give him a chance again."

"I simply told him that I would confer with you and give him our answer."

"He will take that as encouragement," declared Mrs. Welch, "and will be pursuing Ruth and persecuting her."

"No, he will not. He gave me his word that he would not speak to her without my—without our consent."

"He will not keep it." Mrs. Welch's words were not as positive as her manner.

"Yes, he will. I will stand his sponsor." Major Welch was thinking of the young man as he had just stood before him.

"Well, I am glad you got that much of a pledge from him. He will not get my consent in this life, I can tell him."

"Nor mine, without yours and Ruth's," said Major Welch, gravely. "I will write him and tell him what you say. Shall I tell Ruth?"

"No ; of course not."

Major Welch did not see why it should be "of course," but he considered that his wife knew more of such things than he did,

and he accordingly accepted her opinion without question.

"Where is Ruth?" he asked.

"She went with Dr. Still to see a sick woman he wanted me to see. I was not able to go this afternoon when he called, so I sent her. I don't think there is much the matter with her."

Major Welch sat for a moment in deep reflection. Suddenly he broke the silence.

"Prudence, you don't mean that you wish that—that you think that young fellow is a suitable—ah—companion for our daughter?" That was not the word Major Welch meant.

"William!" exclaimed Mrs. Welch. She said no more, and it was not necessary.

"Well, my dear, how could I know? That young fellow has been coming over here day after day with his horses and buggies, on one pretext or another—tagging after—not after you or me, certainly, and you are as civil to him as if he were the—the President himself, and actually sent the child off with him?"

"William! Sent the child off with him! I!"

"Well, no; not exactly that, of course," said her husband, rather embarrassed, "but permitting her to go, and thus giving him an opportunity to declare himself, which he would be a stick not to avail himself of."

"I am glad you retracted that, William," said Mrs. Welch, with the air of one deeply aggrieved. "Of course, I am civil to the young man. I hope I am civil to everyone; if you think that I would allow my daughter to marry that—that young upstart, you don't know me as well as you did the first day we met."

"Oh, yes, I do! I know you well enough to know you are the best and most devoted wife and mother and friend in the world," declared her husband. "But, you see, I misunderstood you. I reason

simply from the plain facts that lay right before my eyes."

Mrs. Welch accepted his surrender with graciousness, and left the room, and the major sat down and wrote his reply to Mr. Allen.

He expressed his unfeigned appreciation of the honor done, but gave him to understand that, after conference with Mrs. Welch, they felt it their duty to state to him that his suit for their daughter would not be acceptable to them, and requested him to consider the matter closed.

As soon as he had finished the letter, he despatched it to Mr. Allen by a messenger.

He had hardly sent it off when Mrs. Welch returned. Her first question was whether the answer had gone.

"I wish you had let me see it," she said.

"Oh! I made it positive enough," declared the Major.

"Yes; I was not thinking of that," Mrs. Welch said, thoughtfully. "I was afraid you would be too—Men are so hasty—so up-and-down—they don't know how to deal with such matters as a woman would."

Major Welch turned on her in blank amazement, a little humor lighting up his face.

"You men will never understand us."

"I believe that's so. You women are curious, especially where your daughters are concerned. I set him down pretty hard, just as you wished me to do."

Mrs. Welch made a gesture of dissent.

"Not at all. I have reflected on what you said about—about his not intending to be insulting, and I think you are right. I no more wish to accept his proposal now than I did before; all I want is to—?"—she made a gesture—"Oh! you understand!"

"Yes; I think I do," laughed her husband. "Why cannot women let a man go?"

(To be continued.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT takes three weeks for a responsible hen, using due diligence, to hatch out a setting of eggs. A person whose exploit the newspapers record maintains that in his incubator, run by his methods, chickens are hatched in eight days. That is in itself a

Development by
Incubator.

suggestive fact, but not so suggestive as what follows; for he says that chickens hatched in his incubator, in air carefully moistened and cleaned, are different from ordinary incubator-chickens, in that their flesh isn't stringy and does not taste of coal-oil.

Now, I had noticed that the spring chickens of ordinary contemporaneous experience do not compare to advantage with the spring chickens of memory. I had noticed that they had no taste and afforded little nourishment, but I had been willing to surmise that it was because I was old, and not because there was any sweeping change in spring chickens. I was glad, therefore, to find myself relieved in some measure from the sense of self-imputed impairment, and to find a basis for the suspicion that modern improvement has done its work, and that spring chicken nowadays is not what it used to be.

The same charge has been made about English mutton. Time was in England when mutton was mutton, and had a flavor. The sheep grazed on the hills of Britain, nibbled British grasses, and looked out on gentle British landscapes for four or five years, until it grew up and had assimilated its due allowance of the blessings of life. Then, when it came on the table, it was something to remember and be thankful for. Now it no longer pays to let a sheep live after it has once got its growth. Mutton has no longer any taste, the British epicures tell us.

I confess, though, that it was news to me that spring chickens tasted of coal-oil. They do. They must. Chickens which as eggs have laid for weeks, unconscious of maternal tenderness, in an atmosphere warmed by smoky kerosene lamps, ought to taste of oil and ought to be stringy. Time has its revenges; so has an artificial and unscrupulous expedition. If the eight-day chickens don't taste of oil, depend upon it they don't taste of anything.

Of course, the moral of all this is self-apparent. It takes time to get the flavor out

of life, time to get the flavor of life into any product; and time in these days is something of the expenditure of which we seem to be feverishly chary. "A hen's time" is of a value traditionally minute. Yet in our eagerness we have got up contrivances to save it. So we scheme to save our own. All the while, in all things, we keep straining after the accomplishment of the maximum of production in the minimum of interval. We Americans, are we going to have any flavor that is worth having? Or are we going to taste of mere coal-smoke and run to stringiness in fibre? All about we see the incubator processes in full blast. We see them in art; we see them in literature. Our newspapers are huge incubators that hatch out pictures and printed discourse with marvellous rapidity. We see illustrators kept so busy by the demands of a press, or a dozen presses, that time has evidently failed them to hatch their pictures properly. We see writers, led on by the opportunities of too ready a market, scrambling on with stenographers and typewriters to aid them in an effort to keep abreast of a profitable demand. We have lately seen incubator methods applied to the formation of an army, and we may be excused for thinking it would have been better to have set our military hen in time. We have knowledge, too, of incubator Congressmen—citizens not trained to the consideration of the problems of government, but hatched out in big unmothered broods into a field not safely to be traversed by untutored instinct.

We are wonderfully quick, ingenious, adaptable. Those are good qualities. We have made extraordinary material progress in a comparatively short time, and we have visible results. So far, good; but let us take care that we do not lose in flavor and quality what we seem to have gained in time. Incubator chickens may satisfy the forms of eating and yet leave disappointment in the memory and a bad taste in the mouth. Incubated art won't last. No more will incubated literature. Incubator Congressmen and incubator statesmen! Woe! woe! Well may we wag our heads at them and their possible influence on our country's destinies! Let us take time, even though it is inconvenient. A country that tastes of the smoke of the lamp that hatched it will not do.

THE FIELD OF ART

"HOW SHALL WE KNOW THE
GREATEST PICTURES?"

THE following letter was written in answer to an appeal from a member of a certain Board of Education in a Western State. The questions which it was intended to answer will be found, given in full, in the early part of the letter :

MY DEAR SIR: I received your letter, and have carefully considered it. At first, I was inclined to put your questions aside, because they belong to a class of considerations which are entirely out of the habit of thinking men absorbed in the serious study or pursuit of any of the great divisions of thought.

On reflection, however, I can see how an answer might be useful to you, and to others engaged in education, in the training of unformed minds. From this point of view, your appeal should be considered by me in a far more serious manner than my first impression allowed.

This is what I understand you to state, and to desire: You tell me that last year your "High School classes, in their special study of some art subject," considered "The Madonna in Art," that you spent much time in "studying literature and listening to talks bearing on the subject, and, especially, in examining some five hundred examples, large and small, of the different representations of the Madonna." Now, you are going to "devote the greater part of the month of February to the study of the great paintings of the world." And you wish to know what would be the opinion of America's leading authorities on art in regard to what *are* the great, or, rather, the greatest paintings.

Then you give me the three following questions, to be answered at such length "as may be convenient:"

"First. Do you consider the paintings enumerated below as being the twelve greatest paintings produced up to the time of the death of Murillo?"—which occurred on April 3, 1682. "These twelve you call the 'Twelve World Pictures':"

Raphael Transfiguration.
Raphael Sistine Madonna.
Michelangelo Last Judgment.

VOL. XXIV.—28

Domenichino Last Communion of St. Jerome.
Volterra Descent from the Cross.
Rubens Descent from the Cross.
Leonardo da Vinci ... Last Supper.
Titian Assumption of the Virgin.
Correggio Nativity (Holy Night).
Guido Reni Aurora.
Guido Reni(?) Portrait of Beatrice Cenci.
Murillo Immaculate Conception.

Then, you ask me whether I would "reject Volterra's 'Descent from the Cross,' and Guido's 'Portrait of Beatrice,' or Domenichino's 'Last Communion,' and insert something of Velasquez's or Rembrandt's, or someone else's?"

Your second question is, "Which do you consider the twelve greatest paintings produced since the close of the seventeenth century, which I suppose," you go on to say, "is practically the same as saying, during the nineteenth century."

Third, you go back to the older pictures and ask—"Do you consider any in the list just asked for, equal or superior to the 'Twelve World Pictures'?" which question you explain by adding, "that is, which twelve would you name as being the twelve greatest paintings now in existence?"

This last question I take to mean, that you would like me to make a list of my own, of the twelve greatest paintings now in existence, and, I suppose, that you would include as "existing" Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," which has been so re-painted long ago, that only a few traces remain of what it originally was, and Michelangelo's "Last Judgment," which, blackened by time, by injudicious technique, and by the smoke of the candles of innumerable ceremonies, is now nothing but a big, obscure drawing. To understand it we have to bring our previous knowledge of the old engravings of the wonderful studies, and of Michelangelo's other works, and more especially those stupendous paintings which cover the vaults of the same chapel, and which have the advantage of a special and beautiful technique, of being little injured and of a meaning more sympathetic as well as more subtle.

We might then take it for granted that in these cases the ideal of the picture is seen by us rather than its actual physical existence.

I intend to take up your questions in order, and this brings up at once the consideration just hinted at—what we mean by a painting. Immediately, we come across an enormous difficulty. The art of painting has developed in such a direction—in such a study of the appearance of Nature to us, through colored light, that it might be possible to say that a man was a greater painter than another man, himself a greater artist, but not so good a painter, because, perhaps, of having lived before the more complex developments of this highly specialized art. For instance, it might be possible to say that Sir Joshua Reynolds was a greater painter than Giotto; that is to say, that the refinements of the art of painting, as far as representing the full appearance of things makes up that art, were greater at the time of Sir Joshua than at the time of Giotto. But the level of art on which Giotto stands is so far above the plane in which men like Reynolds have chosen to live, that one does not like to make such a comparison, without granting at once that Giotto was the greater artist. If, therefore, we take certain technical perfections of painting as part of your definition of the greatest paintings, we might be obliged to throw out many of the works of Raphael, "The Last Judgment" of Michelangelo, Volterra's "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," and so forth. We shall have at once to place at the head of the list the works of Velasquez or Rembrandt, which might perhaps—though I do not say so—be inferior in the greater qualities of art to the works of Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo.

And again, there is such a possibility as that of which Paul Potter gives an example, in his celebrated painting of "The Bull," which fully deserves its tremendous reputation, though it is painted in a poor manner, and saved only by the evidences of one of the highest of moral qualities—*sincerity*. And this painting, which used to be considered one of the first of masterpieces, brings up again another question: When we say "greatest," do we mean most famous, that is to say, known to the vulgar, for there are many works of art of every kind which are deficient in technique, in moral elevation, in elegance of all kind, and which for all that, have a very wide-spread reputation. Thus, for instance, the so-called portrait of Beatrice Cenci. It might be questioned whether this painting would have any particular reputation, if it were not for the tradition

that it represents a most interesting female criminal, whose case presents a singular moral dilemma.

We can also see that there may be technical deficiencies as regards painting in the most celebrated work of a great artist, who is at the same time a consummate painter. Perhaps Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" is not such a masterpiece of technique as some other celebrated paintings of his. So that we have to be careful in our definition of the word *painting* in such questions as yours, and we must also decide as to whether by *greatest*, we mean, best known to the public at a certain date.

There was a time, almost within memory, when no one would have thought of placing Rembrandt's work or Velasquez's work where it belongs, that is, without doubt, beyond anything that Guido could possibly reach. In fact, it is only just now that we are beginning to feel that the general work of Rembrandt places him at a height to which alone the very greatest of all artists, let us say Michelangelo, has attained. It must then be a very doubtful question whether the smaller man can be considered as having produced the greater work.

The best way to consider the subject, as you place it—if, indeed, such a subject can be placed before the mind—would be to consider very carefully the difference between excellence and popularity—though, of course, a popularity which has lasted to any great length of time, implies some great appeal to the main human sentiments. Only we must carefully avoid confusing the merits of a sonnet, let us say, by Shakespeare, and the excellencies of a national ballad; or, again, the musical value of the Marseillaise, which is one of the best-known war songs, and of some symphony of Beethoven.

Therefore, I sympathize with your undertaking this study of certain works of art, because it may serve a very serious educational purpose. Of course, it will help the historical acquaintance with works of art—it may, in many cases, cultivate the emotions of your students, which are great factors of education, and it may in so far teach the basis of artistic criticism—the recognition of the *quality* of the work of art. This, perhaps, is the point of view least lived in by the usual recorders and critics of art.

You will see how unwilling to decide the exact superiority of a given work must be any

man who has given much time and thought to the subject. I think it is Blake, the painter and poet, who has referred to the difficulty of comparing the merit of the apple and the oak, and that is another way of again avoiding considering your question at all.

But, as I said, it may be a fair manner of acquiring knowledge; as in my grandmother's days, when children were taught the division of the world into four elements, *fire, air, earth, and water*. Our ancestors rather liked this division by four; I don't know whether the ancestors of the Japanese might not have preferred a division by five. Whether really there are four elements or five, I do not exactly know, and no more do I know whether there are "twelve greatest paintings." But, of course, as a little child, if I learned something about fire, and air, and water, that was so much gained, and I hope that your pupils will gain something from these arbitrary divisions.

I must compliment you on what I infer; that you have managed in your previous studies, to collect such a mass of documents as has allowed you to study the representations of the *Madonna*, and now to take in the works of all the artists whom you have mentioned.

To your second question, which is an involved one, asking for the names of the twelve greatest paintings since the close of the seventeenth century, and, at the same time, assuming that they must have been made during the nineteenth, I must say, that, there again, we meet the same difficulties as before. The eighteenth century is not a great century for art, especially for the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, but, nevertheless, the technical degradation of painting did not reach its furthest point until the nineteenth century, so that there is a curious level of excellent paintings during the eighteenth, which gives to men, not of the highest rank, a certain solidity of position, which the unequal struggles of the nineteenth century have not been able to secure. The painting of Turner, of Delacroix, of Rousseau, of Millet, and of Corot—to name the greatest painters of the nineteenth century—all men of most unequal technical excellence, has not that firm foundation of tradition on which the eighteenth century was able to rest.

In a certain sense, I do not think that there has ever been a time when painters painted as badly as they do to-day, notwithstand-

ing that certain ones are very excellent, and that the more accurate cultivation of perspective, anatomy, geology, botany, and so forth, is shown in what every one does, more or less.

But the same trouble, which has been let loose in the political, moral, and intellectual thought of the nineteenth century, has had the same result of breaking-up the body of doctrine into many antagonisms, which are difficult to reconcile.

And that alone, you see, would make a classification, such as you propose, extremely perplexing, more so even than for the works which antedate the eighteenth century.

Moreover, we are too near to judge, with any illusion of security, what is being done to-day. Every little addition of years helps us, it is true, and it is easier to appreciate the position of Turner than that of Corot, for instance. We are more distinctly within the danger of being swept away by momentary tendencies, and the enthusiasms of persons like ourselves.

As we go back in the list of names that are on these pages of mine, we can see, however, something disengaged from the selection. There would seem to be some distinct value in the works of some of these men—Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and the more modern ones, which has to do with the principle of a persistence of the cultivation of the higher professional perfection, independently of the appreciation of their time, and their nation. There also, seems to be something personal in their influence, so that some of their most wonderful qualities still live in those of their works which are the most defaced. Even the guide-book remarks that the "Last Supper" of Leonardo "is never successfully copied"; notwithstanding that large portions of the surface are not his, and that, which is his, is indistinct. It must be then, that what we see in such a work is the ideal of the picture; that is, truly, something that we largely make ourselves, and which this particular artist has the power to evoke. It is somewhat made up of what we know perhaps, outside of the thing we are looking at, and is, to a great extent, increased or strengthened by belief—by the putting aside of the smaller critical faculties. We are not in the mood of finding fault, and thereby, diminishing the pleasure through which we are to feel the artist's meaning, and repeat, as it were, his own emotion.

Therefore, I suppose it is good to believe that there are greatest works of art, because we can see them as all works of art should be seen, with good intention. We can also perceive, however dimly, that if this influence is so extremely personal as not to be capable of repetition, we are addressed by something beyond what is physical; we are addressed by something that is moral, and the list of names of the makers of great works would always be a list of minds of great moral quality.

If such, and many other ideas, can be derived from your questions, it will be well to have made them, and a factor of true culture to consider them outside of a mere school exercise of memory.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN LA FARGE.

P. S. There remains, moreover, a very serious principle to consider, and that is, that it is we, our forebears and our civilization, who are in reality measured and judged by the works of art we criticize.

It would, however, be a great aid to thought if the questions themselves were more intelligent. If, for instance, the list of paintings supposed to be the greatest existing in the world were made up with more knowledge of what constitutes a painting and of what constitutes greatness in fine art, Mr. La Farge's letter would not have had to clear away so much misunderstanding, and might have come at once to the vital point—the consideration of what makes up artistic merit, the relative merit of different masters, different schools, different pictures.

The personal feeling of the man who has studied painting much and profoundly will

always be so strong with him that another student, even a younger one and a beginner, will do well to remember that he is not to let any person do his thinking for him; and yet there are certain admitted truths, and no one whose opinion of pictures is worth anything would nowadays name Guido Reni, or "Vollterra," or Domenichino as one of those artists whose work is to be considered as in the first rank of merit. It is not speaking hastily to say that four of the twelve pictures named in the list above disappear immediately from it when it is examined with any care. It is also safe to say that a list of twelve pictures with only one Venetian picture included in it is absurdly inadequate as a guide to students. A list, moreover, which has no single name in it of a fifteenth century Italian picture loses directly all claim to be a representative list. It is also an undoubted fact that the student of Venetian art would not put Titian's "Assumption" (by which is meant, no doubt, the picture in the Academy of Venice) at the head of all paintings of their favorite school. It is also true, as Mr. La Farge has pointed out, that the "Last Supper" of Leonardo has vanished, that it now exists no more than if its place were filled by another work or than if the sacristy of Santa Maria delle Grazie had been burned down a century ago. It is also true, as Mr. La Farge states, that the "Last Judgment" of Michelangelo has been repainted and smoked and again repainted until it can hardly be judged as a picture of the sixteenth century. It is probable, indeed, that no person who knows the pictures in the galleries of Europe would include in a list of twelve more than two of those named above; and this is said without the slightest consideration of what such a list should be. The criticism here is destructive without thought of reconstruction.

R. S.



Done by F. C. Young.

THE BATTLE OF HOBKIRK'S HILL.

Charge of Colonel Washington's cavalry against the British right flank to cover the American retreat.

—The Story of the Revolution.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV

SEPTEMBER, 1898

NO. 3



A "Cheer" by the Rough Riders

THE ROUGH RIDERS' FIGHT AT GUASIMAS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE first accounts of the fight of the Rough Riders at Guasimas came from correspondents three miles away at Siboney, who received their information from the wounded when they were carried to the rear, and from an officer who stampered before the fight had fairly begun. These men declared they had been entrapped in an ambush, that Colonel Wood was dead, and that their comrades were being shot to pieces. When the newspapers came into camp this week, it was evident that the version these wounded men gave

of the fight had been generally accepted in the States as the true account of what had occurred, and Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, while praised for their courage, were condemned editorially, for having advanced into the enemy's country without proper military precautions, for rushing blindly into an ambush, and through their "recklessness" and "foolhardiness" sacrificing the lives of their men.

Indeed, one Congressman, who from the marble rotunda of the Capitol was able

to master a military problem in a Cuban swamp two thousand miles away, declared that Roosevelt ought to be court-martialed.

It is quite true that the fight was a fight against an enemy in ambush; in a country with such advantages for ambush as this, the Spaniards would be fools to fight us in any other way, but there is a vast difference between blundering into an ambush and setting out with a full knowledge that you will find the enemy in ambush, and finding him, there and then driving him out of his ambush and before you for a mile and a half into a full retreat. This is what Major-General Joseph Wheeler planned that General Young and Colonel Wood should do; so if the conduct of these officers was reckless, it was recklessness due to their following out the carefully prepared orders of a veteran general.

At the time of this fight General Wheeler was in command of all troops on shore, and so continued as long as General Shafter remained on board the flag-ship. What orders he gave then were in consequence final, but in starting General Young and Colonel Wood to the front when he did, he disarranged the original order in which the troops were to move forward as it had been laid down by General Shafter before the transports arrived at Baiquiri. According to this original plan, General Lawton's division of infantry should have been in the van, and in pushing forward regiments from his own division of dismounted cavalry General Wheeler possibly exceeded his authority. That, however, is entirely a question between the two major-generals and does not concern either General Young or Colonel Wood, who merely obeyed the orders of their

superior officer. The fact that the Rough Riders, in their anxiety to be well forward, had reached Siboney by making a forced march at night, does not alter the fact that their next forward movement on Guasimas

was not made in a spirit of independence but by order of the commanding general.

On the afternoon of July 23d a Cuban officer informed General Wheeler that the enemy were intrenched at Guasimas, blocking the way to Santiago. Guasimas is not a village, nor even a collection of houses; it is the meeting-place of two trails which join at the apex of a V, three miles from the seaport town of Siboney, and continue merged in a single trail to Santiago.



Colonel Roosevelt.



Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders, also Mayor of Prescott, Ariz. Killed at Santiago.



Major Dunn. Major Brodie. Major-Gen. Jos. Wheeler. Chaplain H. A. Brown. Colonel Leonard Wood. Lieut.-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

General Wheeler, accompanied by Cubans, reconnoitred this trail on the afternoon of the 23d, and with the position of the enemy fully explained to him, returned to Siboney and informed General Young and Colonel Wood that he would attack the place on the following morning. The plan was discussed while I was present, so I know that so far from anyone's running into an ambush unaware, everyone of the officers concerned had a full knowledge of where he was to go to find the enemy, and what he was to do when he got there. No one slept that night, for until two o'clock in the morning troops were still being disembarked in the surf, and two ships of war had their searchlights turned on the landing-place, and made Siboney as light as a ball-room. Back of the searchlights was an ocean white with moonlight, and on the shore red camp-fires, at which the half-drowned troops were drying their uniforms, and the

Rough Riders, who had just marched in from Baiquiri, were cooking their coffee and bacon. Below the former home of the Spanish comandante, which General Wheeler had made his head-quarters, lay the camp of the Rough Riders, and through it Cuban officers were riding their half-starved ponies, scattering the ashes of the camp-fires, and galloping over the tired bodies of the men with that courtly grace and consideration for Americans which invariably marks the Cuban gentleman. Below them was the beach, and the roaring surf, in which a thousand or so naked men were assisting and impeding the progress shoreward of their comrades, in pontoons and shore-boats, which were being hurled at the beach like sleds down a water-chute.

It was one of the most weird and remarkable scenes of the war, probably of any war. An army was being landed on an enemy's coast at the dead of night,



Sergeant Tiffany. Lt. Woodbury Kane. Major Dunn. Captain Jenkins. Lt. H. K. Devereux.

A Group of Rough Riders.

but with somewhat more of cheers and shrieks and laughter than rise from the bathers in the surf at Coney Island on a hot Sunday. It was a pandemonium of noises. The men still to be landed from the "prison hulks," as they called the transports, were singing in chorus, the men already on shore were dancing naked around the camp-fires on the beach, or shouting with delight as they plunged into the first bath that had offered in seven days, and those in the launches as they were pitched headfirst at the soil of Cuba, signalized their arrival by howls of triumph. On either side rose black overhanging ridges, in the lowland between were white tents and burning fires, and from the ocean came the blazing, dazzling eyes of the searchlights shaming the quiet moonlight.

The Rough Riders left camp after three hours' troubled sleep at five in the morning. With the exception of half a dozen officers they were dismounted, and carried their blanket-rolls, haversacks, ammunition, and carbines. General Young had already started toward Guasimas with the First and

Tenth dismounted cavalry, and according to the agreement of the night before had taken the eastern trail to our right, while the Rough Riders climbed the steep ridge above Siboney and started toward the rendezvous along the trail to the west, which was on high ground and a half mile to a mile distant from the trail along which General Young was marching. There was a valley between us, and the bushes were so thick on both sides of our trail that it was not possible at any time, until we met at Guasimas, to distinguish his column.

As soon as the Rough Riders had reached the top of the ridge not twenty minutes after they had left camp, which was the first opportunity that presented itself, Colonel Wood took the precautions he was said to have neglected. He ordered Captain Capron to proceed with his troop in front of the column as an advance guard, and to choose a "point" of five men skilled as scouts and trailers. Still in advance of these he placed two Cuban scouts. The column then continued along the trail in single file. The Cubans were

just at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards; the "point" of five picked men under Sergeant Byrne and duty-Sergeant Fish followed them at a distance of a hundred yards, and then came Capron's troop of sixty men strung out in single file. No flankers were placed for the reason that the dense undergrowth and the tangle of vines that stretched from the branches of the trees to the bushes below made it a physical impossibility for man or beast to move forward except along the beaten trail.

Colonel Wood rode at the head of the column, followed by two regular army officers who were members of General Wheeler's staff, a Cuban officer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. They rode slowly in consideration of the troopers on foot, who carried heavy burdens under a cruelly hot sun. To those who did not have to walk it was not unlike a hunting excursion in our West; the scenery was beautiful and the view down the valley one of luxuriant peace. Roosevelt had never been in the tropics and Captain McCormick and I were talking back at him over our shoulders and at each other, pointing out unfamiliar trees and birds. Roosevelt thought it looked like a good deer country, as it once was; it reminded McCormick of southern California; it looked to me like the trail across Honduras. They advanced, talking in that fashion and in high spirits, and congratulating themselves in being shut of the transport and on breathing fine mountain air again, and on the fact that they were on horseback. They agreed it was impossible to appreciate that we were really at war—that we were in the enemy's country. We had been riding in this pleasant fashion

for an hour and a half with brief halts for rest, when Wood stopped the head of the column, and rode down the trail to meet Capron, who was coming back. Wood returned immediately, leading his horse, and said to Roosevelt:

"Pass the word back to keep silence in the ranks."

The place at which we had halted was where the trail narrowed, and proceeded sharply downward.

There was on one side of it a stout barbed-wire fence of five strands. By some fortunate accident this fence had been cut just where the head of the column halted. On the left of the trail it shut off fields of high grass blocked at every fifty yards with great barricades of undergrowth and tangled trees and chapparal. On the other side of the trail there was not a foot of free ground; the bushes seemed absolutely impenetrable, as indeed they were later found to be.



Colonel Roosevelt and Richard Harding Davis.

When we halted the men sat down

beside the trail and chewed the long blades of grass, or fanned the air with their hats. They had no knowledge of the situation such as their leaders possessed, and their only emotion was one of satisfaction at the chance the halt gave them to rest and to shift their packs. Wood again walked down the trail with Capron and disappeared, and one of the officers informed us that the scouts had seen the outposts of the enemy. It did not seem reasonable that the Spaniards, who had failed to attack us when we landed at Baiquiri, would oppose us until they could do so in force, so, personally, I doubted that there were any Spaniards nearer than Santiago. But we tied our horses to the wire fence, and Capron's troop knelt with carbines at the

"ready," peering into the bushes. We must have waited there, while Wood reconnoitred, for over ten minutes. Then he returned, and began deploying his troops out at either side of the trail. Capron he sent on down the trail itself. G troop was ordered to beat into the bushes on the right, and K and A were sent over the ridge on which we stood down into the hollow to connect with General Young's column on the opposite side of the valley. F and E troops were deployed out in skirmish-line on the other side of the wire fence. Wood had discovered the enemy a few hundred yards from where he expected to find him, and so far from being "surprised," he had time, as I have just described, to get five of his troops into position before a shot was fired. The firing, when it came, started suddenly on our right. It sounded so close that—still believing we were acting on a false alarm, and that there were no Spaniards ahead of us—I guessed it was Capron's men firing at random to disclose the enemy's position. I ran after G troop under Captain Llewellyn, and found them fighting their way through the bushes in the direction from which the volleys came. It was like breaking through the walls of a maze. If each trooper had not kept in touch with the man on either hand he would have been lost in the thicket. At one moment the underbrush seemed swarming with troopers, and the next, except that you heard the twigs breaking, and the heavy breathing of the men, or a crash as a vine pulled someone down, there was not a sign of a human being anywhere. In a few minutes they all broke through into a little open place in front of a dark curtain of vines, and the men fell on one knee and began returning the fire that came from it.

The enemy's fire was exceedingly heavy, and the aim was low. Whether the Spaniards saw us or not we could not tell; we certainly saw nothing of the Spaniards, except a few on the ridge across the valley. The fire against us was not more than fifty to eighty yards away, and so hot that our men could only lie flat in the grass and fire in that position. It was at this moment that the men believed they were being fired on by Capron's troop, which they imagined must have swung to the right, and

having lost its bearings and hearing them advancing through the underbrush, had mistaken them for the enemy. They accordingly ceased firing and began shouting in order to warn Capron that he was firing on his friends. This is the foundation for the statement which was frequently made that the Rough Riders had fired on each other, which they did not do then or at any other time. Later we examined the relative position of the trail which Capron held, and the position of G troop, and they were at right angles to one another. Capron could not possibly have fired into us at any time, unless he had turned directly around in his tracks and aimed up the very trail he had just descended. Advancing, he could no more have hit us than he could have seen us out of the back of his head. When we found many hundred spent cartridges of the Spaniards a hundred yards in front of G troop's position, the question as to who did the firing was answered.

It was an exceedingly hot corner. The whole troop was gathered in the little open place blocked by the network of grapevines and tangled bushes before it. They could not see twenty feet on three sides of them, but on the right hand lay the valley, and across it came the sound of Young's brigade, who were apparently heavily engaged. The enemy's fire was so close that the men could not hear the word of command, and Captain Llewellyn, by word of voice, and Lieutenant Janeway, unable to get their attention, ran among them, batting them with their sombreros to make them cease firing. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt ran up just then, bringing with him Lieutenant Woodbury Kane and ten troopers from K troop. Roosevelt lay down in the grass beside Llewellyn and consulted with him eagerly. Kane was smiling with the charming content of a perfectly happy man, exactly as though it were a polo match and his side had scored. When Captain Llewellyn told him his men were not needed, and to rejoin his troop, he led his detail over the edge of the hill on which we lay, although the bullets were passing three feet high. As he disappeared below the crest, walking quite erect, he was still smiling. Roosevelt pointed out that it was impossible to advance farther on account of the net-



Wounded Rough Riders Coming Over the Hill at Siboney. Head of Column of Second Infantry Going to Support the Rough Riders, June 24.

work of wild grape-vines that masked the Spaniards from us, and that we must cross the trail and make to the left. The shouts the men had raised to warn Capron had established our position to the enemy, and the firing was now fearfully accurate. Sergeant Russell, who in his day had been a colonel on a governor's staff, was killed, and the other sergeant was shot through the wrist. In the space of three minutes nine men were lying on their backs helpless. The men drew off slowly to the left, dragging the wounded with them. Owing to the low aim of the enemy, they were forced to move on their knees and crawl on their stomachs. Even then they were hit. One man near me was shot through the head. Returning two hours later to locate the body, I found that the buzzards had torn off his lips and his eyes. This mutilation by these hideous birds is, no doubt, what Admiral Sampson mistook for the work of the Spaniards, when the bodies of the marines at Guantanamo were found disfigured in the same fashion. K troop had meantime deployed into the valley under the fire from the enemy on the

ridge. It had been ordered to establish communication with General Young's column, and while advancing and firing on the ridge, Captain Jenkins sent the guidon-bearer back to climb the hill and wave his red and white banner where Young's men could see it. The guidon-bearer had once run for Congress on the gold ticket in Arizona, and, as someone said, was naturally the man who should have been selected for a forlorn hope. His flag brought him instantly under a heavy fire, but he continued waving it until the Tenth Cavalry on the other side of the valley answered, and the two columns were connected by a skirmish-line composed of K troop and A, under Captain "Bucky" O'Neill.

G troop meanwhile had hurried over to the left, and passing through the opening in the wire-fence had spread out into open order. It followed down after Captain Luna's troop and D and E troops, which were well already in advance. Roosevelt ran forward and took command of the extreme left of this line. Wood was walking up and down along it, leading his horse, which he



Gun No. 1 of Grimes's Battery, the First Gun Fired at San Juan Block House, July 1st. —Page 283.

thought might be of use in case he had to move quickly to alter his original formation—at present his plan was to spread out his men so that they would join Young on the right, and on the left swing around until they flanked the enemy. K and A troops had already succeeded in joining hands with Young's column across the valley, and, as they were capable of taking care of themselves, Wood was bending his efforts to keep his remaining four companies in a straight line and revolving them around the enemy's "end." It was in no way an easy thing to do. The men were at times wholly hidden from each other, and from him; probably at no one time did he see more than two of his troops together. It was only by the firing that he could tell where his men lay, and that they were always steadily advancing. The advances were made in quick, desperate rushes — sometimes the ground gained was no more than a man covers in sliding for a base. At other times half a troop would rise and race forward and then burrow deep in the hot grass and fire. On this side of the line there was an occasional glimpse of the enemy. But for a great part of the time the men shot at

the places from where the enemy's fire seemed to come, aiming low and answering in steady volleys. The fire discipline was excellent. The prophets of evil of the Tampa Bay Hotel had foretold that the cowboys would shoot as they chose, and, in the field, would act independently of their officers. As it turned out, the cowboys were the very men who waited most patiently for the officers to give the word of command. At all

times the movement was without rest, breathless and fierce, like a cane-rush, or a street-fight. After the first three minutes every man had stripped as though for a wrestling-match, throwing off all his impedimenta but his cartridge-belt and canteen. Even then the sun handicapped their strength cruelly. The enemy were hidden in the shade of the jungle, while they had to fight in the open for every thicket they gained, crawling through grass which was as hot as a steam bath, and with their flesh and clothing torn by thorns and the sword-like blade of the Spanish "bayonet." The glare of the sun was full in their eyes and as fierce as a limelight.

When G troop passed on across the trail to the left I stopped at the place where the



The Massachusetts Regiment which Fought at Caney Going to the Front at San Juan, July 2d. —Page 283.

column had first halted—it had been converted into a dressing station and the wounded of G troop were left there in the care of the hospital stewards. A tall, gaunt young man with a cross on his arm was just coming back up the trail. His head was bent, and by some surgeon's trick he was advancing rapidly with great strides, and at the same time carrying a wounded man much heavier than himself across his shoulders. As I stepped out of the trail he raised his head, and smiled and nodded, and left me wondering where I had seen him before smiling in the same cheery, confident way and moving in that same position. I knew it could not have been under the same conditions, and yet he was certainly associated with another time of excitement and rush and heat, and then I remembered him. He had been covered with blood and dirt and perspiration as he was now, only then he wore a canvas jacket and the man he carried on

his shoulders was trying to hold him back from a white-washed line. And I recognized the young doctor with the blood bathing his breeches as "Bob" Church, of Princeton. That was only one of four badly wounded men he carried on his shoulders that day over a half-mile of trail that stretched from the firing-line back to the dressing station under an unceasing fire. And as the senior surgeon was absent he had chief responsibility that day for all the wounded, and that so few of them died is greatly due to this young man who went down into the firing-line and pulled them from it, and bore them out of danger. Some of the comic paragraphers who wrote of the Knickerbocker Club dudes and the college swells of the Rough Riders organization, and of their imaginary valets and golf clubs, ought, in decency, since the fight at Guasimas, to go out and hang themselves with remorse. For the same spirit that once sent these men down a white-washed field against their op-

ponents' rush-line was the spirit that sent Church, Channing, Devereux, Ronalds, Wrenn, Cash, Dudley Dean, and a dozen others through the high hot grass at Guasimas, not shouting, as their friends the cowboys did, but each with his mouth tightly shut, with his eyes on the ball, and moving in obedience to the captain's signals. Judging from the sound, our firing-line now seemed to be half a mile in advance of the place where the head of the column had first halted. This showed that



El Poso, Immediately After the Spanish Fire Ceased. A shell entered, killing Cubans inside.—Page 283.

the Spaniards had been driven back at least three hundred yards from their original position. It was impossible to see any of our men in the field, so I ran down the trail with the idea that it would lead me back to the troop I had left when I had stopped at the dressing station. The walk down that trail presented one of the most gruesome and saddest pictures of the war. It narrowed as it descended; it was for that reason the enemy had selected that part of it for the attack, and the vines and bushes interlaced so closely above it that the sun could not come through.

The rocks on either side were spattered with blood and the rank grass was matted with it. Blanket-rolls, haversacks, carbines, and canteens had been abandoned all along its length, so that the trail looked as though a retreating army had fled along it, rather than that one company had fought its way through it to the front. Except for the clatter of the land-crabs, those hideous orchid-colored monsters that



Siboney, from the Hill Over which the Wounded Rough Riders Retired After the Fight.

haunt the places of the dead, and the whistling of the bullets in the trees, the place was as silent as a grave. For the wounded lying along its length were as still as the dead beside them. The noise of the loose stones rolling under my feet brought a hospital steward out of the brush, and he called after me:

"Lieutenant Thomas is badly wounded in here, and we can't move him. We want to carry him out of the sun some place, where there is shade and a breeze." Thomas was the first lieutenant of Capron's troop. He is a young man, large and powerfully built. He was shot through the leg just below the trunk, and I found him lying on a blanket half naked and covered with blood, and with his leg bound in tourniquets made of twigs and pocket-handkerchiefs. It gave one a thrill of awe and wonder to see how these cowboy-surgeons, with a stick that one would use to light a pipe and with the gaudy 'kerchiefs they had taken from their necks, were holding death at bay. The young officer was in great pain and tossing and raving wildly. When we gathered up the corners of his blanket and lifted him, he tried to sit upright, and cried out, "You're taking me to the front, aren't you? You said you would. They've killed my captain—do you understand? They've killed Captain Capron. The — — — Mexicans! They've killed my captain."

The troopers assured him they were carrying him to the firing-line, but he was not

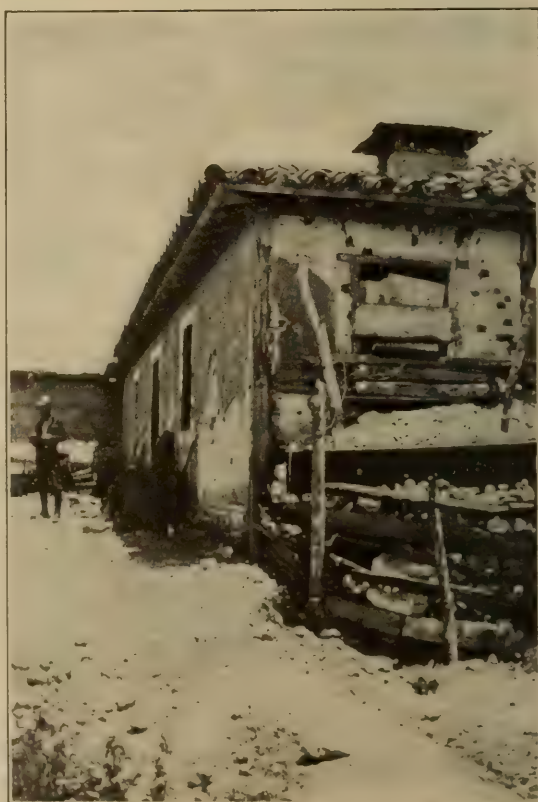
satisfied. We stumbled over the stones and vines, bumping his wounded body against the ground and leaving a black streak in the grass behind us, but it seemed to hurt us, more than it did him, for he sat up again seizing the men by the wrists imploringly with his bloody hands.

"For God's sake, take me to the front," he begged. "Do you hear me, I order you; damn you, I order— We must give them hell;

do you hear? we must give them hell. They've killed Capron. They've killed my captain."

The loss of blood and the heat at last mercifully silenced him, and when we had reached the trail he had fainted and I left them kneeling around him, their grave boyish faces filled with sympathy and concern.

Only fifty feet from him and farther down the trail I passed his captain, with his body propped against Church's knee



San Juan Block-house, Showing Marks of Shot.

and with his head fallen on the surgeon's shoulder. Capron was always a handsome, soldierly looking man—some said that he was the most soldierly looking of any of the young officers in the army—and as I saw him then death had given him a great dignity and nobleness. He was only twenty-eight years old, the age when life has just begun, but he rested his head on the surgeon's shoulder like a man who knew he was already through with it and that, though they might peck and mend at the body, he had received his final orders. His breast and shoulders were bare, and as the surgeon cut the tunic from him the sight of his great chest and the skin, as white as a girl's, and the black open wound against it made the yellow stripes and the brass insignia of rank seem strangely mean and tawdry.

Fifty yards farther on, around a turn in the trail, behind a rock, a boy was lying with a bullet-wound between his eyes. His chest was heaving with short, hoarse noises which I guessed were due to some muscular action entirely, and that he was virtually dead. I lifted him and gave him some water, but it would not pass through his fixed teeth. In the pocket of his blouse was a New Testament with the name *Fiedler Dawson, Mo.*, scribbled in it in pencil. While I was writing it down for identification, a boy as young as himself came from behind me down the trail.

"It is no use," he said, "the surgeon has seen him; he says he is just the same as dead. He is my bunkie; we only met two weeks ago at San Antonio; but he and me had got to be such good friends—But there's nothing I can do now." He threw himself down on the rock beside his bunkie, who was still breathing with that hoarse inhuman rattle, and I left them, the one who had been spared looking down helplessly with the tears creeping across his cheeks.

The firing was quite close now, and as I continued the trail was no longer filled with blanket-rolls and haversacks, nor did pitiful, prostrate figures lie in wait behind each rock. I guessed this must mean that I was now well in advance of the farthest point to which Capron's troop had moved before it had deployed to the left, and I was running forward feeling confident that I must be close on our men

when I saw far in advance the body of a sergeant blocking the trail and stretched at full length across it. Its position was a hundred yards in advance of that of any of the others—it was apparently the body of the first man killed. After death the bodies of some men seem to shrink almost instantly within themselves; they become limp and shapeless, and their uniforms hang upon them strangely. But this man, who was a giant in life, remained a giant in death—his very attitude was one of attack; his fists were clinched, his jaw set and his eyes, which were still human, seemed fixed with resolve. He was dead, but he was not defeated. And so Sergeant Fish died as he had lived—defiantly, running into the very face of the enemy, standing squarely upright on his legs instead of crouching, as the others called to him to do, until he fell like a column across the trail. "God gives," was the motto on the watch I took from his blouse, and God could not have given him a nobler end; to die, in the forefront of the first fight of the war, quickly, painlessly, with a bullet through the heart, with his regiment behind him, and facing the enemies of his country.

The line at this time was divided by the trail into two wings. The right wing, composed of K and A troops, was advancing through the valley, returning the fire from the ridge as it did so, and the left wing, which was much the longer of the two, was swinging around on the enemies' right flank, with its own right resting on the barbed-wire fence. I borrowed a carbine and joined the remnant of L troop which was close to the trail.

This troop was then commanded by Second Lieutenant Day, who on account of his conduct that morning and at the battle of San Juan later, when he was shot through the arm, was promoted to be captain of L troop, or, as it is now officially designated, Capron's troop. He was walking up and down the line as unconcerned as though we were at target-practice, and an English sergeant, Byrne, was assisting him by keeping up a continuous flow of comments and criticisms that showed the keenest enjoyment of the situation. Byrne was the only man I noticed who seemed to regard the fight as in any way humorous. I suspect Byrne was

Irish. I saw no one who was in the least alarmed, which could not be said of one of the regiments at the battle of the 1st of July ; but at Guasimas no one had time to pose, or to be flippant, or to exhibit any signs of braggadocio. It was for all of them, from the moment it started, through the hot, exhausting hour and a half that it lasted, a most serious proposition. The conditions were exceptional. The men had made a night march the evening before, had been given but three hours troubled sleep on the wet ground, and had then been marched in full equipment up hill and under a cruelly hot sun, right into action. Not one man in that regiment had ever fired a Krag-Jorgensen carbine until he fired it at a Spaniard, for their arms had been issued to them so soon before sailing that they had only drilled with them without using cartridges, and perhaps eighty per cent. of them had never been under fire before. To this handicap was also added the nature of the ground and the fact that our men could not see their opponents. Their own men fell or rolled over on every side, shot down by an invisible enemy, with no one to retaliate upon in return, with no sign that the attack might not go on indefinitely. Yet they never once took a step backward, but advanced grimly, cleaning a bush or thicket of its occupants before charging it, and securing its cover for themselves, and answering each volley with one that sounded like an echo of the first. The men were panting for breath ; the sweat ran so readily into their eyes that they could not see the sights of their guns ; then limbs unused to such exertion after seven days of cramped idleness on the troopship trembled with weakness and the sun blinded and dazzled them ; but time after time they rose and staggered forward through the high grass, or beat their way with their carbines against the tangle of vines and creepers. A mile and a half of territory was gained foot by foot in this brave fashion, the three Spanish positions carried in that distance being marked by the thousands of Mauser cartridges that lay shining and glittering in the grass and behind the barricades of bushes. But this distance had not been gained without many losses, for everyone in the regiment was engaged. Even those who, on ac-

count of the heat, had dropped out along the trail, as soon as the sound of the fight reached them, came limping to the front—and plunged into the firing-line. It was the only place they could go—there was no other line. With the exception of Church's dressing station and its wounded, there were no reserves.

Among the first to be wounded was the correspondent, Edward Marshall, of New York, who was on the firing-line to the left. He was shot through the body near the spine, and when I saw him he was suffering the most terrible agonies, and passing through a succession of convulsions. He nevertheless, in his brief moments of comparative peace, bore himself with the utmost calm, and was so much a soldier to duty that he continued writing his account of the fight until the fight itself was ended. His courage was the admiration of all the troopers, and he was highly commended by Colonel Wood in the official account of the engagement.

Nothing so well illustrated how desperately each man was needed, and how little was his desire to withdraw, as the fact that the wounded lay where they fell until the hospital stewards found them. Their comrades did not seek that excuse to go to the rear.

The fight had now lasted an hour, and the line had reached a more open country, with a slight incline upward toward a wood, on the edge of which was a ruined house. This house was a former distillery for *arguardienti*, and was now occupied in force by the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt on the far left was moving up his men with the intention of taking this house on the flank ; Wood, who was all over the line, had the same objective point in his mind. The troop commanders had a general idea that the distillery was the key to the enemy's position, and were all working in that direction. It was extremely difficult for Wood and Roosevelt to communicate with the captains, and after the first general orders had been given them they relied upon the latter's intelligence to pull them through. I do not suppose Wood saw more than thirty of his men out of the five hundred engaged at any one time. When he had passed one troop, except for the noise of its volley firing, it was immediately lost to him in

the brush, and it was so with the next. Still, so excellent was the intelligence of the officers, and so ready the spirit of the men, that they kept an almost perfect alignment, as was shown when the final order came to charge in the open fields. The advance upon the ruined building was made in stubborn, short rushes, sometimes in silence, and sometimes firing as we ran. The order to fire at will was seldom given, the men waiting patiently for the officers' signal, and then answering in volleys. Some of the men who were twice Day's age, begged him to let them take the enemy's impromptu fort on the run, but he answered them tolerantly like spoiled children, and held them down until there was a lull in the enemy's fire, when he would lead them forward, always taking the advance himself. It was easy to tell which men were used to hunting big game in the West and which were not, by the way they made these rushes. The Eastern men broke at the word, and ran for the cover they were directed to take like men trying to get out of the rain, and fell panting on their faces, while the Western trappers and hunters slipped and wriggled through the grass like Indians; dodging from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, and from one bush to another. They always fell into line at the same time with the others, but they had not exposed themselves once while doing so. Some of the escapes were little short of miraculous. The man on my right, Champneys Marshall, of Washington, had one bullet pass through his sleeve, and another pass through his shirt, where it was pulled close to his spine. The holes where the ball entered and went out again were clearly cut. Another man's skin was slightly burned by three bullets in three distinct lines, as though it had been touched for an instant by the lighted end of a cigar. Janeway was shot through his shirt across the breast, and Roosevelt was so close to one bullet, when it struck a tree, that it filled his eyes and ears with tiny splinters. Major Brodie and Lieutenant Thomas were both wounded within a few feet of Colonel Wood, and his color-sergeant, Wright, who followed close at his heels, was clipped three times in the head and neck, and four bullets passed through the folds of the flag he carried. One trooper,

Rowland, of Deming, was shot through the lower ribs; he was ordered by Roosevelt to fall back to the dressing station, but there Church told him there was nothing he could do for him then, and directed him to sit down until he could be taken to the hospital at Siboney. Rowland sat still for a short time, and then remarked, restlessly, "I don't seem to be doing much good here," and picking up his carbine, returned to the front. There Roosevelt found him.

"I thought I ordered you to the rear," he demanded.

"Yes, sir, you did," Rowland said, "but there didn't seem to be much doing back there."

He was sent to Siboney with the rest of the wounded, and two days later he appeared in camp. He had marched from Siboney, a distance of six miles, and up hill all the way, carrying his carbine, canteen, and cartridge-belt.

"I thought you were in hospital," Wood said.

"I was," Rowland answered, sheepishly, "but I didn't seem to be doing any good there."

They gave him up as hopeless after that, and he continued his duties and went into the fight of the San Juan hills with the hole still through his ribs. Another cowboy named Heffner, when shot through the body, asked to be propped up against a tree with his canteen and cartridge-belt beside him, and the last his troop saw of him he was seated alone grimly firing over their heads in the direction of the enemy. Church told of another young man shot through the chest. The entrance to his wound was so small that Church could not insert enough of the gauze-packing to stop the flow of blood.

"I'm afraid I'll have to make this hole larger," he said to the boy, "or you'll bleed to death."

"All right," the trooper answered, "I guess you know best, only you'd better hurry." The boy stretched out on his back and lay perfectly quiet while Church, with a pair of curved scissors, cut away the edges of the wound. His patient neither whimpered nor swore, but stared up at the sun in silence. The bullets were falling on every side of them, and the operation was a hasty one, but the trooper made no com-

ment until Church said, "We'd better get out of this; can you stand being carried?"

"Do you think you can carry me?" the trooper asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I guess you know," the boy answered, holding up his arms.

Another of the Rough Riders was brought to the dressing-station with a shattered ankle, and Church, after bandaging it, gave him his choice of riding down to Siboney on a mule, or of being carried a day later, on a litter.

"If you think you can manage to ride the mule with that broken foot," he said, "you can start at once, but if you wait until to-morrow, when I can spare the men, you can be carried all the way."

The cowboy preferred to start at once, so six hospital stewards lifted him up and dropped him on the mule, and into a huge Mexican saddle. He stuck his wounded ankle into one stirrup, and his untouched one into the other, and gathered up the reins.

"Does it pain you? Do you think you can stand it?" Church asked, anxiously. The cowboy turned and smiled down upon him with supreme disdain.

"What, stand this?" he cried. "Why, this is just like getting money from home."

Toward the last, the firing from the enemy sounded less near, and the bullets passed much higher. Roosevelt, who had picked up a carbine and was firing occasionally to give the direction to the others, determined upon a charge. Wood, at the other end of the line, decided at the same time upon the same manœuvre. It was called "Wood's bluff" afterward, for he had nothing to back it with; while to the enemy it looked as though his whole force was but the skirmish-line in advance of a regiment. The Spaniards naturally did not believe that this thin blue line which suddenly broke out of the bushes and from behind trees and came cheering out into the hot sunlight in full view, was the entire fighting force against it. They supposed the regiment was coming close on its heels, and as they hate being rushed as a cat hates water, they fired a few parting volleys and broke and ran. The cheering had the same invigorating effect on our own side as a cold shower; it was what first told half the men where the other

half were, and it made every individual man feel better. As we knew it was only a bluff, the first cheer was wavering, but the sound of our own voices was so comforting that the second cheer was a howl of triumph. As it was, the Spaniards thought the Rough Riders had already disregarded all rules of war.

"When we fired a volley," one of the prisoners said later, "instead of falling back they came forward. That is not the way to fight, to come closer at every volley." And so, when instead of retreating on each volley, the Rough Riders rushed at them cheering and filling the hot air with wild cowboy yells, the dismayed enemy retreated upon Santiago, where he announced he had been attacked by the entire American army. One of the residents of Santiago asked one of the soldiers if those Americans fought well.

"Well," he replied, "they tried to catch us with their hands."

I have not attempted to give any account of General Young's fight on our right, which was equally desperate, and, owing to the courage of the colored troops of the Tenth in storming a ridge, equally worthy of praise. But it has seemed better not to try and tell of anything I did not see, but to limit the article to the work of the Rough Riders, to whom, after all, the victory was due, as it was owing to Colonel Wood's charge, which took the Spaniards in flank, that General Wheeler and General Young were able to advance, their own stubborn attack in front having failed to dislodge the enemy from his rifle-pits.

According to the statement of the enemy, who had every reason not to exaggerate the size of his own force, 4,000 Spaniards were engaged in this action. The Rough Riders numbered 534, of whom eight were killed and thirty-four wounded, and General Young's force numbered 464, of which there were eight killed and eighteen wounded. The American troops accordingly attacked a force over four times their own number intrenched behind rifle-pits and bushes in a mountain-pass. In spite of the smokeless powder used by the Spaniards, which hid their position, the Rough Riders routed them out of it, and drove them back from three different barricades until they made their last stand in the ruined distillery, whence they finally

quiring civilian, "They tried to catch us with their hands." It should be the Rough Riders' motto.

SOME EPISODES

By Edward Marshall

Colonel Wood ordered a halt of the First Volunteer Cavalry, better known as the Rough Riders, about six o'clock in the morning of June 24th. The men thought it one of the frequent pauses for rest which had been allowed them during the hard march. The group surrounding the colonel, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Captain O'Neill, Adjutant Tom Hall, Richard Harding Davis and myself, knew that the stop had been caused by a message softly whispered in the Colonel's ear by a Cuban scout from the small body which preceded us. The Colonel quickly detailed a few men to go forward with the scout. Then he began to crack jokes.

We waited ten minutes. I went down the line among the men. They were unconcerned, and were not talking of war.

These volunteers had been so long in preparation; so many weary days had elapsed since they first buttoned their uniforms over hearts beating with tremendous primary patriotic enthusiasm, that now they were taking things calmly, and talking about dogs, and the imperfections of army shoes. One man persistently blew paste balls at his neighbors. (Two hours later I saw him lying livid and dead in the high grass. He had been hit by a different kind of missile.) Spaniards and fighting seemed as far away to them as the cities of Asia Minor do to the school-boy studying geography, they had been carrying idle guns and ammunition so long. Indeed, it was hard for any of us to realize the actuality of the enemy.

“——! Wouldn't a glass of cold beer taste good?” said one, whereupon others threw pebbles and sand at him for suggesting such an impossible ecstasy. There was much good-humor.

I returned to the group around the Colonel. An instant later, with surprising unexpectedness, like that of the explosion of a lamp in a drawing-room, a rifle cracked, and with a long z-z-z-z-z-eu, a bullet went directly over and not far above our heads. The noise of the Mauser bullet is not impressive enough to be really terrifying until you have seen what it does when it strikes. It is a nasty, malicious little noise, like the soul of a very petty and mean person turned into sound. Its beginning and its ending are pitched a little lower than its middle. Its beginning is gradual, but its ending is instantaneous.

There was no more gossip in the ranks. The men sprang to their feet without waiting for an order. As they did so a volley which went over our heads came through the mysterious tangle on our right. A scattering fire was heard from the direction in which the scouts had gone. Then silence.

Colonel Wood was apparently the only man not impressed. It was as if he had not heard the shots. He finished his sentence without a change in voice or position. Then he began to give orders. Colonel Roosevelt took about a third of the regiment into the forest on the right. They were preparing to go with a rush when the first wounded man came back. He had been with the Cuban scouts. His face was covered with blood. He was sobbing like a child, and the sobs had to struggle through a smooth flow of profanity. I asked him if he was badly hurt. I shall expurgate his reply.

"Hurt? Naw! I *ain't* hurt. Naw! I'm a blim-blamed fool, an' I set off one of my own cartridges while I was loading. My face and eyes are full of powder and I can't fight."

Then he sat down on the grass and the sobs got the better of the profanity. He was probably the victim of a defective cartridge. The pain of his cut and burned face must have been intense, but he didn't even know of it. His only feeling was that now he couldn't fight. It was later found that he had lost the sight of one eye.

Colonel Wood heard this man's or some other's profanity and called out, sternly:

"Stop that swearing. I don't want to hear any cursing to-day."

I heard the men pass the order down the line which stretched along the lane behind us. I don't know whether the incredible happened and the men actually did not swear after that, or whether it was wholly chance, but I am perfectly certain that I heard not another oath during that part of the fight which I witnessed.

By the time Roosevelt and his men had begun to break their way through the growth at the right Colonel Wood, with the majority of what was left of the regiment, had started down the grassy slope at the left. The z-z-z-z-z-eus of the Mausers had ceased to be novel. They were

constant. I kept as near to Colonel Wood as I could.

No one seemed frightened. These men who had scarcely been able to realize the existence of real war with a real Spanish army a few moments before, waded into it when it came with an excited delight which amounted to ecstasy. I did not see one exhibition of cowardice that day. Once I thought I had found a coward. A man was running wildly toward the rear. I stopped him and asked what he was running away from. He restrained himself with difficulty from braining me with his carbine. He had torn off the sole of one shoe, and the accident hampered his movements. He was running wildly about in a temperature of not less than one hundred and three degrees, searching for a dead man to take a shoe from. He was running so that he could get quickly back to where the firing was. I showed him the dead man and helped him take the shoe off. He was very grateful, and after he had once more gained protection for his foot he started on the double quick for the firing line.

Neither Colonel Wood nor any other officer that I saw made any effort to hide from the Spaniards, who were plainly visible and in great force across the gently beautiful little valley before us.

The setting was fitter for a *fête champêtre* than for a battle. The swaying smoothness of the rank grass was rarely broken by anything but the polished gray trunks of royal palms which held their bunches of greenery almost a hundred feet above the little men who were firing guns at the other little men across the valley, all shouting and raging and bleeding and dying.

I injured my left arm and had to hold my notebook against one of these palms as I wrote. First came z-z-z-z-z-eu-zip, and then three or four fronds from the majestic palm fluttered slowly down. A Mauser bullet had cut them off. Then came three sudden muffled "boums," each accompanied by a shuddering tremor of the splendid trunk. Mauser bullets had buried themselves somewhere in its quivering fibre.

Adjutant Hall was back of me. He stepped out into the open. The enemy marked him and the zeu, zeu, zeu of the

bullets going over his head and the zip, zip, zip of the bullets in the grass at his feet were as frequent as rain-drops until he stepped behind one of the rare bushes. He had exposed himself recklessly but was not touched by a bullet. Meantime Colonel Wood wandered slowly about on horseback among his men with the bullets continuously shrieking their devilish song in his ears, and playing their infernal tattoo on the ground near him. He left the battle-field without a scratch. It was wonderful.

I was watching him with a fascinated interest, wondering how soon he would fall off his horse, when I heard a man wailing dolorously. I turned and saw a soldier whom I had before observed pumping cartridges into his gun and then using them for his country with a regularity like that of a machine churn. He was lying behind a little knoll and had not only his own cartridge-belt but another taken from some dead or wounded soldier. I hurried to him.

"Are you hurt?" I asked.

"Hurt? No;" he exclaimed, "but my leg's asleep and I can't get up, and my gun's jammed. Gi' me a gun! Gi' me a gun! Can't ye gi' me a gun?" I got him a gun and the machine churn started up again before a first-aid man had rubbed the circulation into the helpless leg.

All the time we were advancing. All the time the Spaniards were slowly retreating. One body of them became plainly panic-stricken and started to run madly, throwing away arms and other encumbrances as they went. A Captain who stood near Colonel Wood prepared his men to fire.

"Don't shoot at retreating men!" ordered the Colonel. But our soldiers wanted to kill Spaniards and had already begun to blaze away. The Colonel was forced to order the bugle call "cease firing" to be sounded before he could make them stop.

I saw many men shot. Every one went down in a lump without cries, without jumping up in the air, without throwing up hands. They just went down like clods in the grass. It seemed to me that the terrible thud with which they struck the earth was more penetrating than the sound of guns. Some were only wounded; some were dead.

There is much that is awe-inspiring about the death of soldiers on the battle-field.

Almost all of us have seen men or women die, but they have died in their carefully arranged beds with doctors daintily hoarding the flickering spark; with loved ones clustered about. But death from disease is less awful than death from bullets. On the battle-field there are no delicate, scientific problems of strange microbes to be solved. There is no petting, no coddling—nothing, nothing, nothing but death. The man lives, he is strong, he is vital, every muscle in him is at its fullest tension when, suddenly, "chug" he is dead. That "chug" of the bullets striking flesh is nearly always plainly audible. But bullets which are billeted, so far as I know, do not sing on their way. They go silently, grimly to their mark, and the man is lacerated and torn or dead. I did not hear the bullet shriek that killed Hamilton Fish; I did not hear the bullets shriek which struck the many others who were wounded while I was near them; I did not hear the bullet shriek which struck me.

This bit of steel came diagonally from the left. I was standing in the open, and, from watching our men in the front, had partially turned to see Roosevelt and his men on the right. The troops about me were full of tales of Roosevelt's bravery and the splendid conduct of his soldiers. But I did not see Roosevelt. "Chug" came the bullet and I fell into the long grass, as much like a lump as had the other fellows whom I had seen go down. There was no pain, no surprise. The tremendous shock so dulled my sensibilities that it did not occur to me that anything extraordinary had happened—that there was the least reason to be worried. I merely lay perfectly satisfied and entirely comfortable in the long grass. It was a long time before anyone came near me. The fighting passed away from me rapidly. There were only left in the neighborhood of my little episode the dead (I could see a dead man not far away if I looked through the grass near the ground level), other wounded, and a few first-aid-for-the-injured men who were searching for us. I heard two of these men go by calling out to the wounded to make their whereabouts known, but it did not occur to me to answer them. The sun was very hot and I had some vague thoughts of sunstroke, but they were not

specially interesting thoughts and I gave them up. It seemed a good notion to go to sleep, but I didn't do it.

Finally three soldiers found me, and, putting half a shelter-tent under me, carried me to the shade.

There were several wounded men there before me. The first-aid men came along, learned that my wound was at the side of and had shattered the spine, and, shaking their heads gravely, gave me a weak solution of ammonia as a stimulant. I heard one of them say he would run for the surgeon. He came in a few moments and I was surprised because he examined me first. He told me I was about to die. The news was not pleasant, but it did not interest me particularly.

"Don't you want to send any messages home?" he asked. "If you do, you'd better write 'em—be quick."

I decided to take his advice.

Not far away was a young man shot through both knees. I had plainly heard the words "His wound is mortal" passed around among the other wounded in hoarse whispers, and, as I turned my head, I could see them all looking at me sorrowfully, and one or two had tears in their eyes. The surgeon had done what he could for all of us, and had gone away on a keen run to some other group. The young man who had been shot through both knees painfully worked his way across to me.

"I'm a stenographer at home," he said, grasping my hand and smoothing it gently. "Let me take your messages for you."

He searched my pockets, got pencil and paper, and I stupidly and slowly dictated three letters. I am sure I had no real conception of anything that had happened since the bullet struck me until, as he finished the last letter, he rolled over in a faint with upturned eyes. Then I understood my dreadful but unintentional cruelty and tried to help him. I couldn't move. For the first time I knew that I was paralyzed.

The next I knew, Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis were bending over me. They found men to carry me on the tent-cloth to the field hospital.

Another of the thousand instances of unselfishness which I saw on the battlefield gave me almost as great a shock at

the field hospital as the incident of the stenographer had under the tree. Trum-peter Cassa, who had uncomplainingly helped to carry me in that tent-cloth, had lost two fingers near the middle joint, and must have grasped the canvas with the bloody stumps.

From the field hospital to Siboney was a rough march of over six miles. It was quite dark when we reached Siboney and joined the group of wounded to be transferred to the hospital-ship Olivette.

There is one incident of the day which shines out in my memory above all others now as I lie in a New York hospital writing. It occurred at the field hospital. About a dozen of us were lying there. A continual chorus of moans rose through the tree-branches overhead. The surgeons, with hands and bared arms dripping, and clothes literally saturated, with blood, were straining every nerve to prepare the wounded for the journey down to Siboney. Behind me lay Captain McClintock, with his lower leg-bones literally ground to powder. He bore his pain as gallantly as he had led his men, and that issaying much. I think Major Brodie was also there. It was a doleful group. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces.

Suddenly a voice started softly,

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

Other voices took it up:

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride—

The quivering, quavering chorus, punctuated by groans and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude—the pluckiest, most heart-felt song that human beings ever sang.

There was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It was so weak that I did not hear it until all the rest had finished with the line,

Let Freedom ring.

Then, halting, struggling, faint, it repeated, slowly,

Land—of—the—Pilgrims'—pride,
Let Freedom —

The last word was a woful cry. One more son had died as died the fathers.



The San Juan Hill, Showing General Wheeler's Camp.

HOW THE SPANIARDS FOUGHT AT CANEY

By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin

IT is a kind of sorrow to me that the finest, most desperate, most brilliant battle of the Santiago campaign should represent itself to me forever now as a fight that the Spaniards made against us—as one of which they were in an especial way the heroes, in spite of noble, unfailing, distinguished bravery on the part of our soldiers. I shall never cease to see, when the word Caney is spoken, a line of some fifty or sixty light-blue-clad men standing in a trench, the line bent in the middle at right angles by the square turning of the ditch ; at the bending of this line some blue-jacketed young officer standing, always exposed to the belt, and sometimes, as he stood up on the level ground, exposed to the feet ; the men rising at the word of this officer's command for hours and hours, delivering volley after volley full in our faces ; standing, as they did so, exposed to the waist, confronting 3,000 men, grimly and coolly facing death, drawing their dead up out of the trench as they fell to make standing room for living men, holding thus their trench immovably from morning until evening—this is what Caney will always mean to me first of all, by virtue of an impression as vivid as the light of day and as ineffaceable as the image of death.

I say it is a sorrow, because I should like to have my picture of the first great fight I was ever in centre around some such deed of my own countrymen. But the trench-fighting of the Spaniards with their Mausers was in very fact the heart and centre of that day's work ; and as for that, the heroism of our men appears none the less in the light of the heroism of their antagonists.

These figures of Spaniards in the shallow ditch were really very uncouth. Their jackets of poor, thin blue cotton were merely loose tunics, too short and coarse to have any dignity, and the trousers were baggy and ill-fitting. On their heads, as long as they wore them, the men had great straw hats, almost black with use, with brims turned up behind and down before. Sometimes the hats came off ; and with

my glass I watched along the trench the shaggy black heads of Castilian youths—which looked better.

Once it might be said that no one ever saw a battle, but since smokeless powder came in one may at least see a good part of one, especially in such an open country as the bit of land around Caney. (In the reports they call it “El Caney ;” but no Cuban or Spaniard has ever spoken of it to me otherwise than as Caney simply.) A little town built on a low oblong hill ; a town of low houses, some roofed with thatch, some with good red tiles ; a town with a towered church, and, across the ravine at the south of it, made by a running stream, a citadel on a sharper, higher hill. This citadel was an old stone fort, made after the principles of Vauban ; formidable once, but a little breached by time. But around it was a trench, too—not the one I have told of, which was down on the eastern edge of the town, but like it, and filled with men with Mausers.

We came upon the town at eight o'clock in the morning, after a long march the evening before, up through the mountains to the eastward, after a bivouac up in there until daybreak, and then a long march again. We were Chaffee's brigade of Lawton's division, and we were the extreme right of the attack. When the Seventeenth Infantry, with which I marched, came down over the hills, we saw the Spaniards apparently running out of the town under the fire of the Seventh and Twelfth Regiments, which had got in ahead of us. Bah ! the fight won before we got to it ! But almost at the same moment the Spaniards went running back. Apparently they had gone out to take a position which now they found it was too late to take.

Then we found them in their trenches. There is a preparation for a modern battle which is like the old sanding of the decks of the man-of-war to drink up the blood ; it is the removal of the pack or blanket-roll which the infantryman carries. We advanced along the line made



Capron's Battery in Action at Caney.—Page 283.

by a barbed-wire fence overgrown with bushes. Beyond and below we heard the fierce crackling of musketry-fire and the occasional boom of larger guns. Suddenly we heard another sound close by, which was like the pattering of heavy hail-stones coming from a great height, among the leaves of the little trees by our side. This sound was made by the bullets of the Mausers, coming up on the ridge, and clipping the leaves off the trees with a kind of spitting sound. Our Colonel, Haskell, marched well in advance of the regiment. "Remove your packs, and leave one man to each company to guard property," he commanded. So, we all took off our packs and put them down on the ground, and, except for the one man from each company, went into the fight.

Then on up over a ridge, where the Seventh Regiment had been before us, and where we found four of their dead under our feet, and also Captain Jackson, of that regiment, with a bullet through his nose. The fortunes of war are grotesquely horrible. Here I first felt, in the keen interest in the fight, that indifference to the sight of death which is, perhaps, the most terrible thing about a battle. I found here an admirable view. I could watch the

artillery firing on the stone fort—vain firing, with every shot missing now, but interesting. With dead men at my feet I saw, completely absorbed in the sight, the Seventh Regiment charging up on a hill still nearer the fort, creeping, rushing, rushing, creeping, now flat on their faces, now running with bent knees—every moment nearer the crest, and every moment a man falling, for a withering fire came all over the hill from somewhere—who could tell? It was a fine sight, that advance of the Seventh. I knew the regiment was half made up of recruits, and I trembled lest they should flinch. But not one of them did.

With my field-glass at my eyes I watched this fine sight a moment, and then, realizing that my regiment had passed, I rushed across an open space at the foot of the hill after it. Then for the music of buzzing rifle-balls, and the sight of death! On the ground lay our Colonel, Haskell. Like all the old '61 men who knew not the magazine rifle nor the flat trajectory, he had scorned a crouching position. He went into the fight well in advance of his men, and advanced, with drawn sabre, at the full height of his manhood; and he went down like a log, with three Mauser



The Fight at the San Juan Block-house, July 1st.—Page 284.
(The artist was an eye-witness.)

Drawn by H. C. Christy.

bullets through some part of his body—one at the breast, one at the knee, one through the heel. Did not those three bullets, measured along the height of a man, tell the story well of what the fire-swept zone of the Mauser rifle is?

Two episodes here worthy of telling. One was this: the regiment was on its face directly after the Colonel went down, in a little lane that offered some shelter, and two lieutenants, Hardaway and Roberts, called for volunteers from the men to go out and take the Colonel to this lane. They could have had all the regiment, but they took five men—and three of these were shot before they got back and laid the Colonel in the shade.

The other episode was this: the quartermaster of the regiment, Lieutenant Walter M. Dickinson, having no company command, had asked and been granted the privilege of going by the Colonel's side. I had seen that there was a strong affection between the older and the younger man. Very much at the same moment that the Colonel fell, a ball shattered Dickinson's arm. He could not help to lift his commander, and came running back for aid; then he returned bravely to the Colonel, and received a wound through his body from which he died before sunset.

On a battle-field it is as good to be a fool as to be brave. I went over this trebly-swept hollow of death alone, upright, at an easy walk. Being alone, it seemed clearly to me that there was not much danger. Bullets that would hit a regiment would be likely to miss one small man. I am told that my logic was bad; but the bullets missed me.

Now, in the lane, we were ordered to lie down, and kept there rigidly by the brigade commander to hold it. Here we did what we could for poor Haskell and Dickinson; and here we found just what sort of fight the Spaniards were making. Down our lane came, from the southwest, the fire from the stone fort, just in a line with us; straight across the lane came a fire which presently we located; it was from that trench that I first told you of, with its fifty or sixty light-blue men in the big straw hats. Straight from the eastward came still another fire, raking down from the other direction; it came from a

Spanish block-house up on a hill there. We had bullets from three sources. Hold the lane! Now and then it was the fashion of our men to sing out, with a cool rising inflection, "I've got it!" It was their way of telling that they were shot. Eight of them died in and about the lane. Some of these did not call out "I've got it," but sent up a wild despairing cry to their God. For them the surgeon's bandages were a vain attention.

But a thing that fascinated me, as I have said, was the sight of the Spaniards in this trench at the right of the town—exactly facing us as we looked at the eastern end of the place. Between some rude houses in the edge of the town was a space of ground sloping down to a meadow, and across this space, and turning at right angles, a trench had been dug, apparently quite freshly. From any point on our long lane we looked down on the men in this trench. My glass revealed every movement they made—even the cool turning of the head that was in one big straw hat to make some observation to another. Though our regiment had no orders to fire, the strain that these cool fighters in the ditch put on our men was more than flesh and blood could bear; soon the Krag-Jorgensens were roaring along the lane in the ears of our wounded and dying. In the very midst of the ripping, crashing detonations of these guns we could clearly see the Spaniards rising to deliver their volley fire; no smoke obscured our vision, nor did the pour of our bullets in upon their trench restrain them from coolly answering our fire. As often as the roar ceased with us, we heard the cracking of their rifles. Very soon the ear learned to distinguish the difference between the reports of the Mauser and the Krag-Jorgensen. We heard the Mausers in strange quarters, almost as if above us; but it was not until night that we learned that we had been under the fire of sharpshooters in the tower of the church in the town, and that some of the havoc among us had been done by these. Poor Dickinson, lying there on his litter, was shot again through the leg, and still a fourth bullet grazed his elbow. How we need the image of a relentless Fate to account for all the bullets finding out one man!

So all day long the fight went on. In

due time the artillery got the range of the stone fort, but it did little harm. No shell fell, visibly to us, in the town. To right and left the terrible recruits of our Seventh Regiment deployed, pouring in a hot fire on the Spaniards in the ditch. Still these Spaniards rose as if they were part of a machine, and delivered their deadly fire.

At three o'clock the flag went down on the fort; no American officer had supposed that it could possibly remain there after eleven. The Spaniards still clung to the fort, and had to be cleared out, and their small residue captured, by a charge of the Twenty-fourth Infantry — brave black men who ran up the rough hill like goats.

The citadel gone, the town would surely surrender. So everybody supposed. But we who were watching the trench at the eastern end of the town saw the straw hats and black heads rising mechanically still, to deliver volleys across the meadow straight at us.

Gradually the American lines on the other side closed in on these men. They and their commander, who now stood erect on the level ground above the trench, appeared to take no heed of the situation of their comrades. They seemed to assume that they had been placed there to defend the ditch, and they had no other thought than to defend it. I have heard that at about this time a body of Spanish troops left Caney and made their escape. But I can declare that none deserted this trench, and though I could clearly see the meadows to the northward of the town, practically the only direction now from which they were not menaced by the

Americans, I saw no Spaniards escape. As a matter of fact the men in this trench kept up their fire from it until after everything else in and about the town had surrendered. Then the defenders of the trench, which the soldiers had called the Hornet's Nest, put down their guns, walked empty-handed through the town and up to the fort, and gave themselves up there — reverently taking up the tools which the officers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment gave them with which to bury, in the very trench they had defended so long, their comrades who had been killed. How many Spaniards had thus defended this town all day against a division of Americans? The estimates have varied; but the best possible give no more than seven hundred at any time.

Even then the battle of Caney was unfinished. Away off to our right was the block-house on the hill which had given us an occasional raking shot all day. Chaffee's brigade marched on to San Juan that night, but the block-house remained, a thorn in the flesh of the American position. It was not until next day that a force went up, and, at a considerable sacrifice, captured it. They found three men in it! I was at General Shafter's headquarters when these three Spaniards were brought in. They had made a long march in the hot sun, and a friend of mine who stood by offered them water from his canteen.

"Why should we drink," said the non-commissioned officer who had commanded the block-house, "when we are about to die?"

"I think you are not to die," said Lieutenant Noble, smiling; "we are civilized men, and you are brave ones!"

AN ARTIST AT EL POSO

By Howard Chandler Christy

ON July 1st réveillé was sounded at 6 A.M. in the camp of the Second Infantry, Regulars, and instantly the camp was astir, for on that day the advance upon Santiago was to be made. Men crawled out from under blankets heavy with dew and began preparations for the morning's meal, for soldiers know it is not well to go into a fight on an empty stomach. Later the officers of the head-quarters' mess gathered quietly around the camp-fire where breakfast was served. Scarcely a word was spoken. Suddenly off to the right and ahead a deep *boom!* and we knew Capron's battery had opened fire on the Spanish works in front of Caney. Along the road which leads to El Poso the narrow roads were crowded with troops marching silently to the front through the morning mist; only the voices of command, the rattling of tin cups, and the tread of marching feet were heard.

After crossing a little creek we came in sight of a little knoll to the left, where Grimes's battery was planted. At the foot of the hill is the artistic old Spanish building called El Poso, and in the yard and the adjoining open space were crowded the Rough Riders, artillery horses, officers, and some Cubans, while on the knoll beside the battery were the foreign military attachés and some correspondents who were eager to see all. Directly in front was a dense Cuban forest into which regiment after regiment was marching, and somewhere in that thick undergrowth was forming a line of battle.

In front or beyond is a steep hill on which stands the San Juan Block House, and to the right and left along the crest of the hill are the Spanish intrenchments. Beyond these the military barracks and some houses of Santiago could be seen.

It must have been 9.30 or 10 A.M., and the sun was pouring down an intense heat, when the Captain of the battery ordered everyone to one side and gave the command to load.

"*Number one, ready! Fire!*" The

gun fairly leaped into the air, and a shell went whizzing toward San Juan. Instantly a dozen field-glasses were levelled and the gunners peered through the dense smoke.

"Too far. Lower your sights one hundred and fifty yards."

"*Number two, ready! Fire!*" and No. 2 covered itself and gunners in white smoke—again too far! No. 3 came in for its share and a cloud of yellow smoke arose in front of the Block House. Something went wrong with No. 4, and only the report of her primer was heard.

Again, "*Number one, Ready! Fire!*" A cheer went up from the attachés and correspondents, for a shell went through the roof and exploded, covering itself in a reddish smoke and throwing pieces of tile and cement into the air.

It was all very beautiful standing there by the side of the battery, surrounded by friends and in apparent safety, watching the effect of the shells on the Spanish works, but suddenly a voice down in front called out, "Here it comes!" and instantly everyone, excepting the men of the battery, ducked or threw themselves flat on the ground, and the first Spanish shell came screaming directly over our heads, and BOOM! it went just back of us, throwing the shrapnel among our men. Instantly another shell came, which burst in front of the building and in the ranks of the troops gathered there. Several men were wounded; one poor fellow had his leg torn off. Another shell penetrated the roof and exploded inside, where several Cubans were hiding. They were literally blown through the windows and door. One shell tore up the ground in front of gun No. 1, and others exploded just back of the building, killing men who were already badly wounded.

When the direction of the shots was ascertained, the attachés and two or three correspondents made a rush to the left to get at least a few yards out of range. One man clutched at the arm of Richard Hard-

ing Davis and excitedly cried, "Isn't this awful?"

Davis quietly replied, "Very disturbing; very disturbing."

On a slight elevation still farther to the left stood Captain Paget of the English Navy and with him Count von Goetzen and the Japanese attaché. Far in front the balloon was slowly moving down, trying to keep pace with the firing line. Crash! came a volley from the Spanish rifle-pits, and pop-pop-pop went the Krag-Jorgensens. Volley after volley followed, and the great battle of Santiago had begun.

So dense were the woods it was impossible to locate the American troops, excepting by the balloon, which was soon shot to pieces, and it gradually sank out of sight among the trees.

Just then someone called out, "Look over to the right! See those men rushing across that field! Now they are hid by the trees—look! Wheeler's brigade is charging that hill. There are the Stars and Stripes!"

Up that hill, right into the face of the Spanish Mausers, rushed hundreds of men, and on the crest they stopped to form in line of battle. Wounded men dropped from the ranks and sank into the tall grass. At this point the Spanish artillery caught sight of them, and sent shell after shell tearing through their ranks. Men were seen to be thrown into the air and lie bleeding where they fell. Did these brave fellows falter? Not one bit of it! The line spread out and the vacant places filled in, and there, under that terrific fire, they formed in line of battle.

At this point Captain Paget cried out, "Boys, do you know—I have located the Spanish artillery!" (They were using smokeless powder, and up to this time no one knew where they were.) "Look where I point, at the foot of that tall palm. Do you see? There is the flash of the gun!"

All eyes were now turned toward the

troops at the foot of San Juan, for they were advancing straight up that hill. There were twelve or fifteen men ahead of the others. They rushed up to within fifty feet of the Spaniards. Just at this point, by some inexcusable mistake, one of our own shells exploded directly in the midst of this brave little company and another burst over their heads. Captain Paget spoke up again: "I believe they are going ahead without waiting for the main line."

Up over that hill they go with a wild rush—with the others right at their heels. The Spaniards leave their trenches, but from the Block House and other intrenchments a deadly fire is poured into them. Now they reach the crest of the hill and the color-sergeant turns and waves the flag to those in the rear. Then he turns his face toward the enemy and away he goes with the others—at a dead run straight to the Block House.

They swarm all about it. The fighting is terrific! In less than a minute it is ours!

To the right and in front Wheeler's brigade is charging the intrenchments on the crest of the hill, and as far as the eye can see our troops are advancing on the enemy and the extreme right.

Volley after volley is heard near the village of Caney, and then the distant boom of Capron's battery. The village was taken that afternoon about 3.30.

Captain Paget pulls out his note-book: "Let me see—what time is it by your watch? 1.30 P.M.? The Block House and the entire Spanish lines taken by *our* boys. If I hadn't seen it, it wouldn't have been true! Those fellows—without the immediate aid of artillery—charging an enemy armed with repeating rifles, machine guns, and field artillery, and by 1.30 in the afternoon the whole line, *Block House included*, taken!"

And he tucked his white trousers into the tops of his socks, and away he went, shouting: "*Boys, the victory is ours! The victory is ours!*"



Piping the Side for Commodore Fife on Board the San Francisco.

A WAR-SHIP COMMUNITY

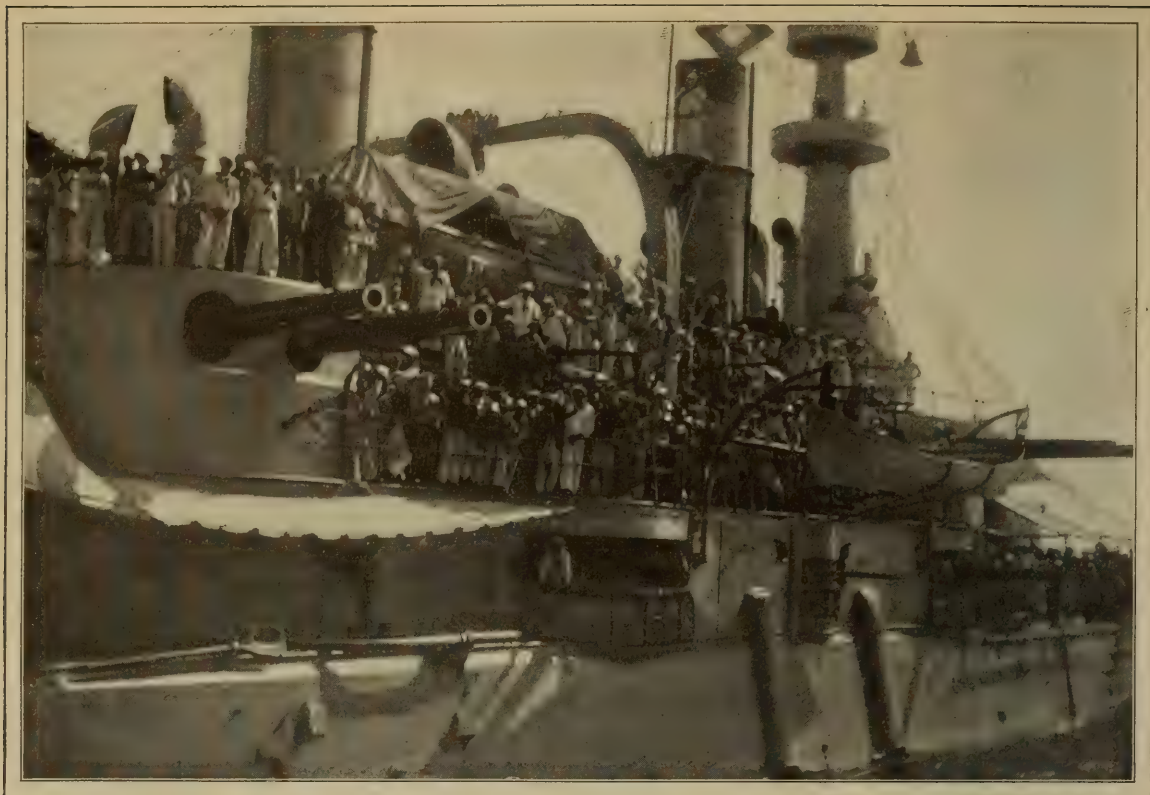
By W. J. Henderson

THE "drum and trumpet chronicles" of the time peal and throb with the fierce music of war. The mind is invited to consider the way of the battle-ship and be wise. In every imagination there dwells a picture of a huge, dun-walled fabric, moving without apparent control, conscious, as it were, of its own enormous power, smoking in huge jets of strength from its mighty breathing-pipes, and hurling sheets of devastating flame from its sides. Everyone, too, knows, that behind those triple walls of steel there are men—sailor-men—stripped to the waist, carrying powder and shell to those spurting guns, aiming and firing the weapons, and talking in uncouth English of the fearful things they will do to the "Dagoes." We know, too, that there are officers there; men who direct the movements of the half-stripped sailors and who order all things well or ill. And thus we get a con-

stant image—a huge leviathan of the vasty deep, filled full of semi-nude Jonahs, rushing about with a mighty spouting of fire and smoke and sowing the air with hurtlings of death.

But sometimes, for all that, the ponderous battle-ship rocks on mirrored waves as gently as a babe's cradle, while the faint tinkle of a banjo comes from the secret abysses under the superstructure, and the gentle breath of song mingles with the odor of deifying tobacco. For the leviathan is not always devouring, though she may be seeking to devour. In her hours of inactivity nearly five hundred men go on living and breathing within her citadel, and there is a community whose constitution and history are as those of some sunk Atlantis of the western ocean.

Most of us have some idea of the life of the officers of a man-of-war. We know



An Incident of the Blockade.

The crew of the U. S. Battle-ship Indiana watching a chase.

that they dwell in the after-part of the ship (except in the old monitors, which are crab-like), and that they have separate rooms with berths in them, like the state-rooms of a steamboat. And we know that there are seniors and juniors, commanders and commanded; but I wonder how many persons could tell how their housekeeping is conducted? Who makes the lieutenant's bed and who buys his food? Most people fancy that the parental government provides the lieutenant's food, but it does not. The lieutenant must carry his own bed-linen with him when he goes to sea, and he must arrange for the provision of his own food. The navy regulations specify how it is to be done, but they make no requisition for the amount to be expended.

The "wardroom mess" is the title of the social organization of the officers, and its *deus ex machina* is the caterer. He is one chosen from among his brothers to buy the food, and woe be to him if he does not know how to provide a good mess for \$1 per day for each man. For every officer has to pay his monthly mess bill out of his salary. Uncle Sam does not make him any special allowance for

edibles. Breakfast, on a man-of-war, is eggs, eggs, evermore eggs. You may have your eggs in any style, as long as they are eggs. Two poached eggs on toast and a cup of coffee the ward-room boy will serve to you at almost any time between 7.30 and 8.30 A.M. At twelve o'clock comes luncheon, which is usually called "breakfast." If ever a naval officer invites you to breakfast with him, he means luncheon, and he will give you a very substantial meal. Dinner takes place at 6 or 6.30 P.M., and on a flag-ship is accompanied by much activity on the part of the band. Once a month the caterer presents his bill. There is also a caterer for the wine and cigar mess, which is separate from the food mess. Claret, beer, ginger-ale, sherry, and soda are the chief ingredients of the wine mess. Whiskey and brandy are not allowed on board, except in the medical stores. If you need a cocktail, you must be on terms of confidence with the doctor.

The ward-room boys, who wait upon the officers, are almost invariably Japanese. Once in a while there is a Chinaman among them. These Japs are good boys, but they show a decided aversion to speak-

ing English, and an intolerable fondness for such names as Matsusama or Yamata. They are generally known as "William." That is easier. Now when the dun sides are vomiting flame and smoke, where is William? In the ward-room pantry, washing dishes? Not at all. The ward-room boys belong to that part of the ship's company known as "idlers." The idlers are those who do not do duty as seamen, and most of them are in the powder division. That is the portion of the crew whose business it is to get the ammunition out of the magazines and put it on the hoists which carry it up to the guns. That is the sort of work in which William is engaged in time of action, away down in the dim chambers below the water-line, where he will never know whether the ship is sinking till the water comes in upon him. And William does his work very well, too, in spite of his apparent ignorance of English, and his general aspect of mild-eyed wonder. He has his station also at "fire quarters," which is the general call for the extinction of a fire. William is then usu-

ally one of those who hold the nozzle of a hose pipe, or else he is one of those who bring hammocks to throw upon the flames and smother them. William is usually cool and courageous and goes a long way toward explaining how the Japs whipped the Chinese.

Now, "Jacky," as the sailor-man is called, does not have to provide either his own bed-linen nor his own food. He does not provide bed-linen, because it is a luxury for which he has no use, and, even if he had, he would not know where to put his linen when he was not sleeping upon it. Jacky's bed is a hammock, and it is a folding, portable bed of the most improved kind. People who swing hammocks on verandas in the summer know nothing whatever about Jacky's style of bed. His is made of an oblong piece of stout canvas, fitted with eye-holes in the ends. In the eye-holes are made fast small ropes, called "clews," and these are lashed at their outer ends to a ring. When Jacky's folding-bed is open for use, it hangs by these rings from hammock-hooks fitted to



Stowing Hammocks on the San Francisco.



The Office of the Executive Officer,
U. S. Cruiser Brooklyn.

the beams under the decks. Jacky has a mattress and a blanket in his bed, and he has to keep them there. When he "turns out," as getting up is called, he rolls his hammock up on its longest axis and lashes it with a rope provided for that purpose. There must be seven turns in the lashing, with one exactly in the middle. The clews are tucked in under the lashing. Jacky is allowed about ten minutes to turn out and lash his hammock. Then he goes up on the spar deck and hands the hammock to one of the stowers, who drops it into the nettings. The "nettings" are simply troughs in the ship's rail. A tarpaulin is hauled over the hammocks and laced down to keep the rain out, and there they stay till they are served out again at night. In the meantime, if Jacky desires to

sleep, and in war times he does very often need a nap, he must perforce seek the gentle caresses of a steel battle-hatch or an oily alley-way, where cooks and marines do break in and coal-passers corrupt. But a paternal Government provides the hammock for Jacky, and also allows him the use of the deck.

The same paternal Government also supplies the fighting sailor man and the idler alike with food. It allows thirty cents a day for the rations of each man, and thus presents a cheerful problem in house-keeping. There are two persons upon whom the



The Ship's Barber at Work, Cruiser Brooklyn.

solution of this problem falls. They are the paymaster and the cook. And the greater of these is the cook, for the paymaster has only to purchase the food, whereas the cook must, in some manner, contrive to make it sustain the life of the crew. In the merchant service, where ten cents a day is allowed for the support of a seaman, cooks are fond of making a menu wholly of "dog." Now,

The quantity of potatoes is decided by the number of men in the crew. The paymaster's yeoman, assisted by his valuable factotum, known as the Jack-o'-the-Dust, measures out the precise amount of each article allowed to the crew. This is served out to the ship's cook. After that the store-rooms are locked up. Now, on men-of-war the rations are served out for two or three days, sometimes for a week. If, therefore,



The Ship's Tailor.

Berth deck of the U. S. Cruiser New York.

"dog" is made chiefly of hardtack, put to soak overnight so that it becomes a sort of pulp. With the aid of molasses, which cuts a large figure in all ship's stores, this pulp is made into a mush and fried. It is not bad, but it is so frequent that you soon cease to wonder that it is called "dog." Man-o'-war Jack does not get "dog" very often, but his cook must be possessed of secrets similar to that of the process of manufacturing this curious dish.

The amount of each article of food, even to salt and pepper, allowed to each man for one day is fixed. The articles are provided by contract. For instance, the paymaster gets all the potatoes from a certain man as "per contract No. 2008."

the cook cannot make them last that long, the crew must go hungry. There is no possible way to get any more supplies. The paymaster is under a bond of \$25,000. If he buys more supplies than his vessel is allowed, he must foot the bill himself.

The ship's cook is a little king in his own domain. Uncle Sam pays him from \$20 to \$35 a month, according to the size of the ship, and he gets perquisites from the messes. The sailors are divided into so many messes, according to the parts of the ship in which they sling their hammocks at night. Each mess has its own cook, appointed almost invariably from among those of its own number having the least value as seamen. These cooks

work under the general supervision of the ship's cook, and heaven only has mercy on them if their work is not well done. A berth-deck cook who does not know how to make a fine hot dish out of canned corned beef and the "slush" left over from the fried pork of the previous day—well, it were better for him that a breech block were tied around his neck and that he were cast into the sea.

Jack's table hangs under the deck-beams when it is not in use, and is at all times innocent of napery. Enamelled plates, tin cups, iron knives, forks, and spoons are the table-ware, and scant time is expended in the nicer courtesies of eating. Jack has only half an hour for his meal and his smoke, and when the bugler blows the call to mess, the sailor-man proceeds on the "get-there" principle and does not stop the business action of his jaws to chatter idle thoughts. Twenty minutes or so are enough for the process of cleaning up after meals, yet it is all done with thoroughness, and the ever-watchful master-at-arms—"Jimmy Legs," as he is known because of his ceaseless prowling—sees to it that the work is well done.

All the cooking of the ship is done on one great range in what is called the "galley." The captain, who eats in solitary state in his own cabin, the officers, who mess together in the wardroom, the junior officers, who refresh their youthful strength in the "steerage," the warrant officers and the chief petty officers, who have separate messes, all have their cooking done on the galley-range. Here, too, the steaming "early morning coffee" is prepared. Jacky has to go to work washing down decks as soon as he is up in the morning, and he has to have a bracer of coffee before he is quite fit for that. The ship's cook is called very early, sometimes as early as three o'clock, by a messenger sent by the officer of the deck. There is always an officer on deck, day and night, even in port; and he is responsible for the carrying out of the routine of the ship. So when Jacky is up and dressed he gets his coffee and then he goes to work. At 7.30 he gets his breakfast and he is thoroughly ready for it. At eight o'clock he is dressed for the day and the colors go up. If the ship is in port all hands are on duty from "colors" to sunset, but in the dog watches



Galley of the New York.

Cooks and Japanese ward-room servants.



Marine Quarters.
Gun Deck, Cruiser Brooklyn.

—from 6 to 8 P.M.—Jacky is allowed considerable leeway, as he calls it.

It is then that he smokes his pipe and takes his ease and sings his songs. It is then that the marines relax their vigilance, and the corporal of the guard smiles upon a little skylarking. The marine is a being of whom most people know absolutely nothing. I have even seen in one of the most accurate New York papers a picture, labelled "Landing Marines at Forty-second Street," in which not a single marine appeared. Newspaper editors, like other landsmen, are prone to fancy that a marine must be a sailor. Usually he is so far from it that he excites in a sailor nothing but contempt. A marine is a soldier who does duty on a war-ship. His duty is chiefly that of a policeman. He stands guard, and sees that Jacky does not misbehave himself. He wears a soldier's uniform and learns a soldier's drills. He is employed sometimes at the secondary batteries when general quarters are sounded.

The marines of a ship have their own mess and their own berthing space, and they form a little community apart. Of course Jacky does not love the marines, and naturally the marines are not enamoured of

Jacky. Yet there is one touch of nature which makes them kin. That is the post-office. It is a marine who acts as mail orderly—the functionary who carries the mail to the post-office and brings it back. But he must not deliver Jacky's letters to him. The mail goes to the executive officer, who assorts it. That which belongs to the men is turned over to the master-at-arms, who distributes it. When Jacky wishes to buy postage-stamps he calls at the office of the sergeant of marines. If Jacky cannot write a very good letter himself, he gets a shipmate to do it for him. He would not allow a marine to do that. Jacky's ideas of those sea-soldiers are summed up in his old saying: "A mess-mate before a shipmate, a shipmate before a stranger, a stranger before a dog, and a dog before a marine."

What does Jacky do when he desires a shave or a hair-cut? Well, there is the ship's barber—or barbers, if it is a large vessel. Do not conjure up a picture of a Broadway barber-shop. There is no such luxury in the iron avenues of a war-ship. A seat on a mess-bench, a tin cup of cold water, and the heavy hand of an enlisted man, who has taken up the work



The Hospital ("Sick Bay"), U. S. Battle-ship Massachusetts.



The Crew of the Massachusetts at Mess.

of the barber because he belongs to the inglorious army of idlers, cannot write "A. B." after his name, and is, therefore, fit for nothing else. I was once on a cruiser which carried a regular barber. I think he was in the powder division at quarters. The barber has plenty to do. You will see few beards and many clean-shaven faces in a crew of three hundred men.

There are tailors and shoemakers, and printers, too, on board men-of-war. No community can get along without these needs of the daily life of our time, and a ship's company is a community. In these stern times of war it is a community that must live within itself for long periods. Off yonder, behind the blue rim of the deep-breathing sea, are leaden-tinted cruisers scouring the waters day and night, the steel watch-dogs of our coast. They seldom come into port, and when they do, it is to catch up a hasty cargo of coal and fresh supplies, and away again. And that is no joke, either. The vessel tugs at her anchor in the swift-running tide, while her commanding officer paces the deck impatiently waiting for the coal-barges. Presently the quartermaster reports them in sight and preparations are made for getting the coal on board. The barges come alongside and are made fast. The men tumble into them and begin the hot, dusty, choking labor of filling the bags, or other receptacles, with coal. The bags are hoisted in over the side and the coal is passed to the bunkers. The air around the ship is filled with the fine black dust. The men's faces become grimed with it. Their nostrils smart with it, and their eyes run tears which plough black and white furrows down their cheeks. But the word is "Hurry," for today we must take aboard one hundred tons of fuel for our roaring furnaces, and tomorrow away to sea to hunt the flying Spaniard.

The coal is aboard and a short, puffy navy-yard tug comes snorting and fuming alongside. On her deck stands our paymaster's clerk with a bundle of papers—invoices of stores. The deck around him is covered with heavy boxes and barrels. Man the tackles again, lads. Here are 1,000 pounds of beef and 1,000 pounds of pork. See that you store the pork on the starboard side and the beef to port, or you'll hear from the Executive Officer.

Bear a hand now, up with those fifty barrels of hard tack and in with those fifty barrels of beans. Here are bushels and bushels of potatoes, and one hundred twelve-pound cans of corned beef. Where on earth can we be going? It's a far cruise this time, boys, with blue water under the forefoot and a long roll to leeward. Strike the boxes and barrels below. Get the hose out and flush down the decks. Drive the dust and dirt down the scuppers into the sea. Call all hands. Up anchor. Four bells and ahead full speed. Turn to and clean the guns. Out to sea we go again. Put out every light on the ship. You, officers, if you wish to leave the ward-room to go on deck, see that you close one door before you open another. Not for your lives must you let a gleam of light flash out. No pipes nor cigars on deck. Some unseen enemy might spy the light. No talking; that might be heard. Through the fathomless gloom, a dim, uncertain shape, our vessel steals, watching the gloomy depths around her through a hundred restless eyes. Yonder comes the gray and yellow of a misty dawn at sea. Jaundiced lights and ashen shadows play along the water and flicker against the mouse-like skin of our ship. A man comes up from below in a hurry. He speaks to the officer of the watch. The next instant the rapid ringing of the ship's bell is heard, followed by some blasts of the bugle. It is the call to fire quarters. Is there really a fire on board or is it only a drill?

Jacky must not ask questions, but must bound to his post. Fire quarters means all hands. Officers who were up most of the night must turn out. Engineers rush to the engine-room or to the pumps. Divisional officers dash to the parts of the ship in which their divisions are situated. Every man in the ship knows his duty. The fire-station bill shows it. Some uncoil and lead out hose, while others are coupling it. Others get the nozzles and screw them on. Still others close ports and water-tight bulkheads. Some get hammocks and prepare to smother flames, and others form bucket lines. The engineer force looks after pumps and connections. The ship hums with the rapid rush of feet, but no one speaks except those who have commands to give, and all hands are alert and well-disciplined.

Was there really a fire? Yes, away

down in a gloomy place below decks, and some dark-faced fire-room workers put it out by turning steam on it. Bugler, sound the call to secure. Coil up the hose. Restore the hammocks and the buckets. All quiet again, and an eye out on every point of the compass. What will it be next?

It is a nerve-racking life in time of war, and might be a demoralizing one in time of peace. It wears out Jacky's heart as well as his trousers and his shoes. So in days of comparative idleness he often amuses himself by printing a newspaper—the *Ocean Wave* or the *Bounding Billow*—with the latest news from the fo'k'sle, special dispatches from the boiler-rooms, and condensed rumors from that foreign land abaft the mainmast where the king and his court dwell.

When Jacky is not reading his paper, he helps the tailor to put together a white working suit of particularly natty cut, or the shoemaker to patch a hole in a shoe. Jacky's working suits are better than those for sale in the South Street stores, and Jacky has a knowing way of making a knife lanyard which is as ornamental as a lady's lace. And when Sunday morning inspection comes around, and the Captain gravely promenades the decks between the slightly swaying lines of sailor-men, some of them feel that perhaps his eagle eye has noted the special neatness of their "rig," and they are accordingly filled with the pride of their kind. For Jack, like other men, is fond of a good appearance, and it is only in the discharge of the grim duties of war or the grimy duties of coaling that he consents to give ocular proof of the fact that he, like the rest of us, is made of the dust of the earth.

Little enough does Jacky see of Sunday morning inspections in the seething days of the Havana blockade or the warlike watches off Santiago's doomed forts. Even the old familiar drill of clearing ship for action is out of practice there, for the ships lie cleared all the time. Clearing for action means removing from the decks everything that can in any possible manner impede the rapid and effective movement of the guns or be shattered by shell in such a way as to make dangerous splinters. Off Cuba the big war-ship lies cleared for action always. There are only a few things to be done when the call comes. Only

a moment ago Jacky was reading his home-made paper, or watching the tailor mend his trousers. This minute the quartermaster on watch has reported the flagship's signal to go to general quarters, and the bugle has sounded the call.

The marine sergeant has bounded from his desk; the tailor has stopped his needle; the ward-room boy has dropped the half-cleaned dish; the cadet has left the unfinished letter to his mother, and the lieutenant his half-smoked pipe. The marines have dashed to their places at the secondary battery, and the seamen to theirs at the great guns. The cadet has gone to the masthead to keep the range, and the lieutenant is on the gun-platform of the after turret, between the two 13-inch guns. The ward-room boy and the rest of the powder division have gone to the magazines and shell-lockers.

"Cast loose and provide."

Training and elevating gear is loosed and tested; breech-blocks are thrown open, gas-checks are examined, implements necessary for the working of the guns are provided. In the turrets the hydraulic power is turned on, and the smoke-fans are started. But there is little to do. In these days we are ready all the time. In a moment comes the order to load. The ammunition-hoists in the turrets come clanking up with the huge projectiles and the massive cartridges. The hydraulic rammer glides forward and pushes the great 1,100-pound shell into the chamber; the powder follows, and the big breech-plug is swung into place and locked. The electric wire is attached to the primer. Jacky, stripped to the waist, the perspiration pouring off him in audible streams, falls back. The lieutenant on the gun-platform turns the brass circles on the sighting-telescopes to the correct range. He opens the hydraulic valve and elevates the breech of the gun. He whirls the little wheel in front of him and revolves the turret. Good! Now he puts his hand on the exhaust-valve. The breech of the gun comes slowly down; the muzzle goes slowly up. It reaches its level. The lieutenant touches the electric button. There is an appalling roar. The tremendous breech of the gun comes thundering back along its recoil-rail. The turret fills with whirling smoke and stifling odor. It trem-

bles on its firm base. But Jacky has opened the big breech and is sending a hose-stream of water in to clear the gun for the next shot.

Thus in the turret. On the superstructure a dozen six-pound rapid-fire guns are yelling in short, sharp yells and hurling a hail of steel at the shore batteries. The ship moves slowly along her coarse, surrounded by a vast curtain of swirling smoke pierced with long spurts of gleaming flame. The chief quartermaster, silent and stern, keeps his eye glued upon the

compass-bowl as he steers the ship. Shells shriek overhead and burst on every hand. The captain peers through the slits in the conning-tower, and issues his orders to his aides in quick words or silent gestures. The ship's company is at work, and the enemy is driven from his guns. A few hours hence, and the silence and gloom of the night-watch will settle down again, and Jacky, sleeping beside his steel thunderer, will dream of a navy-yard wharf, shore-liberty, a river of grog, and a mountain of tobacco.

THE CALL OF THE BUGLES

By Richard Hovey

BUGLES !

And the Great Nation thrills and leaps to arms !

Prompt, unconstrained, immediate,
Without misgiving and without debate,
Too calm, too strong for fury or alarms,
The people blossoms armies and puts forth
The splendid summer of its noiseless
might ;

For the old sap of fight
Mounts up in South and North,
The thrill
That tingled in our veins at Bunker Hill
And brought to bloom July of 'Seventy-
six.

Pine and palmetto mix
With the sequoia of the giant West
Their ready banners, and the hosts of war,
Near and far,
Sudden as dawn,
Innumerable as forests, hear the call
Of the bugles,
The battle-birds !

For not alone the brave, the fortunate,
Who first of all

Have put their knapsacks on—

They are the valiant vanguard of the rest !
Not they alone but all our millions wait,
Hand on sword,
For the word
That bids them bid the nations know us
sons of Fate !

Bugles !

And in my heart a cry,
—Like a dim echo far and mournfully
Blown back to answer them from yes-
terday !

A soldier's burial !
November hillsides and the falling leaves
Where the Potomac broadens to the tide ;
The crisp autumnal silence and the gray
(As of a solemn ritual
Whose congregation glories as it grieves,
Widowed but still a bride) ;
The long hills sloping to the wave ;
And the lone bugler standing by the grave !

Taps !

The lonely call over the lonely woodlands !
Rising like the soaring of wings,

The Call of the Bugles

Like the flight of an eagle !
Taps !
They sound forever in my heart !

From farther still,
The echoes !—still the echoes !
The bugles of the dead
Blowing from spectral ranks an answering
cry !

The ghostly roll of immaterial drums,
Beating *réveillé* in the camps of dream,
As from far meadows comes
Over the pathless hill,
The irremeable stream !
I hear the tread
Of the great armies of the Past go by ;
I hear

Across the wide sea-wash of years between
Concord and Valley Forge shout back
from the unseen
And Vicksburg give a cheer !

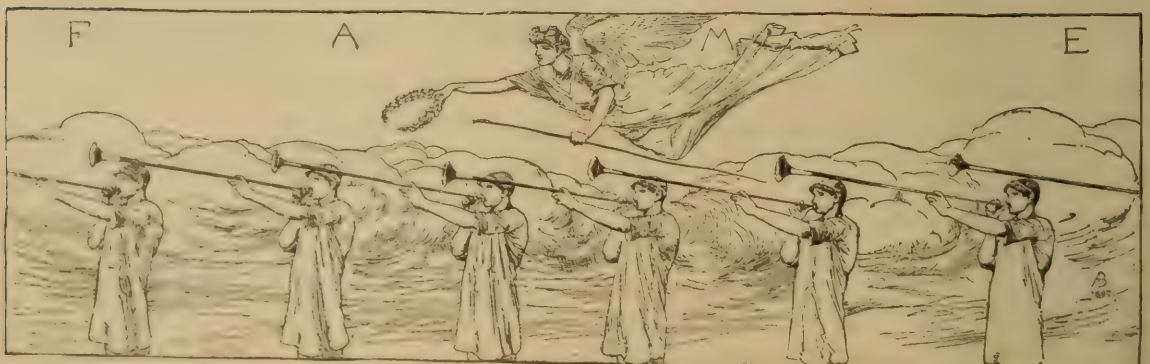
Peace to the valiant, sleep and honored
rest !

But we—awake !
Ours to remember them with deeds like
theirs !

From sea to sea the insistent bugle blares ;
The drums will not be still for any sake ;

And as an eagle rears his crest,
Defiant, from some tall pine of the North,
And spreads his wings to fly,
The banners of America go forth
Against the clarion sky.
Veteran and volunteer,
They who were comrades of that shadow
host
And the young brood whose veins renew
the fires
That burned in their great sires,
Alike we hear
The summons sounding clear
From coast to coast—
The cry of the bugles,
The battle-birds !

The imperious bugles !
Still their call
Soars like an exaltation to the sky ;
They call on men to fall,
To die—
Remembered or forgotten, but a part
Of the great beating of the nation's heart !
A call to sacrifice !
A call to victory !
Hark, in the empyrean
The battle-birds !
The bugles !



MUTINY ON THE FLAG-SHIP

By Anna A. Rogers



HERE were mornings of hard work among the wives of the North Atlantic squadron at the rendezvous in Hampton Roads, before the fleet went South for the winter.

And afternoons of gayety, laughter, music and dancing, for it must be done with a brave front, as sailors return to their ship after burying a comrade in some far strange land, their feet keeping step to a wanton jig, even if hearts lag a bit out of time. And there were long quiet evenings spent apart loverlike, by each couple, young and old alike, in those strangely happy homes in the Navy, that have no habitation, but where reigns good love and an abiding tenderness, preserved with pathetic significance, by separation and the ever-haunting element of danger.

Some of the women had a way of meeting after breakfast in Mrs. Kirk's rooms at the hotel at Old Point Comfort, as she, among other advantages, always travelled with a hand-sewing machine, and a wonderful arrangement of her own for heating an iron over gas-jets. So in face of all the bed-linen, towels, and napkins to be hemmed and marked for the sea-outfits, besides the usual ingenious beautifying of cramped state-rooms, to acknowledge Mrs. Kirk's popularity once for all had at least the merit of frankness.

"Where do you get all your ideas?" exclaimed little Miss Catherwood, who had just borrowed a pattern of the very last thing in ornamentally useless shoe-bags, and was slashing excitedly into pale green denim, sitting on the floor under Mrs. Kirk's eyes.

"My dear child, I've been 'on the road,' as Joe calls it, twenty-three years. I've fitted that man out for sea six times, counting broken cruises, you know; besides my son's two Academy cruises, to say nothing whatever of three ward-room messes; for I couldn't let those poor men—of course Joe said it was none of my business, and if he didn't give me enough

trouble to keep me occupied it could be easily remedied—you know the way he goes on! Well, all the same I simply could not sit still and see them pay the scandalous prices they always do for table-cloths—ordinary checker-board trash, mind you—and china, and glass and——"

"Thanks be to what's-his-name, those days are over!" interrupted Mrs. Holster, in her rattling way. She was short and stout and purple in the face as she knelt before a flat-topped trunk eking out, by agonized pressure, the waning heat of a flat-iron, on a last pillow-case corner.

"I remember the days when it used to cost the doctor seventy-five dollars to fit out for sea-service. Now, since the Department supplies the mess things, we get off with about twenty-five," remarked pale, serious Mrs. Clevelling, who admittedly did not show for it, but who was known to have that rare form of naval happiness called "money of her own."

"As I was saying," resumed Mrs. Kirk, a little austere at the interruption, naturally expecting a sort of grateful attention at least, in return for other more tangible liberalities.

"Come in!" screamed Mrs. Holster, who never burdened herself with points of etiquette, in response to a knock at the door.

Mrs. Kirk raised her eyebrows, deliberately took off her glasses, then arose and opened the door, the embroidered sponge-bag still in her hand.

"Mrs. Catherwood's compliments, and is Mrs. Kirk at home?" said the bell-boy, lifelessly.

"Well—er," hesitated Mrs. Kirk, turning and eying the general condition of congested confusion.

"We'd all better leave," suggested Mrs. Clevelling, calmly threading the needle of the sewing-machine.

"Just give us two seconds to scratch up our things," seconded Mrs. Holster, making a palpable feint at moving.

Miss Catherwood alone scrambled to her feet at the first word of the bell-boy,

jumbled all her work together, and slipped out of the door.

"Oh, not at all," ventured Mrs. Kirk, watching the others attentively.

"Mrs. Catherwood's compliments, and is Mrs.——" again began the colored boy, as irritably as he dared.

"I quite understand, Robert, and you may say to Mrs. Catherwood that Mrs. Kirk is at home——"

"I declare it's too bad," ejaculated Mrs. Holster, in a greatly relieved tone, settling down comfortably beside the trunk.

"——and will see her in the ladies' reception-room," continued Mrs. Kirk, triumphantly.

An imbittered silence followed Mrs. Kirk's smiling exit.

Finally Mrs. Cleveling sighed and said:

"I think she might have let her come right in, she's only one of us after all, with all her airs—and it wouldn't have hurt anybody, that I can see."

"It's something about Molly Catherwood's engagement, you may be sure. Mrs. Kirk and Mrs. Catherwood have been at it tooth and nail, ever since Mr. Spencer proposed and was accepted. He's one of Mrs. Kirk's pets, you know. I can't get much out of her—she's as tight's an oyster—but I worm it out of James, and there's precious little those men miss! They say Mrs. Catherwood seems to fairly hate her stepdaughter, and is moving heaven and earth to break the engagement. The Admiral's as helpless as a baby in his wife's hands. He's one of those domestic-peace-at-any-price sort of men, you know. Mrs. Kirk says he's out of his element on land. And do you know, Mrs. Cleveling—of course you won't repeat this—they say the step-mother sent for Mr. Spencer, since we've been here, and told him that he ought to release Molly, as there's somebody else the girl really cared for, and she considered it her duty to——"

"No!" cried the other, stopping in the middle of a seam in the laundry-bag.

"Yes, indeed, and Mr. Spencer was perfectly wild, and rushed back to the ship and wrote an awful letter to Molly, and Molly didn't understand, and was half-crazy, until she sent for Mrs. Kirk—her own moth-

er's old friend—and how long do you think it took that woman to untangle the whole thing?" Mrs. Holster demanded, laughingly.

"She's a handful," said the other.

"Precisely forty-five minutes—you see, Mr. Spencer had to signal for a shore-boat after he got her note."

"Well, if Mrs. Kirk's backing her, and I'm any judge, Molly'll marry her ensign in the end," and Mrs. Cleveling gave a dry little laugh, as she shook and began folding her work.

"Exactly so," giggled Mrs. Holster. After which they felt mutually impelled to rise and leave, but not before putting everything in almost painful order, and picking up the very last thread.

There was a hop on the flag-ship that afternoon, from three to six, to which the Admiral's wife did not go, but to which her step-daughter did, under Mrs. Kirk's eagle wing.

"How did you manage it?" whispered the girl, nestling up to her friend in the steam-launch, her brown, clear child's eyes looking gratefully up into the gray-haired woman's deeply lined, lovable old face.

"There's a way of thundering generalities at long range, and if one's aim is anyway good; little pop-gun personalities are very soon silenced—you may find it useful to remember that some day, dear," was the unsatisfactory reply.

As Mrs. Kirk stepped on deck a few minutes later, a broad-shouldered young officer seized her hand and whispered:

"Is she here? Did you bring her? Has she come, Mrs. Kirk? I haven't really let myself more than hope, but as I have the deck, I couldn't get ashore to find out, and——"

"If you'll stop talking one second, Basil Spencer, and give me a chance, I was about to tell you that she——"

"You angel!" he cried; and against all maritime and social laws, he squeezed by the line of people filing up the gangway ladder, and grasped the little white-gloved hand held out from the shadowed depths of the steam-launch.

"It's barn I was and bred in a bit av a lane contagious to Ballyneen—Cark, ye know—and I'll take me oat' to the sound av birds a-mating, and that's moighty loi-

the chune av it," said Moriarty—machinist—with one hand on a lever in the launch and jerking the other toward the young couple scrambling up the swaying gangway.

And the fireman, with the smile of a man of even superior experience, thought so too.

Three things combined to the happy working-out of an idea, which had possessed Mrs. Kirk for about twenty-four hours. First, Ensign Spencer being officer of the deck, could not dance, but was amenable to restricted conversation; second, the Admiral was there and his wife, very unwisely, was not; third, Lieutenant Commander Kirk was ashore on official duty with the Fleet Paymaster—and so safely out of sight and sound.

Mrs. Kirk felt it to be one of the many substantial compensations of middle age, that she could rise at will, cross the deck, and boldly pin down the ensign's wandering attention.

"Look at me, Mr. Spencer, and listen. The little figure in gray is still there: and, moreover, although she is dancing with a lot of other men—all of whom doubtless adore her—still I can assure you that she has confessed to a misguided preference for you; so be at peace and give me your whole attention for five minutes, if you can."

With a thumb stuck into his belt, he bowed low before her.

"You know perfectly well, madam, that at the merest hint I am all yours, forever and aye, eyes, ears, head, heart——"

"Oh, hush, boy, I want to talk sense for once, and I'm in a hurry. Now, may I say anything, ask anything I like?"

In the most *débonair* way in the world he smiled, throwing out and waving the hand which held the spy-glass; but the smile fled and it went through him like a galvanic shock, when she asked, sternly:

"Are you in debt, sir?"

"Well, by Jove!" he stammered, blinking at her with his merry gray eyes.

"Shocking, isn't it? Well, I have no daughters, but I have theories, and I'm working out one of them. I like you immensely, always have; approve of Molly's choice and all that—but there's a lot I must know before I really let myself go. Well, you haven't answered me."

"I don't owe a copper cash on earth, Mrs. Kirk."

"Paid for all your uniforms?"

"Yes."

"Including the last change of the last Secretary in the cap, shoulder-straps, and blouse?"

He laughed and nodded.

"Got anything on the books?"

"Six hundred and thirty-four dollars since Molly said 'yes,' and of course I joined the Mutual Aid," he replied, proudly: "Stingy? Why my wine bill for last month was just seventy cents, and I begrudged that."

"Good! Well—er, is there possibly anyone dependent upon you?"

"Not now," he said, gently, "there's only my sister left and my pay wouldn't keep her in white violets."

"Perhaps there's a little something outside your pay?" wheedled Mrs. Kirk. He fairly shouted:

"Oh, come in! take a chair, get out your knitting, do; make yourself perfectly at home," he mocked.

"I propose to my young friend."

"Well, yes—there's about seven and a half cents a year—nothing to blow about."

"Molly has about 'seven and a half cents' too, from her mother."

"Has she? I didn't know," he muttered, hastily, in the American shame-faced way.

"Yes, and everything counts in the Navy; it'll come in very handy some day. I remember so well at the end of the first month we were married, there was exactly five dollars left of the family funds, and we tossed up to see whether he should buy one of the new-shaped derby hats, or I a pair of cork-soled boots I had taken a fancy to. Joe won it, and then, bless you! we spent it like the two happy young idiots we were, on the theatre and oysters and musty ale afterwards—down Boston way."

They laughed together, and then he asked, meekly, still not daring to let his eyes wander:

"Please, ma'am, is the little figure in gray still there?"

"It is, and dancing with a far handsomer man than you."

"Who's that?" he demanded, sharply,

turning truculently to see, to her intense delight.

"You may go now; I've done with you."

He strode away, but after a few steps he returned and exclaimed:

"By the bye, Mrs. Kirk, what was it all about, anyway? This catechism? And have I passed?"

She waved him off.

"You have passed—the rest is my affair."

The rest seemed to consist in tracking Admiral Catherwood to his cabin, where, having a slight cold, he held a reception between dances all the afternoon.

Mrs. Kirk waited for one of the lulls in the intermittent stream and then settled comfortably down on the transom beside his desk.

The Chief Engineer was turning over photographs in the after-cabin, and beside him the widow whose open designs upon him was one of the jokes of the flag-ship, so Mrs. Kirk had the Admiral quite to herself.

"It seems like old times to come into your cabin for a little chat," she began, smiling into the fine, white-bearded face before her.

"A long, long time ago, wasn't it, Mrs. Kirk?" he said, smiling back.

"You were captain then—one of the war captains, weren't you? And we were all young together."

"In the Mediterranean."

"Yes."

"Remember Venice?"

"Dear old days!"

There was a short silence, then he glanced about and lowered his voice.

"She—she had an especial fondness for Venice, do you remember?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember that morning on the piazza when the pigeon lighted on her shoulder——"

"A little white one, yes."

"And she suddenly ran to me and burst out crying, to our dismay, and she said it was all too good to last, she was too happy, too——" His voice broke, and hers took it up and mused very softly, to give him time.

"And she dropped her little cornucopia of corn, and the pigeons came in a

whirl about us, standing there in the warm sunshine."

She waited a moment in silent sympathy and then said:

"Molly grows more and more like her mother every day, don't you think so, Admiral?"

"Yes, but she'll never be as beautiful. And yet it almost hurts sometimes; and one evening (I think I must have been dozing) I called her by her mother's name. It was a shock to us all," he added, grimly.

Mrs. Kirk found no difficulty in imagining the situation in its several bearings.

"I wonder," he began, hesitatingly, turning toward the desk in his revolving chair—"do you know, Mrs. Kirk, I've got a little *carte de visite* of Annie, I'd like to show you. I like it better than any I ever had of her."

He gave an embarrassed cough, and then began fumbling with the lock of one of the side-drawers of his desk. She sat watching him with kindly eyes, as he leaned over a bundle tied separately, from which he gently drew an envelope. And then it was his turn to watch Mrs. Kirk's face for a reflex of his own admiration.

A much more acute observer of women than the Admiral would never have supposed for an instant that she considered it a wretched likeness of a much-loved face, nor that she was saying to herself, at that moment:

"The longer the Admiral is married to the second Mrs. Catherwood, the more tender grow all memories of the first Mrs. Catherwood."

It was very easy after that for her to say, making a move at last on the board she had set to her liking:

"Well, if Mr. Spencer will only make Molly half as happy as you did her mother——"

"Why, there's nothing in that, is there?" he asked, surprised.

"There's everything in it, Admiral."

"Is that so? Is that so? Mrs. Catherwood seems to think it'll blow over. To be sure, Molly came off one night and took dinner here alone with me, and she told me a long *rigmarole*, and laughed and teased and whispered with her little nose tucked into my blouse, but I didn't pay

much attention to it, especially after I'd talked it over with Mrs. Catherwood."

"It's hard to give up our babies, isn't it?" she said, gently; "but Annie's little girl is a woman now, and she has chosen, and Joe and I think very wisely. I've known him since he was a cadet; he graduated in my boy's plebe year."

"Fine enough young fellow, as far as I know; but, good Lord, Mrs. Kirk, he's only an ensign."

"Annie fell in love with an ensign once."

"So she did; so she did," he laughed, softly to himself, and added, naively:

"But what Molly can find in young Spencer to want to spend her entire life with him, is beyond me!"

It was her turn to laugh, saying:

"Don't you think all our marriages are more or less of a mystery to our relations?"

"Um—— Yes, I dare say, and to ourselves, too, sometimes," he ruminated; then he recognized his inadvertence with a start, and asked, quickly:

"You were saying ——?"

"That you have no real objection to him, then."

"No, no; not in the least—and we must have Annie's wee bairn happy—I insist on that," he said, with all the vehemence of cowardice.

"Because, of course, I would not push anything you personally opposed for the world, and I warn you, Admiral, I've gone heart and soul in for this little love-affair." She arose as she spoke, and held out her hand.

The Chief Engineer rewarded Mrs. Kirk with a glance of strenuous gratitude, then she approached and carried off the reluctant widow.

"She'll land you yet, Chief," laughed the Admiral, when they had the cabin to themselves. Smiling feebly and muttering something about "signing the steam-log," the old Chief slunk sheepishly away.

Mr. Spencer had been relieved at eight bells, had laid aside the belt and binocular of office, and had assumed an immediate continuous and triumphant guard over the small person in gray.

He had cornered her, so that no living thing born of woman could approach her, and there Mrs. Kirk's sweeping glance found and brooded over them.

They were past the laughing ripple and splash of love running over its first sunny shallows, and were among the sad, sweet silences of deeper pools, farther down nearer the sea of nature's ends, and the gray eyes looked into the brown eyes smilelessly.

"Molly," demanded Mrs. Kirk, abruptly, an hour later, as they walked down the wharf to the hotel, "has the Admiral's wife really anyone else in her mind, or is it a man of straw?"

"I'm afraid so," was the luminous reply.

"Rich, old, wicked and hideous," asserted Mrs. Kirk, fiercely.

"Handsome, stupid, young, only what's called 'rising,' I believe; but oh, Mrs. Kirk! he's perfectly, awfully, disgustingly horrid."

"Some sort of relation of hers, perchance."

"How did you know?" in amazement.

Mrs. Kirk cleverly turned a scornful snort into an extremely lady-like cough.

That evening she noticed that Molly did not appear at dinner, and she strolled past the Catherwood table on her way out, and stopped to inquire.

"Mary overdid it this afternoon, as she always does when I'm not with her," was the sweet response, with that voice and air of ultra-refinement that Mrs. Kirk found so wearing. The Admiral started to say something, but changed his mind, and Mrs. Kirk passed on.

"Oh, Mrs. Kirk, please, please stop one minute—come into my room—something awful's happened. I've been watching for you," cried a forlorn little figure in a voluminous wrapper, darting out suddenly upon her.

Mrs. Kirk threw out an arm and swept the girl back into her room, shut and locked the door, closed the transom in a flash, then extended both arms toward Molly, who cast herself into them and broke into violent sobs.

"Oh, nothing's quite so hopeless as that, dear heart; nothing's as bad as that," cooed Mrs. Kirk in her motherly way, patting Molly's shoulder, and letting her have her cry out. Finally came in gasps:

"She—she's just told us—papa and me—that she's booked us for Havre—she and I—to sail next Wednesday—and the fleet

doesn't sail till Saturday ; and that—that man is going, too, for he wrote me so months ago. And papa said—Oh, Mrs. Kirk, papa said : 'D—damn everything !' and that did seem just—just too much," and Molly renewed her weeping.

"I should think it might," came soothingly from Mrs. Kirk.

"And they'll hide letters and things—I'm just as sure—and ruin both our lives forever and ever—Basil's and mine."

"So that's why your father couldn't meet my eye to-night, poor old dear," was Mrs. Kirk's sole comment.

After awhile, she said :

"Go and bathe your face now, Molly, and when you get quite quiet again, come and sit down here opposite me ; I've got something to say. I made up my mind yesterday to interfere—although it's a thing I'm constitutionally opposed to, as you know—and this only hurries matters somewhat."

When the poor little grief-distorted face was turned to her once more, Mrs. Kirk drew a long breath, and leaning forward, said :

"Now are you ready for something tremendous? Something radical?"

"Anything you——" A sharp rap on the door made them both start guiltily, and they waited in silence with fingers on their lips, until an impatient swish of vanishing skirts announced a danger passed.

"Then if you and Mr. Spencer have a grain of sense and will-power between you, you'll get married at once—here, this week, at the Post Chapel, and then you and I can join the fleet later at Key West when they go there for drills ; and then we——"

"Mrs. Kirk !" cried the girl, now on her feet, staring wildly, "that's just what Basil was begging me to do this afternoon !"

"Sensible Basil ! Oh, I'll put you through—leave them all to me." Mrs. Kirk was extremely exhilarated.

"It can't be done—it simply cannot be done," protested Molly, walking to and fro excitedly, the tide of difficulties rising momentarily around her very feet.

"You—you haven't anything that would do for a quiet morning wedding, have you? Something that would be suitable, with a bunch of roses and just the right hat and gloves?" The younger woman hesitated, and forthwith fell into the trap.

"My new winter suit came this very morning from Baltimore. It might—I don't know—" Molly began to laugh, recklessly.

"It's not black?" fairly shrieked the other in a sudden panic.

"No, the new blue."

"Something new,
Something blue,"

sang Mrs. Kirk, breaking off suddenly with "Hat too? The whole business?"

"The whole business."

"Let me see it," ordered Mrs. Kirk, rising, and after that of course the rest of it was a mere matter of time.

A half hour later, just as Mrs. Kirk was leaving the room, the girl flew up to her and then stood silent, with flushed, down-cast face, pretending a sudden interest in the other's belt-ribbon.

"What is it, Molly?"

Miss Catherwood reached up and drew the gray head down to her and whispered :

"You mustn't—please, don't write and let Basil think I've—I've jumped at it, will you?"

Justly indignant, Mrs. Kirk replied :

"What sort of a woman do you take me for?"

"Well, I was just going back to the ship," remarked Lieutenant-Commander Kirk, savagely, when his wife finally swept into their apartment and found him, watch in hand, obstinately refusing to do anything but count the flying moments.

"I've been waiting exactly three-quarters of an hour ; and considering the fact that I've been on duty for the last forty-eight hours, I did expect——"

"Joe Kirk, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't you suppose I'd far rather be sitting quietly here, worshipping you, than trying to untie knots in other people's lives, and sacrificing every inclination I have?" she exclaimed, wrathfully.

He began to laugh and sat watching her, with eyes in which his own wrath had suddenly died completely away.

"Well, Sue, so you're at it again," was all he said ; and although she struggled against it, she soon added her laugh to his. Then she went to him with the old caress she knew he was waiting for.

"Listen !" she exclaimed, standing back before his chair, and she poured out the

whole plot down to the benediction. Then she braced herself for the verdict.

He began solemnly, his eyes on the chandelier :

“ ‘The punishment of death or such other punishment as a court-martial may adjudge, may be inflicted on any person in——,’ ”

“ Joe, what *do* you mean? ”

He mumbled on :

“ ‘——Who makes or attempts to make, or unites with any——,’ ”

“ Joseph D. Kirk, if you—— ”

“ ‘——does not immediately communicate his knowledge to his superior or commanding officer,’ ” he ended, impressively. Then when he was tired of laughing at her, he said :

“ Why, Sue, its mutiny, that’s what it is ! And somebody will dangle on the yard-arm for it—you’ll see.”

“ You don’t suppose—— ” she began, nervously.

“ Oh, go on, go on ! have your fun out, amuse yourself, dear ; don’t mind me,” he cried, in evident enjoyment.

Mrs. Kirk was never very clear in her mind about the next three days, but several facts stood clearly out from the general jumble. Notably, Mrs. Clevering’s marvellously successful trip to Baltimore in Miss Catherwood’s behalf, where the lengths to which she made a very modest check go, were almost beyond belief. While Mrs. Holster, although hysterical from excitement, cut, ripped, sewed, and pressed till Molly fairly cried over a blister she discovered on her small, fat thumb.

“ People have such an aggravating way of disproving one’s previous estimate of them when it comes to emergencies,” remarked Mrs. Kirk to her husband, who found the whole situation singularly stimulating.

Mrs. Kirk, among other things, had had a short talk with Mrs. Catherwood, then a long talk with the Admiral, who then had a very brief one with his wife, the result being that he retreated to the flag-ship, and did not come ashore till the day of the wedding, while Mrs. Catherwood had her meals served in her room and refused to see anyone.

The four other women in the “ Navy corner ” met and conspired together in

Mrs. Kirk’s historic rooms, where Mr. Spencer was wont to vent publicly upon her thin, cold knuckles, in a manner hitherto quite foreign to him, some of his pent-up gratitude.

“ You angel ! ” again fell from his lips.

“ Ah, if I could only convince Joe of that,” she sighed ; thereupon Molly appealed to the others, and pouted and scolded with the prettiest pretense of jealous rage, her eyes and cheeks and voice one quiver and blaze of happiness.

Mrs. Catherwood did the right thing in the end, as Mrs. Kirk felt almost sure she would, and none but the few initiated ever fancied what was hidden beneath that gracious smile and motherly solicitude.

The radiant, insistent presence of Mr. Spencer’s sister “ in a costume,” as Mrs. Holster said, “ that simply placed the whole affair,” helped them all to that conventional pose, which Mrs. Kirk yearned for with an inconsistency that even she found incorrigible.

There was the usual crush and perfumed rustle in the little old church inside the fort ; the organ throbbing through the vibrating silence ; the lane of softened light from the open door ; the women with that air of festivity that they always manage to achieve on even the most limited notice ; the officers from the fleet and garrison in their several uniforms ; flowers here and there in high light ; then silence—and the chaplain of the flag-ship began to read the service in a voice that sent a quiver of relief through Mrs. Kirk’s over-wrought nerves. She stared at the Admiral’s epaulets, and above them at his silvery head before the altar, with tired eyes that would fill with tears in memory of old days, when all their heads were young ; and then she felt about blindly, until her hand found rest in Joe’s strong quiet grasp of perfect understanding.

“ I’m after tellin’ yer ! ” whispered Moriarty, with a poke at the fireman, as he sent the steam-launch flying on its way to the flag-ship, where the Admiral gave the wedding-breakfast.

And while the launch waited, floating idly, Moriarty went back to it, more at his ease.

“ Cushla machree ! ” he cried, with a kiss to the ship.

“ Colleen bawn ! ” returned the fireman,

not to be left behind at weddings, if only hailing from the Bowery.

"Agus asthore!" snapped Moriarty, firing up.

"Alannah!"

"Musha!"

"Ma'vourneen!"

"Manim asthee hu, asthore galh machree!" hissed Moriarty wildly, and the fireman gave it up.

Later, after the young couple had slipped away to Virginia Beach—so they said, one never knows—the Admiral found a chance to say hurriedly to Mrs. Kirk, to her great bewilderment of mind:

"Don't blame me altogether, it was a sort of bargain, to make things go off smoothly for little Molly—please don't blame me altogether, and the boy's out there—and—and—you understand." But she didn't in the least till later.

She was in the depths of a natural reaction toward evening, when one of the Japanese ward-room boys from the flag-ship brought her a note from her husband.

"Poor old Sue, more trunks, more stifling cars, more rolling ships! We're on the road again, dear. I knew I'd hang for that mutiny, sooner or later. Orders have just come detaching me, and sending me to the command of that cherished old navy tub, the Monocacy, popularly known as the Jinrikisha, which is at present in sweet, savory Chemulpo. Never mind, old girl, the joy of saying 'I told you so,' tides over everything for me, and you're to go along, of course. I'll draw three months' advance—so cheer up, your blessed boy is out there; we'll see him in

Kobe, if all goes well—and then I'll command my first ship at last!"

"Joe, Joe, what have I done?" wailed Mrs. Kirk, tears running down her face. "This is her work—the—the fiend! She bullied the Admiral into it—that's what he meant." Then suddenly she began to laugh. She dried her eyes, and just as she was, letter in hand, she knocked at Mrs. Catherwood's door, and burst into the room with nicely calculated impulse, and quite without her accustomed ceremony.

"Oh, do forgive my running in on you in this way, but I have a piece of good news that really wouldn't keep a second. Joe has just got orders to the China Station! Just what we've been plotting, and planning, and wire-pulling, and hoping, and longing for for two mortal years. My boy is out there; may be you didn't know? We have friends all over Asia; we were there ten years ago, and then Joe'll have his first command, and he's perfectly delighted, and we'll go out together overland and by mail steamer, and—it makes me feel young again, just to think of it;" she stopped, fairly out of breath.

"How very nice," was all Mrs. Catherwood said, but her thin, delicate face, had turned white, and her eyes were mere malignant slits as she faced her enemy.

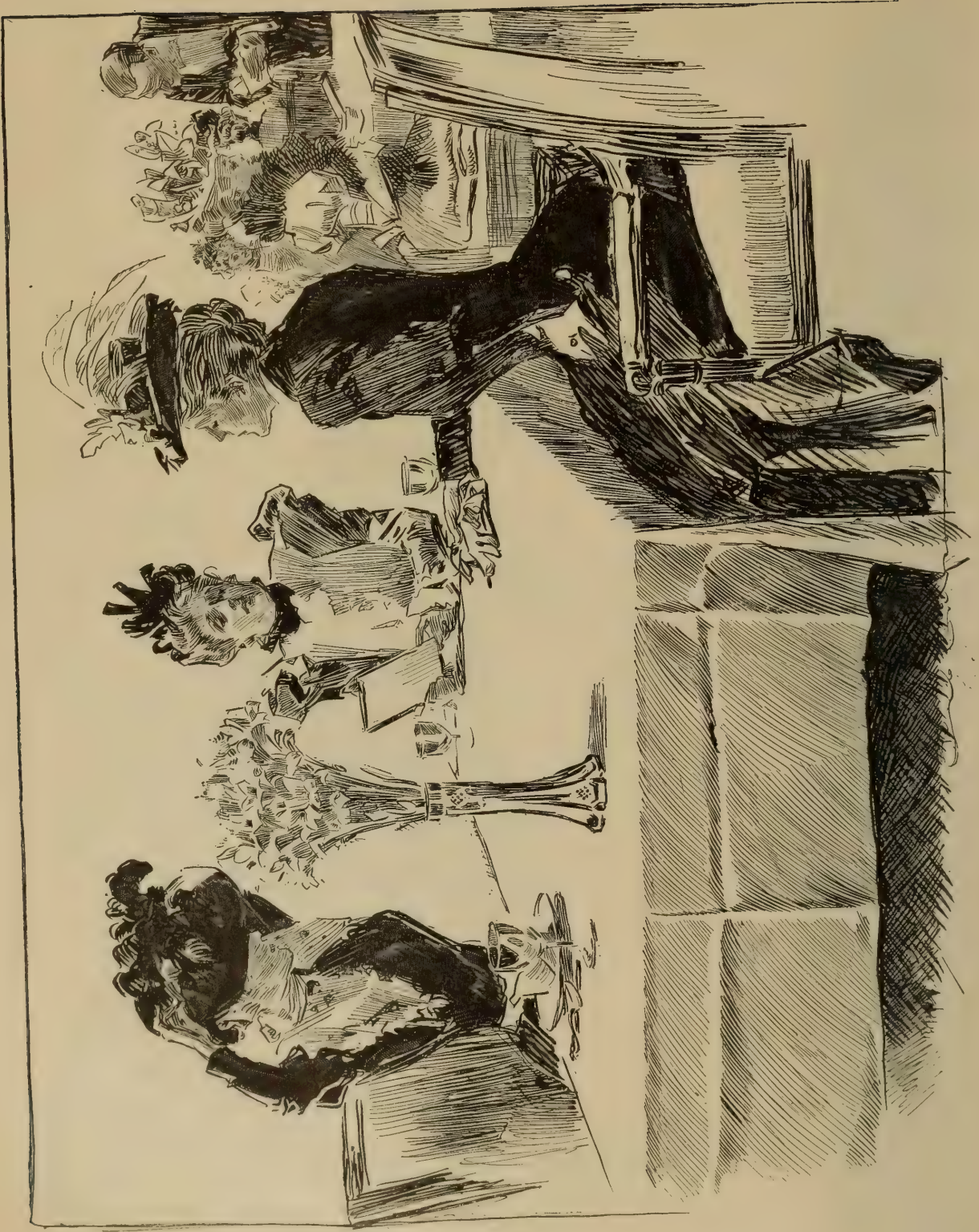
"Now, I must go and tell the others, and write a good-by to the dear Admiral, and another to Molly Spencer—how smoothly that runs, doesn't it?" Mrs. Kirk went on almost girlishly; chuckling softly to herself, as she strode down the hall:

"I do wish Joe could have seen that!"



A
NEW YORK
DAY
BY C.D.GIBSON
"NOON"





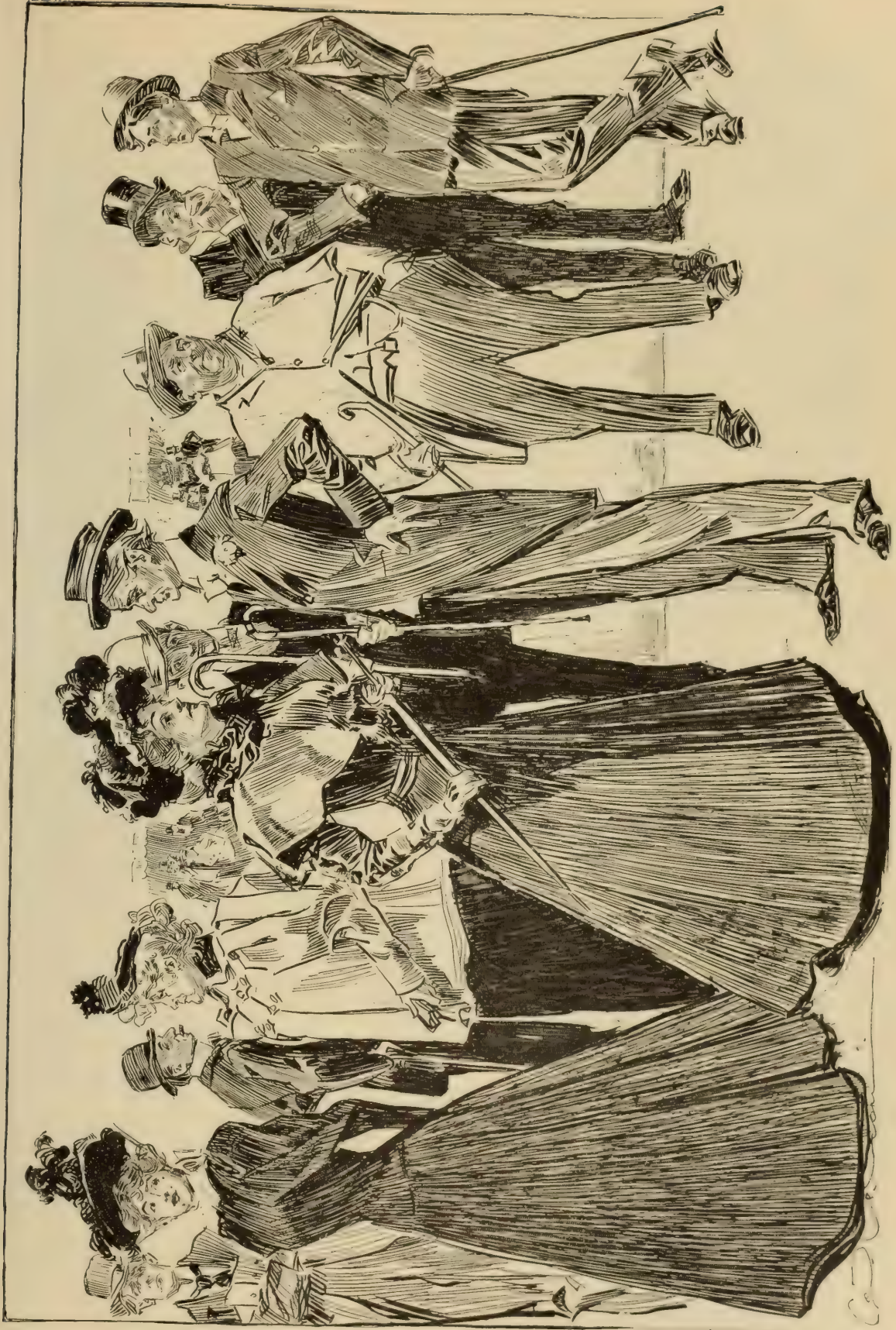
Luncheon.



The May Queen.



"On the Sidewalks of New York."



Upper Broadway at Noon—Some Professional People.



What his frowning gray eyes saw was not the oaken woodwork of the office.—Page 315.

THE CONSCIENCE OF A BUSINESS MAN

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

A SMALL cyclone was blowing at the eight-inch mill of the Edgewater Steel Works. Sam Swift, the roller, commonly a mild and taciturn man, had been exasperated to the swearing point (which, in truth, is easy to reach in a rolling-mill !) by the persistent and heart-breaking stupidity of his finisher. The last offence was forgetting to grease the hole, causing the oval iron to stick, so that when the roller impatiently clapped his tongs to it, it was beyond a giant's muscles, and Swift had pulled it out of the guides, cursing. "Yesterday you tangled up the ovals, and to-day you forget the grease," he raged. "You're the worst man to poke in iron I ever did see ! Blank ! blank !! blank !!!" —the finisher taking it all with exemplary patience, and Swift, amid his swelling

fury, not losing a second, but rapidly and effectively pushing a new oval into the guides.

Finally the finisher opened his lips, but not to defend himself. He said, meekly, "Say, Sam, there's the kid and Mr. Jamieson and the old man coming our way, right behind you."

Sam remarked that he didn't care if the devil were coming ; but it was one thing to swear at his finisher himself, quite another to expose him to censure from the higher powers, and he subsided into a resentful silence.

Young Randall, the secretary, came first, a pleasant, cool figure, that steaming August day, in white duck, with a pink rose in his buttonhole. Next, Mr. Manning Jamieson, the treasurer, middle-aged,

meagre, rather near-sighted, never knowing any of the men; and last, was the president, "the old man." Rivers was his name—Jabez Wentworth Rivers. He always signed it J. W. Rivers. He was of middle stature and full habit, and when moved to anger (which was oftener than was good for his soul) he would grow very red in the face. Randall, who had inherited his father's stock, and was but recently graduated from Harvard, considered his senior to be lacking in dignity. Secretly, also, he had feared that Rivers's business talents had been overrated. He

was too cautious; he did not perceive business possibilities quickly. Randall said as much to Jamieson once; that was in the spring, and Jamieson had answered, grimly, "This is no year for branching out; the old man is right." To-day, Randall thought Jamieson was telling the truth. His eye wandered to the dinner-buckets that were coming into the mill.

"If we shut down what will they have to put in them?" he questioned, and his face darkened. He did not notice Swift smiling and nodding.

The roller's face fell. "Can't be he's



mad at me for anything," he thought. "Oh, I guess he's jest busy thinking." He liked the secretary—all the men liked him, he was so sunny and good-natured, and remembered their given names.

The old man rolled in, looking much as usual, finding time to stop and mutter over some ovals a fraction too small. Nobody else would have noticed them;

"Yes, sir; orders give out—folks won't specify. Waiting till after election, they say."

"Who told you?"

"Nev' mind; I ain't giving it away. Say, did you mind how glum the kid was?"

"What if he was?"

"That's what. He thinks it an all-



"He showed me Jabez's certificate."—Page 314.

they were accepted by an amiable inspector, without kicking, the next week. He nodded at Swift in passing. But the roller looked after him and shook his head. The old man was aging, or else something had gone wrong; he didn't have that drawn twitch about his mouth last week. At noon the heater of the twelve-inch mill sauntered up to Swift. He was a man who picked up all the shop gossip. "Hear they're going to shet down, Monday," he remarked.

"H——!" said the roller.

fired shame, and so 'tis. Say, I got five children, oldest ain't 'leven. Mill I was working in last shet down and didn't run for two months. Save anything? How'n h—— kin I save anything, me in that fix? I tell you, Sammy, it's all wrong, jest like the kid says—I heard him talking to some girls he was taking over the works—our hull industrial system is wrong, says he. You bet your life it is, too! Look at old Rivers, s'posing they do shet down, 'twon't faze him. He'll be making a little less money, that's all; but you'n' me will

be skinning round for credit at the grocer and figurin' how often a week we dast have meat ! ”

“ I guess it won't be precisely a picnic to Jabez Rivers,” said the roller, mildly, as became a conservative and “ better fixed ” man. The roller had saved money ; neither was he so rich in the poor man's joys as the other.

“ Lemme tell you something. What do you think of a man who's going to spend forty or fifty thousand dollars buying a house while men are begging for work to keep their families ? That's what he's going to do, and shet down his shops. Do you call that fair dealn' ? ”

“ He's *got* a house ; what do you mean ? ”

“ I know he has—a fine one ; that makes it worse. 'Tain't as if he was having to pay rent. No, sir ; I know all about it.”

“ Maybe 'twould ease you a mite to spit it all out, then. What's the old man wanting a fifty - thousand - dollar house for ? He ain't one of them all-for-show folks. Never was.”

The heater extracted a light-brown and slightly crumpled cigar from a pocket, lighted it, and puffed a second under the critical gaze of the roller.

“ *Segars !* ” commented the roller. “ I smoke a pipé, but he with five children and his wife not rugged, he must have his *segars*. Hm ! ” But this was in silence, and the heater continued, “ Why, 'twas like this : The old man come round to the twelve-inch with Jamieson and they were talkin', and I heard him say, ‘ Yes, I got the cash together, fur ’—I don't mind the name—‘ is after the place, too ; but spot cash will be the temptation nobody can resist these days. I can tell you it was rather a job getting it myself, and I guess I sacrificed some things ; but I tell you ’—and when he got there the old man spoke kinder queer, dretful earnest I call it, and, says he, ‘ Jamieson, my mind's ben sot on gittin' that house ever sence I was a little shaver, worrying 'cause my mother was setting up nights to knit me mittens. First, I was going to buy it for my mother, then for my wife, and now, I guess it'll end in being for my daughter. That house used to be my grandfather's, and I guess there ain't a living being

knows what I felt about gitting it back agin ; but when I could buy it, I hadn't the money, and when I got the money the folks that had the house wouldn't sell it ; but my chance is come,’ says he. Then Jamieson, he mumbled something—he's kinder bloodless feller, Jamieson, you know—and they went away : But I know he's kep' at it. That's why we can't run the shops.”

“ If they shet down the shops,” said Swift, dryly, disdaining to show any impression made on him by the other's narrative, “ if they shet down the shops it will be because they can't run them on a profit. Nobody's going to run shops at a loss. *You* wouldn't in the old man's place.”

“ I wouldn't make my profit out of flesh and blood, I know that much,” said the heater, doggedly ; “ but I know the Rivers tribe, root and branch. They're hard, driving men. I come from Jabez Rivers's town, and my father's seen him when he needed shoes on his feet, too. He needn't talk so big. His father was none too fine a man—got drunk and squandered his money, and his ma took in sewing. He'd ought to know how it feels to have your stomach pinched ; he's had many a hungry day, I guess, himself. But his grandfather, the old judge, he was a cruel old tyrant ; and the old man's a chip of the same block ; and he forgets how he was poor himself, and takes it out of the poor man. You'd think he'd sorter want to help a man come from his own town ——”

“ He did give you a job,” said Swift.

“ A job ! Ain't I give him good work ? ”

“ Well, you're all right when you're steady ; but last week when the old man come round I looked to see you git a walking ticket——”

“ I was doing my work if I was a bit in liquor ! ”

“ A bit is it ? a *good* bit. I seen him squinting his eyes at you, and I could not make out why he turned the other way and never took no notice. I can, now. It's lucky for you you come from the same town.”

The townsman sneered, but made no reply, while Swift drank the last swallows of his coffee, and said that his wife certainly did make good coffee.

"I don't expect *my* wife'll have a chance next week to make any coffee, good or bad," was the heater's dismal comment; "but you bet the Rivers won't stint in *their* coffee! I swear I don't think it fair dealing—one man's to git all the good things of living and another, jest's good, to go sweating out his days and glad for a drop of whiskey to forget his misery!"

"If it comes to that, where's the fairness of the Lord's making one man smart and another a poor, shiftless fool, don't know enough to keep a job when he gits it?"

"There ain't so much difference in men's intellecks, if you come to that! It is the way they're treated. It's this present iniquitous industrial servitude which pulls the laboring man down and keeps him down!"

"There ain't sech an awful difference in rich folks' happiness and poor folks'," began Swift, but the heater cut in, excitedly, "There's all the difference in the world. Look at me, lost a child with diphtheria, and drinking ever since, 'cause I can't bear the sorer, and look at him——"

"Yes, look at him! His son Tom, oldest son, died four years ago, this last winter——"

"And the best thing he ever did do," interrupted the heater, with a sneer, "call that a trial?"

"Don't you call it the wust kind of trial that your son's death should be the best thing could happen to him and to you? Well, I do. And then his wife's been dead a good while; and he lost Jabez last summer, a little more'n a year ago. Jabez——" the roller hesitated for a second, adding, in a careful voice, a little dry and higher, "Jabez, he was learning the business, he worked with me, my finisher. He was a mighty nice boy. That's what I called him—Jabez. And he called me Sam. I've——" his voice caught on something in his throat and staggered a little—"I've swore at him many a time! We were good friends, we were; and he knew how to take things, and we'd have our dinners together. My wife always sends me in hot dinners, and Jabez he liked them lots better than the girly things they'd be putting into his pail. Jabez had more pluck than a game rooster. I never

saw a man stand up to it, after he'd been burned, better'n him! And smart—he was the smartest boy ever in these works or anywhere else, and just as pleasant-tempered and high-principled, and the old man set his eyes by him. They'd ride home every evening, in the buggy, Jabez slouching his back over, for all the world like the old man. He didn't look much like him, though. I guess he was the handsomest feller ever seen in this town; and when he wasn't working you'd ought to seen his clothes. I went to the theatre with him, once. He was better dressed than the man on the stage that was playing he was an earl, or some sech foolishness. The kid is nice looking; but he ain't in it with Jabez. Don't you call it terrible to lose a son like that?"

The heater admitted that it was hard, but a good deal depended on how much a man felt—the Riverses were always hard as nuts.

"Maybe the old man is and maybe he ain't," said Swift. "I know one thing, he'll never cease mourning for Jabez, 'til his own time comes. He's showed me—I went up to his house once, he asked me, 'bout some business—he showed me Jabez's certificate that he got to college, all writ in Latin; and he told me some about the boy, what a good boy he was. 'You needn't tell me nothing 'bout that,' says I, 'ain't he worked with me!' I guess I sorter broke down then, I was feeling awful bad myself. The old man and me always seemed to understand each other after that, somehow. He'd come here and stand 'round where Jabez used to work, never saying a word. I'd know he was thinking how Jabez used to look, laughing and hustling about; and I'd want so to say a word and know I couldn't, and feel so—so *dam* I'd have to go off and swear about it to Knute and Johnny, who knew Jabez, too."

The heater thought maybe the old man felt bad; *he'd* never seen any sign of feeling about any of the Riverses; "maybe Sam knew the old man better——"

"Lots better," returned Sam, calmly; "I ought to, seeing I've worked with him going on nine years. The old man has got lots of good things 'bout him. He always keeps his word; and he fights fair." Sam laughed. "That makes me

think of the time we struck on him, when I was first working with him. I was one of a deputation foolish enough to try to scare the old man ; and by—he put us out of the window while we were plunging 'round with our pops. I had to laugh, he did it so slick. 'I'll report you to the lodge,' says he ; 'you're clean against your own rules and regulations ;' and I told the boys we were. So we were, too ; the old man was sound. We had a talk, next day, and fixed things up pretty much his way. I didn't suppose he'd noticed me ; but, about a week after, there happened to be a job at night rolling and he gave it to me, and in a month he gave me the mill. 'I notice you have a little horse sense, Swift,' says he ; 'keep it !' Well, I've tried to. I've seen considerable, off and on, of the old man, and I can tell you now he's all right ; if there's a show to keep the shops running, they'll run !”

“God knows I hope so,” said the heater, with a sigh ; “it's terrible times to lose a job. All the same, he'll shet down ruther'n lose money, you say——”

“What's that ?” another man asked, catching the sentence as he passed ; “you ain't heard the shops was to shet down?”

“He ain't heard nothing, really,” Sam struck in, curtly ; “he's chinning to amuse himself by scaring us.”

“My wife's sick, and we've got a new baby, and the doctor prescribes terrible expensive things,” said the man, “and we're kinder behind anyhow. I don't know what we will do if the shops shet down.”

A third man came up, wearing an anxious face, a fourth, and a fifth ; Sam was glad to hear the whistle.

For half an hour the officers of the Edgewater Steel Works had been talking. Jamieson had explained the business situation. Randall had questioned and added dismal facts concerning orders. But the old man had said little. Lolling ungracefully in his chair, he had listened and attended to his nails with a pen-knife, while Randall shuddered. The president stood little on niceties of manner, where he felt himself at home ; and much more than by his own fireside (which his daughter and only living child ruled) did he feel himself at

home in his office. Now and then, he would throw a cross-grained sentence at Randall ; but, really, he was snubbing the secretary by sheer force of habit ; he hardly remembered his own words. What his frowning gray eyes saw was not the handsome oaken woodwork or the velvet carpet of the office, but a stately, prim, white mansion, with gambrell roof and porches, and tall white Corinthian columns shining through the elms. He sniffed the pungent fragrance of the honeysuckle ; he could feel the cool tingle of the moist, plastic earth against a boy's bare feet. Suddenly, his heart stirred with the memory of his mother's voice. When he was only twelve, his mother had shown him the house one day (but he always had known it), and told him how the great house had been his grandfather's, when his father was a boy. “It will be ours again, some time,” he cried, “you see, I'll get it for you !”

And, even while they talked, his father had drifted down the street, a little crowd of jeering boys at his heels ; and Jabez had flown at them like a wild cat. He taunted them as he struck, “You're nothing but common boys, my grandfather was a judge ; he sent your grandfathers to jail ! We used to own that house ! I can lick any one of you !” Whereupon, naturally, the boys thumped him, and he was rescued by his mother, bruised and bloodied and (far dolefuller mischance) muddled and torn. “I don't know how I can *ever* mend your pants,” sighed the poor woman. It didn't console her that he should repeat anew that he would buy the Judge's house for her. When he went to bed, that night, he cried. Then, he resolved to buy the house. He had two things he wanted to do, wanted as bad as a man could want things, he guessed, to buy that house and to see Jabez an officer of the Edgewater. The desolate father looked at Randall across the table. “There's where he'd have sat,” he thought ; “he knew more in a day than that young cus in a year. Yet the boy's got stuff in him, too. Don't you be a dog in the manger, Jabez Rivers ! The old judge would be ashamed of you. How he'd have taken to Jabez——” He shifted his position abruptly ; his face with its clean shaven, heavy jaws and beetling eyebrows looked almost savage to Randall at that instant. But Randall was too des-

perately in earnest, in the plea that he was making, to fear the face of man. His words flowed like lava. "It is an atrocious bargain! we get wealth and soft living and adulation and praise in the newspapers if we are half way decent, and they get—the right to work! Is that a fair bargain? But they don't get even that; when we're making money, if they kick we are ready to call them all sorts of names, but when the pinch comes, we cast them aside, turn them off, won't even give them the poor right to work! I call the civilization that, when the land is groaning with plenty, refuses the man who only asks for work, I call it a failure and a disgrace!"

"Huh!" said Rivers. The sound partook of the nature both of a snort and a grunt.

"We pay the highest market wages, you say; but I say we owe them something more than the bare money we pay them. They are human beings, not machines, and we owe it to them to treat them like human beings, and not take our profits out of their skins."

"We are more likely, if we keep on, to be paying them wages out of ours," said Jamieson, "the question isn't whether the present industrial system is wrong—though I observe that Rivers and I hadn't a penny or a right more than any workingman has, and we have managed under the present iniquity, to get along in the world, but that isn't the question; it is simply whether we can afford to run the Edgewater at a loss for three months."

"Couldn't we try? And"—he flushed up to his eyes but went on, sturdily—"I have a few thousands, and perhaps my mother and sister——"

"Huh!" said Rivers, "don't risk women's money!"

"We haven't the right to risk the stockholders' money," said Jamieson, "especially when the chances are we shall lose it. Now, I don't enjoy shutting down the shops any more than you do; but I'm in the steel business to make money; when we stand to lose money I think we'd better quit."

"But—my own money——"

"It's only a few thousands, and it isn't a few thousands will run this concern between now and November. The banks

shut tight as an oyster, and gilt edge paper no use on earth!"

"That's right," said Rivers. He also added, "Huh!"

"Then, you will shut down?" said Randall, turning his pale, fair face, and flashing, excited blue eyes on the president. In spite of Harvard indifference, he was trembling with emotion and disappointment.

There was an instant's pause; even Jamieson made a grimace.

"I guess we better keep on," said the old man.

"How?" said Jamieson.

"Well, I don't think we ought to risk the money of the concern; nor to pay fancy interest to borrow. Besides, as you say, the banks are all sitting down on their funds. But I have some money of my own, forty or fifty thousand. I'll let you have that, taking the risks and the profits—if there are any, myself. And we'll keep running until election, anyhow. How's that?"

Randall caught his breath, his hand, which was impulsively outstretched to Rivers, dropped as he met the old man's keen and chilly glance. He sat silent and felt dizzy.

"But," faltered Jamieson, "I understood you meant—there was another purpose——"

"I've changed my mind," the old man interrupted, sharply; "I'll be obliged if you'll leave that out."

"Why, certainly," agreed Jamieson, nervously. He hesitated; he confessed to Randall, later, that he was of a mind to shake hands with the old man himself; but did not judge his aspect propitious, therefore he compromised with his feelings by drawing a cigar from his case and offering it, remarking: "Yes, Mr. Rivers, that will be a very nice way out, and we are very much obliged; and I'm sure the men will be relieved. Well, I am relieved myself; its infernally unpleasant shutting down. And then, there are the furnaces. Then, its decided. How about the other matters?"

The talk went its way into the other matters. Rivers was quite out of his reverie, brusque, cynical, and sensible as usual. He snarled over the cigars in his invariable fashion with Randall and Ja-



And told him how the great house had been his grandfather's.—Page 315.

mieson. "You boys never will learn to pick out a decent cigar," he growled, flinging away half of Jamieson's latest sacrifice, "and I suppose if those Cuban niggers don't get put down, or can't put the Spaniards down, that there won't be any decent cigars left for any one to smoke. It's sickening. Well, I'm going, now; and if I find that young monkey as close to the door as he was yesterday, I'm going to kick him!"

Randall and Jamieson looked at each other. "I suppose he has some money-making scheme in this?" Randall ventured.

"I don't know," said Jamieson; "I know he's pulled us out of a hole."

Rivers found the office-boy near the door, but he did not kick him; he smiled sombrely at the brightness on the lad's face. "Got a mother and a lame sister, and looks like life and death to him, our keeping open, I expect," thought the old man. "No, there's too many of 'em; I couldn't do it. But—O Lord! what'll Sissy say when she finds she ain't to have the house? Business losses it'll have to go to. Glad I didn't tell her more'n a hint; she can't have her hopes up much. And, Lord! what will I have to think

about, now, when I'm alone, riding over the bridge, now I haven't got Jabez?" He shut his mouth more tightly, as he gave Swift a scowl with his nod. Swift's heart ran down like a clock; for a second it seemed to stop ticking.

"Guess that means we are going to shut down," he muttered; "old man feels awful bad. Don't know why I hoped he'd stop it; but I guess I did, or I

of a comma, "Say, the shops ain't going to shut down!"

"What!" Swift shouted.

"Old man says so. Going to lend us his own money. He's got a lot in the bank. Don't give me away. I heard 'em talking. Guess the old man sees big money in it somewhere." Swift, grinding his teeth, made a dive at the rolls with his tongs. "You're knowing a lot, Billy,"



"Say, the shops ain't going to shut down!"

wouldn't be feeling so disappointed. Well, I suppose I ought to be thankful I can afford to take a little vacation, myself. But there's all the other boys!"

His wrinkled brow unconsciously imitated Rivers, when he strode to the furnace, almost running down the office-boy, such was his abstraction.

"What the h—— do you want, splay-feet?" he cried, in the natural irritation of the moment.

"Order from the old man," answered the lad, beaming on him unabashed. He gave the order, adding, without the pause

said he, in a caustic tone; "you are a very smart boy, and your mother's very proud of you, but if I was you I'd skip opinions on the old man. Seeing he's running the shops at his own expense; and we've all got to thank him we're not out of a job. And I happen to know that he's given up plans he thought a deal on, to do it. That's all, Billy. On your way back, you might skip over to the twelve-inch and tell Forbes."

Billy must have obeyed, for, the turn was no sooner finished, than the heater appeared at Swift's ear.

"Ain't it good news!" he cried; "but I wish I knew what made the old man change his mind. It ain't like the Riverses. Giving up what they are set on is wuss than drawing teeth to all the breed. I expect he's got some deep scheme, and he'll jest mint money!"

Swift had no time for answer before he was gone; his sudden retreat was explained when Swift saw the old man himself, standing by the rolls, where Jabez was wont to stand, eying the mill. His full, florid face had not grown paler, but it wore a shrunk, haggard look, peculiar to such faces when men suffer. Swift felt his throat contract with ugly pain. Never had he longed to speak, to say something, to let the old man know, as he longed then. He swallowed once or twice, a mist got into his eyes, he grinned foolishly. "We—turned out fifty thousand yesterday, sir," said he.

A flicker kindled in the old man's dull eyes; they changed, and rested on the roller.

"The Edgewater is a dandy mill," said Swift; "ain't a better run one anywhere."

"I guess so," said the old man. Half turning, he added, gruffly, over his shoulder: "And you're a damn good fellow, Swift; and you always were!"

Then he lumbered off slowly, past the silent engines, his head sagging a little, as if he were in thought.

Swift watched him. "Lord, I hope he's got somebody home ain't so damfool clumsy as me, and can comfort him a bit for things. Like's not he'll never be able to buy that house, now; and, next to Jabez, his heart was jest set on it. And he's lost 'em both. And folks think he's doing this to make money! Well, it's a lonesome world!"

ENGLAND

By Grace Ellery Channing

Who comes to England not to learn
The love for her his fathers bore—
Breathing her air, can still return
No kindlier than he was before—
In vain, for him, from shore to shore
Those fathers strewed an alien strand
With the loved names that evermore
Are native to our ear and Land.

Who sees the English elm-trees fling
Long shadows where his footsteps
pass,
Or marks the crocuses that Spring
Sets starlike in the English grass,
And sees not, as within a glass,
New England's loved reflection rise—
Mists darker and more dense, alas!
Than England's fogs, are in his eyes.

And who can walk by English streams,
Through sunny meadows gently led,
Nor feel, as one who lives in dreams,
The wound with which his fathers
bled—

The homesick tears which must, un-
shed,
Have dimmed the brave unfaltering eyes
That saw New England's elms out-
spread
Green branches to her loftier skies?

How dear to exiled hearts the sound
Of little brooks that run and sing!
How dear in scanty garden ground
The crocus calling back the Spring
To English hearts remembering!
How dear that aching memory
Of cuckoo cry and lark's light wing;—
And for their sake, how dear to me!

Who owns not, how so often tried,
The bond all trial hath withstood;
The leaping pulse, the racial pride
In more than common brotherhood;
Nor feels his kinship like a flood
Rise blotting every dissonant trace—
He is not of the ancient blood!
He is not of the Island race!



Drawn by W. K. Leigh.

The Noon Hour.

Certainly it was a well fed crowd which sat smoking for a quarter of an hour or more on the rough embankments, overlooking the Agricultural Buildings before going back to work.—Page 323.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY W. R. LEIGH

VI.—A ROAD BUILDER ON THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS

COLUMBIAN ANNIVERSARY HOTEL — No. 1.
CHICAGO, ILL., Wednesday, April 27, 1892.

FROM the time that I began work on the Exposition grounds, early in this month, it has grown increasingly difficult to hark back in imagination to the unemployed *régime* of the winter. The change is a revolution of condition. Hundreds of us live all together within this vast enclosure, and have rare occasion to go out except on Sundays, and then only if we choose. We get up in the morning to an eight-hour day of wholesome labor in the open air, and return in the late afternoon with healthy appetites to our temporary "hotel," which is fragrant of clean, raw pine, and stands commandingly on the site of the future "court of honor" near the quiet waters of the lake. About four hundred of us are housed and fed in this one building; men of half a score of nationalities and of as many trades, ranging from expert carpenters and joiners and staff-moulders and steel-workers to the unskilled laborers who work in gangs, under the direction of the landscape gardeners or, as in my case, on the temporary plank roads which are built for the heavy carting.

Guarded by sentries and high barriers from unsought contact with all beyond, great gangs of us, healthy, robust men, live and labor in a marvellous artificial world. No sight of misery disturbs us, nor of despairing poverty out in vain search for employment. Work is everywhere abundant and well paid and directed with highest skill. And here, amid delicate, web-like frames of steel which are being clothed upon with forms of exquisite beauty, and among broad, dreary wastes of arid dunes and marshy pools which are being transformed by our labor into gardens of flowers and velvet lawns joined by graceful bridges over wide lagoons, we work our eight hours a day in peaceful security and in absolute confidence of our pay.

Complete as the revolution is, it is yet in perfect keeping, in some strange way, with the general change wrought by the coming of the spring. This spring, in its effect upon the labor market in Chicago, was like the heralding of peace and plenty after war.

There was no longer any real difficulty in securing work. The employment-bureaus offered it in abundance in the country, and there was some revival of demand even within the city limits. This by no means solved the problem of the unemployed, however. Many of the men were so weakened by the want and hardship of the winter that they were no longer in condition for effective labor. Some of the bosses who were in need of added hands were obliged to turn men off because of physical incapacity. One instance of this I shall not soon forget. It was when I overheard, one early morning, at a factory-gate, an interview between a would-be laborer and the boss. I knew the applicant for a Russian Jew who had at home an old mother and a wife and two young children to support. He had had intermittent employment throughout the winter in a sweater's den, barely enough to keep them all alive, and, after the hardships of the cold season, he was again in desperate straits for work.

The boss had all but agreed to take him on for some sort of unskilled labor, when, struck evidently by the cadaverous look of the man, he told him to bare his arm. Up went the sleeve of his coat and of his ragged flannel-shirt, exposing a naked arm with the muscles nearly gone, and the blue-white, transparent skin stretched over sinews and the outlines of the bones. Pitiful beyond words was his effort to give a semblance of strength to the biceps which rose faintly to the upward movement of the forearm. But the boss sent him off with an oath and a contemptuous laugh, and I watched the fel-

low as he turned down the street, facing the fact of his starving family with a despair at his heart which only mortal men can feel and no mortal tongue can speak.

Other men there were in large numbers who during the winter had swelled the ranks of the unemployed, but who now, in the reviving warmth and the growing demand for labor, drifted out upon the open country to their congenial life of vagrancy. There still remained, however, and apparently in full force, the shrewd gentry who stop pedestrians on the street with apologetic explanations of hard luck and with begging appeals for a small sum wherewith to satisfy immediate wants. Clark and I had soon come to know this as a recognized occupation among the men with whom we were thrown. A highly profitable trade it often proved, for a dollar a day is a gleaning not at all uncommon to these men, and the more skillful among them can average a dollar and a half. They are rather the sporting spirits among the professionally idle; gambling is their chief diversion, and their contempt for honest work is as genuine as that of a snob.

But within this chaotic maelstrom of the unemployed, which in every industrial centre seethes with infinite menace to social safety, is always a large element which is not easily classified. It was still to be found on the streets and in the lodging-houses of Chicago when the winter was gone, in seemingly undiminished numbers and in much its accustomed thriftlessness. The class has to be defined in negative terms. The men are not physically incapable of work, nor are they habitual tramps, nor yet the beggars of the pavements, and they lack utterly the grit for crime. If they have a distinctive, positive characteristic as a class, it is that they are victims of the gregarious instinct. By an attraction which is apparently irresistible to them, they are drawn to congested labor markets, and there they cling, preferring instinctively a life of want and squalor in fellowship with their kind to one of comparative plenty in the intolerable loneliness of the country.

There is a semblance of sincerity in their search for work, but they are cursed with the rudiments of imagination which makes cowards of them all, and their incapacity

is a weakness of will rather than of brawn. Shrinkingly they walk the narrow ledge which in many planes of life separates from tramphood and crime, while lacking the wit for the latter and the courage for both lives, and looking ever for something to turn up instead of resolutely turning something up. Civilization is hard on such men, and their sufferings are none the less real because chiefly due to their incapacity for the struggle for existence. And not only their own misery must be reckoned with in any fair estimate of the case, but far more the misery of their women and children, for these men are proletarians in the literalest meaning of the word.

Finding now that I could not only get work, but that I could actually be eclectic in the matter, I gladly took advantage of an opportunity of employment among the unskilled laborers on the Exposition grounds.

A sharp-eyed, energetic American, who superintends the gangs of unskilled laborers, took me on, and at once assigned me to duty under an Irish sub-boss by the name of O'Shea. When I became one of its number, Mr. O'Shea's gang of eight or ten men had torn up a considerable section of the plank road near the Transportation Building, for the purpose of altering the level. Most of us were put in charge of wheel-barrows. These we filled with sand at a neighboring pile and then emptied it in heaps on the road-bed, while the remaining members of the gang spread the sand with shovels to the desired depth before replacing the planks. It was a cloudy morning early in April, with a cold, raw wind blowing in from the lake, and the work, not very fatiguing in itself, kept one comfortably warm until noon. We had a free hour for dinner then, and I simply accompanied the other gang-men to "Hotel No. 1," where my employment ticket, issued by the general superintendent of construction, procured for me without delay a meal-and-lodging ticket on trust.

A large, zinc-lined trough half full of water stood against the wall in an antechamber. Here men by the score were washing their hands and faces and drying them near by on roller towels. They then passed singly through the wicket at the dining-room door, where stood a man who punched each boarder's ticket as he entered.

Long wooden tables, heaped with dishes and lined with round-bottom stools, ran the great length of the room. The men took places in the order of their coming, until they had filled one table, when they would begin upon another, and there arose immediately a deafening clatter of knives and forks and dishes and a tumult of mingled speech.

That dinner serves as a good illustration of our fare, both in what it offered and in what it lacked. A bowl of hot soup was at each man's place when he sat down, and, after finishing this, he was given a choice between roast beef and Irish stew. There were potatoes boiled in their jackets, and pork-and-beans, and bread in wide variety and in enormous quantity, and a choice of tea or coffee, and finally a pudding for dessert. Some of this was good, but all of it smacked of wholesale preparation, and appetites nicer than those of workingmen would have found difficulties with the dinner. Even ours were not proof against it all. I was struggling with a slice of tough roast-beef out of which the virtue had been cooked, when suddenly I caught an expression of comical dismay stealing over the ruddy, bristling face of the man opposite me. He was eating a piece of meat from a plate of Irish stew, and he spat it out upon the floor with a deep-drawn oath, and a frank assurance to his neighbors that "the meat was rotten," while his facial muscles were contorted with strong disgust. And the pudding was of such uncertain nature as to recall vividly the oft-repeated saying of a classmate at a college eating-club, that "flies in a pudding are quite as good as currants." Still the pork-and-beans were excellent and the bread and potatoes fine, and the coffee, which was served in large cups with the roast, was not impossible; certainly it was a well-fed crowd which sat smoking for a quarter of an hour or more on the rough embankments overlooking the Agricultural Building before going back to work.

Our gang was divided in the afternoon, and Mr. O'Shea left three of us, a German, an Irishman, and me, to open up a way for the teamsters through two long piles of paving-stones, which obstructed the road near the Fisheries Building. His

parting word to us was that the stint was an afternoon's job, and we could easily have finished it in the four hours from one o'clock until five, had we worked with moderate swiftness.

The German and the Irishman fell to lifting stones to one side of the desired opening and I to the other. Every condition favored us. We had a definite task and not a difficult one, and no one to watch us at our work, nor drive us in its doing. The clouds had disappeared, and in the soft spring sunshine, with the bushes blossoming about us and the air full of the sounds of multiform labor, there was every stimulus to energetic effort for four hours. Not that the hours seemed short—they never do, I am convinced, even to well-seasoned unskilled workmen—but the difference between four hours of manual labor at a stretch and five is enormous, and to see my *confrères* quite as impatient of their flight, even under these most favoring conditions, and to mark that the sober business of their lives was still an abhorrent drudgery to be shirked if possible, led the way to very sad reflection.

Neither of them paid any attention to me until, late in the afternoon, there came a lull in their talk and I heard the Irishman's call.

"Hey, John!"

"Hello," I said.

"Was you going to shave off them whiskers for Easter?"

I told him that I had not thought of it.

"Well," he went on, "I hear the boys as have whiskers say as how they must go on Easter morning, and I thought maybe it was the same wid you."

"What are you after doing, getting yourself into a sweat?" he continued, for he had drawn off from the German and was making my way. "You be a fool to kill yourself; you don't earn the more by it, and they don't think any the better of you. Take it easy, man, take it easy; there's time enough."

He was an authority on the time, for every few minutes he would walk slowly over to where his coat and waistcoat lay on a heap of stones, and drawing out a great silver watch, would critically examine it, and then announce the hour in a loud call to the German and me. At a quarter to five the two picked up their coats and went

off, dodging behind shrubs and piles of building materials, until they made their exit at the gate, leaving a good third of the job unfinished.

That was on a Saturday. On Monday morning Mr. O'Shea singled out us three for as stiff a cursing as a boat's crew often gets, but to little purpose, apparently, in its effect upon the other men. On that very day I was again a member of a gang, a gang of four this time, which was left without an overseer. We were ordered to unload a car of timber and pile the boards near the mammoth framework on the east side of the Manufactures Building. Besides native inertia there was unusual cause for idling in the fact that one of our number, a young Englishman, Rosedale by name, proved to be uncommonly interesting. He was rather a trim fellow, of the adventurous, jack-of-all-trades kind, that roam the world widely, and that always appear in numbers at great celebrations and in new regions. How they live and secure the means of extensive travel is a secret which no member of the fraternity ever tells. There was no mystery about Rosedale just then, for he was a fellow-lodger in Hotel No. 1, and was No. — in the gang of laborers in which I, for example, was No. 472, and he fell into as natural association with the men as though he had lived with us always.

He was just up from South Africa, where he had been in the diamond fields, he said. Seventeen thousand dollars' worth of diamonds was the loot he was bringing with him to Canada, when he was shipwrecked off the coast of Labrador and escaped with only his life. Not one of us, I suppose, was anything but skeptical of much of Rosedale's story, but the man told his tale of free, reckless, vicious living on the diamond fields, with a vividness of narrative and a rough wealth of local color that charmed us into most attentive listeners, and that sped the morning hours with little regard to our job. Questions began to crowd in upon Rosedale as to the location of South Africa and the means of getting there, and great disappointment was evident in the discovery that it was not contiguous to any familiar point.

Noon found us with a pitiful showing for the morning's work. In the afternoon I secured the post inside the car, and

passed the boards out to the three other men, who piled them near the building. By hastening the work at that end, I hoped to quicken the pace at which the job was being done. To be caught a second time in a delinquent gang I feared would endanger my position, and I was anxious to remain on the grounds, and even more anxious to secure a promotion if I could. It was easy to keep ahead of the men, but it was impossible, apparently, to urge them beyond the languid deliberation with which they shouldered the timber and carried it to the piles.

"Let up on that, John," they were shouting at me presently. "Go easy with that; there ain't no rush, and you'll make nothing by your pains."

It was the view which I had heard again and again in gangs of unskilled laborers. One could understand it in a measure among the older men, who could hope at the best only to eke out an existence free from the poor-house to the end. But these and many others from whom it came were relatively young men, with every chance, one would suppose, of winning some preferment through effective, energetic work.

At five o'clock, the end of the afternoon's labor, we had an hour in which to make leisurely preparation for a supper which consisted of cold meats in unstinted plenty, and potatoes, and bread, and tea and coffee, and often some stewed fruit with a little cake. After this most of the men loafed in the lobby until bed-time. This sitting-room includes the entire upper floor of a large wing of the building. An enormous base-burner heats it, and serves to render it stifling in the evening, when the men are smoking with every window closed. Games and newspapers strew the tables, and the room is well lighted with electric lamps.

On the same level is the upper section of the main building, where are the sleeping-quarters for the men. The provision here is similar in design to that of a cheap lodging-house; only this is almost immaculate in its cleanliness, and the cabins are large and well ventilated, and the ceilings high and airy, and the berths are supplied with new wire and clean corn-husk mattresses and with sheets and pillow-cases fragrant from the wash.

Mine is a middle, lower berth in a cab-

in for six men, but it lodges at present only two besides myself.

In a bunk nearest the door sleeps an Irishman, whose acquaintance I made while getting ready for bed on the first night of my stay. Opening the door that evening and seeing me seated in the middle bunk, he stood eyeing me for a time with obvious displeasure. He was evidently not in the best of humors, and although but two of the six berths in the large cabin were occupied, he plainly regarded my coming as an intrusion. Neatly dressed in dark blue, and with an old felt hat on the back of his head, he cut a fine figure of a workman as he stood in the open door, a man of five-and-thirty, with a massive frame bent slightly forward and with a frown wrinkling the low forehead, from which the thick hair grew in tawny masses.

"Who let you in here?" was his first remark.

"The proprietor," I answered.

"Did he say you could have that bunk?"

"Yes."

"Well, — it, is he going to flood the place?" I knew no answer to that question, and so I ventured to ask after the occupant of the bunk nearest the window.

"He's an Englishman; works in the landscape gang wid me," replied the Irishman, laconically.

By this time he had seated himself on his bed with his elbows on his knees and his head bowed with an air of weariness. The change of subject had, fortunately, been effective, for he no longer objected to my presence, and for some time he sat talking freely in a droning, disjointed way.

I gathered that he was thoroughly dissatisfied with his work and wages and his boarding-place and with life in general. He did not enter into details of his personal history; his mood spent itself in anathemas against his present lot: "Work, ceaseless, unprofitable, joyless work. Eat and work; eat more and work; eat again and sleep and eat and work. This and nothing more; body and soul sold at a dollar and a half a day. And nothing else to look forward to, with chances only of a steadily hardening lot, throughout the on-coming of old age to death."

I had never heard a workman in pes-

simistic mood so coherent, and I felt sure that the Irishman was ill; for commonly with our class, a full meal and a pipeful at the end of a day's labor are enough to banish care and to tinge living with a glow of satisfaction. The suspicion proved true enough, for the man soon began to shake with a malarial chill in our cheerless barrack, and he told me that the ague laid hold of him regularly on alternate days.

It was the loneliness of the fellow that impressed one as he lay shivering in his bunk. There were hundreds of men in the house, but not one of them was charged with any responsibility for him, and there was no provision for illness. On his bad days he would force himself through the usual routine, but, when the day was done, there was nothing for him but to lie in lonely misery in his bed. Not that he whined in the least. I gathered these facts by inference. It was the barrenness of his life that he cursed, not its hardness, for this he accepted as a matter of course.

And yet one could not fail to see where finer feeling inflicted a sharper pain in his suffering. I had marked at once the neatness of his dress, and especially the cleanliness of person by which one distinguishes instantly between a workman and a tramp.

There are interesting degrees of cleanliness in workingmen. One sees it at its best, I think, among those of the building trades. The stains of their labor are clean in themselves, and the men partake of the wholesomeness of their employment. The workers at rougher jobs must show the marks of soiling labor, but there is infinite difference between the earth stains of a common laborer and the ingrained, begrimed uncleanness of an unwashed vagrant. Having in the house, however, so many men, and just at the end of the long period of unemployment, it is inevitable, perhaps, that there should be a few of the number whose status as between workingmen and tramps is not clearly defined. And some of the consequences are unpleasant.

It was this that the Irishman had in mind as he looked me over critically and was somewhat slow in welcoming me to the cabin.

The same concern showed itself again when he presently told me that the Eng-

lishman and he always made up their berths themselves, instead of leaving them for the regular bed-makers, who might communicate vermin from other bunks. The hint was sufficient, and I hastened to set his mind at rest by assuring him that I heartily endorsed the plan and would follow it faithfully.

The Englishman I did not see until the next morning. Upon getting up to the six-o'clock call, I found that he had turned in without waking me. We sprang out of bed at the same moment, and almost at a glance I knew him for the ex-Tommy Atkins that he is. I shall call him Brown. A wooden chest, studded with brass nails and made fast with a heavy padlock, stood near the foot of his berth. On it lay his working clothes, not thrown down in confusion, but neatly folded and lying in the order of dress. He himself was as trim and straight and as clean as a sapling, and when he returned from his wash he fairly sparkled with the afterglow. Back went the sheets with a single movement of his hand the moment that he was dressed, and over went the mattress, and the pillows began rollicking in the shaking which he gave them. In marvellously short time the bed was remade and the sheets turned back over the foot of the bunk to admit of proper airing.

We have been thrown together by reason of the fact that neither of us is proof against the lobby for long in the evening. It is usually dark by the time I have finished supper, and I go first of all to the sitting-room. It is ablaze with light, and the huge stove is going under full head and all the windows are closed and some scores of men are smoking old pipes. I have known nights when such a place would have been a most welcome escape from exposure, but having now a choice it is never long before I leave the lobby for the cabin. Here I generally find Brown seated on the box at the foot of his berth, playing an old fife which is singularly pliant to his touch. Throwing myself in my bunk I have lain there by the hour together listening to his music and watching him as he beat time to the "British Grenadiers" and the "Blue Bells of Scotland," and to tunes of no end of barrack-room ballads, wondering the while what vision it was of India or of Burmah, per-

haps, or of the Soudan, or possibly of the Afghan frontier, that brought that look of longing to his eyes.

He is the soul of soldier-like precision; he never misses a day at work except the one which immediately follows pay-day, and that because he never misses his spree. The Irishman and I have come to count with perfect regularity upon Brown's not turning up on the evening when he is paid. About three or four o'clock on the next morning we hear him open the cabin door softly, and, supporting himself with a hand on the upper berths, move slowly across the floor until he has reached his bed, where he throws himself on his face as he is and sleeps for twenty-four hours.

I was not long a member of Mr. O'Shea's gang, for at the end of the first week another laborer and I were singled out for special duty on the roads. But on Wednesday afternoon of that week two men joined the force of unskilled laborers who filled us all with curious interest. There is another gang of about the same number as Mr. O'Shea's, with which we are often thrown in our work and which is under the command of a Mr. Russell.

At one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon I went as usual to report with the other men at the superintendent's office where we receive our orders. Mr. Dutton, the superintendent, always comes out and looks us over and consults for a few minutes with the sub-bosses, and then orders the various gangs to different sections of the grounds.

Two young men were standing near his office-door on that Wednesday afternoon when I came up at a few minutes before one. I did not give them a second glance at first, for I took for granted that they were tourists who had entered the grounds by special permission and were now waiting for a guide. But in another moment I happened to see Mr. Dutton's clerk beckon them within the office where he took their names and gave to each a metallic disk upon which a number was stamped. Then they came out again and, taking off their coats, stepped in among the gathering company of workmen and waited to be assigned.

By this time we were all staring at them agape, but they stood the ordeal with a frank unconsciousness which filled me with

admiration. They were about of age, two clean-cut, well-groomed, clear-eyed English boys, who looked as though they might be public-school bred, and I noticed that their coats bore the name of a London tailor. One, a brown-haired lad, with large, sober, brown eyes and a manner of considerable reserve, was exceedingly good-looking, and the other, a fair-haired, fair-skinned, alert-looking boy, plainly the spokesman for the two, had a face of unusually fine drawing.

Mr. Dutton hesitated a moment in their case, but finally ordered them to join Mr. Russell's gang, and in a few minutes we were widely separated. Repeatedly in the early afternoon I found myself thinking about them and wondering why it was that they must earn their bread by unskilled labor. Two hours of the afternoon remained when there came an order from Mr. Dutton to our gang to repair to the Transportation Building. We found, upon getting there, that we had been summoned to reinforce Mr. Russell's men, who were unloading from a car two large steam-rollers. Again I saw the young Englishmen, and I had a chance to watch them at work.

By this time the gangmen had sated their curiosity in staring, and now ignored the lads as being anything but laborers with themselves, which was much the best-bred thing that they could have done.

As a preliminary to unloading, we had to carry to the car some heavy wooden blocks to serve as supports to an inclined plane by which the machines could be slid to the ground. It sometimes required four and even six men together to lift these blocks, and repeatedly I found myself next in line to the new-comers. Their linen collars were wilting with the sweat of labor, and it had apparently not occurred to them to take them off. Their shirts, of delicate color, were turned up above their elbows with gold link-buttons dangling from the cuffs. The rough wood was fretting their bare white arms cruelly. I had a chance presently to speak to one of them, and I showed him how he could get a hold which would not be so chafing. In a moment of leisure he came up and thanked me frankly, and volunteered the information that his friend and he were but a week over from England and, having failed utterly

to find other work in Chicago where they had supposed that employment was plentiful, they were glad enough in an extremity to accept this means of living.

Most pluckily have they stuck at it. I have never again been associated with them in a job, but I see them almost every day, and through rain and shine they have been the steadiest members of their gang. Places better suited to them will be found, no doubt, as the general work progresses; and that will not be long, I hope, for just now the boys are at a considerable disadvantage. It was only two or three mornings ago that I happened to meet them again near Mr. Dutton's office, where they had been sent to fetch some tools. The fairer boy wore a bandage which covered his left forearm and most of the hand. I asked him what had happened, and he explained to me how that in handling some old sleepers he had missed his hold in one case, and, with the fall of the heavy timber, a rusty iron nail tore down through his arm and the palm of his hand, leaving a ragged wound open nearly to the bone. He had had it dressed promptly by a good surgeon, who reassured him as to danger of complications. But it had taken all his companion's savings and his own to pay the original fee, and they were in arrears for the daily dressing. Luckily, however, he was still able to work, and Mr. Russell kept him employed, he told me, in ways which brought his injured arm very little into play.

Those of us who belong permanently to gangs such as Mr. O'Shea's and Mr. Russell's are known as "regulars," to distinguish us from the hands who are taken on, a day at a time, for some particular need. Quite the most efficient "regular" in my gang is a certain Henry Jerkener, who is that rare exception, so far as my experience goes, a native American in a company of unskilled laborers. "Harry," as he is called, and I were early assigned to special duty. Mr. Dutton beckoned us aside one afternoon and ordered us to report to him at ten o'clock the next morning, telling us that our day, beginning henceforth at ten, would last until seven in the evening instead of five o'clock. And our wages would be raised from \$1.50 to \$1.75 a day.

Our work was to be the general care of

all the plank roads on the grounds. They had been put in fairly good condition, but they received hard usage, and constant repairs were necessary. We were, therefore, to give our attention, up to five o'clock in the afternoon, to particular sections of the road which were most in need of mending, and after five, when the work for the day had ceased, our duty was to go over all the roads and see that they were in condition for the beginning of the carting in the morning.

Harry appeared delighted with the arrangement. Not that he took any special stock in me as an assistant, but because, however indifferent a workman, at least I was an American, and he would be free of the gang of Irish regulars and himself in charge of the work, instead of being under the orders of Mr. O'Shea.

Harry's good-humor is proof against anything, apparently, his temperament being that of a sunny May morning. But if there is anything which bores him, it is to be ordered about by an Irish sub-boss.

I did not discover this until after we had left the gang. So long as he was one of their number he was the life of the crew, jolly, high-spirited, with a ready flow of banter that was never delicate and never ill-tempered, always foremost in the work, having at command a fund of resourceful ingenuity which made him the real leader and director of the men while the boss looked on in silence. But after we had been assigned to special duty he bloomed into new jollity, which is at its best whenever in our work we have in sight of the old gang. It is deliciously funny at such times to watch Harry. The men are probably fretting and straining over some heavy lifting or other difficult task. He first lets fly some irritating raillery in which he addresses them as "terriers;" and then, taking up a position within ear-shot, he begins to sing with a capital Irish brogue:

"Oh, ye work all day for Paddy O'Shea,
Drrrill, ye terriers, drrrill!"

Human nature cannot endure this for long, and presently a shower of sticks and tufts of turf drive Harry from his position and put an end for the time to his song.

Our place is by no means a sinecure. The roads are constantly falling into un-

repair and a deal of hard work is necessary to keep them in order. Pick and shovel work, that most heart-breaking of manual toil so far as my experience goes, is mostly in demand, for the old trenches must be kept open and new ones dug, and sometimes the sides of long sections of the road must be buried under a layer of earth to prevent the bare planks from warping in the sun. After six hours of such labor there remain two in the early evening in which we go over every foot of roadway on the grounds and make whatever immediate repairs are necessary. At seven o'clock, Harry reports to the fire department, and then we are free.

It is not altogether easy to account for Harry as a common laborer. A well-set-up, muscular American of about fifty, with a singularly intelligent, shrewd face and the merriest of blue eyes, he might be, from his appearance, a well-to-do contractor. Only once with me has he touched upon the general subject of his past, and then he intimated that formerly he was well off, but that in his business relations he had always passed as a "good fellow." "And that means, you know," he said, turning upon me with a significant look, "that means a 'damn fool!'"

Among the workmen on the grounds whom I have come to know, none has interested me more as a type than an American carpenter with whom I sometimes spend an evening. The man is lonely and uncomfortable in his new surroundings. The novel conditions which here beset him as a workingman are quite as disturbing to him as the unfamiliar setting of his daily life. He clings tenaciously to his individuality, and the new order of things which confronts him here lightly makes strange havoc of all that.

We had not been talking many minutes on the embankment, where one day after dinner we first met, when the man's case shone clear as day. He is a master-carpenter from a village home in Ohio, and the certainty of steady work for many months at four dollars a day was tempting enough to induce him to leave his family behind and come here. He had arrived a few days before and had found instant employment.

Seeing the man, a tall, fine-looking, self-respecting American mechanic, and hear-

ing him speak, and learning even this little of his history, you had direct vision of his past. You could almost see a comfortable, wooden cottage, of his own building, with a garden-plot about it and flower-beds in front, standing on a well-shaded village street. He owns the cottage and the plot of land, and his children were born there, and he is an officer in the village church, and has been justice of the peace, and more than once has served as "school trustee." Social inequality, as applying to himself, is a new idea, and it gives him a hitherto unexperienced sense of self-consciousness. In his native village his family meet the families of all his neighbors on the same footing, except that they recognize in the minister, and the doctor, and the village lawyer, and the schoolmaster, a distinction which attaches to special education. His children study and play at school with the children of all his neighbors, and mingle freely with them at church and in their other social relations.

But here is something new and strange. He is no longer a man with a name to distinguish him, but has become a "hand," having a number which he wears conspicuous on his jacket. He goes to his work as an integer in an army of ten thousand numerals. Home has changed to a barrack, where he, a number, sleeps in a numbered bunk, and eats, never twice at the same place, as one of half a thousand men. His comfort and convenience are never consulted, and his views have no smallest bearing upon the course of things. The superintendent of the building upon which he works, whose energy and skill he admires hugely, shifts him about with scores of other men, with as little regard to him as an individual as though he were a piece of timber. Once he spoke to his superintendent about some detail of the work and found him a most appreciative listener. Then he ventured, in conversation, upon a subject of general interest, only to find that by some mysterious change he was speaking to a stone wall.

And now there confronts him what he regards as another sacrifice of individuality, which he is urged to make, and which gives him no little concern. He had scarcely known of the existence of Trades Unions, and now he is thronged with appeals to join one.

No discrimination is made by the management as between union and non-union men in employing workers on the Exposition; but many of the union men here are making the most of the present opportunity for the propaganda of their principles, and for bringing the desirable non-union men within their organization. My carpenter friend, whom I shall call Mr. Ford, comes in for a large share of attention, and is, as I have intimated, not a little perplexed by the situation.

Two or three times he has asked me to go with him in the evening to meetings which are held near the Fair Grounds, and which are addressed by delegates from the Central Labor Union. These we have not found very enlightening. There has been a good deal of beer-drinking and much aimless speech, which has grown heated at times in the stress of hostile discussion; and now and then a plain, matter-of-fact working-man has given us an admirable talk on the history of Trades-Unionism and its beneficent results, and the imperative need of organization among workers as the only means of safe-guarding their interests and of meeting, on any approach to equal terms, the peculiar economic relations which exist between labor and organized capital.

Mr. Ford, much bewildered, has listened to all this, and we have talked it over together on the way back to our lodgings, and sometimes late into the night. I have tried to explain to him, as well as I understand it, the idea of organization, and the necessity of organization which has grown out of the great industrial change since the middle of the last century. But Mr. Ford, for all practical purposes, belongs to the pre-revolutionary period; the industrial change has little affected him. He served his apprenticeship, and was then a journeyman and then a master-carpenter in due course. In his experience, work has always had its basis in a personal relation, as, for example, between himself as a contractor and the man whose job he undertook and to whom he looked for payment. A like personal relation has always existed between himself and the men whom he has employed.

This new relation between a workman and an impersonal, soulless corporation which hires him, is one that he does not

readily grasp. And, for the sake of meeting the new relation, this "fusing all the skirts of self" and merging individuality into an organization which attempts to regulate the hours of labor, and its wages, and for whom one shall work, and for whom not, is a thing abhorrent to him.

"Why," he said to me, "I give up my independence, and I'm no better than the worst carpenter of the lot. We all get union-wages alike. There's no incentive for a man to do his best. He ain't a man any more, anyway; he's only a part of a machine. Why, such work as some I see done here, I'd be ashamed to do by moonlight, with my eyes shut. But it don't make no difference in the union, you're all on the same level, as near as I can make out."

Finally I proposed to him that we should go together, on some Sunday afternoon, to the meeting of the Central Labor Union, where he could become acquainted with some of the members and learn at first hand the objects and ends of organization and something of its actual working. The members whom I particularly wished him to know were some of the Socialists there, who seemed to me to have a considerable knowledge of Trades-Unionism, and who took, I thought, a judicial view of it.

As an unskilled laborer I was not eligible to membership in any union, but I was admitted freely to the central meetings, to which I sometimes went in company with Socialists who were delegates of their respective orders. Under their tutelage, I was shown the operation of an exceedingly complex system, which, seen without guidance, would have appeared to me hopelessly chaotic. I was seeing it, I realized, from the point of view of the Socialists, and I was interested immediately in learning their attitude.

They are, I found, most ardent supporters of the principle of organization among workingmen. They regard the fact of the organization of wage-earners as among the most significant developments in the evolution of a socialistic state. But they are very impatient of the slow rate of progress in Trades-Unionism. The ignorance of the great mass of workers of how to further their own interests is, to the Socialist, the most discouraging feature in labor-organization. "Why," they ask, "when we

working people already have so strong a nucleus of organization for economic ends, do we not direct it at once into the field of politics, and secure immediately, by our overwhelming numbers, the legislation which we need, and so inaugurate a co-operative commonwealth?"

Nowhere have the walking-delegates and the general agitators of their class sincerer foes than among the Socialists who, more than to any other active cause, attribute the comparative ineffectualness of unionism to the influence of these men. Very readily they believe them purchasable, and that often they are little else than the paid agents of the capitalists. Their great influence over workingmen is used, the Socialists seem to believe, chiefly in their own interests and particularly for selfish political ends.

This habit of mind serves to illustrate what eventually appeared to me to be highly characteristic of the general attitude of Socialists. The key to their mental processes in considering things social, lies, I am quite sure, in the idea of existing conditions as being maintained by a vast capitalistic conspiracy. At all events this clew has cleared up for me the mystery which at first I found in many of their ways of thinking.

However natural may have been the social order in some of its historic phases, they evidently regard it at the present as largely artificial. There is no real vitality, they contend, in the political issues upon which the great national parties are divided. The party cries of "free trade" and "protection" and the like, are manufactured by professional politicians who are in the employ of the capitalists. The purpose is to divert the minds of the working classes by these sham contentions and so keep them about evenly divided politically, and thus prevent their coalescing in overwhelming force in political action for their own interests. Nothing seems to anger a Socialist more than the spectacle of workingmen roused to enthusiasm by the crowds and speeches and processions and brass bands of the usual political campaign. They see in them then only the ridiculous dupes of the capitalists, who have contributed to the campaign funds for the very purpose of thus befooling their employees, and who look with about equal indifference upon the momentary triumph

of one party or the other so long as no labor party is in the ascendant.

However free in the past the play of purely natural evolutionary forces may have been in determining social development, and however free may be their course again in moulding a future state, their operation is checked for the present to the Socialists' vision by the active intervention of the capitalists, who, in some way, have succeeded in effecting a social structure which is highly favorable to themselves, and for whose undisturbed continuance they unscrupulously employ all the resources of wealth and craft and dark conspiracy. The idea appeared at its plainest, perhaps, in their more vindictive speeches, where the strong undercurrent of feeling was—"There is cruel injustice and wrong in society as it is, and some one is to blame for it, and unhesitatingly we charge the blame against the capitalists."

It was with this interpretation in mind that I took Mr. Ford with me one afternoon to the meeting of the Central Labor Union. I was curious to see the effect of the gathering upon him. A child of another age in his experience of certain economic relations, he was an interesting phenomenon in the sudden contact with modern industrialism.

When we reached the building, in the upper floor of which in a large hall are held the weekly meetings of the Central Labor Union, numbers of workingmen in their Sunday clothes were passing in and out of the neighboring saloons or loafing about the doors. The intersecting streets were strewn with small handbills, which we found covering the wide staircase leading to the hall and scattered over the seats and floor of the room itself. They were printed notices instructing the members to boycott the beer of certain breweries which were accused of employing non-union men, and also the products of this and that manufacturer, against whom similar charges were made.

We were a little early, but we chanced upon a Socialistic acquaintance of mine, who took us in with him and seated us well to the front. As the members entered I had a chance to point out to Mr. Ford those among them who had been pointed out to me as the officers of their

various unions. He was deeply interested from the first, and much impressed apparently by the size of the gathering and the enormous numbers of organized workers which were represented there.

The stage of "new business" was barely reached that afternoon when matters were well beyond the control of the president. Motions and amendments and questions of privilege and points of order were fast driving him mad, when in despair he called upon a fellow-member to take charge of the meeting and become its temporary chairman. By this time there was a good deal of confusion; men in many parts of the hall were clamoring for the floor, and trying to drown one another's voices. But there was immediate recognition of a change of generalship. The man who had taken the chair was a member of a union of musicians, a person of excellent address and well-appearing, and, as it proved eventually, a masterly parliamentarian. To reduce to quiet an assembly so excited was beyond his power, but he did unravel the skein of its tangled business, and through all the uproar and confusion he kept his temper perfectly, and secured some actual disposition of the affairs in hand.

The intricacies of intermingling interests there represented were beyond measure bewildering. The Cigarmakers' Union had a grievance, which its representatives insisted upon presenting and having righted at once. But the Waiters' Union claimed an antecedent right to the presentation of a question with reference to admitting certain men to their organization. And the Bricklayers' Union demanded an immediate investigation of the account of expenditure for a certain recent Union picnic, charging directly, meanwhile, a flagrant misappropriation of funds.

Passions were running high. The lie direct was passed repeatedly, and men were all but shaking fists in one another's faces. The shouting rose sometimes to such a pitch that the chairman's voice could not be heard. But the passion was that of strong vitality. The Union, to its members, was an intensely living thing, and its issues, touching them so closely, most naturally roused comparatively untutored men to strong emotion.

I watched Mr. Ford with curious interest. Instead of showing any impatience

or disgust at the show of temper and the loud disorder, he sat through the long session deeply, intently absorbed. Every question for debate, and every phase of discussion, and all the progress of the business, and the varying claims of the many organizations, and the widely differing personalities of the members, each won his vital interest, and, with amazing discrimination, he seemed to follow them with intelligent understanding. And when there came a report of progress in a strike among certain workers in shoe factories, and a statement of the causes of the strike and the measures which were being taken to carry it to a successful issue, I could see that he was more than ever roused.

"That's the most interesting meeting I ever was to," he said to me, as we walked down the street together. "I ain't never realized before how mixed up things can be when there's so many working people, and the men that hire them are mostly all organized in big companies. Why, the working people ain't got nothing else they can do but organize too, to get their just rights. They have a pretty hot time in their meetings, if that's a sample, but I guess they know what they're about. I guess I'll join."

In a very few days I must leave Chicago. I own to a longing to go and launch out upon the great farming regions between the Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, which I hope to cover in my journey be-

fore the autumn is far spent. I have been watching the coming of the spring in the Exposition grounds and in the charming parks of the city and along its beautiful boulevards, and I feel its subtle drawings to the country to a life once more of labor in the fields. But I am very far from being prepared to go. Some little of a phase of life which in all large centres of population accompanies the swift industrial changes of the present I have seen here in Chicago, where it differs but slightly from similar conditions in every congested labor market. And under the play of the modern gregarious instinct there surely are few centralized markets which are not congested. But of the real city as a great positive force and a world-wide commercial power, whose unfaltering energies have built a huge metropolis in a generation, and are fast crowning their labors with splendid achievements in education and in art, I have been able to see little, and I have given no impression whatever. This much I have seen on the grounds where I am now a workman: I have watched something of the slow emerging from a scene of utter chaos of a co-ordinated scheme of landscape gardening and of architecture, which has long passed the experimental stage, and is unfolding to the world, by a miracle of creative and constructive genius, a real vision of beauty and power and grace, which certainly holds for the living generation of civilized men a promise of rich blessings.

(To be continued.)

DIZAINE

THE time-worn rocks faced still the Sea,
 Old stars came in the timeless sky,
 The never-resting winds went by,
 The Seasons came, recurrently ;
 A mortal man, so soon to die,
 Looked once into a woman's eye.
 Their bones were dust, long years ago.
 But spake the endless stars unto
 The timeless Sea, the rocks time-worn,
 "Now an eternal thing is born."



THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

GREENE'S CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTH

TO tell within moderate limits the story of Greene's campaign in the South is not easy. The subject is one which deserves to be studied in the minutest details, and success was achieved not by a single brilliant stroke, but through a long series of movements made under trying difficulties, and with many checks, finally culminating in the complete result which had been striven for so long and so patiently. It was a campaign which began with the formation of an army from very raw material, and under almost impossible conditions. It included three pitched battles, many lesser actions, dexterous retreats, masterly manœuvres, and the solution of the immediate problem without ever failing in the long look ahead to the ultimate purpose, or in the grasp of the many phases of a conflict which was carried on not only by the main army, but by detached forces over a wide extent of country. That Greene proved himself fully equal to this difficult task, from which he at last emerged victorious, demonstrates his high ability, both as soldier and administrator, and gives him a place in the purely military story of the Revolution second only to that of Washington. No correct judgment, either of the man or of his achievement, can be formed from any single incident, or even from the most important battles of his campaign. What he was and what he did can be appreciated only by a survey which comprehends all his labors. Thus alone can we see how ably, patiently, and brilliantly he worked on steadily toward his great objective point, how he thrust himself between the divided British forces, and then leaving Cornwallis to go to his fate in Virginia, how he held grimly to his purpose, and unrelentingly pressed

his enemy to the South, until he had driven the English armies from the State which they had at the outset overrun so easily.

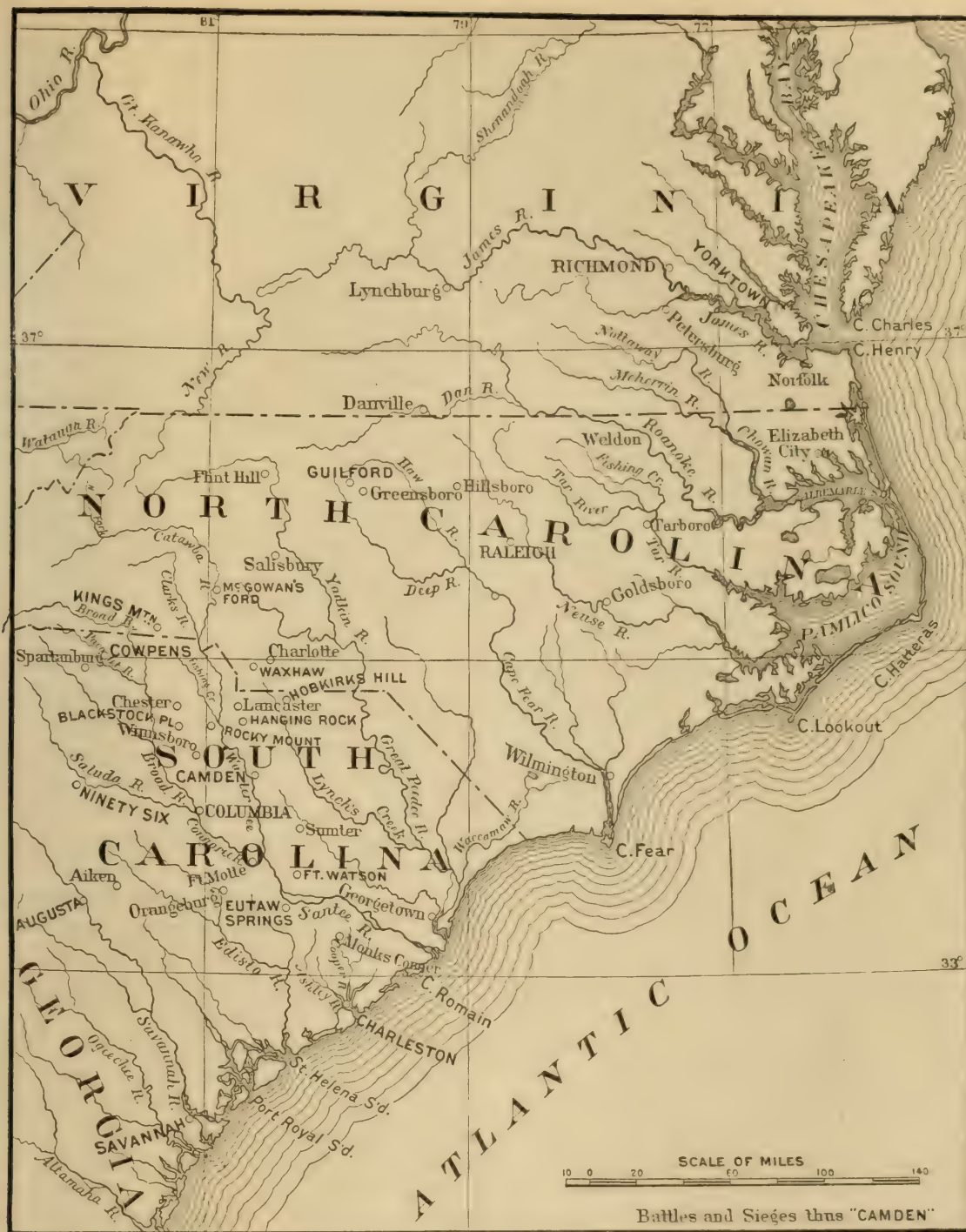
He was engaged in the most preliminary work of making his army, when the division under Morgan met Tarleton and won the striking victory of the Cowpens. It was an inspiring and unlooked-for piece of good fortune to win such a fight, and win it so completely at the very start of the campaign, when neither Greene nor Morgan desired to run the risk of a decisive action. It was also a heavy blow to the enemy. But although Greene well knew the importance and meaning of what had been done, his head was not turned by the success, and he was well aware that he was as little able to fight Cornwallis with his army as he had been before the rout of Tarleton.

When the news of Morgan's victory reached the camp on the Pedee, nearly a week after the event, Greene's first feeling was one of great joy, and his second one of deep anxiety. His army was divided. The enemy were between him and Morgan. The situation was full of danger, and the fate of the campaign turned on the escape of the victors of the Cowpens. Sending expresses in all directions to call out the militia, while the exultant shouts of his soldiers filled the air outside his tent, making rapid arrangements to have the prisoners taken to the North, ordering boats to be prepared for the crossing of the Yadkin, and even of the Dan, he put his army under the command of Huger, with directions to meet him at Salisbury, and then started to join Morgan. He went alone, accompanied only by an orderly sergeant, and rode night and day for a hundred and fifty miles in bad

weather and through a country infested by loyalists, for he knew that Morgan's army was the important point, and he counted no risk in the one fixed determination to reach it. Morgan himself had shown equal wisdom. He had retreated as promptly and decisively as he had fought, and Cornwallis, on his arrival at Ramsour's Mills, found that his active foe had crossed the river and escaped. When Greene learned that Cornwallis, in the eagerness of pursuit and the desire for revenge, had burned his baggage, he saw at once that his opponent had committed a capital mistake in not only missing his prey, but in crippling himself for an extended movement, and he exclaimed, when the news was brought to him, "Then he is ours." He hoped, if the waters of the Catawaba did not fall, to check Cornwallis in crossing and force him back to the Santee. Unfortunately, after the manner of those rivers, the Catawaba fell suddenly and Morgan was ordered to press on the Yadkin, while Greene himself tried to collect the militia. Some eight hundred of them, under Davidson, attacked the enemy when they began to cross at McGowan's ford, and came very near inflicting a serious blow. But the British, breasting this stream with great gallantry, and not without serious losses, forced the passage, and Davidson being killed, the militia rapidly dispersed. Only a third of them, indeed, remained together, and these were driven to rapid retreat the next morning by Tarleton. With the road thus cleared, Cornwallis hurried on to the Yadkin. Now Greene's admirable foresight was apparent. Boats were ready, and Morgan's whole army crossed easily and rapidly, his rear having a sharp skirmish with the British van, but getting safely over with only the loss of two or three wagons. The river was high and was running full and swift between the armies. Cornwallis had been energetic, but he had no boats, and he was helpless. He soothed his feelings by a heavy cannonade, quite harmless to the Americans, who regarded him in safety from the opposite bank.

Greene, who had changed the place of meeting from Salisbury to Guilford, as he had been compelled to do by events, reached the latter point with Morgan on February 8th, and on the 9th the main

army, under Huger, came up. Thus the first object had been attained. The Cowpens had been won, the prisoners saved, and the junction effected. Greene's army was no longer divided. This in itself was a feat, and a solid gain obtained in the face of great obstacles and through many dangers. But the great peril still remained. The united army was still in a most hazardous position, as Morgan's division had been before. Greene who, like all other able commanders, had carefully studied the character and habits of his adversary, hoped that Cornwallis's eagerness and zeal would lead him into a position where he could be attacked successfully. So when he heard that Cornwallis, baffled at the Yadkin, and informed that the Americans had no boats, had determined to cut them off at the fords of the Dan, he thought that there would be an opportunity to fight. But now came the ever-returning curse of the short enlistments and of dependence on uncertain and unstable militia to shatter all his schemes and hopes. He could get no fresh recruits, could hardly indeed hold those he already had, and so found himself with only a little over two thousand men with whom to face a superior British force. To retreat toward Virginia, where Arnold was now ravaging and plundering with a strong body of troops, was dangerous in a military sense, and most undesirable in every other way because of its effect upon public opinion and the spirit of the people on which so much turned. But Greene did not hesitate. He had said that the one thing for which Cornwallis ought to make every sacrifice was the destruction of the American army, and his single determination was that his army should not be destroyed, for it carried in its hands the fate of the war in the South. To this one object everything else must yield. He not only did not throw himself upon the British, after the fashion of Gates, but he prepared for his retreat as carefully and methodically as he would have done for a battle. To Sumter, recovered of his wound, went word to call out the militia of South Carolina; to Marion to cross the Santee; to Pickens to follow up the rear of the enemy. The heavy baggage was sent to a place of safety, urgent letters were dispatched to the Governors of North and South Carolina, and then Greene, on February 10th,



Map Showing the Field of Greene's Operations in the South.

started for the fords of the Dan. The British were close on his heels. He had only seventy miles to go, but the roads were deep in mud, well nigh impassable. His means of transportation were bad, his men wretchedly clothed, and in a large measure barefooted. Quick marching was impossible, and the enemy, well equipped and provided, were in hot haste after him. He had in his favor good officers, his own clear brains and indomitable courage, and the

confidence and love of his men. "How you must suffer from cold," said Greene to the barefooted sentry. "I do not complain," came the answer. "I know I should fare well if our General could procure supplies; and if, as they say, we fight in a few days, I shall take care to secure some shoes." This little story brings out general and army in a clear light, and we see the sympathy and the knowledge of the one, and the faith and courage of the

other—qualities by which victories in war are often wrung from adversity.

To delay the enemy, Greene detached seven hundred of his best men, cavalry and infantry, under the command of Colonel Williams. They were to mislead, to retard, but to avoid all serious action. Well did they do their work. For three days the two armies pressed on, one in hot chase of the other. The main American army struggled forward through mud and water, marking their road, as Greene wrote Washington, with blood-stained tracks. On the third day most of the North Carolina militia deserted, but the regulars and the rest of the militia moved steadily forward, suffering in grim silence. Meantime the flower of the army under Williams hung on the flank of Cornwallis, embarrassing him at every stream and every defile, and leading him off on the road to the wrong ford. It was hard to keep the men in hand, and to avoid a serious fight, especially on the third day when Harry Lee's cavalry had a sharp brush with Tarleton's men and the English lost eighteen and the Americans two. The days of the easy slaughtering of militia were drawing to a close, and Tarleton had learned a lesson, which it was a sore temptation to his teachers to continue. But Williams, with great self-control, drew off his men, and despite all his efforts, Cornwallis at last discovered that he was being misled, and turned into the right road. When night fell, Williams and his men, with indescribable alarm, saw lights ahead, and breathed freely only when they found that it was Greene's deserted camp of the day before. Cornwallis, after a brief halt, started again at midnight, and pressed on through forest and over streams, Williams still hanging stubbornly on his flank. In the morning came a messenger from Greene that the wagons were over, and the troops were crossing, and all Williams's men broke into a loud cheer, heard with much misgiving in the British camp, where they had felt sure of their prey. Still Cornwallis pressed forward faster than ever, and in the late afternoon came another message that all the American army was over, the men posted and waiting for the gallant light troops who had made their escape possible. Now Williams stopped his attacks, spurred on at full speed, and he and

all his men rapidly crossed, while Cornwallis came up close behind only to look at the deep and rapid river which flowed between him and his foe. It appeared after all that the Americans had boats, and, more than this, that Greene had sent Kosciusko ahead to the ford to prepare earthworks on the other side. Evidently this general was very different from the easy victim of Camden. It was clear that he knew just what he meant to do and was neither to be caught nor fought with at pleasure. Hence much natural perplexity to his opponent. Crossing the river was out of the question. The attempt would have been madness, and could have resulted only in disaster, so Cornwallis, feeling now the loss of his baggage, sullenly withdrew to Hillsborough. He gave out that he had driven the Americans beyond the Dan, which was true, but he omitted to state that he had utterly failed to reach them or to bring on an action. By this masterly retreat, with every contingency accurately and punctually provided for, Greene had won his first victory, for he had baffled his enemy and defeated his purpose. He had his army in existence and in the field, cheered and inspirited by their success. He had the country around Cornwallis and to the southward flaming out again into armed resistance, and even while the loyalists were crowding into Hillsborough to rejoice in the presence of the royal army, news came that the American army was again south of the Dan. Suddenly, as the tidings spread, the eager crowd faded away, loyalty cooled, recruits ceased to appear, and Cornwallis wrote, "I am amongst timid friends and adjoining to inveterate rebels." The results of the retreat over the Dan were beginning to appear at once, for a victory is sometimes won in other ways than on the field of battle.

Greene, when he began to retrace his steps, sent Lee and Pickens forward and followed himself with the main army. There should be no loyalist rising and no reinforcements for the British if he could help it. His detachments under Williams and Lee and Pickens hung about the British army and swooped down on communications and on loyalist recruits with a sudden and unsparing hand. Pursuing



The Battle of Guilford Court House.

The First Maryland regiment, supported by Washington's dragoons, retaking the field-pieces lost by the Second Maryland.

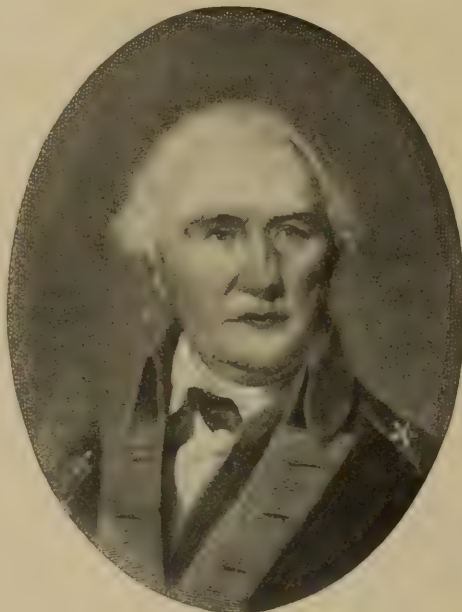
Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Tarleton, who was out on one of his plundering expeditions, Lee came upon three hundred loyalists marching to join Cornwallis. He did not want to lose his blow at Tarleton, who, only a few miles ahead, was quite unconscious of his presence, and so trusting to the resemblance in uniform, he tried to slip by the Tory companies. He very nearly succeeded, and was fairly in the midst of them when one of the loyalist riflemen detected the trick and fired. There was no help for it; Tarleton must be abandoned. Out came the sabres, and in a few moments ninety of the loyalist militiamen were lying on the field; their commander was desperately wounded, and the rest of the men were racing away for safety in all directions. The destruction of this large body of loyal troops made enlisting under the crown so unpleasant and unpopular that it ceased in that neighborhood entirely, for there was clearly no use in trying to serve a king who could not give better protection than this to his volunteers.

This little affair illustrated the situation of Cornwallis. He could not get reinforcements, his communications were cut, and to reach supplies and ammunition he would have to go to Wilmington and leave Greene behind. Thus it became absolutely necessary to him to fight a battle. But Greene, disappointed by perverse, well-meaning and ill-acting legislatures, could not get the additional men he so sorely needed, although clamorous messages went speeding forth for them in all directions. He, too, wanted a battle, for he felt that even if he could not win, he could at least cripple the English by a hard fight and still bring his army off in good order after a defeat. But fight he would not until he had enough men to give him at least a fair chance. So he took up a position between the two streams that fed the Haw River, and then marched

about, shifting his camp every night, keeping Cornwallis constantly on the move, and never allowing him to come near enough for anything more than a sharp skirmish. At last the baffled Cornwallis gave over the pursuit and went into camp at Bell's Mills to rest his men, who were beginning to get weary and to desert.

This gave Greene opportunity to likewise rest his own forces. By the individual exertions of leaders like Stevens and Lawson of Virginia, and Eaton and Butler of North Carolina, militia had finally been raised, and in the time given by skilful delays, had been gradually joining the American army. Thus strengthened, Greene determined to accept battle, and on March 14, 1781, he marched to Guilford Court House and took up a position on ground which he had already carefully



General Daniel Morgan.

From the portrait by Charles Willson Peale, 1794.

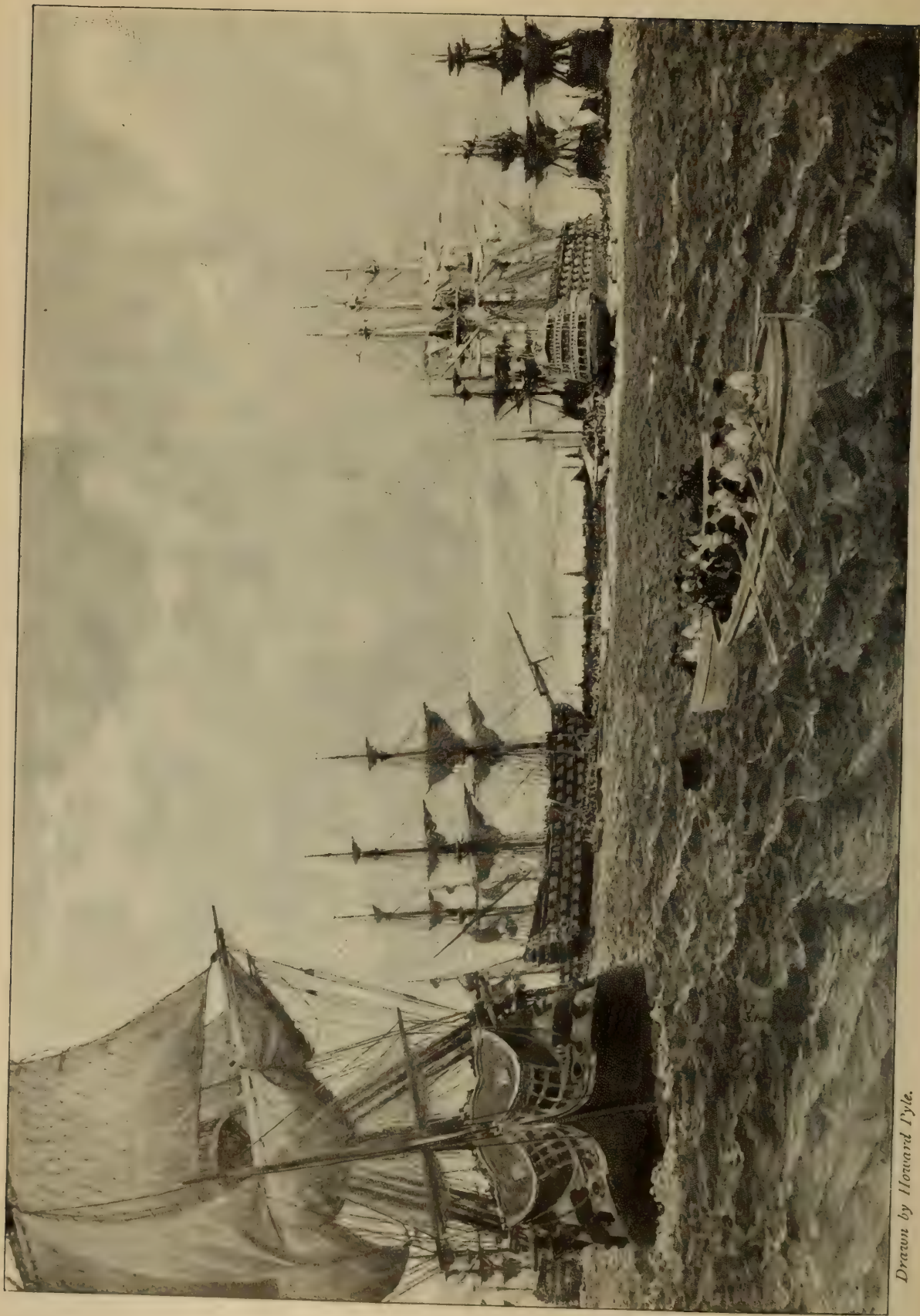
examined with a view to fighting there. He had now with him forty-two hundred foot, and not quite two hundred cavalry. Of these less than fifteen hundred were regulars. The rest were militia, and Greene was only too well aware that he could place but little dependence upon them against the onset of regulars and veterans. Still he believed that perchance he might win, that at the worst he could only lose the field and have his militia dispersed, and that he was reasonably certain to so damage the enemy that they would be compelled to retreat to Wilmington. On the fifteenth, therefore, he selected his ground and placed his troops with great care. In the first line he put the North Carolina militia; in the second, the Virginians, also militia, but men who had been under fire, and among whom were many old Continentals; in the third line were the regulars from Maryland and Virginia, but only one regiment, the First Maryland, was composed of veterans. On the right flank were posted Washington and his dragoons and part of the light infantry,



The Battle of Eutaw Springs.

The British centre breaking before the charge of the Virginia and Maryland regiments

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.



Drawn by Howard Tyle.

The Evacuation of Charleston by the British, December 14, 1782.

and on the left Lee and his light cavalry and the rest of the light infantry, backed by Campbell with some of his King's Mountain riflemen, all veterans and the pick of the army.

Lee, thrown forward on the skirmish line, drove in Tarleton, and then fell back before the main column of the enemy. The British van came in view about one o'clock and Cornwallis opened a sharp cannonade, and then forming his men advanced rapidly. Greene had addressed the North Carolina militia and besought them to give two volleys and then retire; but when they saw the British coming on at the charge, although they apparently fired a first and probably a second volley,* they then broke in wild panic, and, despite all the officers could do, fled in all directions without inflicting the slightest damage on the enemy. Now appeared the wisdom of Greene's dispositions. As the British rushed forward, cheering, Washington and Lee fell on their flanks, checked them, and gave the Virginians time to pour in a steady and well-directed fire. The British line was shaken, and men began to drop fast, but the well-disciplined regulars still kept on, and the Virginians gave way on the right, retreating slowly and without panic. The British, now somewhat broken, pushed through on the right and came on the veteran Maryland regiment, which opened a close and destructive fire, and then, charging, drove the British back in confusion. Had Greene dared to throw in his other Continentals at this point he might have won, but this he would not do; for he lacked confidence in the new regiments, and did not intend to risk, in the slightest degree or under any temptation, the loss of his army, which would have followed the dispersion of his regular troops. His foresight was justified, for the Virginian left, having fallen back at last, the British columns again united and before their attack the Second Maryland broke and ran. The first regiment again charged on the advancing British, and at the same moment Washington and his dragoons once more fell upon their flank. Again the British gave way, this time in utter disorder; and Cornwallis, whose horse

had been shot under him, seeing the flight of his army, ordered the artillery to open. His officers remonstrated that he would destroy his own men, but Cornwallis persisted, and the artillery firing through their own ranks checked the American pursuit, and the British reformed their broken lines.

Greene, like Cornwallis, well at the front and taking in the whole field, but ignorant as to Lee's whereabouts and fearing that his flanks would be turned, decided at once to take no further risks. He was confident that the enemy had been badly crippled, and being determined not to allow his regulars to suffer further, ordered a retreat. The British attempted to pursue, but were easily repulsed, and Greene, in good order, moved off his whole army, leaving only some guns, the horses of which had been killed. He marched as far as Reedy Fork, three miles distant, waited there quietly for some hours to gather the stragglers, and then marched on and occupied his old camp on Troublesome Creek.

The battle had been stubbornly fought, and the British had suffered severely. Cornwallis had lost, by his own report, 406 killed and wounded and 26 missing, while Greene's information was that the enemy had lost 633, exclusive of officers, among whom the casualties had been exceptionally severe, many of the most conspicuous having been killed or wounded.

Over a thousand of the Americans were missing. In other words, the militia had gone home, as Greene said, "to kiss their sweethearts and wives." Five hundred and fifty-two of the North Carolina militia, who had only lost nine men in battle, and 294 of the Virginians, who had fought extremely well, had departed in this quiet and unobtrusive way. But these men could be recovered, and the American loss in killed and wounded was only 163, less than half of that which they had inflicted on the enemy.

Greene, after the fight was over, had his army in high spirits and good condition, ready for further work. Cornwallis, for his part, issued a proclamation announcing a triumph, and when his glowing despatch reached England, Charles Fox said that "another such victory would destroy the British army." Cornwallis, if judged by his actions and not by his

* The generally received account is that the North Carolina militia ran without firing a shot, but I think that Judge Schenck, in his history of North Carolina, fairly proves that they were only ordered to fire two volleys, and that they certainly did some firing before they broke and fled.

words, took much the same view. Leaving his own and the American wounded on the field, he not only did not pursue his beaten foe, but began an immediate retreat from the scene of his loudly proclaimed victory. Greene, the defeated, started after him, and although holding his short-term militia with great difficulty, the vanquished eagerly pursued the victor, and tried to catch him by the most hurried marches, while the conqueror just managed to get over the deep river before the Virginians, finally abandoning Greene, obliged him to desist from the chase. The victorious Cornwallis then went on to Wilmington to refit, and Greene, having lost his battle and won his campaign, took the bold step which marks more than anything else his military capacity, and which finally resulted in his driving the British from the South.

Up to this time Greene had been devoting all his efforts toward making his army, stopping any loyalist rising, and preventing the advance of Cornwallis to the South. In all these objects he had been entirely successful. Cornwallis, with his army much broken, had been forced to retreat to tide water, thus abandoning the State of North Carolina, except where his army camped, and leaving all the rest of the State practically free. An important portion of the British forces in the Southern department, the second division, in fact, under the command of Lord Rawdon, were stationed in South Carolina, and held that State and Georgia firmly, by their presence and by their possession of a chain of fortified posts. With the British forces in this position, two courses were open to Greene at this juncture. One was to follow the line he had hitherto pursued; however on Cornwallis's flank, cut his communications, isolate him, prevent his advance to the North, and fight him again as soon as he could sufficiently recruit his army. This was the safe and obvious plan in conformity with the original purpose for which Greene and his army were intended, and it would have been difficult to have criticised him if he had adopted it. The alternative course was bold and hazardous, but pregnant with the possibility of much greater and more decisive results. This second plan was to give over all thought of checking Cornwallis's northern movement and

marshalling boldly to the southward, to thrust himself between the main army and the Southern division, and then attack the latter and their posts. From this action, as Greene wrote, one of two results must come. North Carolina was free, and was too difficult a country, and too sparsely settled, to invite further attack from the British, who had been forced down to the coast. Cornwallis would, therefore, either have to march on to the North, in which case Greene would be able to break up the British posts and drive the enemy from South Carolina and Georgia, or he would have to follow Greene, in which case the British campaign would have failed, and the war would be narrowed to the two southernmost States, with the North to draw upon for men and supplies. It is true that Virginia was in Greene's department, and that he would, by marching South, leave it open to the enemy, but Virginia was the most populous and one of the strongest of the States, with no loyalist element, as in the Carolinas, and able to make, unaided, a formidable defence. Moreover, every step that Cornwallis took to the North brought him nearer to the principal American army under Washington, now reinforced by the French troops.

Greene, having decided on his new movement and upon this daring change in the plan of campaign, acted quickly, so quickly indeed that he was out of Cornwallis's reach before the British knew what he was intending to do. April 2d he bade farewell to his home-loving militia, and on the 6th, after detaching Lee to join Marion and assail Lord Rawdon's communications with Charleston, he began his movement to the South. His objective point was Camden, and thither he directed his march, halting that night and making his camp at Hobkirk's Hill, less than two miles from the enemy's works. His antagonist, Lord Rawdon, was a bold and enterprising officer. Hearing of the near approach of Greene, and learning from a deserter that Sumter had not come up, and that the artillery had not arrived, he determined to surprise the Americans. He therefore marched out early on the morning of April 7th with this end in view, but Greene was never surprised. He had his men encamped in order of battle, with a strong picket line, and it was this characteris-

tic and sleepless watchfulness which saved him. He had not anticipated an attack the very morning after he had crossed the border. Lord Rawdon's prompt attack was unexpected, and would have been much more disastrous had it not been for Greene's arrangements. As it was, his excellent picket-line fell back slowly, skirmishing heavily and delaying the enemy's advance, which gave time to form the American army. The opposing forces were pretty nearly matched, Greene having about fourteen hundred men and Rawdon about a thousand, but the advantage in equipment, discipline, and experience were with the British. The attack was made with rapidity and vigor, the British charging boldly up the low slopes of the hill. Greene, watching keenly, saw that the enemy's front was narrow and gave orders to extend his lines, but Lord Rawdon was too quick and threw out his reserves before either Ford or Campbell could reach his flanks. In the centre the Marylanders, who had fought so admirably at Guilford, got into confusion in one company, and then badly handled by their commander, Colonel Gunby, began to retreat just at the critical moment when they were actually piercing the enemy's line, and when Greene thought that victory was in his grasp. This sudden and unexpected misfortune compromised the whole position; and Greene, with the self-control and quick decision which saved his campaign on so many occasions, determined to take no further risk and withdrew his men in good order. There was a sharp fight over the artillery, but Washington, who had been delayed and entangled in the woods, coming up with his dragoons, charged vigorously, and the Americans brought off all the guns. The American loss in killed, wounded, and missing appears to have been two hundred and seventy-one, the British two hundred and fifty-eight, but the proportion of killed and wounded was heavier with the latter than with the former.

Saved by his unrelenting vigilance from a surprise, defeated by the utterly unexpected blundering of an experienced officer, Greene was sorely depressed by his defeat at Hobkirk's Hill. But he made no sign. With the same dogged persistence as when he outmarched Cornwallis he withdrew to Rugely Mills, and despite the usual heart-

breaking disappointments in getting reinforcements, he reposed and recruited his army, and then moved out again and once more threatened Camden.

Lee and Marion, who had been sent forward when Greene quitted North Carolina, had failed to intercept Watson, who joined the main army on May 7th. Thus reinforced, Rawdon left Camden and started again after Greene, intending to pass him on the flank and attack him in the rear. But although Rawdon was enterprising and quick, he was no match for Greene when it came to manœuvring. Greene moved off in such a manner as to defeat Rawdon's plan, and then took up a strong position which the British looked at and feared to attack. Unable to bring Greene to action, except on ground of his own choosing, Rawdon's position became untenable, for while Greene threatened him on the flank, Lee and Marion were menacing his communications and his fortified posts, especially Fort Motte. Thus forced by his opponent's movements, Rawdon, on May 10th, evacuated Camden, leaving his wounded behind him, and withdrew to Monks Corner, only thirty miles from Charleston. Like Cornwallis, he had been compelled to retreat to the seaboard and leave the interior of the State free to the operations of the American army. Again Greene, by his strategy and the manner in which he manœuvred his army and disposed his outlying detachments, had forced the British to retreat. Again he had lost a battle and won a campaign.

Now began to appear the results of the bold movement to the South in more substantial form than the retreat of the English army to the seaboard. "We fight, get beat, rise, and fight again," wrote Greene to the French minister, and now the "fighting again" had fairly begun. Lee and Marion had failed to stop Watson on his way to Lord Rawdon, but they besieged the fort which bore the former's name, and took it on April 27th. May 10th Camden was evacuated, and Greene marched in and levelled the works. After this, events moved fast, the second part of Greene's campaign, involving the destruction of the British posts, having now fairly opened. Very precious among these posts was Fort Motte, and one motive of Lord Rawdon's hasty retreat was to save this

particular place. On May 12th, so quickly did he move, his camp-fires were seen by the Americans on the opposite side of the Congaree. But with all his effort, he was too late, arriving only in time to see the Americans set fire to the Motte home, in the centre of the stockade, with burning arrows, provided by Mrs. Motte herself, and thereupon the surrender of the post and the garrison. The day before the fall of Fort Motte, Sumter had taken Orangeburg; on the 14th, Neilson's Ferry was evacuated, and on the 15th, after a sharp attack, Lee took Fort Granby and captured the garrison. In less than a month from the day when he reached Camden, Greene had taken that town, forced back the main British army to the coast, and by his well-led and well-directed detachments, had taken four posts and compelled the abandonment of two more. The British grip on the Carolinas was being rudely broken, and the States which they had believed firmly within their power, were slipping rapidly away from them. North Carolina was free, and South Carolina nearly cleared of the enemy. Georgia remained, the first to fall into the hands of the British, the most strongly held and remote enough from that first camp on the Pedee, where Greene withdrew to rest and gather his army, and whence he set forth upon his campaign. To Georgia, therefore, Lee directed his march after the fall of Fort Granby, and capturing a small post on his way, joined Pickens in the siege of Augusta on May 21st. The town was well defended by two strong works, Fort Cornwallis and Fort Grierson. While Pickens attacked the former, Lee besieged the latter. Driven from Fort Grierson, the garrison undertook to withdraw to Fort Cornwallis, and were nearly all killed or captured in the attempt. The whole American force now concentrated their attack on the remaining fort, which was the larger and more formidable of the two. There was a strong garrison within its walls, consisting in part of some of England's Indian auxiliaries, and both the red and white soldiers of the crown fought gallantly and well. They made several fierce sallies and met the besiegers obstinately at every point. But the Americans, with equal obstinacy, drew their lines closer and closer. They mounted their one gun on

a log tower devised at Fort Watson by Lieutenant-Colonel Mayham, and by this bit of American invention were able to use their extremely limited artillery with great effect. At the same time the riflemen covered every point of the fort, and picked off the garrison with unerring aim. Steadily the Americans pushed nearer, until at last all was ready for an assault upon the now broken works. Then, at last, the garrison, which had suffered severely, surrendered after their long and stubborn defence, and Augusta and all its brave defenders passed into the hands of the Americans.

Meantime Greene had directed his own course with the main army against Ninety-six, about twenty-five miles from Augusta, and the strongest British post in the South. It was now held by Colonel Cruger with five hundred men, and was a well-fortified place of great strength. Greene made the mistake of opening his trenches too close to the fort, within seventy yards, and was forced to withdraw and begin again at a distance of four hundred yards. Time was thus lost, but although Greene, weakened by his detachments, which had been so well employed and by the customary failure of the militia to come in when expected, had only a thousand men, the besiegers' lines were pushed vigorously and rapidly. June 8th, Lee arrived from Augusta, and was assigned to the siege of the outlying stockade, which protected the water-supply of the besieged, and the evacuation of which he forced on the 17th. Cruger and his men were now helpless, their works were swept by the American fire, and in two or three days the place must have surrendered unconditionally. But Lord Rawdon was determined that so large a detachment as that in Ninety-six should not be sacrificed. With his army refreshed and strengthened, he started from Charleston on June 7th, just when Lee was leaving Augusta. Greene heard of his coming, and knew by the 18th that Rawdon had eluded Sumter, who was not behaving well in a subordinate position, and was within two or three days' march of Ninety-six. The advancing British army, now drawing near so rapidly, outnumbered the Americans more than two to one, and it was plainly impossible to

give them battle. Greene, therefore, impelled by the eager desire of his men, determined to try an assault, which was delivered with the utmost gallantry. Lee on the right was successful, but the main attack was repulsed after some very savage fighting, which cost the Americans one hundred and eighty-five men killed and wounded. After this failure, there was no alternative left, and Greene, bitterly disappointed, raised the siege and withdrew. The British army marched in to Ninety-six on June 21st, and then went after Greene, who, too weak to meet them in the field, easily eluded their pursuit and kept out of the way, until Lord Rawdon, his men being utterly exhausted, abandoned the chase. This done, Greene resorted to his usual tactics. Unable to meet his adversary in the open field he wrote "that he should endeavor to oblige the British to evacuate Ninety-six and to manœuvre them down into the lower country." As he planned, so it fell out. Before his skilful movements Rawdon once more found himself unable to either fight or hold his ground. Dividing his army he evacuated Ninety-six, and in two columns took his way to Charleston, carrying with him into exile the unhappy loyalists who dared not remain now that the British post was abandoned. The whole region, in fact, commanded by the strong detachment at Ninety-six, was once again in American control, and the British, again forced from the interior, were pushed back to the seaboard where they could get support from their ships.

After Rawdon had retreated, Greene withdrew his army to the hills of the Santee to rest and recruit during the extreme heat of the summer. But the withdrawal of the main army did not stop the fighting. Lee, Marion, Sumter and the commanders of detachments under Greene's direction followed the retreating British troops and skirmished actively with the rear guards of Rawdon and Cruger. They swept down even to the picket lines at Charleston, destroyed ships in the Cooper River, in a series of small actions cut off and routed several outlying parties of the enemy, and made prisoners to the number of seven officers and a hundred and fifty men. Throughout the region from which the British had been driven,

civil war of the most intense kind raged, the American loyalist, fighting with the American patriot, brother with brother, and kinsman with kinsman. The fate of the loyalists was in truth pitiable. Those who had followed the English army to Charleston, suffered there from disease, bad quarters, and bad food. Those who remained behind were left exposed to the attacks of their fellow Americans whom they had helped to persecute in the brief days of British ascendancy. The British themselves, unable to protect their supporters, made matters worse by proclamations, confiscations of property within their reach, brutality to prisoners, and occasional hangings, which culminated in the execution of Colonel Hayne, a prisoner of war, after a mere mockery of a trial. The hanging of Hayne filled Greene with wrath and he threatened immediate reprisals which put a stop to the executions of any more American prisoners, but the people were not so temperate. They not only threatened reprisals, but made them. Greene, at once strong and merciful, could not restrain the Americans beyond the lines of his camp, and the British made no effort to hold back their allies. On the one side were the patriots or Whigs, as they called themselves, returning to their homes, too often mere heaps of ashes; embittered by a sense of many wrongs, exultant and confident, inflamed by the hangings at Charleston and thirsting for revenge. On the other side were the loyalists, deserted by their royal army, inspired by hatred of their antagonists, and utterly desperate. The result was that the State was filled with partisan fighting, with much burning and plundering, and not a few bloody deeds. The English policy of encouraging a local civil war and of giving the people she sought to retain as subjects no choice but to fight against their country or go to ruin, prison, and death, bore bitter fruit in South Carolina and Georgia in that summer of 1781.

While Greene, in the midst of all this wild fighting, was resting and drilling his army and slowly drawing in reinforcements to his well-ordered camp among the cool hills of Santee, his late opponent, Lord Rawdon, in order to repair his broken health, took ship for England, only to fall into the hands of the French. He

was succeeded in the command at Charleston by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, who, in the latter part of August, moved out with about 2,300 men, and marched to the junction of the Congaree and Wateree, where he encamped. Informed as to the enemy's movements, Greene also moved out on August 22d, and making a wide circuit, marched toward Stewart, whose communications were threatened by detachments sent forward by Greene, and who was forced to fall back to Eutaw Springs. On September 7th Greene was at Burdell's plantation, within easy striking distance, and here he was joined by Marion, who had just routed a party of three hundred Hessians and British, inflicting a loss of over a hundred, and breaking them completely. Good news this was to come to the army, for Greene had determined this time to attack, although he had no more men than his antagonist. Stewart, moreover, had posted his men in a very strong position, and was so confident that, had it not been for two deserters, he would have been surprised. As it was, he had just time to make his arrangements the next morning, before the Americans were upon him. His cavalry, sent forward under Coffin, were cut to pieces, and the Americans, formed by Greene in two columns, came on rapidly and unflinchingly. This time the militia fought well. The North Carolinians fired seventeen rounds before they gave way, and when they fell back, the Virginians and the men of Maryland rushed promptly into their places. Twice the steady British lines repelled the assault, but as they became disordered by their success, Greene saw that the critical moment had come and put in his Continentals. With a fierce bayonet charge, the men in buff and blue broke through the British centre, while Lee flanked the enemy on the left. The rout seemed complete, the victors poured into the British camp, carrying all before them, and then, forgetting the bonds of discipline, scattered in every direction to seek plunder and drink. It was a fatal error, and only Greene's coolness and the steadiness of his best troops prevented his victory from being turned into utter disaster. The retreating British had flung themselves into a brick house which stood in the centre of the camp, and poured from this vantage-

ground a galling and deadly fire upon their assailants. Meantime the right wing of the British held their ground, and repulsed the American attack with a heavy slaughter. Lee also had got separated from the main line, and the Americans, scattered and dispersed, were suffering heavily in all directions. Greene saw that his position was fatally compromised. With great difficulty and supreme exertion he reformed his lines and got the army again in order of battle. But the complete victory which he had won by his first attack had slipped from him through the failure in the discipline of his men when they believed that the field was theirs. His soldiers were exhausted, and he decided, as he had so often, with stern self-control, decided before, that he must not hazard the existence of the army, no matter how glittering the prize of a possible victory. Reluctantly he gave the word to retreat, and with nearly five hundred prisoners he withdrew to the plantation he had left in the morning, confident only that he had crippled his opponent and would force him to retreat to Charleston. It had been a hard-fought fight. The Americans had lost, in killed and wounded, four hundred and eight; the British, four hundred and thirty-three, and at least as many more in prisoners. Stewart, as Greene had anticipated, was obliged to retreat, and marched back to Charleston, leaving seventy of his wounded to the Americans. At Guilford and Hobkirk's Hill, Greene had lost his battle and won his campaign. At Eutaw he had a drawn battle, but he had broken Stewart, as he did Cornwallis, and once more had won his campaign. The British had come out in the open and fought a hard fight and been obliged to return to the seashore. They had failed once more to break the American army, they had failed to hold the country beyond the reach of tidewater and of their garrisoned town. This was defeat, for the loyalists could not sustain themselves, and, with the British shut up in Charleston, the States of the South were in control of the Americans, as New York and New Jersey were in the North.

Marion and Lee followed Stewart's retreating army to Charleston, harassing his march and cutting off stragglers and detached bodies of troops, while Greene, his main purpose effected, withdrew again

to the high hills to rest and gather reinforcements. Recruits were slow in coming in, and the enemy made a raid into North Carolina which revived partisan warfare in that State. But the movement was only sporadic. Yorktown fell, Virginia was cleared of the enemy, North Carolina was also free, and Wilmington was evacuated. The surrender of Cornwallis enabled Washington to send Wayne, with the Pennsylvanians, to the Southern army. Thus encouraged by the welcome tidings from the North, Greene took the field on November 18th and marched against the enemy. Leaving the main army to pursue Stewart, he went himself with a small detachment of picked troops, drove back a strong but detached British division to Charleston, and thus forced Stewart to retreat to the city, where the greatest alarm prevailed. Having thus again confined the enemy to Charleston, Greene encamped at the Round O, in a strong position, and held the British, who outnumbered him five to one, in check within the Charleston lines.

St. Clair and Wayne arrived with the Pennsylvanians as the year was closing, and early in January, 1782, Greene detached the latter with five hundred men to operate in Georgia. Wayne was as ever bold and enterprising. He re-established the State government, and although very inferior in numbers, he harassed the British and kept them cooped up in Savannah. In April he cut off a detachment

CORNWALLIS' Headquarters at Camden, S.C.

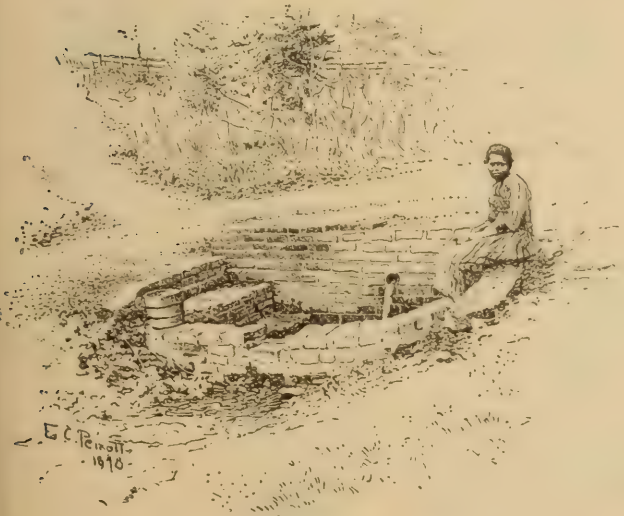


of the enemy which had gone out to rouse the Indians, and a little later he repelled a night attack of the Indians themselves, their chief and the British guides all falling in the dark and murderous conflict. Too weak still to attack, Wayne circled about Savannah, keeping the garrison hemmed in, until, on July 11th, the city was evacuated and Georgia passed finally into the hands of the Americans.

The war was now practically over. There were a few skirmishes, in one of which John Laurens fell, young, gallant, leading a charge and giving his life uselessly when his country's victory was won. But these affairs had no real importance. Greene held the field and watched his foe, while the British remained clinging helplessly to Charleston, and, despite their superiority of numbers, unable to do anything against their vigilant enemy. Slowly another year rolled round, and, finally, on December 14th, the British evacuated Charleston, and Greene's soldiers marched in on the very heels of their departing foes and posted themselves at the State House. At three o'clock Greene himself, escorted by Lee's dragoons, rode in with his officers and the Governor of South Carolina restored at last to his capital. Outside lay the English fleet, now spreading their sails and dropping down to the sea to carry the English army back across the Atlantic. As Greene passed along the streets the crowds welcomed him with cheers, cast wreaths from the windows, and cried to God to bless him. So it is well to leave him in the sunshine and the flowers with the light of a great triumph radiant upon him. The patient, brave, enduring, often defeated, but never conquered, man, the

Greene's Spring near Camden.

It was around this spring that Greene and his officers were breakfasting when attacked by the British on the morning of the battle of Hobkirk's Hill.



hard-fighting soldier, the keen strategist, had come to his reward at last. His work was done and well done. He passed out of the sunshine of victory to die all too early among the people for whom he had fought, leaving the memory of his deeds of war as his last memory, untouched by any of the trials and differences which the coming years of political strife brought to so many of his comrades in arms.

No outline of Greene's campaign can do full justice to him and to his army. There is no great dramatic moment when he arose at once triumphant to the complete victory at which he aimed. From the day when he took command of a beaten army at Charlotte to that other day, two years later, when he rode victorious into Charleston, he had been laboring incessantly with the single purpose of pressing the British back to the sea and setting free the Southern States. The forces under his command had fought four pitched battles. Morgan won at the Cowpens, and Greene was defeated at Guilford and Hobkirk's Hill, and had fought a drawn battle at Eutaw. Judged merely by this statement of his battles, one would call him an unsuccessful general, and yet he was steadily victorious. By his detachments under the really brilliant leadership of Marion, Lee, and Sumter, of Williams and Washington and the rest, by his masterly retreats and equally masterly strategy, he held his army together with grim tenacity, and surely and steadily forced the British back before an advance not always apparent but as resistless as the incoming tide, which seems never to gain and yet ever rises higher and higher. And ever behind and hand in hand with the operations in the field went on continually the grinding, harassing work of making and remaking his army, shifting perpetually under the wretched system of short enlistments. In the North, miserable as the arrangements were, the army was near Congress, they were supplied by contract, they were in the most settled parts of the

country, and the loyalists there were generally few and weak. Greene fought through a country where a large part of the native population was in arms against him, and where it was often difficult to tell friend from foe. He had no contracts, but was obliged to rely on the changeable, well-meaning, but often weak and ill-informed, State governments. There was never a moment when he was not short of men, money, ammunition and supplies, and when he was not writing, supplicating, demanding all these things, and but rarely obtaining them. Under these conditions, aided by his singularly gallant and enterprising officers, and by the picked fighting men of the South, whom he gradually gathered round him, he came to a complete victory. Steadily he outgeneralled, outmarched, and, in the long run, outfought his opponents. Slowly and surely he narrowed the British field of operations and forced the English to the coast. Gradually the three States which the British had overrun so rapidly and triumphantly, passed from their control, and the loyalist support withered away before the advance of Greene's army and the sweeping raids of his lieutenants. So the end came with a victory as complete as the patient labor, the unresting energy, and the keen intelligence which made it possible. A fine piece of soldier's work, very nobly and ably done, and deserving of great praise and remembrance from all those who call Greene and his army countrymen. Wayne, who watched by the death-bed of Greene, wrote when the end came, "He was great as a soldier, great as a citizen, immaculate as a friend. The honors—the greatest honors—of war are due his remains. Pardon this scrawl. My feelings are but too much affected because I have seen a great and good man die."

So, with the simple words of the comrade who fought by his side, we may leave the victor of the campaign which carried the American Revolution to triumph in the South.



THE EPIGRAMMATIST

By Oliver Herford

I KNOW an entomologist
 Who thinks it not a sin
 To catch a harmless butterfly,
 And stick it, with a pin,
 Upon a piece of paper white,
 And underneath the same
 In letters large and plain to write
 The creature's Latin name.

I know another little man
 Who catches, now and then,
 A microscopic little thought
 And goads it, with a pen,
 To rhyme, until we wonder quite
 How it can keep so tame,
 And why he never fails to write
 Beneath (in *full*) his name.

If you should ask me to decide
 The which of them I'd rate
 The greater torment of the two
 I should not hesitate.
 It's wicked with a pin to bore
 A butterfly—but then,
 I loathe the other fellow more,
 Who bores me with his pen.



RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XXXII

THE revelation that Steve had made to Jacquelin in their law-office the night the bill was filed seemed suddenly to have opened life again to Jacquelin. Incidents which he had construed one way, now, in the light of Steve's disclosure, took on a new complexion. Hope was easily worth every thing else in Pandora's box. When he began to visit at Dr. Cary's again, it must be said that he could discern no change in Blair. Easy and charming as she always was to others, she was to him as constrained as formerly. She treated him with the same coldness that she had always shown him since that fatal evening when he had taken her to task about Middleton and then had put it on Steve's account. However, he was not to be cast down now. He even stood seeing McRaffle visiting her, though he fumed and smouldered internally over a man like McRaffle being in Blair's presence, however smooth he was. Steve declared that McRaffle was in love with Miss Welch, but Jacquelin knew better. Steve was such a jealous creature that he thought everyone was in love with Miss Welch if he but spoke to her—even that Wash Still was, whom Miss Welch would not look at. No; McRaffle was in love with Blair; Jacquelin knew it—just as he knew that Middleton was. She did not care for McRaffle, of course; but the thought of Middleton often crossed Jacquelin's mind, and discomposed him. He had heard of the honors Middleton had won in the Northwest, and of his retirement from the service. Blair had told him of it with undue enthusiasm. Confound him! While that Indian bullet was hitting him, it might as well have hit him a little lower. Most men would have died, anyhow. Then, as his thoughts ran this way, Jacquelin would

haul himself up short, with a feeling of hot shame that such an ignoble idea could even enter his mind, and next time he saw Blair, would speak of Middleton with unmeasured warmth and admiration.

At length he could wait no longer. He would make a clean breast of everything, and tell her how he had always loved her. Steve was his confidant as he was Steve's, and agreed that this was the thing to do.

Alas! for masculine wisdom! The way of a serpent on a rock is not harder than that of a maid with a man. An opportunity presented itself one afternoon, in which everything appeared so propitious that Jacquelin felt as if the time were made for his occasion. He and Blair had been to ride, their first ride together in many years. The summer woods had been heavenly in their peacefulness and charm. Blair had insensibly fallen into a softer mood than she usually showed him, and, as they had talked of old times, she had seemed sweeter to him than ever before. He had spoken to her of Rupert, and of his anxiety about him; of the boy's association with McRaffle, and of the influence McRaffle seemed to have obtained over him; and Blair had responded with a warmth which had set his heart to bounding. Mr. McRaffle was a dangerous, bad man, she declared, and she was doing all she could to counteract his evil influence over Rupert. Her sweetness to Jacquelin was such that he had hardly been able to restrain himself from opening his heart to her then and there and asking her to let the past be by-gones, and accept his love. But he had waited until they should reach home, and now they were at the door. She asked him if he would not come in and stay to tea. The words awakened old association. Her voice thrilled him. He suddenly began to speak to her. She dropped her eyes, and he was conscious

that she was trembling. In his constraint, he referred to the past and faltered something about Steve having set him right. She looked up quickly. He did not heed it, but went on and said all he had so often rehearsed, with a good deal more than he had designed to say.

When he was quite through he waited. She also waited a moment and then began to speak.

She did not care for him, except as a relative, and she never expected to marry at all. She was not looking at him, and was evidently speaking under strong feeling.

"May I ask if you care for anyone else?" Jacquelin inquired. His voice was constrained.

She did not know that he had any right to ask her such a question. She had already told him that she never expected to marry anyone. She had grown more formal.

Jacquelin lost his head, if he had ever had it. He was sure now that she cared for Middleton, and she had simply misled Steve.

"What did you tell Steve?" he asked. Her head went up suddenly and she faced him, her figure quite straight and strong, her flashing eyes fastened searchingly on his face.

"So that's the reason you have come! Steve told you to come, and you have come to say what he told you to say? Well, go back to him, and tell him I say he was mistaken." Her lip curled as she turned on her heel.

"No, no! Blair! Wait one moment!" But she had walked slowly into the house, and Jacquelin saw her mount the stair.

A moment later he mounted his horse, and came slowly away—down the road he knew so well—the road to vain regret, beyond which, somewhere, lies despair.

He knew now it was Middleton that had barred his way, and that to keep her secret Blair had misled Steve. He might have forgiven her all else, but he could not forgive her that.

After his interview with Major Welch, Captain Allen appeared to be in better spirits than he had been in for some time. Even the letter he received from the Major did not wholly dash his hopes, and, though they occasionally sank, they as often rallied again.

But Captain Allen was soon plunged as deep into the abyss as Jacquelin.

He was sitting in his office, looking listlessly out of the window one afternoon, when a pair of riders—a lady and her escort—rode up the street in plain view of where he sat. At sight of the trim figure, sitting her horse so jauntily, Steve's heart gave a bound, and a light came into his eyes. The next instant he recognized Miss Welch's companion as Dr. Washington Still.

Steve could not believe that such a girl as Ruth could be accepting the addresses of such a man as Wash Still. She could not know him. He followed the girl with his eyes as long as she was in view; then with a combination of emotions rather than with any single idea in his mind, he strode into the village and up the street. He wanted to get away, and he wanted to be near her and get a look into her face, but he had no definite intention of having her see him; none, at least, of meeting her. But, as he turned a corner into a shady street, they were coming toward him, and he saw that, even at a distance, she knew him. He could not turn back, so kept on, and as they passed him he raised his hat. Her escort returned the salute, but the girl looked him full in the eyes and cut him dead. The blood sprang into Steve's face. For any sign she gave, except a sudden whitening and a contraction of the mouth, she might never have seen him before in all her life. The next second Steve heard her voice starting, apparently, a very animated conversation with her escort, and heard him reply:

"Hurrah! for you," and break into a loud laugh.

Steve did not return to his office that evening. He spent the night wandering about. But had Mr. Allen known what occurred during the remainder of that ride, he might have found in it some consolation.

Miss Ruth had hardly gotten out of hearing of Captain Allen, and her escort had scarcely had time to turn over in his mind his enjoyment of his rival's discomfiture and his own triumph, when the young lady inexplicably changed and addressed him so viciously and with so biting a sarcasm that he was almost dumfounded. The occasion for her change was so slight that Wash Still was completely mystified. It



Drawn by B. West Clinchinst.

She gave a step forward and with a quick movement pulled the mask from his face.—Page 358.

was only some slighting little speech he made about the man she had just cut dead.

"Why don't you say that to Captain Allen?" she asked, with a sudden flush on her face and a flash in her eyes. "You, at least, have not the excuse of not speaking to him."

Women have this in common with the Deity—that their ways are past finding out. The young Doctor could not comprehend how Miss Welch could have cut Captain Allen without it in some way redounding to his own advantage; and, notwithstanding her fierceness and coldness toward him, he believed it was a favorable time for him.

The ride home through the woods in the soft summer afternoon presented an opportunity he had been seeking for some time, and the attitude Ruth had shown toward his rival appeared to him to indicate that everything was propitious. Even her flare out at him he construed to mean only a flash of feminine caprice. After her little outbreak, Miss Welch had lapsed into silence, and rode with her eyes on her horse's mane and her lips firmly closed. The young man took it for remorse for her conduct, and drew up to her side and began to talk of himself and of his affairs. She listened in silence; so silently, indeed, that she scarcely seemed to be listening at all; and the young Doctor was moved to enlarge somewhat eloquently on his prospects as the owner of both Birdwood and Red Rock, the handsomest places in the county. Presently, however, he changed, and as they reached a shady place in the road, began to address her, and stated that he thought she had given him reason to hope he might be successful. The effect on Ruth was electric. She gave a vehement gesture of wild dissent.

"Oh! No, no! Don't," she cried, and drew her horse to a stand, turning in the road and facing the young man. "No, no! You have misunderstood me! How could you think so? I have never done it! I never dreamed of it! It is impossible!" The deep color sprang to her face; but the next moment, by a strong effort, she controlled herself, and faced the young man again. "Doctor Still," she said, calmly, and with deep earnestness, "I am sure that, wittingly, I never gave you the least warrant to think—to suppose that I

could—that you might say to me what you have said. My conscience tells me this; but, if I have ever done or said anything that appeared to you to be a ground to build a hope on, I am deeply sorry, and I humbly beg your pardon. I pray you to believe me—I never intended it. I do not wish to appear hard, or—cruel, but I must tell you now that there is not the slightest hope for you, and never will be. I do not love you; I never could love, and I will never marry, you, never!" She could not have spoken more strongly.

The young man's face, which had begun by being pale, had now turned red, and he broke out, almost violently, reiterating that she had given him ground to think himself favored. He cited the rides she had taken with him. Ruth's eyes opened wide, and her head went up:

"I do not wish to discuss this further; I have told you the simple truth. I should prefer that you go on ahead of me; I prefer to ride home alone."

"Why did you cut Steve Allen this evening?" he persisted, angrily.

Ruth's face hardened.

"Certainly not on your account," she said, coldly, "or for any reason that you will understand. Go; I will ride home alone."

"I used to think you were in love with him; and so did everybody else;" persisted Dr. Still, "but it can't be him. Is it that young jackanapes, Rupert Gray? He's in love with you, but I didn't suppose you to be in love with a boy like that."

Ruth's face flamed with indignation.

"By what right do you question me as to such things? Go; I will ride home alone." She drew her horse back and away from him. The young man hesitated for a moment, but Ruth was inexorable.

"If you please—go!" she said, coldly, pointing down the road.

"Well, I will go," he burst out, angrily, "But Rupert Gray, and the whole set of 'em, had better look out for me," and, with a growl of rage, he struck his horse and galloped away.

The next instant Rupert Gray cantered in sight. Ruth's first thought was one of relief; the next was that she ought to be cool to him. But, as the boy galloped up

to her, his face full of pleasure, and reined in his horse, she returned his greeting cordially.

"Well, I am in luck," he exclaimed. "Mayn't I ride home with you?" He assumed her consent and without waiting for it turned his horse.

"I am afraid you may be going somewhere, and I may detain you," said Ruth. He gave a toss of his head. "No, indeed; I am my own master. Besides, I don't like you to be riding so late all by yourself."

The imitation of Steve Allen's protecting manner was so unmistakable that Ruth could not help smiling.

"Oh! I'm not afraid. No one would interfere with me."

"They'd better not! If they did they'd soon hear from me," declared the boy, warmly. "Oh! I say, I met Washy Still up the road yonder, a little way back, looking as sour as vinegar, and you ought to have seen the way I cut him" (giving an imitation of his stare), "and you just ought to have seen the way he looked. He looked as if he'd have liked to shoot me." He burst into a clear, merry laugh. "I say, I want to ask you something? I wish you wouldn't let Wash Still come to see you."

"Why?"

"Why! because he is not a man you ought to associate with. He is not a gentleman—he's a sneak, and his father's a thief. He stole our place—just stole it—besides everything else he's stolen."

"Why, you say in your suit that we had—that my father had something to do with that?" said Ruth, quietly.

"What! You! Your father! I said he stole!" He reined up his horse in his amazement.

"In your suit, or bill, or whatever you call it?" Ruth felt that it was cruel in her to strike him such a blow, yet she enjoyed it.

"I never did—We never did—You are mistaken," stammered the boy. "Why, I wouldn't have done it for the whole of Red Rock—no more would Steve. Let me explain. I know all about it."

Ruth looked acquiescent, and, as they walked their horses along under the trees, the boy tried to explain the matter.

He was not very lucid, but he made clear

the desire they had had to keep Major Welch out of the matter, and the sincerity of their motive in giving him the notice before he should buy. He also informed Ruth of Steve's action in the matter, and of the episode in the office that night when the bill was signed, or, at least, of as much of it as he had heard.

"But why did he do that?" asked Ruth.

"Don't you know?"

"N—o." Very doubtfully and shyly.

"Steve's in love with you!"

"What! Oh, no! You are mistaken." Ruth was conscious that her reply was silly and weak, and that she was blushing violently.

"Yes, he is—dead in love. Why, everybody knows it—at least, Jack does, and Blair does, and I do. And I am, too," he added, warmly. The boy's ingenuous declaration steadied Ruth and soothed her. She looked at him with a pleased and gratified light on her face.

"I am—I am dead in love with you, too. I think you are the prettiest, and sweetest, and kindest young lady in the whole world—just as nice as Blair, every bit—and I just wish I was older; I just wish you could marry me!" He was blushing and turning white by turns, and the expression on his young face was so ingenuous and sweet, and the light in his eyes so adoring, that the girl's heart went out to him. She drew her horse over to his side, and put her hand softly on his arm.

"Rupert, you are a dear, sweet boy—and, at least, you will let me be your best friend, and you will be mine," she said.

"Thank you," he said, simply. A moment later he said, reining in his horse: "I say, if you think that suit means anything against your father, I'll have it stopped."

"No, no, Rupert; I am satisfied," Ruth protested, with a smile.

"And, I say, I want to tell you one thing about Steve; he isn't what people take him to be, you know? Just clever, and dashing, and wild, and reckless? He's the best and kindest fellow in the world. And he's as brave as Julius Cæsar. I want to tell you that of him, and you know I wouldn't tell you if 'twa'n't so."

"I know," said Ruth, looking at him more pleasantly than ever.

They were at the gate now, and Ruth invited him in, but Rupert said he had an engagement.

"There is one thing I want to ask you to do," said Ruth, rather doubtfully.

"What is it?" he asked, brightening; and then, as she hesitated: "Anything. I'll do it. I'll do anything for you, Miss Ruth; indeed, I will!"

"No—it is not for me, but for yourself," said Ruth. "But, no, I'll ask you next time I see you, maybe," she added, after a pause.

"All right; I promise you, I'll do it."

He said good-by, and galloped away through the dusk.

Ruth stood for some time looking after him, and then turned and entered the house, and went softly to her room.

Ruth did not think it necessary to tell her mother or father of the incidents of her ride, except that Rupert had ridden home with her. She was relieved to hear, a few days later, that Dr. Still had left the county, and, rumor said, had gone to the city to practise his profession. Anyhow, he was gone, and Ruth felt much relieved, and buried her uncomfortable secret in her own bosom.

Shortly afterward, both Hiram Still and Major Leech went to the city also.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A NEW cause of grievance against Mrs. Welch had arisen in the county, in her conduct of the school near the Bend. Colored schools were not a novelty in the State. Blair Cary had for two years or more taught a colored school near her home. But Mrs. Welch made a new departure. The other school had been talked over and deliberated on until it was, in some sense, the outcome of the concert of the neighborhood. When Mrs. Welch, however, started her school, she consulted no one and asked no assistance—at least, of the county people. The aid she sought was only from her friends in the North, and when she received it she set in, chose her place, and built her school, giving out at the same time that it was to be used for sewing-classes, debating-societies, and other public purposes.

Thus the school came to be considered

as a foreign institution, conducted on foreign principles, and in opposition to the school already established by the neighborhood. Mrs. Welch not only built a much larger and handsomer structure than any other school-house in the county, but planted vines to cover the porch, and introduced a system of prizes and rewards so far beyond anything heretofore known in this section that shortly not only most of the scholars who had attended Blair's school left, but those from other schools much farther off began to flock to Mrs. Welch's seminary.

Mrs. Welch's teacher was Miss Bush, a young woman who during the war had been a nurse in a hospital, where Mrs. Welch had learned something of her efficiency. She was a very homely little body, yet with kind eyes and a pleasant mouth. She acceded cheerfully to all Mrs. Welch's views. She was perfectly willing to live with the woman at whose house it had been arranged that she should board; she wished, she said, to live unobtrusively. She was in deep mourning and wore a heavy veil. She was as quiet as a mouse, and not afraid of any work whatever. She not only taught, but visited and nursed the sick, and in fact proved a perfect treasure.

By the negroes she was called Miss May (a contraction for Mary) which went abroad as her family name.

Miss May proved to be a strict disciplinarian, and a firm believer in the somewhat obsolete but not less wise doctrine that to spare the rod is to spoil the child, and as this came to be known, it had the effect of establishing her in the good esteem of the neighborhood. Thus, though no one visited her, Miss May received on all hands a sort of respectful regard. This was suddenly jeopardized at the opening of the new campaign by a report that the school-house, in addition to its purpose as a school-building, was being used as a public hall by negroes for their Union League meetings. A stir invariably began at the opening of a new campaign. The effects were always immediately apparent. But this campaign opened with more bitterness than any that had preceded it. Leech, whose head-quarters were in the city, had come up to take charge of it, and had boasted that he would make it hot for his opponents—a boast he appeared likely to

make good. He attended the meetings at the new school-house, and it was reported that he had made a speech in which he said that the whites owed the negroes everything; that the time had come for payment; and that matches were only five cents a box, and if barns were burned they belonged to them. The report of this speech was carried through the county next day. One night, shortly afterward, Andy Stamper's store was burned to the ground, and was followed by the burning of several barns throughout Red Rock and the adjoining counties.

The masked order that had almost disappeared suddenly sprang up again, in some parts of the State. A meeting was held in Red Rock denouncing the outrages of such speeches as those of Leech, at which meeting Dr. Cary presided, and Steve Allen, General Legaie, Jacquelin Gray and Captain McRaffle spoke; but there was no reappearance there of the masked men. McRaffle denounced the patrons of the new school with so much heat that Steve Allen declared he was as incendiary as Leech.

McRaffle sneered that Steve appeared to have become very suddenly a champion of the carpet-bagger, Welch, and Steve retorted that, at least, he did not try to borrow money from him and then vilify him, but that Captain McRaffle could find another cause to quarrel with him if he wished it.

For a long time there had been bad blood between Steve and McRaffle. Among other causes was McRaffle's evil influence over Rupert.

Rupert had been growing of late more and more independent, associating with McRaffle and a number of the wildest fellows in the county, and showing a tendency to recklessness which had caused all his friends much concern.

Jacquelin tried to counsel and control him, but the boy was wayward and heedless. Rupert thought it was hard that he was to be under direction at an age when Jacquelin had already won laurels as a soldier. When his brother took him to task for going off with some of the wilder young men in their escapades, Rupert only laughed at him.

"Why, Jack, it's you I am emulating. As Cousin John Cary would say, 'The

trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep.'"

And when Captain Allen tried to counsel him seriously, he floored that gentleman by saying that he had learned both to drink and to play poker from him. He was, however, devoted to Blair, and she appeared to have much influence over him; so Steve and Jacquelin tried to keep him with her.

One evening, shortly after the public meeting at which Steve and McRaffle had had their quarrel, Rupert appeared to be somewhat restless. Blair had learned the signs and knew that in such cases it was likely to be due to Rupert's having heard that some mischief was on foot, and she used to devise all sorts of schemes to keep the boy occupied. She soon discovered what was the matter. He had heard a rumor that a movement was about to be directed against Mrs. Welch's school. None of the men he was intimate with knew much about it. It was only a rumor. Steve and Jacquelin were both away attending a meeting in another county. It was reported that some others were going to take advantage of their absence to give the notice. Blair was much disturbed.

"Why, they are going to do it on your account," said Rupert. "They say it was started to break up your school."

"Nonsense! Do they think that's the way to help me? The teacher is a woman," urged Blair. Rupert's countenance fell.

"They aren't going to trouble her—are just going to scare the negroes so they won't send their children to her and there won't be any more meetings held there. They say she's kin to Leech or—something."

"When is it to be?"

"To-night."

Blair lamented the absence of Jacquelin and Steve. If they were but at home they would, she knew, prevent this outrage.

"Oh! Jacquelin and Steve! They are nothing but old fogies," laughed Rupert. "McRaffle, he's the man!" With a toss of his head he broke into a snatch of "Bonny Dundee."

Blair watched him gravely for a moment.

"Rupert," she said, "Captain McRaffle is nothing but a gambler and an advent-

urer. He is not worthy to be named in the same breath with Steve and—your brother, any more than he is to be named with my father. This is the proof of it, that he is going to try to interfere with a woman. Why does he not go after Colonel Leech, who made the speech there?"

Rupert's face grew grave. Blair pressed her advantage.

"He is a coward; for he would never dare to undertake such a thing if your brother and Steve were at home. He takes advantage of their absence to do this, when he knows that Miss May has no defender."

Rupert's eye flashed.

"By George! I never thought of that," he burst out. "She has got a defender. I'll go there and stand guard myself. You needn't have any fear, Blair, if I'm there." He hitched his coat around in such a way as to display the butt of a huge pistol. Blair could not help smiling. But this was not what she wanted. She was afraid to send Rupert to guard the place. He had not judgment enough. If what the boy had heard was true, something might happen to him if he went there. She knew that he would defend it with his life; but she was afraid of the consequences. So she set to work to put him on another tack. She wanted him to go down to the county-seat and learn what he could of the plans, and try to keep the men from coming at all. This scheme was by no means as agreeable to Rupert as the other, but he finally yielded and set out. Blair watched him ride away through the orchard, the evening light falling softly around him as he cantered off. She sat still for a little while thinking. Suddenly she rose, and going into the house found her mother and held a short consultation with her. A few moments later she came out with her hat on, and disappeared among the apple-trees, walking rapidly in the same direction Rupert had taken. Her last words as she left the house were to call softly to her mother:

"When Rupert comes back send him after me. I will wait for him at Mr. Stamper's."

When Blair arrived at the Stampers', however, Mr. Stamper was absent. But she found an heroic enough ally in his representative, Mrs. Delia, to make up for all

other deficiencies. The idea of a possibility of an injury to one of her sex fired that vigorous soul with a flame not to be quenched.

"I jest wish my Andy was here," she lamented. "He'd soon straighten 'em out. Not as I cares, Miss Blair, about the school or the teacher," she said, with careful limitation; "for I don't like none of 'em, and I'd be glad if they'd all go back where they come from. But a man as can't git a man to have a fuss with and has to go after a woman, Delia Stamper jist wants to git hold of him. I never did like that Cap'n McRaffler, anyhow. He owes Andy a hunderd and twenty-nine dollars, and if I hadn't stopt Andy from givin' him things—that's what I call it—jest *givin'* 'em to him—sellin' on credit, he'd 'a owed us five hunderd. He knows better th'n to fool with me." She gave a belligerent shake of her head. "I'll tell you what, Miss Blair," she suddenly broke out, "our men folks are all away. If they are comin' after women, let's give 'em some women to meet as know how to deal with 'em. I wants to meet Captain McRaffler, anyhow." Another shake of the head was given, this time up and down, and her black eyes began to sparkle. Blair looked at her with new satisfaction.

"That is what I wish. That is why I came," she said. "Can you leave your children?"

"They are all right," said Mrs. Stamper, with kindling eyes—"I ain't been on such an expedition since the war. I'll leave word for Andy to come as soon as he gits home."

As they sallied forth Mrs. Stamper put into her pocket a big pistol and her knitting. "One gives me courage to take the other," she said.

It was quite two miles to the school-house, and the novel guards arrived at their post none too soon. As they emerged from the woods, in the little clearing on one side of which stood the church, and on the other the new school-house, the waning moon was just rising above the tree-tops.

They had but a short time to wait. They had not been there long before the tramp of horses was heard, and in a little while from the woods opposite them emerged a cavalcade of perhaps a dozen horsemen. Mrs. Stamper clutched Blair with a grip of

terror, the only thing she feared was the supernatural; and men and horses were heavily shrouded and looked ghostly enough. Blair was trembling; but not from fear—only from excitement, and she put her hand on her companion encouragingly. Just then one of the men burst into a loud laugh. Mrs. Delia's grip relaxed.

"I know that laugh," she said, with a sigh of deep relief. "Jest let him ride up here and try some of his shenanigin!" She began to pull at her pistol. But Blair seized her.

"For Heaven's sake, don't," she whispered; and Mrs. Stamper let the pistol go, and they squeezed back into the shadow. Just then the men rode up to the school-house door. They were discussing what they should do. "Burn the house down," declared the leader. But this met with fierce opposition.

"I didn't come out here to burn any house down," said a man riding behind, "and I'm not going to do it. You can put your notice up and come along."

"Ah! You're afraid," sneered the leader.

There was a movement among the horsemen behind, and the man so charged rode up to the head of the column and pulled his horse in front of the leader. There was a gleam of steel in the light of the moon.

"Take that back, or I'll make you prove it," he said, angrily. "Ride out there and draw your pistol, and we'll let Jim here give the word, and we'll see who's afraid."

Their companions crowded around them to make peace. The leader apologized. The sentiment of the crowd was evidently against him.

"Now get down and fix up your notice and let's be going," said one of the peace-makers.

The leader dismounted and started up the steps. As he did so, the two young women stepped forward.

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. Stamper. The man positively staggered from surprise, and a murmur of astonishment broke from the horsemen. Mrs. Stamper did not give them time to recover. With true soldierly instinct she pressed her advantage. "I know what you want," she said with scorn. "You want to scare

a poor woman, who ain't got anybody to defend her. You ain't so much against niggers and carpet-baggers as you make out. I know you."

"You know nothing of the kind," said the man, angrily, in a deep voice. He had recovered himself. "What business have you here? Go home, wherever that may be, and leave the Invisible Empire to execute its dread decrees."

"Dread fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Stamper. "I don't know you, don't I?" She gave a step forward, and with a quick movement caught and pulled the mask from his face. "I don't know you, Captain McRaffle? And you don't know me, do you?" With an oath the man made a grab for his mask, and snatching it from her, hastily replaced it. She laughed triumphantly. "No, I didn't know you, Captain McRaffle. I've got cause to know you. And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming out here to harm a poor woman. So ought all of you. And you are, I know, every mother's son of you. If you want to do anything why don't you do it to men, and openly, like Andy and Capt'n Allen?"

"It hasn't been so long since they were in the order," sneered McRaffle.

"Yes, and when they were, there were gentlemen in it," fired back Mrs. Stamper, "and they went after men, not women."

"We didn't come to trouble any woman. We came to give notice that no more night-meetings and speeches about burning houses were to be held here," growled McRaffle.

"Yes; so you set an example by wanting to burn down houses yourself. That's the way you wanted to give notice—if it hadn't been for those gentlemen there."

"She's too much for you, Captain," laughed his friends.

"We're trying to help out our own people, and to keep the carpet-baggers from breaking up Miss Cary's school," said McRaffle, trying to defend himself.

"No doubt Miss Cary will be much obliged to you."

"No doubt she will—I have good reason to know she will," affirmed McRaffle, "and you'll do well not to be interfering with our work." There was a movement in the corner behind Mrs. Stamper.

"Ah! Well, I'll let her thank you in

person," said Mrs. Stamper, falling back with a low bow as Miss Cary herself stepped forward. The astonishment of the men was not less than it had been when Mrs. Stamper first confronted them.

Blair spoke in a clear quiet voice that at once enforced attention. She disclaimed indignantly the charge that had just been made by the leader, and seconded all that Mrs. Stamper had said. Her friends, if she had any in the party, could not do her a worse service than to interfere with this school.

Just then there was the sound of horses galloping at top speed, and in a second Rupert Gray and Andy Stamper dashed up breathless.

Mrs. Stamper and Miss Cary explained the situation. Hearing from Mrs. Stamper what McRaffle had said about Blair, Rupert flashed out that he would see Captain McRaffle about it later.

For a moment or two it looked as if there might be a serious misunderstanding. But Blair quieted matters, and the cavalcade of masked men rode away in one direction, while Andy and Rupert rode off in the other, with the two young women behind them, leaving the little school-house as peaceful in the moonlight as if there had never been a sound except the cicadas' cry heard within a hundred miles.

The incident, however, had some far-reaching consequences. Only a day or two later Captain McRaffle went to town, and a short time after there was quite a sensation in the county over a notice in the paper that was Leech's organ, announcing that, "Captain McRaffle, long disgusted with the brutal methods of the outlaws who disgraced the State, had severed his connection with the party that employed such methods; that, indeed, he had long since done so, but had refrained from making public his decision in order that he might obtain information as to the organization, and thus render his country higher service than he could otherwise do."

The next issue of the paper announced his appointment to the position of Commissioner of the Court, in which position his experience and skill would prove of inestimable benefit to the country.

It was, perhaps, well for the Captain that his office was in the city.

CHAPTER XXXIV

ONE day Rupert left home to go to the railway, promising to return that night. But although Jacquelin sat up for him, he did not come, and as he did not appear next day, Jacquelin rode down in the evening to see about him. At the station he learned that Rupert had left a little before dark to return home. He had fallen in with three or four men who had just come from the city on the train, and were making inquiries concerning the various places and residents in the upper end of the county, something about all of which they had appeared to know. They said they were interested in timber-lands and they wanted advice as to who were the best lawyers of the county. Rupert had said he could tell them all about the lawyers, and he had proceeded to do so, declaring that General Legaie and Mr. Bagby were the best old lawyers and his brother and Steve Allen the best young lawyers. They had asked him about Leech and McRaffle.

"Leech wasn't anything. Yes, he was—he was a thief, and McRaffle was a turn-coat hound."

One of the men who lived at the station had gone up and tried to get Rupert away, and urged him to go home, he informed Jacquelin; but the boy was too excited by this time to know just what he was doing.

"He was talking pretty wildly," he said, "and was abusing Leech and Still and pretty much all the Rads. I didn't mind that so much, but he was blowing about that old affair when the negro soldiers were shot, and about the K. K.'s, and the capture of the arms, and was telling what he did about it. You know how a boy will do! And I put in to stop him, but he wouldn't be gainsaid; he said these men were friends of his, and had come up to employ you all in a lawsuit, and knew Leech and Still were a parcel of rascals. So I let him alone, and he went off with 'em in a wagon they'd hired, saying he was going to show them the country; and I supposed he was safe home."

By midnight the whole population of that part of the county was out, white and black, and the latter were as much interested as the former. Meantime, unknown

to the searchers, an ally had entered the field.

That evening Ruth Welch was sitting at home reading, when a servant brought a message that a man was at the door asking to see Major Welch. It happened that Major Welch was absent in town, and Mrs. Welch had driven over that afternoon to see a sick woman, so Ruth went out to see the man. He was a stranger and Ruth was struck by something peculiar about him. He was a little unsteady on his feet; his voice was thick, and at first he did not appear quite to take in what she told him. He had been sent, he repeated several times, to tell "Mashur Welth" that they had taken his advice and had made the first arrest, and bagged the man who had given the information that started that riot, and had gotten evidence enough from him to hang him and to haul in the others too."

"But I don't understand," said the girl. "What is all this about? Who's been arrested and who is to be hung? My father has never advised the arrest of anyone."

"Tha's all I know, Miss," said the man. "At least tha's all I was to tell; I was told to bring that message, and I reckon it's so, 'cause they've got the young fellow shut up in jail since last night, and as drunk as a monkey and don't anybody know he's there—tha's a good joke, ain't it?—and to-morrow mornin' they'll take him to the city and lodge him in the jail there, and 't'll go pretty hard with him. Don't anybody know he's there, and they're huntin' everywhere for him." He appeared to think this a great joke.

"But I don't understand at all whom you mean."

"The young one—they bagged him, and they're after the two older ones too," he said, confidentially. He was so repulsive that Ruth shrank back.

"The one they calls Rupert; but they're after the two head devils—his brother and that Allen one. Them's the ones the Colonel and your friend over there want to jug." He jerked his thumb in the direction of Red Rock.

It all flashed on the girl in a moment.

"Oh!—They have arrested Mr. Rupert Gray and they want Mr. Jacquelin Gray and Captain Allen? Who has arrested him?"

"The detectives. But *them's* the ones

had it done—Major Leech and Mist' Still." He winked elaborately, in a way that caused Ruth to raise her head in indignation.

"What was it for?" she asked, coldly.

"Formurder—killin' them men three or four years back. They've got the dead wood on 'em—now since the young one told all about it."

Ruth uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"I know that young man, and I say he'll die before he'd betray anyone—much less his cousin and brother."

"Well, maybe so."

Just as the man turned away Ruth caught sight of someone standing in the shrubbery, and as the man went out of the gate the person came forward. It was Virgy Still, and she appeared to be in a state of great agitation, and began to tell Ruth a story in which her father and Rupert Gray and Major Leech were all mixed up so incoherently that had Ruth not just heard the facts she could never have been able to make head or tail of it. At length she was able to calm Virgy and to get her account. She had sent a man over to tell Ruth, she said, but she was so afraid he had not come that she had followed him. "It has something to do with the case against pa and your father. They are afraid Mr. Rupert will give evidence against them, and they mean to put him in jail and keep him from doing it. Do you know what it is?"

Ruth shook her head.

"I do not, either. I heard them talking about it: but I did not understand what it was. They ain't after Mr. Rupert; they're after Mr. Jacquelin and Captain Allen."

She suddenly burst into tears.

"Oh! Miss Ruth," she sobbed, "you don't know, you don't know——"

"I don't know what?" asked Ruth.

"He is the only one that was always kind to me."

"Who?"

"Mr. Jacquelin. He was always good to me. When I was a little bit of girl, he was always kind to me. And now he hates me. And I never wanted the place."

"Oh, I don't think he does," said Ruth, consolingly.

"Yes he does—I know he does," sobbed the girl. "And I never wanted the place."

I have been miserable ever since I went there."

Ruth looked at her with new sympathy. The idea that the poor girl was in love with Jacquelin had never crossed her mind. She felt an unspeakable pity for her.

"And now they want me to marry Mr. Leech," moaned the girl. "And I hate him—I hate him. Oh! I wish we never had had the place. I know he would not want to marry me if pa did not have it. And I hate him. I hope we'll lose the case."

"I would not marry anyone I did not want to marry," said Ruth.

"Oh, you don't know," said Virgy. "You don't know Wash. And pa wants me to marry him, too. He says he'll be Governor. He loves me; but he won't hear of my not marrying. And I'll have to do it—unless we lose the case," she added.

She said she must be going; and she rose and went away, leaving Ruth with a new idea in her mind. Ruth sat still for a few moments in deep thought. Suddenly she ordered her horse. While it was being got, she seized a pencil and scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper which she put into her pocket.

When her horse came, Ruth muttered something about telling her mother she would be back in a little while, sprang into the saddle, and galloped away, leaving the negro gazing after her with wonderment and mumbling over the message she had given him.

Ruth knew the road well, and as soon as she turned into the highway that led to the county-seat she let her horse out, and they fairly flew. She passed a number of men riding toward the court-house, but she dashed by them too rapidly for them to speak to her or to recognize her in the dark. As she came near the village the riders increased in numbers, so she turned into a by-lane which skirted the back of the court-green and led near the lawyers' offices. Jumping her horse over the low fence, she tied him to a swinging limb of a tree, where he would be in the shadow, and with a pat or two to quiet him and keep him from whinnying, she made her way on foot into the court-green. Ruth walked down as far as she dared, keeping

close beside the fence, and tried to recognize some of the men who were moving about on the tavern veranda or in the road before it; but there was not one she knew. While she was listening, the sound of a horse galloping rapidly came from the direction of the road that led to the railway, and the next minute the rider dashed up. Ruth's heart gave a bound as she recognized Steve Allen. His coming seemed to give her a sense of security and protection in place of loneliness. His first words, however, damped Ruth's hopes.

No, no trace had been found of Rupert. Jacquelin and many others were still searching for him and would keep it up. No, he felt sure he had not been murdered by any negro—that he had not been murdered at all. He would be found in time, etc. All in answer to questions.

Suddenly he singled out one man and drew him away from the crowd, and to Ruth's horror they came across the road straight to where she stood. She turned around and would have fled, but she could not. Instead she simply dropped down on the ground and cowered beside the fence. They came and leant against the fence within ten feet of her and began to talk.

"Well, where is he?" the stranger asked Steve as soon as they were out of earshot of the crowd. Ruth recognized him as a man named Helford, from another county.

"Somewhere, shut up—hidden," said Allen.

"Drunk?"

"Yes—and that's not the worst of it."

"What do you mean? He'll turn up all right."

"You think so. He'll turn up in jail, and you and I shall, too, if we don't mind. He's been trapped and spirited away—by detectives, sent up here on purpose."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Find him and take him away from them," said Steve. "If Leech or Still were in the county I'd find out in an hour; but they're both in the city—been away a fortnight hatching this thing."

"All right, I'm with you. But where'll we look? You say Leech and Still are both away in the city, and you don't think he's at either of their places. Where can he be?"

"I don't know, but I'll find out if he's above ground," said Steve, "and some

day I'll call Jonadab Leech and Hiram Still to a settling."

"I'll tell you, Allen, where you may find him, or at any rate find a trace of him. At that new carpet-bagger's, Mr. Welch's."

"Nonsense! Why don't you look in my office?"

"You may say so; but I tell you you'd better look. You all over here think he's different from the rest, but I tell you he isn't. When it comes to these questions they're all tarred with the same stick, and a d——d black stick it is."

Ruth stirred with indignation. She wished she could have sprung up and faced him.

"We won't discuss that," said Steve, coldly. "Major Welch certainly differs widely from you and me on all political questions—perhaps on many other questions. But he is a gentleman, and I'll stake my life on his being ignorant of anything like this."

"Well, maybe so—if you think so," said the other, impressed by Steve's seriousness. "But I don't see why you should think he's so different from all the rest of them. You didn't use to find one Yankee so much better than another."

Steve declared haughtily that he did not wish to discuss that question further, and that he would have his horse fed and go to his office to make out a few notices and be ready to start off again in an hour.

"The roads are all picketed, and if they get him to the city it will be by a route they won't want to take themselves," he said, grimly, as he turned away.

When they moved off, Ruth rose and crept away. She went up to the offices and scanned the doors. Fortunately, by even the faint glimmer of the stars, she could make out the big names on the signs. She tried the door of the office on which was the name of Allen & Gray, and finding it locked, pushed her envelope under it and slipped hastily away.

CHAPTER XXXV

WHEN Steve Allen stepped across the threshold of his office, he caught the gleam of something white lying on the floor just inside the door-sill. He picked up the slip of paper, and, striking a light, looked at it.

The writing on it was in a cramped back-hand that he did not know, and could hardly read. At last, however, he made it out.

"Your friend is in jail here on charge of murder. Will be taken to city to-night or to-morrow morning for trial." It had been signed "A Friend," but this had been much scratched over and was almost illegible. Steve read it over again and again. In a few minutes he had called his friend Helford into his office and laid before him his information. Helford received it coldly. He thought it might be a trick to throw them off the track and obtain delay.

Even if it would have been possible for Rupert Gray to be put in jail right under their noses, he could not have been kept there all day without being discovered. Steve was of a different opinion. Something assured him that the information was true, and he laid his plans accordingly. The men who were at the county-seat were requested to wait, without being told what was the reason. Riders were sent off to call in the searchers who were still engaged, a rendezvous near the village being appointed. Steve, leaving the men present under charge of Helford, rode off, as if to continue the search, but a short distance down the road he turned, and, riding back by another way, tied his horse and returned to the court-green. He entered at the rear, and walked up to the jail and rang the bell. After some delay a man peeped at him through the wicket and asked who it was. Steve gave his name, and said he wanted to see the prisoner who had been brought in the night before. The man hesitated a second, then said there was no such prisoner there. He took a half-step backward to close the shutter, but Steve was too quick for him. The next second there was a scraping sound on the grating, and the man found a pistol-barrel gleaming at him through the bars, right under his nose.

"Stir and you are a dead man," said Steve. "Open the door."

"I ain't got the keys."

"Call for them—don't stir—I'll give you till I count five. One, two, three——"

"Hi! Yes, I is got 'em." The pistol-barrel was shining right in his face, and Steve's eyes were piercing him through the

bars. He unlocked the door and Steve stepped in.

"Take me to Mr. Gray's cell instantly; and remember, a single word from you means your death." Steve expected to be taken to one of the front rooms, in which the prisoners of better condition were kept, but the guide went on, and at length stopped at the door of one of the worst cells in the place—where the most abandoned criminals were usually confined.

"You don't mean to say that you've put him in here?" Steve asked, sternly.

"That's orders," said the man, and added, explanatorily, as he fumbled at the lock, "You see, he was pretty wild when they brought him here."

"Don't defend it," said Steve, in a voice which brought the turnkey up shaking.

"No, suh—no, suh—I ain' defendin' it. I jes tellin' you." He unlocked the door.

"Walk in," said Steve, and, pushing the guide ahead, he stepped in behind him and took his light. It was so dark that he could not at first make out anything inside, but after a moment a yet darker spot in the general gloom became dimly discernible.

"Rupert?" Steve called. At the voice the dark shadow stirred. "Rupert Gray?"

There was a cry from the dark corner.

"Steve! Oh, Steve! Steve!"

"Come here," said Steve, who was keeping close beside the jailer.

"I can't. Oh, Steve!"

"Why not? Over there," he said, with a motion to the jailer.

"I'm chained."

"What!" The young man turned fiercely and caught the jailer by the shoulder, and, with a single twist of his powerful arm, sent him before him spinning into the corner of the room. Stooping, Steve felt the boy, and the chain by which he was bound to the great ring in the wall. The next second he faced the keeper.

"Dog!"

For a moment the man thought he was as good as dead. Steve's eyes blazed like coals of fire, and he looked like a lion about to spring. The man began to protest his innocence, swearing with a hundred oaths that he had nothing to do with it; that it was all Leech's doings; his orders and the

other men's work. He himself had tried to prevent it.

Steve cut him short.

"Liar, save yourself the trouble. What are their names? Where are they?"

"I don't know. They've gone—I don't know where. They went away this mornin' before light."

"Get the key and unlock that chain!"

The man swore that he did not have it; the men had taken it with them.

Steve reflected a moment; he did not believe him, but he had no time to lose.

"Oh, Steve! never mind me," broke in Rupert, his self-possession recovered.

"Go; I'm not worth saving. Oh, Steve, if you only knew—I have done you an irreparable injury; I don't mind myself, but—" His voice failed him, and his words ended in a sob. "I'm not crying because I'm here or am afraid," he said; "but if you only knew——"

Steve Allen leant down over him, and, throwing his arm around him, kissed him as if he had been a child.

"That's all right," he said, and whispered something which made the boy exclaim, "Oh, Steve! Steve!"

He said, solemnly, the next moment, "I promise you that I will never touch another drop of liquor again as long as I live."

"Never mind about that now," said Steve.

"But I want to promise—I want to make you that promise. It would help me, Steve. I have never broken my word."

"Wait until you're free," said Steve, indulgently. He turned to the keeper, who had stood cowering in the corner.

"Come! Walk before me!" As they left the cell he said to him, "In a half hour two hundred men will be here. These doors will go like paper. If they find that boy chained and you are here, your life will not be worth a button. Nothing but God Almighty could save you." He left him at the front door and went out. A number of men were already assembling about the jail, as if the presence of Rupert were suspected. It turned out afterward that old Waverley had seen Steve enter the jail, and, fearing that he might not get out again, had told Andy Stamper, whom he found just arrived.

The crowd was beginning to be excited. Steve took charge at once. He spoke a

few words in a calm, level, assured tone—stated the fact of Rupert Gray's arrest by detectives, not for his own offence, but more for that of others; of his imprisonment in irons in the jail, and of their intention to take him out; and declared his belief that it was their desire that he should command them, and his readiness to do so.

The response they gave showed their assent.

Then they must obey his orders.

They would, they said.

"The first is—absolute silence."

"Yes—that's right," came from all sides.

"The second is, that we will release our friend, but take no other step—no other violence than that of breaking the doors and taking him out."

"Oh, h—l! We'll hang every d—d nigger and dog in the place," broke in a coarse voice near him. Steve faced around and caught the speaker. He was a man named Bushman—a turbulent fellow. As quick as thought the pistol that had been shining under Perdue's nose a little before was gleaming under the man's eyes.

"Step out and go home." Steve pointed up the road.

The man began to growl.

"Go," said Steve, imperiously, and the crowd applauded.

"That's right—send him off." They opened a path, through which the man slunk growling away.

"Now, men, fall in."

They fell in like soldiers, and Steve marched them off to the spot he appointed where others might join them.

The rendezvous was in a pine forest a little off the road and only a quarter of a mile or so back of the village. It was an impressive body assembled there in the darkness, silent and grim, the stillness broken only by the muffled stamping of a restless horse or by an almost inaudible murmur, or an order given in a low, quiet tone. By a sort of soldierly instinct the line had fallen into almost regimental order, and from time to time, as new recruits came up, directed by the pickets on the roads outside, they too fell into order.

Just as they were about to move, a horseman galloped up, and a murmur went through the ranks.

"Dr. Cary!"

Whether it was surprise, pleasure, or regret, one at first could scarcely tell.

"Where is Captain Allen?" asked the Doctor, and pushed his way to the head of the line. A colloquy took place between him and Steve in subdued but earnest tones, the Doctor urging something, Steve replying, while the men waited, interested, but patient. The older man was evidently protesting, the other defending. At length Dr. Cary said:

"Well, let me speak a word to them."

"Certainly," assented Steve, and turned to the men.

"Dr. Cary disagrees with us as to the propriety of the step we are about to take, and urges its abandonment. He desires to present his views. You will hear him with the respect due to the best and wisest among us." He drew back his horse, and the Doctor rode forward and began to speak.

"First, I wish you to know that I am with you heart and soul, for better, for worse—flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone. Next to my God and my wife and child, I love my relatives and neighbors. Of all my relatives, perhaps, I love best that boy lying in yonder jail, and I would give my life to save him. But I could not kneel to my God to-night if I did not declare to you my belief, my profound conviction, that this is not the way to go about it. I know that the wrongs that we are suffering cry to God; but I urge you to unite with me in trying to remedy them—by law, and not by violence. Violence on our side is the only ground which they can urge for their justification. It is a terrible weapon we are furnishing them, and with it they cannot only defeat us now, but can injure us for years to come." He went on for ten or fifteen minutes, urging his views with impressive force. Never was a stronger appeal made. But it fell on stony ears. The crowd was touched by him, but remained unmoved; it had resolved, and its decision was unchanged. When he ended, there was for a moment a low murmur all through the ranks, which died down, and they looked to their captain. Steve did not hesitate. In a firm, calm voice he said:

"For the first time in my life almost, I find myself unable to agree in a matter of principle with the man you have just heard.

This may be only my personal feeling, and I wish all who may think as he does to fall out of line. If all shall leave, I shall still undertake to rescue Rupert Gray. Those who disagree with me will ride forward."

There was a rustle and movement all down the ranks, but not a man stirred from his place. As the men looked along the line and took in the fact, there went up a low, suppressed sound of exultation.

"Silence, men," said the Captain. He turned his horse to face Dr. Cary.

"Dr. Cary, I beg you to believe that we all recognize the wisdom of your views and their unselfishness, and we promise you that no violence shall be offered a soul beyond forcing the doors and liberating the boy."

A murmur of assent came from the ranks. Dr. Cary bowed.

"I shall wait at the tavern," he said, "to see if my services may be of any use."

Steve detailed two men to conduct him through the guards, and he rode slowly away.

A few minutes later Captain Allen gave the order, and the column marched off.

When he arrived at the jail, he learned from Andy Stamper that Perdue had taken advantage of Steve's hint and had escaped.

"I had hard work at first to git him out," said Andy. "I had to go up to the door and talk to him; but when he found what was comin', he was glad enough to go."

The breaking into the jail was not a difficult matter; but it took a considerable time to cut the irons that bound the prisoner, who, under the excitement of their entrance, had been overjoyed, but a moment later had keeled over into Andy Stamper's arms. Under the steady blows of the old blacksmith even that was at length accomplished, and the rescuers moved out bearing Rupert with them. As they emerged from the building with the boy in their arms the long pent-up feeling of the crowd outside burst forth in one wild cheer which rang through the village and was heard miles away on the roads. It was quickly hushed, the crowd withdrew to the woods, and in a few minutes the old jail was left in the darkness as silent as the desert.

The news of the assault on the jail and the liberation of the prisoner thrilled the

county next morning, and the thrill extended far beyond the confines of the section immediately interested. The party of detectives who were waiting to take their prisoner to the city made their way by night through the country to a distant station to take the cars and return whence they came; and Leech and Still, who had come on the morning train, found it prudent to catch it on its way back and return to the city.

The morning after her visit to the courthouse and the rescue of Rupert, Ruth was in a state of great unrest. Finally she mounted her horse and paid a visit to Blair Cary. They were all in a state of suppressed excitement. Ruth herself was sensible of constraint; but she had an object in view which made it necessary to overcome it. So she chatted on easily, almost gayly. At length she made an excuse to get Blair off to herself. In the seclusion of Blair's room the secret came out; Ruth on her part learned that Rupert was to be sent off; Blair did not know where. One difficulty was the want of means to send him. This Ruth had divined. With burning face she told Blair she had a great favor to ask of her, and when Blair wonderingly assented, she took from her pocket a roll of money—what seemed to Blair an almost vast amount. It was her own, she said. And the favor was that Blair should help her to get that money to Rupert without anyone knowing where it came from. She wanted Rupert to go out to the West and join Reely Thurston there. Blair demurred at this. Captain Thurston was an army officer and Rupert was—She paused. Ruth flushed. She would be guaranty that Thurston would stand his friend.

There was also another thing which Blair discovered, though she did not tell Ruth that she had done so. She simply rose and kissed her. This discovery now decided her to accept Ruth's offer. It seemed to draw Ruth nearer to them and to make her one with themselves. So she told Ruth of the information she had, that Rupert was at that time at the house of Steve's old mammy, Peggy. He was to be conducted out of the county that night. Whether he could be persuaded to go to Captain Thurston she did not know; but she promised to aid Ruth so far as to sug-

gest it and try and persuade him to do so. There were two difficulties in the way. One was that she might be watched and it might lead to Rupert's rearrest. She did not state what the other was. But Ruth knew. She, too, could divine things without their being explained. If, however, Blair could not meet Jacquelin Gray there was no reason why she herself could not; and she determined to go. Suddenly Blair changed. She, too, would go. She could not let Ruth go alone.

That evening about dusk old Peggy was "turning about" in her little yard when the sound of horses' feet caught her ear. As quick as thought the old woman ran to her door and spoke a few words to someone inside, and the next moment the back door opened and a figure sprang across the small open space that divided the cabin from the woods, and disappeared among the trees. In a little while the riders appeared in sight, and when the old negress turned, to her surprise they were two ladies—Miss Blair and the young lady who had visited her with her young master the evening of the rain-storm.

The old woman greeted them pleasantly; but when they said they wanted to see Rupert Gray her suspicions returned again.

"He ain't heah," she said, shortly. "What you want wid him?"

"We want to see him."

"Well, you won't see him heah."

They began to cajole.

"Can't you trust me?" asked Blair.

But old Peggy was firm.

"I don't trust nobody—I ain' got nothin' 't all to do wid it. Whyn't you go ax Marse Steve?" she asked Ruth, suddenly. Ruth's face flushed.

The dilemma was unexpectedly relieved by the appearance of Rupert himself. From his covert he had recognized the visitors, and could not resist the temptation to join them. Old Peggy began to scold him soundly for his imprudence. But the boy only laughed at her.

Blair and Ruth took him aside and broached the object of their visit. At first he would not hear of the plan they proposed. In fact, he was not going away at all, he declared. He would stay and fight it out. He showed the butt of a pistol in his pocket with boyish pride.

In this state of the case Ruth began to

plead with him on his brother's account, and Blair as her argument took Steve. They said he was bound in honor to go if they wished it. Ruth deftly put in a word about Thurston and the opportunity the trip would give Rupert to see the world. He could join in the campaigns against the Indians out there if he wished. And finally she begged him to go and join Thurston, as a favor to her.

These arguments finally prevailed, and Rupert said he would go.

As his friends were soon to come for him, the girls had to leave, after binding old Peggy with many solemn promises not to breathe to a single soul a word of their visit. "If she does," said Rupert, "I'll come back here and make her think the Ku Klux are after her." The old woman laughed at the threat.

"Go 'way from heah, boy. What you know 'bout Ku Klux? You done told 'bout 'em too much now."

This home thrust shut Rupert up. Blair put the package that Ruth had given her into his hand and kissed him good-by, and he turned to Ruth.

She said, as she took his hand, "Rupert, I am going to ask you to grant me that favor you promised me once you would grant."

Rupert's eyes lit up.

"I will do it."

"I want you to promise me you will not drink any more."

"I promise," he said, softly, and bent over and kissed her hand. As he stood up she leant forward and kissed him. He turned to Blair and, throwing his arms around her neck, suddenly burst into tears.

"Oh, Blair, Blair," he sobbed, "I can't go."

The girls soothed him, and when they left, a little later, he was calm and firm.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE term approached at which the Red Rock suit was to be tried. Major Welch had employed old Mr. Bagby to represent his interest. As the term drew near, Still applied to Mr. Bagby to represent him too. The old lawyer at first declined. The interest of his client, Major Welch, might in some way conflict, though he could not see

how. In a way he already represented Still, since to protect his client he had to look after Still's title also. Besides, Still already had lawyers enough to ruin his case. But these reasons were not sufficient for Still. He wanted Mr. Bagby to represent him. He told him Leech had employed those others, but he wanted a man he knew. "There wasn't a man in the State could carry a jury like Mr. Bagby."

Even the wisest of men have their weak points. So Mr. Bagby consented, after consulting Major Welch and notifying Still that if at any time or at any point in the case he found his interest conflicting with Major Welch's he should give him up.

It was not very long after this arrangement that Still sent down and asked Mr. Bagby to come up and see him at his home, alleging as a reason for his not going to see Mr. Bagby that he was too sick to travel. As the old lawyer had to go to Major Welch's that night, he rode by Red Rock. He found Still in a state of great anxiety and nervousness. Still went over the same ground with him that he had been over several times; wanted to know what he thought of the bill, and of the Grays' chances of success.

"The bill? I think the same of it I thought when you asked me before," said the old lawyer, dryly, "that it is a good bill in certain respects and a poor one in others; good as to your accounts, as to rents and profits, and too general as to the bonds. It's a good thing you got hold of so much of Gray's paper. I knew he was a free liver and a careless man; but I had no idea he owed so much money." He was speaking rather to himself.

"What do you mean?" faltered Still, his face flushing and then growing pale.

"That if they can prove what they allege about the crops in the years before and after the war, they'll sweep you for rents and profits, and you'll need the bonds."

"What'd you think of a compromise?" asked Still, suddenly.

"Have they offered one?"

"Well, no—not exactly," said Still, who was lying; "but I know they'd like to make one. What'd you think of our kind o' broaching the subject?"

"What! You? After that bill!" He

looked at Still keenly. "Do as you please. But Major Welch will offer no compromise." He rose and walked off from Still for a moment, formulating in his mind some sentence that would relieve him from his relation of counsel to him. It was the first time he had been in the house since Still's occupancy, and as he walked across the hall the pictures lining the walls arrested his attention, and he began to examine them. He stopped in front of the Indian-killer and gazed at it attentively.

"Astonishingly like him!" he muttered, musingly, and then, after another look, he asked, "Do you know whether there was a cabinet behind that picture or not?" Still did not answer; but his face turned a sudden white. The old lawyer had his back to him and did not see him. He stepped up nearer to the picture and began to examine the frame closely. "I believe there is," he said. "Yes, that red paint goes under." He took out a large pocket-knife. "Those nails are loose, I believe. I'll see." He inserted the blade of his knife and began to pry at the frame.

"My G—d! Don't do that!" exclaimed Still, and, giving a bound, he seized the old lawyer's arm.

Mr. Bagby turned on him in blank amazement. Still's face was as white as death.

"What the d——l is the matter with you?"

"Don't, for God's sake!" stammered Still, and staggered into a chair, the perspiration breaking out on his forehead.

"What's the matter with you, man?" Mr. Bagby poured him out a glass of whiskey from a decanter on the table and gave it to him. The liquor revived him, and in a moment he began to talk.

It was nothing, he said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. He had of late been having a sort of spells; had not been sleeping very well—his son was giving him some physic for it; 'twas a sort of nervousness—and he supposed he just had one, and couldn't help thinking of that story of the picture coming down always meaning bad luck; and the story of the old fellow being seen on horseback at night. Some of the niggers had been sayin' that he had been seen at night once or twice lately, and he supposed that had got in his mind. But,

of course, he didn't believe any such lies as that.

"I hope not," sniffed the old lawyer. He rose and declared he must go. Still urged him to stay; he had had his horse put in the stable and fed. But Mr. Bagby said he must go. He had made up his mind that he would not remain in the case as Still's counsel. He could not get over the idea of his wishing to compromise after a charge of fraud, and the rough way in which Still had seized his arm and had spoken to him had offended him. So he would not be his guest. He told Still that he felt that he could not act further as his counsel in association with his other counsel. Still offered to throw them over, except Leech—he was obliged to keep Leech—but the others he would let go. This, however, Mr. Bagby would not hear of.

As they approached the stables there came to them from the field over beyond the gardens the distant neigh of a horse. Still clutched Mr. Bagby's arm.

"My G—d! Did you hear that?"

"What? Yes—one of your horses over in your pasture."

"No, there ain't no horses over in that field, or in a field between here and Stampers's house—it's all in crop. That's over toward the graveyard."

"Oh, the d—l!" the old man exclaimed, impatiently.

But Still seized him.

"Look—look yonder!" he gasped. The lawyer looked, and at the moment the outline of a man on horseback was clearly defined along the sky-line on the crest of a hill. How far away it was he could not tell, but apparently it was just behind the dark clump of trees where lay the old Gray burying-ground. The next second the moon was shrouded, and the horseman faded out.

When Mr. Bagby reached Major Welch's, the latter came out to meet him. He had sat up for him.

"And, by the way, I thought you had come a half hour ago. I fancied I heard your horse neigh," he said.

As he went around to call a servant, he picked up from a small side-porch a parcel wrapped around with paper. He took it in to the light. It was a large bunch of jonquils addressed to Ruth.

"Aha!" thought the old lawyer, with a

chuckle, "that is what our ghostly horseman was doing."

The next morning, when Major Welch and his guest came to breakfast, the table was already decorated with the jonquils, and one or two of them were pinned on Miss Ruth's dainty white dress.

Both Major Welch and their guest remarked on the beauty of the flowers, and the Major mentioned his surprise that Ruth should have left them out on the porch overnight. The old lawyer was looking at Ruth, and his eyes twinkled as he noticed the deep color that rushed up into the girl's cheeks. No age is too great to be stirred by the sight of a romance, and the old fellow's countenance softened.

"Lucky dog," he thought—"that night-rider. I wonder who he is? I'd give my fee in this case to be able to call up that blush."

The apparition was too much for Hiram Still, and, a few days after his interview with Mr. Bagby, Still, without consulting any of his counsel, took the step on his own account which he had suggested to the lawyer. He selected his opportunity.

Steve Allen was away, and Jacquelin Gray was sitting in his office alone, when there was a heavy, slow step outside, and, after a moment's interval, a knock at the door. He called, "Come in." The door opened slowly, and Hiram Still walked half way in and then stopped doubtfully. He was pale, and a half-frightened simper was on his face. Jacquelin did not stir. His face flushed slightly.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Jacquelin," said Still, in his most insinuating tone.

"What do you want?" Jacquelin asked, coldly.

"Mr. Jacquelin, I thought I'd come and see you when you was by yourself like, and see if me and you couldn't come to an understandin' about our suit."

Jacquelin was so taken by surprise that he did not try to answer immediately, and Still took it for assent and moved a step farther into the room.

"I don't want no lawyers between us; we're old friends, and I jist thought I'd come like a friend and see if we couldn't settle things like old friends—kind o' compromise, kind o'——?" He waved his hands expressively.

Jacquelin found his voice.

"Get out," he said, quietly, with a sudden paling of his face. Still's jaw dropped. Jacquelin rose to his feet, a gleam in his eyes.

"Get out." There was a ring in his voice, and he took a step toward Still. But Still did not wait. He turned quickly and rushed out of the room, never stopping until he had got out of the court-green.

He went to the bar of the tavern and ordered two drinks in rapid succession.

"D——n him!" he said, as he drained off his glass the second time. "If he had touched me I'd have shot him."

The story of Still's offer to Jacquelin of a compromise in his case got abroad, and notwithstanding the wise doctrine of the law, that an offer of compromise shall not be taken as evidence of doubtfulness of a case, this offer was so taken. If his case was not compromised, Still himself was; and he found himself roundly abused by his counsel for being such a fool.

To counteract this, and for other reasons as well, he determined to give a great entertainment. It would show his indifference to the claim of the Grays to his plantation, and would prove his position in the county. Leech thought that this would be a good thing to do; it would anger the Grays, if it did nothing else. He could invite Judge Bail up to it.

"Make it a fine one when you do have it," said that counsellor. "I've found champagne make its way to a man's heart when you couldn't get at it through his pocket."

Dr. Still also was eager to have such an entertainment. He too appreciated the fineness of the stroke, that on the eve of battle, would show their contempt for the other side. Besides which, he had another motive. Shortly after his removal from the county to the city, the Doctor had become an admirer of Governor Krafton's daughter. She was the Governor's only child, and even the Governor's bitterest enemies admitted that he was a devoted father, and, in the press that was opposed to him, often side by side with the bitterest attacks on the Governor was some admiring mention of his handsome and accomplished daughter. He would have given her the moon, someone said to General Legaie. "Yes, even if he had to steal it to do so," said the General. Miss Krafton idolized her father, and perhaps the Governor was

not sorry to have her out of the country where half the press was daily filled with the most direct and vehement accusations against him. The Governor's apologists declared that his most questionable acts were from the desire to build up a fortune for his daughter.

As is often the case, the very magnitude of the efforts made to accomplish a design frustrates it; and Governor Krafton, with all his eagerness to be very rich, and his absolute indifference as to the means employed, was always involved, while the men with whom he worked appeared to be immensely rich. Until he fell out with Leech and Still he had gone in with them in their railroad and land schemes, but while everything that they touched appeared to turn to gold (at least, it was so with Still; for there were rumors respecting Leech), the Governor was always hard pushed to meet his expenditures.

Still's explanation to his son was that he let others climb the trees and do the shaking, and he stayed on the ground and gathered the apples. "Krafton and Leech have both made more money than I have," he said, shrewdly; "but they have to pay it out to keep their offices, while I——" He completed the sentence by a significant buttoning of his pocket. "They think that because they git a bigger sheer generally than I do that they do better; but it ain't the water that falls on the land that makes the crops; it's what stays there. This thing's got to stop some time, my son, and when the crops are gathered I know who mine's for." He gazed at his son with mingled shrewdness and affection. The young Doctor also looked pleased. His father's sharpness, at times, made up to him for his ignorance and want of education. Dr. Still was not lacking in smartness himself, and had been quick enough to see which way the wind blew with Miss Krafton. He discovered that she was both proud and ambitious—not politically. She said she detested politics; that her father never allowed politics to be talked before her; and when he gave a "political dinner" she did not even come downstairs. She was ambitious socially. Dr. Still promptly began to play on this chord. He had prevailed on his father to set him up a handsome establishment in the city, and he became deeply literary. He began to

talk of his family—the Stills had originally been Steels, he said, and were the same family to which Sir Richard Steele belonged—and of his old place, and his old pictures. He described them with so much eloquence that Miss Krafton once said she wished she could see them. This gave Dr. Still an idea, and he forthwith began to press his father on the subject of an entertainment. As it happened, it was at the very time that Leech had suggested the same thing, and as his son and Leech rarely agreed about things these days, Still was impressed, and the entertainment was determined on. It was to be the “finest party” that had ever been given at Red Rock. On this all were agreed. Even Hiram yielded to the general pressure and admitted that if you were “going to send for a man’s turn of corn it was no good to send a boy to mill after it.”

The arrangements were intrusted to the young Doctor, and he laid himself out on them. There had been nothing like it in the county since the war. A florist and a band were brought up from the city, and the decorations and supper were to surpass everything that had ever been seen. A large company was invited, including many guests from the city, for whom a special train was furnished, and Still, to show his “good feeling,” as he claimed, extended the invitation to nearly all his neighbors. Major and Mrs. Welch and Ruth were invited. Still remembered that Major Welch had been to one entertainment in that house, and he wished to show them that he could outdo even the Grays.

On the evening of the entertainment Major Welch and Mrs. Welch attended, but Miss Ruth did not accompany them. She was “not very well,” Mrs. Welch said, in reply to Virgy, who, under Dr. Still’s wing, was “receiving,” and in a stiff white satin dress looked unfeignedly scared, and held her great bouquet as if it were an explosive and might “go off” at any time. Miss Virgy’s face, however, lit up on seeing Mrs. Welch’s familiar countenance, and she greeted her with real pleasure, and expressed regret that Ruth had not come, with a sincerity that made Mrs. Welch warm toward the girl.

It was a curious company that Major and Mrs. Welch found assembled. The

strangers from the city included the Judge, who was a dark-looking man with a strong face, a heavy mouth, and a lowering, gray eye; a number of people of various conditions, whom Mrs. Welch recognized as being men whose names she had heard as connected with Leech, and a number of others whom she did not know. But there was not a soul whom she had ever met before socially. Not a member of the St. Anne congregation was present. Both the Stills were in an ill-humor, and Virgy, though she was kind and cordial, looked wretchedly unhappy. She heard a conversation between Hiram Still and one of his guests: a small, stumpy, red-headed man with a twinkling eye and a bristly, red mustache, whom she recognized as an office-holder who had come down from one of the Northern States.

Still was talking near her, in a high, complaining voice.

“Yes,” he said, evidently in answer to a speech by his guest, “it is a fine party—the finest ever given in this county. It ought to be; I’ve spent enough money on it to buy a plantation, and to show my friendliness I invited my neighbors—some of ’em I didn’t have no call to invite—and yet just look around you. I’ve got a lot of folks from the city I don’t know and some from the county I know too well; but not one of my old neighbors has come—not one gentleman has put his foot here this night. His guest glanced around the hall, and then gave a quizzical look, full in Still’s face.

“Of course—what did you expect? Do you suppose, Still, if I were a gentleman I’d have come to your party? I’d have seen you d——d first. Let’s go and have some more champagne.” It was the first time it had struck Mrs. Welch. It was true—there was not a gentleman there, except her husband.

When Mrs. Welch left, shortly afterward, Still and his guest had evidently got more champagne. Still was vowing that it was the finest party ever given in Red Rock, if there wasn’t a gentleman present, and that his daughter’s next party would be in the Governor’s house.

“You think so?” asked his guest.

“I know so,” declared Still.

As Mr. and Mrs. Welch waited for their carriage Leech passed with Miss Krafton on his arm.

THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY



BY EDGAR R. DAWSON, M.E.

SINCE the Rigi Railway was first considered a marvel, now more than a quarter of a century ago, so many others have followed that the travelling public has become almost indifferent to them. With every new road the boldness of the engineers has been carried farther; if not in grades, in some other feature. So many mountains have been pierced and so many passes gone over in complete comfort that something new is needed to awaken interest. This same indifferent public is, however, going to be astonished by what is now being accomplished in the Bernese Oberland. This is nothing less than the building of a railway to the very top of one of the highest, most inaccessible, and most beautiful mountains of Europe. That mountain is the Jungfrau, whose altitude is 13,720 feet, and whose sides are covered with glaciers and snow, wherever the rocks are not too precipitous.

On August 26, 1889, Herr Guyer-Zeller, of Zurich, was going down the path which leads from the Schilthorn to Mürren. Herr Guyer-Zeller is what we call in America an enterprising and energetic railroad-man. As he proceeded on his way, favored by glorious weather, he grew enthusiastic over nature's beauties as shown in the magnificent group of the Eiger, Moench, and Jungfrau. His admiration gave rise to practical thoughts, and it was then and there that he conceived his plan of a railway to the summit of the Jungfrau. The idea was not entirely new, but the plan was distinctly original.

The first ascension of the Jungfrau was made in 1811, and until 1856 the feat was only repeated four times. At the present day it is done several times every year. The climb is most easily made from the southern side, toward the valley of the Rhone. From the Jungfrau Hotel, about three hours from the railway at Brigue,

there is first a climb of five hours to the Concordia Cabin, which is at an altitude of 9,340 feet. Here the first night is generally spent, and the next day, if the conditions are favorable, after six or seven hours of hard climbing, the summit is reached. Much of the climbing is over glaciers abounding in dangerous crevasses, and up precipices where it is necessary to tie the climbers one to the other for safety. From the Grindelwald side the ascension is even a little longer.

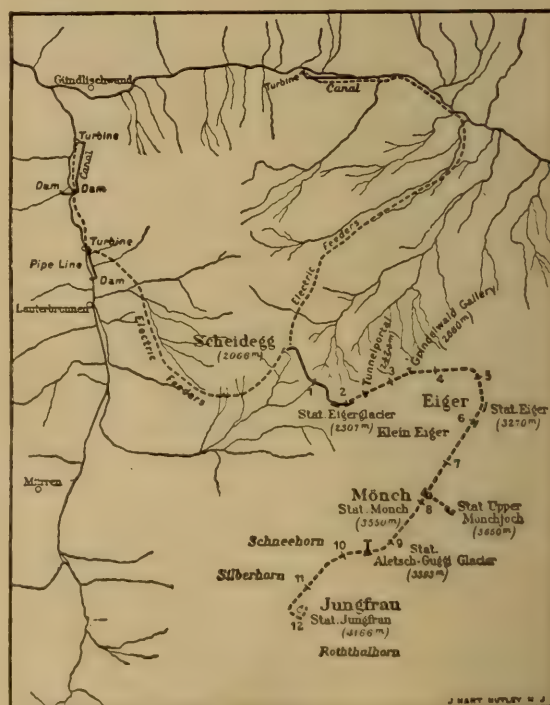
The line which is to-day in construction begins at the little Scheidegg station of the Wengernalp Railway, and first passes on the side of the mountain and by the Eiger glacier to a rocky wall of the Eiger. Here will be situated the first station, that of the Eiger glacier. It is after this station that the more remarkable character of the road begins. To this point the road resembles a number of others in the lower Alps, presenting some heavy grades and a few short tunnels. On leaving this station (altitude, 9,137 feet), the line plunges into the rock with a grade of twenty-five per cent. It continues close to the great rocky wall of the mountain on the Grindelwald side, and it is in this superb wall of solid rock that the second station is to be placed, called Grindelwald Gallery, from its situation, overlooking the valley of Grindelwald. To construct this station, it is necessary to begin at the line of the road and bore through the rock until the wall is pierced, the road proper being entirely in tunnel here. On looking out from the arcades of the gallery, the sensation will be similar to that of being deposited in a niche in the rock—sheer precipices above and below. From this station the line follows the same wall of rock until it arrives under the Mittelegi glacier. There it describes a large curve and passes over to the southeastern slope of the Eiger.

Then it runs under the pass of the Eiger, and here the Eiger Gallery Station (altitude, 10,728 feet) will be placed. From this point the view will be a foretaste of the splendors that await one above. Entirely different atmospheric conditions prevail here from those at Grindelwald Gallery, and that independently of the difference in altitudes. The differences are so great that the fact of our being on another slope of the mountain, with an entirely different exposure, has not sufficed to explain the question to those who have investigated it, and many still remain unsatisfied. From the pass of the Eiger, the line plunges again into the rock and runs in the direction of the summit of the Moench, remaining near the northwestern wall of the great rocky ridge. After passing vertically under the summit of the Moench, it comes out on a rocky platform of the ridge at the station to be called the Moench (11,846 feet). This will surely be one of the favorite stations, as it is almost surrounded by grand glaciers.

On the right the view extends over the Jungfrau with its magnificent crevasses, while on the left is the contrast with the Ewigschneefeld, a great sheet of snow, where the most inexperienced may disport themselves without difficulty. At this point the glaciers are immaculate in their purity. The idea that a glacier is a dirty mixture of mud and ice, or a big heap of "slush," will be dissipated here. On leaving the Moench Station the line makes the only descent in its whole length. This is necessary in order to go under the Jungfrau Pass. The top of the pass is only about 270 feet below the Moench Station, but, as it is covered with ice to the depth of 250 to 300 feet, the road must make a decided dip. As far as solidity goes, the tunnel might be cut in the ice itself, for it is not given to melting in this neighborhood, but as far as stability goes, no! for it has the inconvenient property of moving. The rocky base of the pass under the ice has a width of about 300 feet, with precipitous sides, so that the conditions are excellent for another station. This is to be called the Aletsch-Guggi or Jungfrau Pass Station (altitude, 10,280 feet).

An opening will be made on each side of the rock, so that the sight-seers will look into the canton of Bern on one side

and Valais on the other. On this latter side the station will look out over the Aletsch glacier, the largest in the Alps, while on the other it will look toward the Little Scheidegg, the starting-point proper of the line, 4,400 feet below. On the Aletsch side, the Alpine climbers can descend into the valley of the Rhone, and those who wish to experience a modified polar expedition will be able to do so by taking a trip in a sleigh. On leaving this station the traveller sees the world for the last time until he gazes on it from the platform of rock at the top of the Jungfrau. The railway proper will stop at a point vertically under the summit, at a distance of about 240 feet. These 240 feet will be accomplished in an elevator. As the elevator-shaft is to be surrounded by a cage containing a stairway, those so desiring will be permitted to make this portion of the ascent on foot. It is not expected that many will avail themselves of the privilege, oxygen being somewhat of a luxury at this altitude. Since we left the Little Scheidegg we have come seven and a half miles, of which six and a quarter have been accomplished in the interior of the group of mountains, but with so many openings at the different stations that one will not have had time to become bored in the one hundred minutes taken for the trip—somewhat



Map Showing Route of Jungfrau Electric Road.



The Little Scheidegg, where the Jungfrau Railway Proper Begins.
The two summits are the Eiger and Moench, through whose flanks the line passes.

simpler than the elaborate arrangements that the alpinist must make for his night or two in cabins and his fourteen hours of climbing before reaching the summit.

Now that the traveller has arrived at the top, so to speak, a description of the glories that await him there may be left to his imagination. The effects the altitude may have on him are worth consideration. It was on this ground that the strongest opposition to the project was encountered. The charter was finally granted, the objections having been met by the opinions of specialists. The first opinion is that of Spelterini, who has made four hundred and sixty trips in balloons, with eight hundred passengers, many of whom were women. He once reached an altitude of over 20,000 feet; has several times reached heights between 17,000 and 18,000 feet, and very often more than 13,000 feet. Never have any of his passengers been the least ill from it. In a few cases, a quickening of the pulse and a buzzing in the ears occurred, but nothing more serious. He does not think that a short stop at a height of 14,000 feet will cause any inconvenience to a sound person, provided he can arrive there with little physical ef-

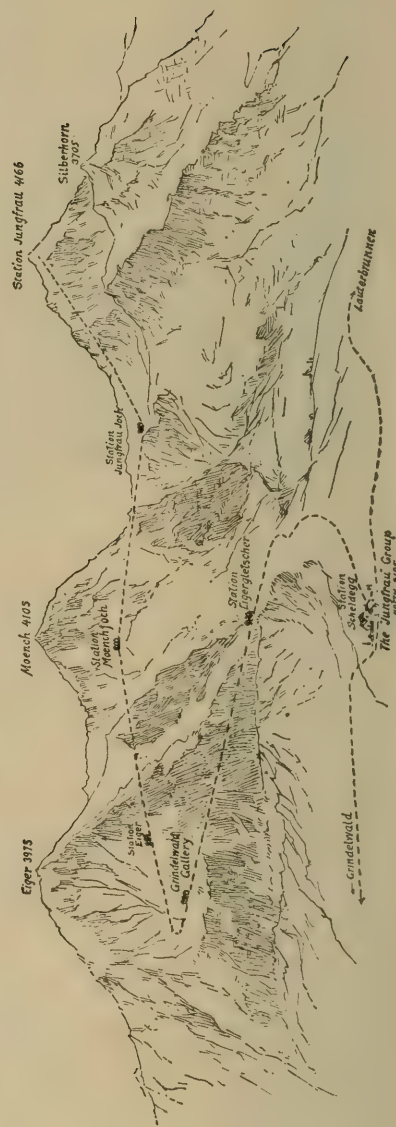
fort. The Swiss Alpine Club stated that, according to the personal experience of the members and many accounts of high-mountain climbing in other countries, "mountain-sickness" is due to extraordinary physical exertion under very unusual conditions, rather than to rarified air. The unanimous opinion of the climbers is that their excursions are beneficial to their health.

According to the experiment of Dr. Regnard, of Paris, mountain-sickness is due to a combination of two causes—rarefaction of the air and a physical effort which calls for a great deal of oxygen. This not being supplied, insufficient oxygenation of the blood results. This latter, being the true cause, is not felt where no effort is entailed, until altitudes of more than 20,000 feet have been reached.

With the Jungfrau Railway it is not the workman that does the greater part of the work. The same snow and ice that surround the tourist on his trip to the summit, and which form the charm of this unique excursion, furnish not only the motive-power to propel the cars, but also to bore the tunnels through the rock. It is by means of power-stations with turbines,



Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau.



Perspective View, Route of Jungfrau Electric Road.

established on the two Lüttschinen, that the snow and ice, now become water, are harnessed and made to do the work. The first of these power-stations is situated near Lauterbrunnen. The other one will be situated on the banks of the other Lutschine, in the valley of Grindelwald. In the form of an electric current the power is to be returned to the top of the Jungfrau.

The power is furnished under ideal conditions, as the finer the weather the greater the quantity of melted snow, or, in other words, the more water as motive-power. And the finer the weather the greater will be the number of travelers on the line, and consequently the greater the demand for power. The two stations will be so connected that either may be employed at will, so that should there be a stoppage for any reason at one station, the time-table of the road will not be affected.

It is useless to speak of the precautions taken to insure the safety of the trip, when there are so many thousands who use the different mountain-railways every year. Situated, as it will be, almost in the heart of this rocky group of mountains, the line will have nothing to fear from either storms or avalanches. The work of construction can go on in all weathers and at all seasons. It is to be feared that there will be too much ventilation rather than too little in the tunnels. There will certainly be strong currents of air, due to the differences in temperature, the ends being at such different altitudes. As the currents will be ascending, they will cause no trouble in the working of the trains. The tourist in the car will be oblivious of all this, as the cars will be warmed by electricity, and, as the traction is also electric, there will be no opportunity for the slightest pollution of the air.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the benefits that meteorology may expect from the observatories that are to be erected at the stations. They will be well placed for studying the phenomena of the clouds which float around these summits, dissolving often like magic as they move toward the valley of the Rhone into an atmosphere and sky worthy of Italy. The combination of electric and snow storms to be experienced at some of the highest

stations will be enjoyed by those in search of new sensations. Dr. Maurer, meteorologist of Zurich, says of these storms :

Let us suppose ourselves at the Moench Station at the end of a July day. At midday the temperature has risen slightly above 40° Fahrenheit, while in the valley below it has been almost oppressive. After sunset heavy cumuli clouds form to the east and northwest of the horizon, while the cirri from which they separate themselves reach to the zenith of the Jungfrau. All the high points which flank the neighboring snow-fields are surrounded with fog, except in a north-westerly direction toward the Schreckhörner and Wetterhörner, where the atmosphere is marvelously clear. Heavy banks of fog suddenly rise out of the depths to the north, and, after reaching above the snowy summits of the Jungfrau and the Moench, move in the direction of the Trugberg and cut off the view to the south. Our station is blocked instantaneously in the clouds. The fog becomes thicker, and our clothes begin to sparkle with numberless little drops of water. Night is on us. A fresh wind carries with it fine needles of ice. These minute icicles increase in size until they constitute a horizontal sleet. Then we hear a light crackling at the top of the flag-pole and at the ends of the lightning-rods. We walk out on the terrace, and our hat-brims and the ends of our fingers, that we extend toward the sleet, crackle in the same way. Suddenly the fog is lit up by lightning with brilliant blue radiations. Then a feeble peal of thunder is heard. The wind begins to blow more violently. A few flakes of snow appear mixed with the sleet, and increase in number so quickly that we are soon in a wild snow-storm. The big flakes rapidly cover the house and the terrace with their white down, and we again hear the crackling noise along the flag-pole, and distinctly see a brilliantly luminous plume at the top point of the pole. Soon the lightning-rods all seem to be carrying torches at their ends, and we find, to our astonishment, that when we raise our hands the ends of our fingers throw out sparks some four inches long. A second stroke of lightning, coloring the fog with a roseate hue, puts an end to this curious phenomenon. But it begins again, however, only to be stopped again in the same manner by strokes becoming more and more violent. Now is the time to take shelter under the hospitable roof of the station, as it might not be prudent to go on extracting sparks from this powerful electrical machine should it come too near. From the room we hear the snow beating against the double windows, and from time to time a little blue spark is seen at the telephone. Suddenly a roar is heard, and by the trembling of the walls we know that the first stroke of lightning has fallen on the lightning-rod. We are, however, accustomed to these phenomena here, and can quietly await more of the same nature in perfect security, as the station is by its very construction perfectly protected from all danger. The storm may rage ever so wildly, it is with a sense of absolute safety that we listen to its roarings. And on the morrow, as we go down into the valley by a brilliant sun, we carry the memory of a never-to-be-forgotten experience.



At Work on the First Section.
Showing first station "Eigergletscher."

The opening of the first section was fixed for August 1, 1898. The other sections will be opened as fast as completed. In July last the road-bed as far as the first station was nearly finished, and little remained to be done except to lay the rails.

Since August, 1897, the solid rock of the body of the mountain has been taken in

hand. The workmen, as is the case with nearly all the Swiss mountain railways, are Italians. As navvies, they have the strength and endurance necessary, while as masons they are exceptionally skilful. It is not one of the least picturesque sights along this remarkable line, that of these southern workmen, with their bronzed

faces and arms, their heavy shocks of hair, and their gay demeanor, contrasting so strongly with their northern surroundings.

They generally prove sober, hard-working fellows, and are obedient to orders. This combination of qualities and their smaller demands in the matter of wages have enabled them to almost monopolize this class of work. They rarely drink, but when they do the danger-signal should be put out, for then the hot southern blood often passes the boiling point, and the

temperature is frequently lowered with the knife.

But these outbreaks occur rarely while they are at work, but rather when spending a fete-day in one of the villages. The work they do, when we consider their food is really remarkable, as this generally consists of pollenta (a kind of corn-bread), coarse wheat-bread, and cheese. It is expected that the entire line will be opened soon after 1900, and it will serve as a fitting mark of the state of engineering at the beginning of the twentieth century.

THE POINT OF VIEW

“WHAT is to become of our English landscape,” asked Lord Rosebery, “if it is to be simply an advertising or sanitary appliance?” This question, once of chief interest to the person who drives, or walks, or to the traveller on a railway journey, is coming more and more closely to concern new and rapidly spreading social groups—the bicyclist, the amateur photographer, or the golfer—with each fresh impetus toward an out-of-doors life. The benefit of this life, aside from the particular kind of fun which takes any particular person out of doors, is

The Future of Scenery. that, supposedly, it gives one back the natural conditions of our remoter ancestors, restoring their blessed freedom from the disquieting questions and worries of an artificial civilization. The irony of this is evident when to drive, or walk, or wheel, or golf, may be, and often is, to confront one's self with a thousand suggestions of disease through hideously placarded remedies.

England has a society—so far as has been ascertained it has no branch or fellow in America—to preserve and reclaim natural scenery from the clutch of “the modern highwayman,” the modern advertiser. Its aim is not chimerical, since it does not undertake to abolish obnoxious advertisements. “A world entirely free from advertisements,” wrote one of its most distinguished members, Sir E. J. Poynter, President of the Royal Academy, to a recent conference, “is a dream too enchanting to be realized.” Its limited

purpose is well set forth in its somewhat formidable title: “The National Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising”—a title abbreviated for every-day purposes to the suggestively savage nondescript “Scapa.” That modest aim is to “start scattered cases of blissful repose which little by little shall extend their borders.” Its membership of more than 1,000 is not made up of mere sentimentalists, such as artists, although naturally enough many of them belong to it—it having included the late Lord Leighton and the late Sir John Millais. In that membership, by the evidence of Richardson Evans, Esq., the society's honorary secretary and energetic manager, are “many who are eminent as heads of departments, as jurists, political economists, or ‘captains of industry.’ We are particularly strong in men of science;” this last being somewhat unexpected evidence to the fact that devotion to science is not necessarily fatal to æsthetic sensitiveness.

Examination of the society's now somewhat voluminous literature—issued mainly as tracts for the times—discloses some unthought-of obstacles to its work quite apart from the inertia of an expected general indifference. For one thing, the profit to the advertiser's landlord is surprising. As Sir Leppel Griffin puts it, the “overburdened agriculturist can often get from his crop of posters more than he can get from his crop of wheat.” In the South Islington district of London there is a small empty lot which, it is stated, is enclosed, while waiting for some

one to build on it, "with immense hoardings announcing all the tradesmen in the neighborhood." These advertisements "pay a very fair interest on the actual value of the land." The society's ingenious counter-argument, so far as the country is concerned, is that whatever "spoils scenery"—to use an American phrase—drives English people to the continent when seeking country living, for there the nuisance is much less general. This argument has been pushed with tangible results at some of the English seaside resorts. Mr. Evans thinks it would even pay a syndicate to secure a tract of country, and advertise its freedom from advertisements as an attraction—a suggestion so full of delightful unmodern possibilities that one wishes the syndicate could be found to make the venture. In trying to educate public sentiment, too, it has to be remembered that the bizarre effects of garish colors, hideous pictures, and startling announcements, so offensive to the more cultivated, "positively brighten the life of some in the crowd." Taken away, these persons would actually miss something which varies the monotony of the daily journeys between home and work. That there is hope for the slow process of education is seen, as one member notes, by the great increase in thirty or forty years of the popular love for flowers. To-day they are sold on the poorer streets of London and other cities where once they were sold only on the more fashionable streets. In this connection one member suggests that popular magic-lantern exhibitions of advertising monstrosities (gathered by amateur photographers during wheeling trips) would greatly aid in popularizing the reform; while another would agitate for a censor of advertisements—like the censor of plays—in the hope that the demand for discrimination might follow a wise administration of his office.

Ingenuity of invention in devising possible ways for suppressing the worst disfigurements of advertising is after all more than matched by the ingenuity of the advertisers themselves in inventing new monstrosities. The latest of these is reported in North London—a windmill thirty feet high, to whose arms are attached gaudily painted advertising boards, ten feet square. In the face of such vicious aggressiveness, the society seeks to save the future of scenery by sane methods that will command general support. Only a few members seriously advocate a hopeless

appeal to the government to bring in a bill, ostensibly for revenue, imposing a duty of so much per square foot on exposed advertisements, to compel advertisers to limit the size of their unsightly placards. But the society is earnestly and unitedly agitating for the Rural Advertisements bill, which proposes to give to county councils power to regulate advertising in non-urban districts. It is hoped that the House of Commons can be induced in the near future to appoint a commission of investigation. One of the great obstacles to progress is the lack by local authorities of power to act. Some twenty cases of attempts in various parts of Great Britain to check advertising abuses are reported in the society's last annual statement. In more than one of these resort was had to some curious expedient, as at Cardiff, where the corporation "tried to correct the evils of bill-sticking on the ground that the dropping of the paste might endanger the clothes of pedestrians." Straightforward victories where the fight was made strictly on æsthetic grounds are also recorded. The most notable of these was the pledge obtained from the government by the vestry of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to prevent the desecration of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square by flashlight advertisements, "the mere menace of authoritative interference being sufficient to put a stop to the outrage."

It is gratifying to an American to note the testimony given by more than one member that, as one puts it, "there is less advertising disfigurement in America than in enlightened England." Another, who found in New York "some very fine rocks which extend for miles," noticed "a curiously colored patch, obviously painted over what had been advertisements." He was informed that they had been effaced by order of the municipality of New York because they were officially pronounced a disfigurement. This "beautiful range of purified rocks" was to him "the most delightful sight I had seen since I came to America."

ONE of the minor surprises of the war has been the discovery of the militia's unpreparedness for war physically, although the militia is made up of "selected risks," as the insurance men say. When it has come to passing upon such "selected risks" in recruiting for the regular army there is even greater surprise at the large per cent.

of rejections by the examining surgeons. For example, a correspondent writing from Buffalo to the *Toronto Mail*, in explaining to Canadian readers the apparent slowness of recruiting under the President's call, states that out of seventeen applicants for the Thirteenth

Infantry (regulars) in one day only one was accepted, and of twenty-seven applicants on another day all were rejected. This correspondent puts the average of successful applicants for the regular army at about ten per cent. of all who apply at Buffalo. Per contra, it may, of course, be urged that the chief practical value of such thorough examinations applies to the selection of men to endure extraordinary conditions, and that all examinations, such as those of the insurance companies, give the fortunate who pass them but a limited assurance of physical soundness, a limit usually put at three or four years. Indeed, there are insurance authorities who claim that if a company could insure every man, without exception, who in twenty-four hours passed its office door on some crowded thoroughfare of a big city (say Broadway, New York), it would have a class of risks equal, if not superior, to any set of risks however scientifically selected. So little dependence is to be placed on the staying quality of duly authenticated health.

All this goes to illustrate a fact anyone will individually discover who is curious to satisfy himself concerning it—that we moderns, with all the attention we pay to insurance and kindred questions, are in no position to state positively whether or not we "live longer" on the average than did our ancestors; whether under civilization the average length of life is materially increasing. Another peculiar thing about it is that there are two popular impressions regarding it which are absolutely contradictory. The more popular of these, the prevailing impression, is that of course our ancestors lived longer on the average, since they were hardier to begin with, and led simpler and therefore more healthy lives—in short, were not enervated by civilization. This impression is strengthened by currently accepted phrases about the "Fathers of the Revolution," the "Pilgrim Fathers," etc., when the truth is, of course, that in general these "fathers" were not venerable personages at all in the modern sense, being either young men or in the prime of active life. Thomas Jefferson at thirty-

three, writing the Declaration of Independence, comes nearer to being a type than an exception. Others who hold this view are a little more superficially scientific, and claim that the better sanitary conditions of modern life—including advance in surgical and medical treatment and the minor preservative devices, such, for example, as the extended use of rubber to protect against dampness—perpetuate the weak and sickly who in older days would have died, to the deterioration of the vigor of civilized peoples. The recent discussion of the Dum-dum bullet in England, as to whether or not a deadlier bullet is needed for warring on savages than on civilized enemies (one that kills instead of simply wounding, because a savage foe must be killed to be put surely *hors de combat*), is a unique tribute to the superior vitality of the uncivilized.

On the other hand, many people who have read current popular articles of generalized misinformation have gained a strong impression that under the conditions of civilization the average length of life is constantly and appreciably increasing. There is an interesting story current, which may or may not have a basis of fact, that late in the eighteenth century the British Government, having learned the profit of annuity ventures for revenue from Holland, the pioneer in this form of insurance—an inheritance from the Dutch days of William and Mary—discovered that its annuitants were living too long to be profitable, or in other words, that their average age was unexpectedly lengthening. The impression or belief this story illustrates is put with exactitude, not only in newspapers, but, for example, in a book of the standing of Sauvier's "Annals of the British Peasantry," in the statement that "the average longevity of the people [of England] increased from twenty-five years in 1780 to forty-one years in 1850." But the fact is, comments Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, the insurance authority, "that it was the average age at death which had increased so materially, while the average duration of life had probably increased less than five years, or, at the most, say ten years." The confusing of these two as meaning the same thing—when a high average age at death is determined often by the large number of old people who die in the given period, or a low average by the prevalence of some disease fatal to the young—accounts principally for the confused notions

of many popular writers on the subject. Obviously, the only accurate way to reach a conclusion is to compare the number of survivors at a given age at different periods. Such a mortality table for England and Wales, covering the ages of one million persons in each of the two periods, 1838-54 and 1881-90, and from the age of five to that of one hundred, shows a decreasing advantage in average duration of life down to the age of eighty, when the advantage passes over to the ancestors. Mr. Hoffman says that no such table exists in any State or city in America.

But while we are thus left statistically in the dark as to the supposed increase of the average American life, on one point we may felicitate ourselves regardless of statistics: We modern Americans live longer than our ancestors did in the sense that we keep on living up to the limit of life. We do not "retire from the activities of life" at any conventional age. Once in a while one of us, like Senator Morrill, of Vermont, rises at the age of eighty-eight to debate in lively, pugnacious style such a question as the annexation of Hawaii. All of us keep young as we grow old in a way our ancestors would not understand. Some of us actually grow younger as we grow older. This is a great gain, far greater than any mere addition of a few years to the duration of the average life. It is the old difference between fifty years of Europe and a cycle of Cathay.

IN a little book written by that "Poor and Contemptible Servant of Jesus Christ, John Bunyan," the reader is told to consider that however it may go with his relatives, with him it shall go well, for doth not Ecclesiastes say "However it goes with the wicked, yet I know, mark, yet I know (saith he) that it shall go well with them that fear the Lord." This implication of wickedness in relatives is too pointed to escape notice, and after a lapse of more than two centuries the passage holds in its keeping an impertinent suggestion. It reminds us that in modern fiction there is a singular emphasizing of Mr. Bunyan's point of view. If we

recall the notable novels of the present century we may remember that the relatives of hero and heroine are apt to be, if not entirely wicked, disagreeable and stupid. And there has been a curious discrimination between the nearest and most essential of all relatives—the par-

ents. Jane Austen began impartially enough, balancing the invertebrate mothers of Mansfield Park by the merciless Mr. Woodhouse. With Thackeray, mothers showed some advance, but fathers rose above par. Colonel Newcome still stands as this century's peerless example of the paternal relation. *Adsum* he may answer when the call is given for the most engaging father in Victorian fiction. But Thackeray, whose own mother so much loved him, and wrote of him with such pride and tenderness, seemed never quite to grasp the idea of the generic mother. We learn from the Biographical Edition that he wept over the death of Helen Pendennis; yet how cold the reader is left by her grace and virtue. She may indeed be, that "most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world, a high-bred English lady," and "a sainted woman" as well, but she is not a mother in the perfect sense of the word. Dickens has given a faint, marred image of motherhood in the luckless Mrs. Copperfield, later Mrs. Murdstone; but what execrable creations have overshadowed the delicate sympathetic outlines! Nor has George Eliot done better. Mary Cass and Milly Barton have certain of the chief elements, but Mrs. Transome, whose maternal emotions quite dominate the scene, is dreary and repellant.

Among the later novelists, Mr. Henry James has done fine justice to fatherhood, and especially to American fatherhood, but his mothers have added a new horror to realism. Mrs. Gereth, and the mother of Maisie, Mrs. Routh and Mrs. Dormer—how compounded they are of all the traits from which we would dissociate our typical mother! Stevenson has evaded the problem. Mrs. Humphry Ward struck a note of promise in the vivid outline of Mrs. Elsmere, and then hastened to draw Lady Tressady for our disillusionment.

Not until the very end of the century do we come upon the real thing in mothers, and then like a burst of fortunate sunshine, Margaret Ogilvy and Madame Wynne appear; the latter gracious, gay, and tender, the former very odd and alien and truer than fiction; both strange mixtures of child and woman, and each unutterably a mother. Dr. Mitchell and Mr. Barrie have learned the difficult secret. Margaret Ogilvy somewhere says to her son: "We have changed places. I am the bairn now;" and this is the one indispensable quality—the possibility in the mother of becoming a bairn to her child.

THE FIELD OF ART

NEWLY DISCOVERED REFINEMENTS IN ARCHITECTURE

NEW discoveries about the fine arts of the past are very welcome to the modern student. Every fresh bit of evidence as to the ways of working in more artistic ages than his own is received with new and ever-increasing pleasure, and is weighed with serious attention. Little by little the modern world, having insatiable curiosity and so limited a gift at original production, learns how varied and how rich was the art-life of the great past. Thus the slowly formed conviction that the designers of fine old buildings were not always in search of modern regularity, uniformity, and precision has been a delightful stimulus to the student of old art, because it has opened a new field for his researches and for his imagination. Irregularities now undisputed, as where columns are set out of the vertical and where seemingly horizontal lines are really curved, are known to all students. Other, as yet less perfectly accepted, irregularities have been pointed out. In this field of study Mr. William H. Goodyear, late of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and now of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, has taken, perhaps, the most active part, beginning more than twenty years ago in his studies of Pisa Cathedral.

These newer discoveries consist of curves where straight lines had been looked for, the overhang of walls where true plumb-line verticality had been assumed, the spreading of columns and piers which one would say ought to be plumb, the leaning of towers, the gradual narrowing of interiors from end to end, the divergence of width of span in the bays of an arcade, the sloping rise of floors and pavements. These irregularities assuredly exist in many fine old buildings, classical Greek, Roman of the Imperial time, Byzantine, early Italian, Romanesque, and later Romanesque. There still remain curious questions about them, and those questions are chiefly: How far they were made consciously and with deliberation; how far, when thus intentional, were they intended to produce a *trompe l'œil* and to force or exaggerate perspective effects instead of being merely efforts to avoid too dull a precision, too for-

mal an exactitude. This subject is considered in detail in the following paragraphs.

R. S.

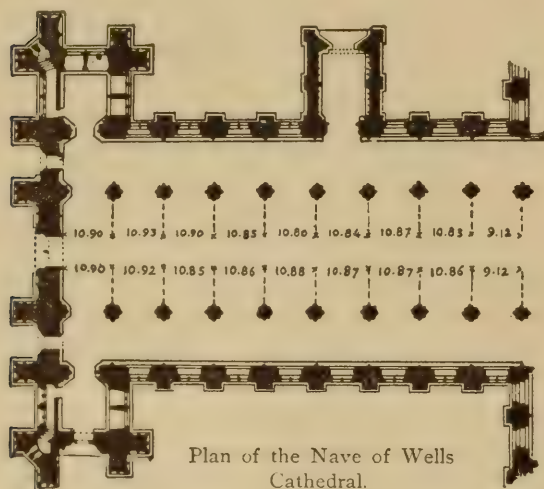
STUDENTS of Greek temple architecture are well acquainted with the fact that the various members of the building have slightly irregular sizes and spacings. The measurements are out of ratio; similar and corresponding parts are incommensurate. Seemingly vertical lines are out of perpendicular and out of parallel. Seemingly horizontal lines are out of parallel and are not straight lines but curves. That these curves of the horizontals were designed for an æsthetic purpose, antagonistic to monotony and formality; and not simply for a corrective purpose, to avoid the appearance of sagging, is the common opinion of the standard authorities. That the variations previously named have also the purpose and result of avoiding monotony and formality is undoubted.

The announcement of a more or less closely related and occasionally identical system of refinements in certain Italian mediæval buildings, especially in those known to have been under Byzantine Greek influences, has been recently made by the writer in a series of seven articles published in the *Architectural Record*. Besides some very close correspondences to Greek work in the use of curves, obliquities, and unequal dimensions, there are some irregularities of a ruder character, but still sufficiently subtle to avoid off-hand detection. In other instances we find practices and methods of building which have an illusive purpose and which are allied to arrangements in Egyptian temples supposed to have a similar deceptive purpose. Aside from such analogies the facts ascertained tend to show in Italian mediæval building a very definite and wide-spread, but by no means universal, intentional avoidance of mathematical regularity and formality, sometimes in curiously eccentric phases.

When Mr. Penrose measured the irregular intercolumniations and metope spacings of the Parthenon he determined the limit of error in the masonry of that building to be one fiftieth of an inch. This result was obtained by comparing the widths of the building at its two opposed extremities; dimensions

which would naturally be intended to be equal, and which in fact turned out to be so, with that inconsiderable variation. In this way, irregularities of spacings in metopes and intercolumniations varying from one to four inches (aside from the angle columns, where the difference is two feet) were proven by him to be intended, and the same conclusion was reached regarding similar variations in the columnar diameters, and the sizes of capitals. No similar tests of precision are known to have been made for the work of mediæval builders before those which the writer has published. The measurements taken in English cathedrals in order to establish the norm of attainable accuracy in mediæval mason work, are for the first time published here.

The measurements of the bays, between façade and transept, in Wells Cathedral, are as given in the plan, in feet and decimals; all measures taken to centres.



Plan of the Nave of Wells Cathedral.

The opposite bays were undoubtedly intended to be equal in pairs, and their extreme variation is eight one-hundredths of a foot. There are only two bays, out of nine measured, in which the variation is over three one-hundredths of a foot. The extreme variation is ten one-hundredths of a foot in sequent bays before the last pair are reached. There is consequently no doubt that the last pair narrow to 9.12 by intention. The cause was probably local or casual, probably not æsthetic, but it certainly was not indifference, or carelessness. Similar measures at Salisbury show in all bays between façade and transept an extreme variation of .04 in parallel bays and an extreme variation of .09 in sequent bays. The limit of error at Salisbury is, therefore, .09 or about one inch. At Norwich the average error is .20 or less. There is one extreme error of

.39. At Ely the extreme error in parallel bays is .22; at Lincoln, it is .34; at Durham, it is .08. There are variations in sequent bays in these last three cathedrals of considerable amount, which probably have local causes at Ely and Lincoln, and which at Durham may have perspective illusive purpose.

These examples seem to prove that English mediæval builders very rarely made an error of over four inches, and that they were very frequently accurate inside the hundredth part of a foot. There are many instances of this last named accuracy at Salisbury and Wells.

Let us now turn to Italian examples. At Borgo San Donnino the parallel bays tally within half an inch, with one exception which is slightly over an inch. At Parma five out of six parallel bays tally inside of variations of about one inch. The sixth pair tally within three inches (in measures which run over fifteen feet). At Modena, the extreme limit of error is four inches. In S. Bartolommeo, at Rome, the limit of error is .3; in S. Pietro, Assisi, it is .2; Arezzo Cathedral, .2; Fiesole Cathedral, .3; S. Frediano, Lucca, .3. In the Pisa Cathedral the limit of error varies between .11 and .03. Comparative measures for a number of churches in parallel and also in sequent bays, as to the height of arches, show that three inches is a fair limit of error in the majority of mediæval churches and that much closer accuracy was frequently reached. The two most important basilicas of Ravenna, for example, show that amount of accuracy. We thus reach the conclusion that quotations of variations in width or height in arches or arcades inside of three inches must be subject to careful study of the quality of the masonry in the individual building before they can be accepted as intended. We also reach the conclusion that all variations in width or height which are very considerably above three inches must be accepted as having an æsthetic purpose unless there is a fair probability that changes of plan took place during construction or other special or local explanations can be given.

Explanations of this latter class have been rendered futile, for a large number of Italian churches, by the discovery of a deliberate system of variations having an obvious optical purpose. The same characteristics recur in so many cases that local explanations are ruled out of court. That such a system existed was suspected by the writer in 1870, and was announced at the close of an article published in *Scribners' Monthly* for August,

1874. Proofs, however, were not forthcoming until surveys were made in 1895. This system of variations has for its purpose the illusive enlargement of apparent dimensions in the direction of the choir, by a contraction of spacing, or by a lowering of arches, one or both, in that direction. In a Catholic church the attention of the worshipper is especially directed to this portion of the church. The effects of dimension and perspective from the neighborhood of the main entrance, or while the spectator is approaching the choir, or turned in that direction, are those especially considered. The theory, or impulse, is that which led Bernini in the Seventeenth Century Renaissance to construct an artificial perspective in the Scala Regia of the Vatican for the entering and ascending visitor—the theory that the first impressions of a visitor count for most, and that effects when one is leaving a building may be sacrificed in favor of those obtained on entering. It should be added, however, that in many churches the effects are produced by variations in the vicinity of the chancel which are effective for the entering spectator while still near the entrance, but which do not operate in an inverse direction for a departing visitor much beyond the transept.

The most curious feature about these illusive arrangements is the fact that they have been so long overlooked in well-known cathedrals like those of Siena, Fiesole, Cremona, Piacenza and Pisa, and in well-known churches like those of S. Maria Novella at Florence, or S. Ambrogio at Milan. The fact is, however, that the illusions are quite as effective after they have been detected, because the eye continues involuntarily to modify the discrepancies toward the desired result. In other words, the act of detection is simply the act of measurement, or deliberately special examination, carried out for all parts of the building considered by themselves and not essentially the exercise of a preternaturally gifted eyesight, when the building is considered as a whole. The eye is naturally a wanderer and the roaming eye ignores variations in measurement of very large amount. Moreover, the means employed in some churches, for instance, in the interior of the Pisa Cathedral, are so subtle that they are only revealed by measurements and are actually unobservable by the eye even after the knowledge of their existence has been obtained by measurement. That surveyors and

architects among others have overlooked these facts is due to their general habit of relying on a single measurement of a single bay, pier, or window, while others of the series are assumed to be identical with it. Thus, in the case of S. Maria Novella, at Florence, where the spacings of the bays narrow thirteen feet in the direction of the choir, we can quote the self-confessed experience of a Boston architect who actually surveyed this church without detecting the illusive trick, and also the plan published by Reynaud in his *Traité d'Architecture*, which records absolutely regular spacings between the piers.

Besides the Italian irregularities which are proven intentional by their dimensions and which are proven to have systematic æsthetic purpose by their schematic recurrence in the same direction in many different buildings, the surveys of 1895 have enormously enlarged our knowledge of the irregularities which were predetermined by an æsthetic preference for variations as in themselves optically agreeable and desirable. Among these irregularities are many predetermined avoidances of parallel lines both in plan and elevation. That these obliquities are very considerable in fact is apparent from the measurements and surveys already published. That they are constructive in the sense that they are not accidents of settlement is self-evident. That they are constructive in the sense that they are not due to carelessness is also self-evident. That they are effective for optical mystification is apparent from the fact that they have been overlooked by so many students. The surveys of the wall-arcades of Troja Cathedral, Prato Cathedral, S. Paolo Ripa d'Arno at Pisa and the Pisa Cathedral are really startling in their implications. That the old-fashioned and time-honored explanations which have been applied hap-hazard to all irregularities in mediæval building can apply to them passes belief. At Durham and at Parma, at Lucca and at Altamura, the masons were capable of building a gallery, a string-course, or a cornice to a perfect level within two and a half inches variation at the two extremities. When horizontal obliquities of an unbroken and continuous line are found to amount to a couple of feet and still to be inconspicuous, as is the case in the Cathedrals of Troja, Prato, and Pisa, it is to be presumed that the masons had a principle in so constructing them. If there was a principle it must have been optical mystification. It is

under this explanation that we are tempted to range the thirty-five oblique ground-plans which were discovered in Italy in 1895. The existence of a certain number of deflected mediæval plans in northern Europe has been generally ascribed to a symbolism suggesting the bending of Christ's head on the cross. There is, however, no mediæval authority for this. But the plans examined in Italy are oblique from the façade, as distinct from plans deflected in the choir. Experts who are familiar with the Orvieto Cathedral have been surprised to learn that one side of the nave is twelve feet longer than the other. This was also a surprise to the surveyor who took the measures, and the resulting obliquity of the choir was just as inconspicuous after they were taken.

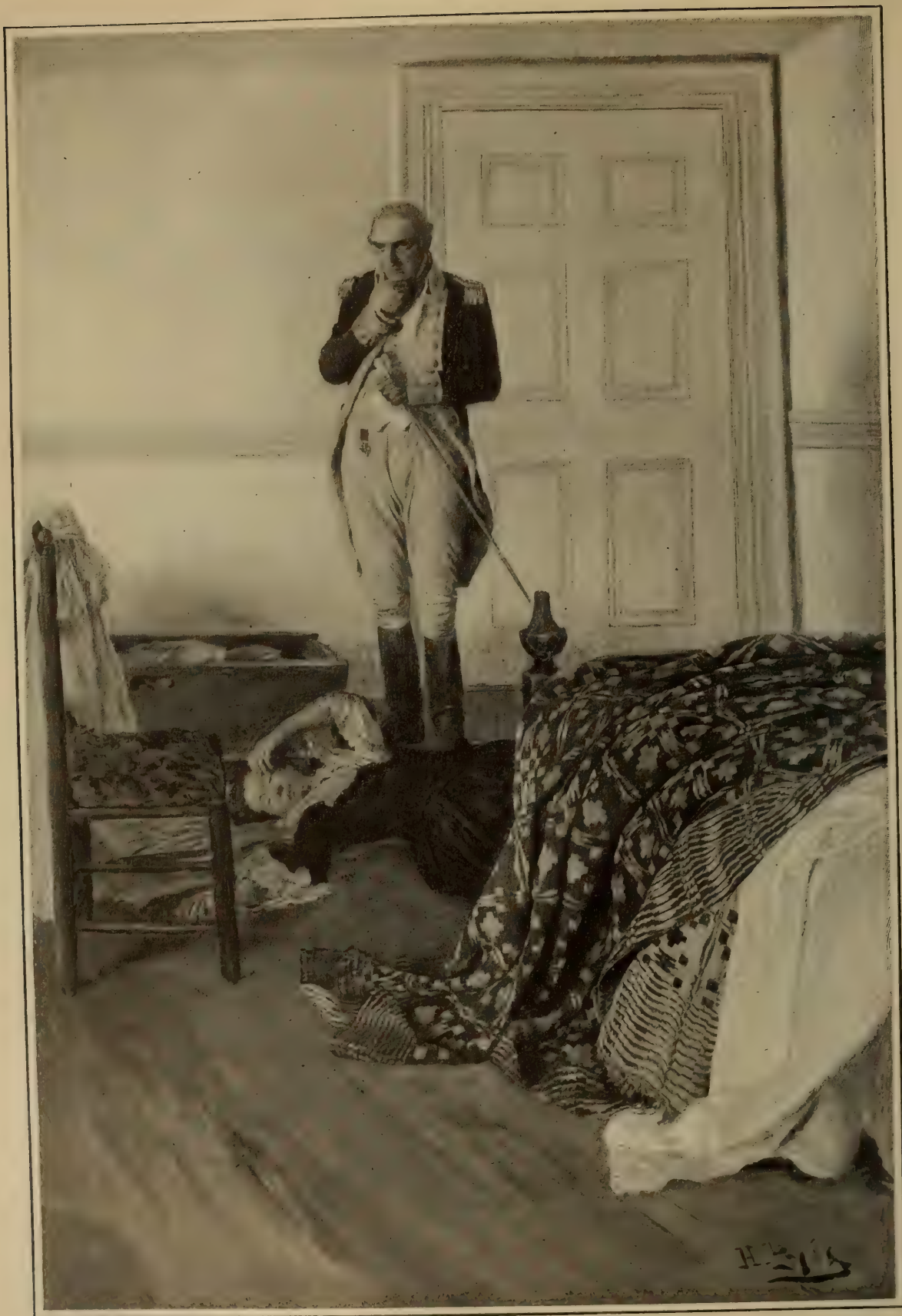
It is a surprising fact that the main axis of a cathedral may be oblique to the extent of thirteen feet without conspicuity. This is the amount of the obliquity at Cremona when the centre of the apse is compared with the main entrance. Here again it is important to test the ability of the mediæval masons to build true rectangles. At Wells, Salisbury, Norwich, Peterborough, Ely, Lincoln, York and Durham, no deflection of plan could be detected. Some deflected plans are, however, known in England. Scores of cathedrals and churches of all mediæval periods have been examined in Italy which are rigidly rectangular. Contempt for the mediæval mason is, therefore, probably mere ignorance of his supreme art. When the details, carvings, and masonry of the obliquely planned churches are compared with those of the above-mentioned English Cathedrals, or with others in Italy which are wholly formal and mathematically rectangular in plan, like the Cathedrals of Milan, Verona, Padua, Bologna, Florence, Arezzo, Perugia, or Monreale, it is impossible to sustain the hypothesis that the masons of the oblique plans were constitutionally inferior to these others in the quality of their work. On the contrary they were generally far superior.

To these various points leading to the conclusion that the mediæval masons were not mere bunglers, has been added the discovery that the entasis of the classic column was employed in the Middle Ages and that it was applied not only to mediæval columns, but to the profiles of mediæval piers. For the first use we will quote the exterior engaged columns of S. Michele, at Lucca, and for the

second, the piers of S. Miniato at Florence. The masons who cut the entasis in the green marble piers of S. Miniato also knew how to build to a straight line, and did so in this church. Certain piers of the Fiesole Cathedral also show the entasis. How, then, can we deny the intention of the masons at Fiesole to construct the returning curves of the ground-plan of the piers and clerestory walls, either on the presumption that they did not know how to build to a straight line, or on the presumption that they were indifferent to the beauty of a curve? Such discoveries of curves in Italy are corroborated by at least one French Gothic church. The entire plan of St. Ouen, at Rouen, both in walls and lines of piers, is a delicate returning curve. The fact is not very generally known, though the beauty of the church is generally recognized, but the constructive intention is undeniable, and the sacristan will tell you that the plan represents the body of Christ on the cross. This may be doubted in view of recent observations in Italy, or even without these observations, as there is no mediæval authority for the assertion.

The question of constructed curves in mediæval building is undoubtedly complicated in certain cases by questions as to settlement and thrust, or other accidental movements common to ancient buildings. Therefore, it has been thought advisable hitherto to confine announcements to a few peculiarly convincing cases, of which the Fiesole Cathedral and St. Ouen are the only ones here mentioned. As many of these curves are in plan and not in elevation it may be wise to say that in ancient architecture as well, the curves discovered so far are, by no means, only such curves in elevation as are most frequently mentioned. In the case of these latter the practical tendencies of American and English experts have led them to emphasize the theory that such curves were a corrective expedient against an effect of sagging. But Continental authorities, both French and German, universally consider the Greek curves as having had an æsthetic as well as a corrective purpose. Mr. Penrose, who has given especial prominence to the corrective purpose, has also suggested that the Greeks disliked "the monotony of the straight line." Should the recognition of deliberate purpose in mediæval curves become general, it will undoubtedly react on the theories of the purpose of ancient curves and give still greater prominence to their æsthetic, as distinct from their corrective, purpose.

W. H. G.



Dragon by Howard Pyle.

ARNOLD TELLS HIS WIFE OF THE DISCOVERY OF HIS TREASON.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV

OCTOBER, 1898

NO. 4



The Trenches of the Rough Riders on San Juan Hill.

Sergeant Tiffany's Colt gun may be seen, to the left, under the Rough Riders' flag. The flag on the right belongs to the Tenth Colored Regulars. The Spanish block-house seen above the trench was only three hundred yards distant.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE problems which presented themselves to the commanding General of the Santiago expedition might be placed in a list, as follows :

1. To disembark 12,000 men and supplies from thirty-four transports.

2. To move the men, rations, ammunition, and artillery toward Santiago, up a steep and narrow trail through a wooded country.

3. To reconnoitre the approach to Santiago, to clear away any forces which

might retard the advance of the army upon it, and, finally, to take Santiago by assault, or by siege.

The selection of a landing-place for the army was one much discussed, and, possibly, Siboney and Baiquiri were as suitable for the purpose as any of the others might have been, but when we recollect the original purpose of the expedition they seem unnecessarily distant from the seat of the proposed operations. The original reason for sending an army to Santiago was a

somewhat peculiar one. It was because our war-ships could not reach the war-ships of the enemy. It has often happened that an army has asked the navy to assist it in an assault upon a fortified port. But this is probably the only instance when a fleet has called upon an army to capture another fleet. Cervera and his ships of war lay bottled up in Santiago harbor, and on account of the forts and

to the harbor. To convey troops, and artillery, and rations three miles would not have been a difficult problem. Or, had the navy decided against Aguadores as a suitable landing-place, it would still have been possible to have made the landing at Siboney, and then marched the troops along the railroad which clings to the coast from Siboney to Aguadores, under the shelter of a steep range of cliffs. This ad-

Lieut. Harmon (wounded at Santiago). Lieut. Gallagher. Lieut. Shorts.



Major Leebo. General Sumner. Captain Howse.

Brigadier-General Sumner Commanded the Cavalry Division at the Battle of San Juan.

mines which guarded the approach to the inner harbor, our vessels could not reach him. Accordingly, the army was asked to attack these forts in the rear, to capture them, to cut the wires connecting them with the mines in the harbor, and so clear the way for our fleet to enter and do battle with the enemy.

To carry out this programme, the army might have landed at Aguadores, on the east of the mouth of the harbor of Santiago, and at Cabanas, on the west. Each of these ports is but three miles in the rear of the batteries which guard the entrance

vance could have been made safely under the cover of the guns of the fleet. No Spanish force could have lived on the railroad, or on the cliffs above it, under such a fire. For other reasons, however, the landing was made at Baiquiri, eighteen miles away from the harbor, and the point of attack was not the forts, but the city itself. Further, the attack was made at a time when the city was protected by Cervera's guns, and in the face of the fact that he had declared if the Americans succeeded in entering the city, he would instantly bombard it, and so render it untenable,

which he could very easily have done. When General Nelson A. Miles arrived he decided that the attack on the forts was even then the proper method to pursue in order to capture the city, and he ordered General Guy Henry to reconnoitre Cabanas, and prepare to land artillery. General Henry made the reconnaissance, but before further movement was ordered, the surrender of Santiago, which had been made necessary by the departure of Cervera from the harbor, and by the capture of the hills overlooking the city by our army, was an accomplished fact.

The disembarkment at Baiquiri was a marvellous and wonderful thing. Only two men were drowned. What makes this so remarkable is the fact that the boats carrying the men were run up through the surf, and either beached, or brought to a pier so high that to reach it the men had to jump from the boat at the exact moment it rose on the wave. Seven thousand men were put ashore in this way. The greater part of the pier was covered with loose boards, and the men walked on these or stepped across open girders, two feet apart. While doing this, they carried their packs, arms, and ammunition. Three weeks later, when I returned to this pier with General Miles, then on his way to Porto Rico, the loose boards were still loose, and he land-



Landing of American Forces at Siboney.



Another View of the Landing.



American Boats Landing Cubans at Siboney.

ed in the same way, by scrambling up the pier as the boat rose, and picked his way over the same open girders. During those three weeks, thousands of men, thousands of tons of supplies, and thousands of boxes of ammunition had been piled up high upon this pier, and carried away from it, and yet, apparently, no attempt had been made to render it safe, either for the arms or for the men. It was still impossible to cross it without running the risk of stepping into space, or of treading on the end of a loose board and falling between the girders. It was obviously the work of the engineers to improve this wharf, or build a better one. But the engineers happened to be on board the transport Alamo, and on the day of landing General Shafter sent the Alamo to Aceraderos for three days to build pontoon bridges for the Cubans. In consequence, the men whose services at that time were most greatly needed, were thirty-six miles up the coast, employed as ferrymen for our Cuban allies.

At Siboney matters were rather worse, as there was not even a pier as inadequate as that at Baiquiri. There the men were dumped out into the surf and waded for the shore. After several days, a pier was begun, but it also was washed by the waves, and only lighters and tugs could approach it. This made it necessary to handle the supplies four or five times, instead of landing them directly from the transports on a pier big enough, and in water deep enough, to allow the transports to draw up alongside.

To add to the confusion which retarded the landing of supplies, the transport captains acted with an independence and in disregard of what was required of them, that should, early in the day, have led to their being placed in irons. The misconduct of the transport captains was so important a matter that much more space must be devoted to it than can be allowed here. In a word, they acted entirely in what they believed to be the interests of the "Owners," meaning, not the Government, which was paying them enormous rents per day, but the men who employed them in time of peace. For the greater part of each day these men kept from three to twenty miles out at sea, where it was impossible to communicate with them, and where they burned coal at the ex-

pense of the Government. Had they been given stations and ordered to anchor over them, they could have been found when the supplies they carried were wanted, and the cost of the coal saved. I was on six different transports, and on none of them did I find a captain who was, in his attitude toward the Government, anything but insolent, un-American, and mutinous, and when there was any firing of any sort on shore they showed themselves to be the most abject cowards and put to the open sea, carrying the much-needed supplies with them.

When our war-ships had destroyed the Maria Theresa, and four hundred of her Spanish crew were clinging to the wreck, the captain of one of the transports refused to lower his boats and go to their aid. This was after the firing had entirely ceased, and there was no danger. Had it not been for the Gloucester, which had just been engaged with the enemy, and her two small shore boats, the entire four hundred prisoners would have been washed into the sea, and drowned. The English Government pays the merchant vessels it uses for transports, ten per cent. over their usual freight rates, our Government paid these transports two hundred to three hundred per cent. over freight rates, possibly because our Government, like nature, is not economical, and for the reason that many of the vessels were passenger carriers, as well as freighters. But the greater number of the owners, before sending their vessels south, stripped them of everything needed on a passenger-ship, even of bed-linen and towels, and sent them to sea undermanned, so they were virtually nothing but freight carriers and ocean tramps. The fact that this floating collection of stores was in shore one day, and out of sight twenty miles at sea the next, was one of the causes of the failure to supply the troops with rations. These captains knew that the soldiers at the front needed food, and that the food needed was in the hulls of the ships they commanded, but in order to save the owners a smashed davit, or a scratched hull, or for no other reason than their own will, they allowed the men at the front to starve while they beat up and down as they pleased.

Had there been a strong man in command of the expedition, he would have or-



Drawn by H. C. Christy.

Grimes's Battery at El Poso.

The third Spanish shell fell in among the Cubans in the block-house and among the Rough Riders.—Page 399.

dered them into place, stern and bow anchors would have kept them there, and a signal officer on shore could have communicated with them at their different stations in the harbor. But there was no Captain of the Port appointed, and instead of a Signal Officer to wig-wag to them, the transports were chased over many miles of sea in small row-boats. The transport captains were civilians for the time being, under the direction of the Government, and were amenable to military laws. But unfortunately there was no strong man in command to control them. When the stevedores mutinied at Guanica, and at the Port of Ponce, under General Miles, they were given three minutes to resume work, with the choice of being put in irons if they did not, and were informed if they jumped overboard and tried to escape, they would be shot in the water as deserters.

This inability to keep the transports near the shore, and the inexcusable failure to build a wharf on which to land supplies, explains why the rations came so slowly to the front. To get them there was the first problem of the Commanding General, and each succeeding day, as the tide rose higher, and the surf became more dangerous, it continued to confront him with graver insistence.

After the fight on June 24th, at Guasimas, the army was advanced along the single trail which leads from Siboney on the coast to Santiago. Two streams of excellent water run parallel with this trail for short distances, and some eight miles from the coast crossed it in two places. Our outposts were stationed at the first of these fords, the Cuban outposts a mile and a half farther on at the ford nearer Santiago, where the stream made a sharp turn at a place called El Poso. Another mile and a half of trail extended from El Poso to the trenches of San Juan. The reader should remember El Poso, as it marked an important starting-point against San Juan on the eventful first of July.

For six days the army was encamped on either side of the trail for three miles back from the outposts. The regimental camps touched each other, and all day long the pack-trains passed up and down between them, carrying the day's rations.

The trail was a sunken wagon road, where it was possible, in a very few places, for two wagons to pass at one time, but the greater distances were so narrow that there was but just room for a wagon, or a loaded mule-train, to make its way. The banks of the trail were three or four feet high, and when it rained it was converted into a huge gutter, with sides of mud, and with a liquid mud a foot deep between them. The camps were pitched along the trail as near the parallel stream as possible, and in the occasional places where there was rich, high grass. At night the men slept in dog tents, open at the front and back, and during the day spent their time under the shade of trees along the trail, or on the banks of the stream. Sentries were placed at every few feet along these streams to guard them from any possible pollution. For six days the army rested in this way, for as an army moves and acts only on its belly, and as the belly of this army was three miles long, it could advance but slowly.

This week of rest, after the cramped life of the troop-ship, was not ungrateful, although the rations were scarce and there was no tobacco, which was as necessary to the health of the men as their food. Tobacco to many people is a luxury, to men who smoke it is a necessity. The men before Santiago, who were forced to go without their stimulant for four days, suffered just as greatly as a dipsomaniac who is cut off from alcohol. When I said this before, in a cable from Santiago, an army officer wrote to some paper and ridiculed the idea, and asked if we were to believe the American soldiers were hysterical, nervous girls. They are not that, of course, but these men before San Juan actually suffered as much for tobacco as they did for food. With a pipe the soldier can kill hunger, he can forget that he is wet and exhausted and sick with the heat, he can steady his nerves against the roof of bullets when they pass continually overhead, as they did on the 2d of July. After leaving Siboney, the regulars paid \$2 for a plug of tobacco which usually costs them eight cents. Those who could not get tobacco at all smoked dried grass, roots, and dry manure. For several nights the nerves of some of them were so unstrung for the need of the



The War Balloon Making its First Ascension, on the Day before the Battle of San Juan.

stimulant that they could not sleep. That is a condition of nerves to be avoided if possible when men are going into a battle.

The transports carried all the tobacco needed, but in the mind of some commissary officers tobacco is in the class with canned peaches, jellies, and lime-juice, a sort of luxury to be issued after the bacon and coffee and hard-tack have been sent to the front. This should really be considered equally important with the coffee, which the soldier needs three times a day. His tobacco he must have every hour of the day.

But in spite of the lack of tobacco and food, the six days ashore were interesting and busy. The men scoured the woods and hills for mangoes and cocoanuts and loafed in the shade beside the beautiful streams, and their officers reconnoitered the hills above them. But I cannot find out that anyone reconnoitered the wooded basin which lies before San Juan. I know a man who says he knows another man who told him he did so, but of thorough reconnaissance there was absolutely none.

The temper of the young officers was keen for just such adventure, any number of them were eager to scout, to make actual surveys of the trails leading to Santiago, to discover the best cover and the open places, where the fords crossed the streams, and the trails which flanked the Spanish trenches. But their services were not required. Major-General Chaffee seems to have been the only officer who acquainted himself with that mile and a half of unknown country into which, on the 1st of July, the men were driven as cattle are chased into the chutes of the Chicago cattle-pen. His rank permitted him to take such excursions on his own responsibility, but there were hundreds of other officers who would have been glad of a like opportunity, and there were, in the Rough Riders' Regiment alone, several hundred men who for years had been engaged in just that work, scouting and trailing. But the only reconnaissance the officers were permitted to make was to walk out a mile and a half beyond the outposts to the hill of El Poso, and to

look across the basin that lay in the great valley which leads to Santiago. The left of the valley was the hills which hide the sea. The right of the valley was the hills in which nestle the village of El Caney. Below El Poso, in the basin, the dense green forest stretched a mile and a half to the hills of San Juan. These hills looked so quiet and sunny and well kept that they reminded one of a New England orchard. There was a blue bungalow on a hill to the right, a red bungalow higher up on the right, and in the centre the block-house of San Juan, which looked like a Chinese Pagoda. Three-quarters of a mile behind them, with a dip between, were the long white walls of the hospital and barracks of Santiago, wearing thirteen Red Cross flags, and, as was pointed out to the foreign attachés later, two six-inch guns a hundred yards in advance of the Red Cross flags.

It was so quiet, so fair, and so prosperous looking, that it breathed of peace. It seemed as though one might, without accident, walk in and take dinner at the Venus Restaurant, or loll on the benches in the Plaza, or rock in one of the great bent-wood chairs around the patio of the Don Carlos Club.

But, on the 27th of June, a long, yellow pit opened in the hillside of San Juan, and in it we could see straw sombreros rising and bobbing up and down, and under the shade of the block-house, blue-coated Spaniards strolling leisurely about or riding forth on little white ponies to scamper over the hills. Officers of every regiment, attachés of foreign countries, correspondents and staff officers, daily reported the fact that the rifle-pits were growing in length and in number, and that in plain sight from the hill of El Poso, the enemy was intrenching himself at San Juan, and at the little village of El Caney on the right, where he was marching through the

streets. But no artillery was sent to El Poso hill to drop a shell among the busy men at work among the trenches, or to interrupt the street parades in El Caney. For four days before the American soldiers captured the same rifle-pits at El Caney and San Juan, with a loss of two thousand men, they watched these men diligently preparing for their coming, and wondered why there was no order to embarrass or to end these preparations.

It is not a difficult task to criticise the conduct of a campaign when it is finished, to show how Santiago should have been taken after it has been taken; but long before the army moved there were general officers who saw how the approach on the city should be made, and who did not wait until after the 1st of July to explain what should be avoided.

Five days before the battle of San Juan General Chaffee, in my hearing, explained the whole situation and told what should be done and foretold what eventually happened if certain things were left un-



Mule Train Carrying Ammunition from Siboney to San Juan.

done. It was impossible, he said, for the army, without great loss, to debouch from the two trails which left the woods and opened on the country before the San Juan hills. He suggested then that it would be well to cut trails parallel with the entire front of the wood and hidden by it, and with innumerable little trails leading into the open, so that the whole army could be marched out upon the hills at the same moment.

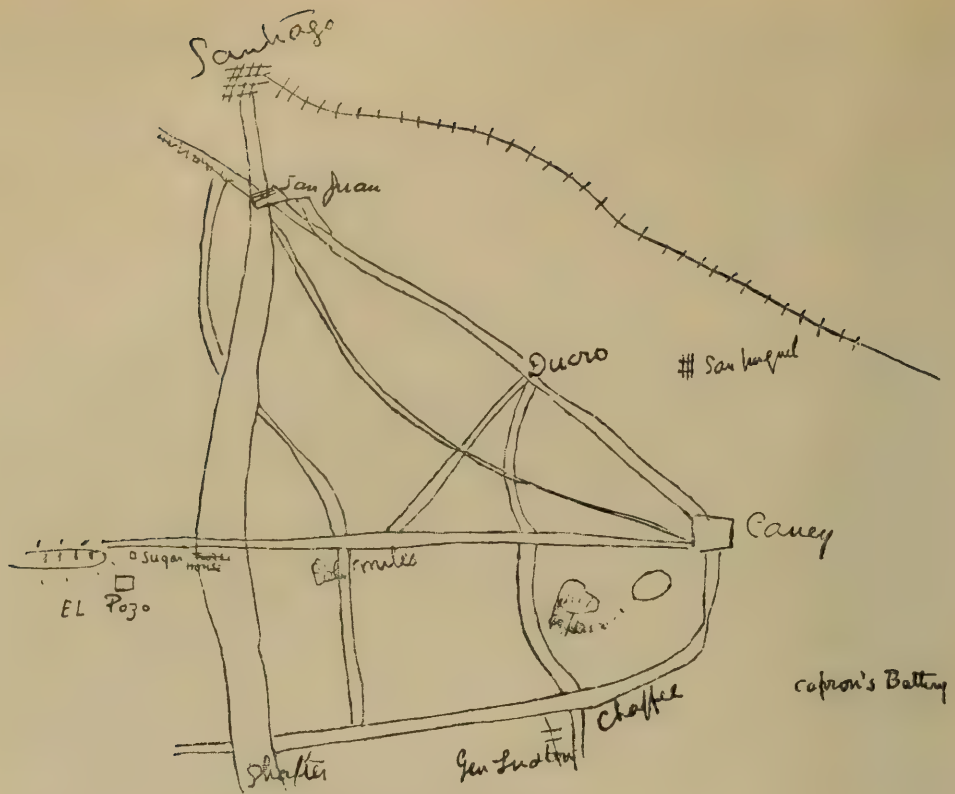


The Fight at the Kettles.

These kettles were on the crest of the first hill, up which General Wheeler's division charged. Captain Day, of the Rough Riders, was wounded here, and being unable to accompany his men, sat on the edge of the second kettle and watched the advance of the troops up the second hill.

"Of course, the enemy knows where those two trails leave the wood," he said ; "they have their guns trained on the openings. If our men leave the cover and reach the plain from those trails alone they will be piled up so high that they will block the road." This is exactly what happened, except that instead of being led to the sacrifice through both trails the men were sent down only one of them, and the loss was even greater in consequence. This is recorded here because even if the general in command did not know what to do, it is satisfactory to remember that we had other commanders there who did, with less political influence, but with greater military intelligence. It

is quite safe to say that there is not the least doubt in the minds of any of the officers of the Fifth Army Corps, that had the attack on Santiago been planned by Generals Chaffee, Kent, or Lawton it would have been conducted as admirably as was the Porto Rican campaign, under Generals Miles, Schwan, Henry, and Wilson, and with the loss of one-fourth the number of men who were sacrificed under the command of Shafter. General Shafter saw the field of battle only once before the fight took place. That was on June 29th, when he rode out to El Poso Hill and surveyed the plain below. He was about the last officer in his army corps to climb that hill and make this survey, and he did



Map of the Country before San Juan.

This map is reproduced to show how inadequate was the information furnished the commanding generals, concerning the nature of the country before San Juan. It is a copy made by Mr. Davis of the only map issued to General Sumner, the night before the battle. His aides copied this copy and had no other information by which to direct and manoeuvre all the regiments of the Cavalry division.

not again go even that far to the front until the night after the battle, and he did not see the trenches for days after the battle had taken place. His trip to El Poso, which was three miles distant from his headquarters, was apparently too much for his strength, and the heat during the ride prostrated him so greatly that he was forced to take to his cot, where he spent the greater part of his stay in Cuba before the surrender. On the day after the battle of San Juan he said, hopelessly, to a foreign attaché: "I am prostrate in body and mind." He could confess this to a stranger, and yet, so great was the obstinacy, so great the vanity and self-confidence of the man, that, although he held the lives and health of 13,000 soldiers in his care, he did not ask to be relieved of his command. Instead, he relieved General Wheeler of his command, and while General Wheeler was living in the captured trenches under a constant fire, Shafter himself remained three miles in the rear. I do not think his not coming to the front was due to personal timidity, although in their anger and exasperation at his absence his officers freely accused

him of allowing his personal safety to stand in the way of his duty; in other words, they called him a coward, and so little regard had they for him that I have heard a colonel countermand his orders in the presence of other generals. His remaining in the rear was undoubtedly due to physical disability, and to the fact that he was ill and in pain.

There are some people who claim that the very fact of Shafter's retaining command when he was suffering showed his bull-dog pluck and courage, but I cannot accept that point of view. A man who could not survive a ride of three miles on horseback, when his men were tramping many miles on foot with packs and arms, and under a tropical sun; who was so occupied and concerned with a gouty foot that he could not consider a plan of battle, and who sent 7,000 men down a trail he had never seen, should resist the temptation to accept responsibilities his political friends thrust upon him, responsibilities he knows he cannot bear. This is the offence that I impute to Shafter, that while he was not even able to rise and look at the city he had been sent to capt-

ture, he still clung to his authority. His self-confidence was untouched. His self-complacency was so great that in spite of blunder after blunder, folly upon folly, and mistake upon mistake, he still believed himself infallible, still bullied his inferior officers, and still cursed from his cot. He quarrelled with Admiral Sampson; he quarrelled with General Garcia; he refused to allow Colonel Greenleaf, Surgeon-in-Chief of the army, to destroy the pest-houses in Siboney; he disobeyed the two orders sent him by General Miles from Tampa and again from Washington, directing him not to allow our soldiers to occupy the Cuban houses; he insulted all of the foreign attachés collectively, and some individually, and he related stories in the presence of boy officers which would have been found offensive in the smoking-room of an ocean steamer.

The unthinking answer which is invariably made to every criticism on General Shafter is that, after all, he was justified in the end, for he did succeed, he was sent to Cuba to take Santiago and he took Santiago. He did not take Santiago. His troops, without the aid they should have received from him of proper reconnaissance and sufficient artillery, devotedly sacrificed themselves and took the hills above Santiago with their bare hands, and it was Admiral Cervera who, in withdrawing his guns which covered the city, made a present of it to the American army. It must not be forgotten that the departure of Cervera's fleet removed Santiago's chief defence, and the cause of Shafter's coming to Cuba as well. The American people cannot have forgotten Shafter's panic-stricken telegram of July 2d, when he said that our lines were so thin that he feared he might have to withdraw from the position his men had taken. It came like a slap in the face to everyone who believed Santiago was already ours. Nor can they have forgotten that on the very next day Cervera, having preferred to take a desperate chance to save his fleet, rather than remain on guard before the city, and having withdrawn, Shafter no longer cabled of retreat, but demanded surrender. The admirers of Shafter, if such there be, answer to this: "Yes, but Cervera would not have left the harbor if Shafter had not arrived and captured the hills above the

city." The truth, however, is that it was not on account of Shafter, but in spite of Shafter, that the hills were taken. I now shall try to make clear how his plan of attacking the city not only failed, but, before it was abandoned, caused terrible and needless loss of life; how it finally was disregarded by the generals at the front, and how the battle was won without him, for he did not see the battle of San Juan, nor direct the battle of San Juan, nor was he consulted by those who did.

On the afternoon of June 30th, Captain Mills rode up to the tent of Colonel Wood, and told him that on account of illness, General Wheeler and General Young had been relieved of their commands, and that General Sumner would take charge of the Cavalry Division; that he, Colonel Wood, would take command of General Young's brigade, and Colonel Carroll, of General Sumner's brigade.

"You will break camp and move forward at four o'clock," he said. It was then three o'clock, and apparently the order to move forward at four had been given to each regiment at nearly the same time, for they all struck their tents and stepped down into the trail together. It was as though fifteen regiments were encamped along the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue and were all ordered at the same moment to move into it and march down town. If Fifth Avenue were ten feet wide, one can imagine the confusion.

General Chaffee was at General Lawton's headquarters, and they stood apart whispering together about the march they were to take to El Caney. Just over their heads the balloon was ascending for the first time and its great glistening bulk hung just above the tree-tops, and the men in the different regiments, picking their way along the trail, gazed up at it open-mouthed. The headquarters camp was crowded. After a week of inaction the army, at a moment's notice, was moving forward, and everyone had ridden in haste to learn why.

There were attachés, in strange uniforms, self-important Cuban generals, officers from the flag-ship New York, and an army of photographers. At the side of the camp, double lines of soldiers passed slowly along the two paths of the muddy road, while, between them, aides dashed

up and down, splashing them with dirty water, and shouting, "You will come up at once, sir." "You will not attempt to enter the trail yet, sir." "General Sumner's compliments, and why are you not in your place?"

Twelve thousand men, with their eyes fixed on a balloon, and treading on each other's heels in three inches of mud, move slowly, and after three hours, it seemed as though every man in the United States was under arms and stumbling and slipping down that trail. The lines passed until the moon rose. They seemed endless, interminable; there were cavalry mounted and dismounted, artillery with cracking whips and cursing drivers, Rough Riders in brown, and regulars, both black and white, in blue. Midnight came, and they were still slipping forward.

General Sumner's headquarters tent was pitched to the right of El Poso hill. Below us lay the basin a mile and a half in length, and a mile and a half wide, from which a white mist was rising. Near us, drowned under the mist, seven thousand men were sleeping, and, farther to the right, General Chaffee's five thousand were lying under the bushes along the trails to El Caney, waiting to march on it and eat it up before breakfast.

The place hardly needs a map to explain it. The trails were like a pitchfork, with its prongs touching the hills of San Juan. The long handle of the pitchfork was the trail over which we had just come, the joining of the handle and the prongs were El Poso. El Caney lay half way along the right prong, the left one was the trail down which, in the morning, the troops were to be hurled upon San Juan. It was as yet an utterly undiscovered country. Three miles away, across the basin of mist, we could see the street-lamps of Santiago shining over the San Juan hills. Above us, the tropical moon hung white and clear in the dark purple sky, pierced with millions of white stars. As we turned in, there was just a little something in the air which made saying "good-night" a gentle farce, for no one went to sleep immediately but lay looking up at the stars, and after a long silence, and much restless turning on the blanket which we shared together, the second lieutenant said: "So, if anything happens to me, to-morrow, you'll

see she gets them, won't you?" Before the moon rose again, every sixth man who had slept in the mist that night was either killed or wounded; but the second lieutenant was sitting on the edge of a Spanish rifle-pit, dirty, sweaty, and weak for food, but victorious, and the unknown she did not get them.

El Caney had not yet thrown off her blanket of mist before Capron's battery opened on it from a ridge two miles in the rear. The plan for the day was that El Caney should fall in an hour. The plan for the day is interesting chiefly because it is so different from what happened. According to the plan the army was to advance in two divisions, along the two trails. Incidentally, General Lawton's division was to pick up El Caney and when El Caney was eliminated, his division was to continue forward and join hands on the right with the divisions of General Sumner and General Kent. The army was then to rest for that night in the woods, half a mile from San Juan.

On the following morning it was to attack San Juan on the two flanks, under cover of artillery. The objection to this plan, which did not apparently suggest itself to General Shafter, was that an army of twelve thousand men, sleeping within five hundred yards of the enemy's rifle-pits might not unreasonably be expected to pass a bad night. We discovered the next day that not only the five hundred yards but the whole basin was covered by the fire from the rifle-pits. The army could not remain in the woods even by daylight when it was possible to seek some slight shelter, but according to the plan it was expected to bivouac for the night in these woods and in the morning to manœuvre and deploy and march through them out to the two flanks of San Juan. How the enemy was to be hypnotized while this was going forward it is difficult to explain.

According to this programme, Capron's battery opened on El Caney and Grimes's battery opened on the pagoda-like block-house of San Juan. The range from El Poso was exactly 2,400 yards, and the firing, as was discovered later, was not very effective. The battery used black powder, and, as a result, after each explosion the curtain of smoke hung over

the gun for fully a minute before the gunners could see the San Juan trenches, which was chiefly important because for a full minute it gave a mark to the enemy. The hill on which the battery stood was like a sugar-loaf. Behind it was the farm-house of El Poso, the only building in sight within a radius of a mile, and in it were Cuban soldiers and other non-combatants. The Rough Riders had been ordered to halt in the yard of the farm-house and the artillery horses were drawn up in it, under the lee of the hill. The First and Tenth dismounted Cavalry were encamped a hundred yards from the battery along the ridge. Later I took pains to find out by whose order these troops were placed within such close proximity to a battery, and was informed, by the general in command of the division, that his men had been put in that exact spot by the order of the Commanding General. They might as sensibly have been ordered to paint the rings in a target while a company was firing at the bull's eye. For the first twenty shots the enemy made no reply, when they did it was impossible, owing to their using smokeless powder, to locate their guns. The third shell fell in among the Cubans in the block-house and among the Rough Riders and the men of the First and Tenth Cavalry, killing some and wounding many. These casualties were utterly unnecessary and were due to the stupidity of whoever placed the men within fifty yards of guns in action. Until after the trenches of San Juan were taken by the infantry the artillery's part in the attack on Santiago was of little value. The hills of San Juan and the fort at El Caney were finally taken by assault and with but little aid from the heavier arm. There were only sixteen three-inch guns with this expedition, which set forth with the known purpose of besieging a city. Military experts say that the sixty guns left behind in Tampa would have been few enough for the work they had to do. It was like going to a fire with a hook and ladder company and leaving the hose and the steam-engines in the engine-house. If the guns which were left at Tampa, and the siege-guns which were left on the transports at Baiquiri had first played on the San Juan hills, and put out the fire there, so many men of the hook

and ladder contingent would not have been sacrificed.

A quarter of an hour after the firing began from El Poso one of General Shafter's aides directed General Sumner to advance with his division down the Santiago trail, and to halt at the edge of the woods.

"What am I to do then?" asked General Sumner.

"You are to await further orders," the aide answered.

As a matter of fact and history this was probably the last order General Sumner received from General Shafter, until the troops of his division had taken the San Juan hills, as it became impossible to get word to General Shafter, the trail leading to his headquarters tent, three miles in the rear, being blocked by the soldiers of the First and Tenth dismounted cavalry, and later, by Lawton's division. General Sumner led the Sixth, Third, and Ninth Cavalry, and the Rough Riders down the trail, with instructions for the First and Tenth to follow. The trail, virgin as yet from the foot of an American soldier, was as wide as its narrowest part, which was some ten feet across. At places it was as wide as Broadway, but only for such short distances that it was necessary for the men to advance in column, in double file. A maze of underbrush and trees on either side was all but impenetrable, and when the officers and men had once assembled into the basin, they could only guess as to what lay before them, or on either flank. At the end of a mile, the country became more open, and General Sumner saw the Spaniards entrenched a half mile away on the sloping hills. A stream, called the San Juan River, ran across the trail at this point, and another stream crossed it again two hundred yards farther on. The troops were halted at this first stream, some crossing it, and others deploying in single file to the right. Some were on the banks of the stream, others at the edge of the woods in the bushes. Others lay in the high grass which was so high that it stopped the wind, and so high that it almost choked and suffocated those who lay in it.

The enemy saw the advance and began firing with pitiless accuracy into the jammed and crowded trail, and along the whole

border of the woods. There was not a single yard of ground for a mile to the rear, which was not inside the zone of fire. Our men were ordered not to return the fire but to lie still and wait for further orders. Some of them could see the rifle-pits of the enemy quite clearly and the men in them, but many saw nothing but the bushes under which they lay, and the high grass which seemed to burn when they pressed against it. It was during this period of waiting that the greater number of our men were killed. For one hour they lay on their rifles staring at the waving green stuff around them, while the bullets drove past incessantly, with savage insistence, cutting the grass again and again in hundreds of fresh places. Men in line sprang from the ground and sank back again with a groan, or rolled to one side clinging silently to an arm or shoulder. Behind the lines hospital stewards passed continually, drawing the wounded back to the streams, where they laid them in long rows, their feet touching the water's edge and their bodies supported by the muddy bank. Up and down the lines, and through the fords of the streams, mounted aides drove their horses at a gallop, as conspicuous a target as the steeple on a church, and one after another paid the price of his position and fell from his horse wounded or dead. Captain Mills fell as he was giving an order, shot through the forehead behind both eyes; Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders, as he said, "There is no Spanish bullet made that can kill me." Steel, Swift, Henry, each of them was shot out of his saddle.

Hidden in the trees above the streams, and above the trail, sharpshooters and guerillas added a fresh terror to the wounded. There was no hiding from them. Their bullets came from every side. Their invisible smoke helped to keep their hiding-places secret, and in the incessant shriek of shrapnel and the spit of the Mausers, it was difficult to locate the reports of their rifles. They spared neither the wounded nor recognized the Red Cross, they killed the surgeons and the stewards carrying the litters, and killed the wounded men on the litters. A guerilla in a tree above us shot one of the Rough Riders in the breast, while I was helping him carry Captain Morton Henry to the

dressing-station, the ball passing down through him, and a second shot from the same tree, barely missed Henry as he lay on the ground where we had dropped him. He was already twice wounded and so covered with blood that no one could have mistaken his condition. The surgeons at work along the stream dressed the wounds with one eye cast aloft at the trees. It was not the Mauser bullets they feared, though they passed continuously, but too high to do their patients further harm, but the bullets of the sharpshooters which struck fairly in among them, splashing in the water and scattering the pebbles. The sounds of the two bullets were as different as is the sharp pop of a soda-water bottle from the buzzing of an angry wasp.

For a time it seemed as though every second man was either killed or wounded, one came upon them lying behind the bush, under which they had crawled with some strange idea that it would protect them, or crouched under the bank of the stream, or lying on their stomachs and lapping up the water with the eagerness of thirsty dogs. As to their suffering, the wounded were magnificently silent, they neither complained nor groaned, nor cursed.

"I've got a punctured tire," was their grim answer to inquiries. White men and colored men, veterans and recruits and volunteers, each lay waiting for the battle to begin or to end so that he might be carried away to safety, for the wounded were in as great danger after they were hit as though they were in the firing line, but none questioned nor complained.

I came across Lieutenant Roberts, of the Tenth Cavalry, lying under the roots of a tree beside the stream with three of his colored troopers stretched around him. He was shot through the intestines, and each of the three men with him was shot in the arm or leg. They had been overlooked or forgotten, and we stumbled upon them only by the accident of losing our way. They had no knowledge as to how the battle was going or where their comrades were, or where the enemy was. At any moment, for all they knew, the Spaniards might break through the bushes about them. It was a most lonely picture, the young lieutenant, half naked, and wet with his own blood, sitting upright beside

the empty stream, and his three followers crouching at his feet like three faithful watch-dogs, each wearing his red badge of courage, with his black skin tanned to a haggard gray, and with his eyes fixed patiently on the white lips of his officer. When the white soldiers with me offered to carry him back to the dressing-station, the negroes resented it stiffly. "If the Lieutenant had been able to move, we would have carried him away long ago," said the sergeant, quite overlooking the fact that his arm was shattered.

"Oh, don't bother the surgeons about me," Roberts added, cheerfully. "They must be very busy. We can wait."

As yet, with all these killed and wounded, we had accomplished nothing—except to obey orders, which was to await further orders. The observation balloon hastened the end. It came blundering down the trail, and stopped the advance of the First and Tenth Cavalry, and was sent up directly over the heads of our men to observe what should have been observed a week before by scouts and reconnoitring parties. A balloon, two miles to the rear, and high enough in the air to be out of range of the enemy's fire, may some day prove itself to be of use and value. But a balloon on the advance line, and only fifty feet above the tops of the trees, was merely an invitation to the enemy to kill everything beneath it. And the enemy responded to the invitation. A Spaniard might question if he could hit a man, or a number of men, hidden in the bushes, but had no doubt at all as to his ability to hit a mammoth glistening ball only six hundred yards distant, and so all the trenches fired at it at once, and the men of the First and Tenth, packed together directly behind it, received the full force of the bullets. The men lying directly below it received the shrapnel which was timed to hit it, and which at last, fortunately, did hit it. This was endured for an hour, an hour of such hell of fire and heat, that the heat in itself, had there been no bullets, would have been remembered for its cruelty. Men gasped on their backs, like fishes in the bottom of a boat, their heads burning inside and out, their limbs too heavy to move. They had been rushed here and rushed there wet with sweat and wet with fording

the streams, under a sun that would have made moving a fan an effort, and they lay prostrate, gasping at the hot air, with faces aflame, and their tongues sticking out, and their eyes rolling. All through this the volleys from the rifle-pits sputtered and rattled, and the bullets sang continuously like the wind through the rigging in a gale, and shrapnel whined and broke, and still no order came from General Shafter.

Captain Howse, of General Sumner's staff, rode down the trail to learn what had delayed the First and Tenth, and was hailed by Colonel Derby, who was just descending from the shattered balloon.

"I saw men up there on those hills," Colonel Derby shouted; "they are firing at our troops." That was part of the information contributed by the balloon. Captain Howse's reply is lost to history.

General Kent's division, which was to have been held in reserve, according to the plan, had been rushed up in the rear of the First and Tenth, and the Tenth had deployed in skirmish order to the right. The trail was now completely blocked by Kent's Division. Lawton's Division, which was to have reinforced on the right, had not appeared, but incessant firing from the direction of El Caney showed that he and Chaffee were fighting mightily. The situation was desperate. Our troops could not retreat, as the trail for two miles behind them was wedged with men. They could not remain where they were for they were being shot to pieces. There was only one thing they could do—go forward and take the San Juan hills by assault. It was as desperate as the situation itself. To charge earthworks held by men with modern rifles, and using modern artillery, until after the earthworks have been shaken by artillery, and to attack them in advance and not in the flanks, are both impossible military propositions. But this campaign had not been conducted according to military rules, and a series of military blunders emanating from one source had brought seven thousand American soldiers into a chute of death, from which there was no escape except by taking the enemy who held it by the throat, and driving him out, and beating him down. So the generals of divisions and brigades stepped back and re-

linquished their command to the regimental officers and the enlisted men.

"We can do nothing more," they virtually said. "There is the enemy."

Colonel Roosevelt, on horseback, broke from the woods behind the line of the Tenth, and finding its men lying in his way shouted: "If you don't wish to go forward, let my men pass, please." Captain Bigelow and the other junior officers of the Tenth, with their negroes, instantly sprang into line with the Rough Riders, and charged at the blue block-house on the right.

I speak of Roosevelt first because, with General Hawkins, who led Kent's Division, notably the Sixth and Sixteenth Regulares, he was without doubt the most conspicuous figure in the charge. General Hawkins, with hair as white as snow, and yet far in advance of men thirty years his junior, was so noble a sight that you felt inclined to pray for his safety; on the other hand, Roosevelt, mounted high on horseback, and charging the rifle-pits at a gallop and quite alone, made you feel that you would like to cheer. He wore on his sombrero a blue polka-dot handkerchief, *à la* Havelock, which, as he advanced, floated out straight behind his head, like a guidon. Afterward, the men of his regiment, who followed this flag, adopted a polka-dot handkerchief as the badge of the Rough Riders. These two officers were notably conspicuous in the charge, but no one can claim that any two men, or any one man, was more brave, or more daring, or showed greater courage in that slow stubborn advance than did any of the others. Someone asked one of the officers if he had any difficulty in making his men follow him. "No," he answered, "I had some difficulty in keeping up with them." As one of the Brigade Generals said: "San Juan was won by the regimental officers and men. We had as little to do as the referee at a prize fight who calls 'time.' We called 'time' and they did the fighting."

I have seen many illustrations and pictures of this charge on the San Juan hills, but none of them seem to show it just as I remember it. In the picture papers the men are running up hill swiftly and gallantly, in regular formation, rank after rank, with flags flying, their eyes aflame,

and their hair streaming, their bayonets fixed, in long, brilliant lines, an invincible, overpowering weight of numbers. Instead of which I think the thing which impressed one the most, when our men started from cover, was that they were so few. It seemed as if someone had made an awful and terrible mistake. One's instinct was to call to them to come back. You felt that someone had blundered and that these few men were blindly following out some madman's mad order. It was not heroic then, it seemed merely terribly pathetic. The pity of it, the folly of such a sacrifice was what held you.

They had no glittering bayonets, they were not massed in regular array. There were a few men in advance, bunched together, and creeping up a steep, sunny hill, the tops of which roared and flashed with flame. The men held their guns pressed across their breasts and stepped heavily as they climbed. Behind these first few, spreading out like a fan, were single lines of men, slipping and scrambling in the smooth grass, moving forward with difficulty, as though they were wading waist high through water, moving slowly, carefully, with strenuous effort. It was much more wonderful than any swinging charge could have been. They walked to greet death at every step, many of them, as they advanced, sinking suddenly, or pitching forward and disappearing in the high grass, but the others waded on, stubbornly, forming a thin blue line that kept creeping higher and higher up the hill. It was as inevitable as the rising tide. When it had reached the half-way point, and we saw they would succeed, the sight gave us such a thrill as can never stir us again. It was a miracle of self-sacrifice, a triumph of bull-dog courage, which one watched breathless with wonder. The fire of the Spanish riflemen, who still stuck bravely to their posts, doubled and trebled in fierceness, the crests of the hills crackled and burst in amazed roars, and rippled with waves of tiny flame. But the blue line crept steadily up and on, and then, near the top, the broken fragments gathered together with a sudden burst of speed, the Spaniards appeared for a moment outlined against the sky and posed for instant flight, fired a last volley and fled before the swift-

moving wave that leaped and sprang up after them.

The men of the Tenth and the Rough Riders, rushed the block-house together, the men of the Sixth, of the Third, of the Ninth Cavalry, of the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, fell on their faces along the crest of the hills beyond, and opened upon the vanishing enemy. They drove the yellow silk flags of the cavalry and the Stars and

Stripes of their country into the soft earth of the trenches, and then sank down and looked back at the road they had climbed and swung their hats in the air. And from far overhead, from these few figures perched on the Spanish rifle-pits, with their flags planted among the empty cartridges of the enemy, and overlooking the walls of Santiago, came, faintly, the sound of a tired, broken cheer.

THE REGULARS AT EL CANEY

BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. LEE, R.A.

British Military Attaché

IN dealing with the events of July 1st, it is necessary to draw a clear distinction between the struggle for El Caney on the right and the fight at San Juan on the left. The former was premeditated, the latter was not.

In the original scheme of the Commanding General the programme for July 1st was substantially as follows :

General Lawton's division was to attack El Caney at daylight, and it was expected that the enemy would quickly abandon this post, which then menaced our right flank. Meanwhile, the remainder of the Fifth Corps was to advance along the main trail toward Santiago, pushing back the Spanish outposts and occupying the line of the San Juan River. There it was to deploy and await Lawton, who, having taken El Caney, was to wheel to his left and form up on the right of the main line. All these movements were to be completed by the evening of the 1st, and then the whole army would combine for the assault of San Juan on the 2d.

Such was the original proposition, but only the El Caney end of it was carried out. For various and imperative reasons, which I will not enter into here, the storming of the San Juan heights was effected prematurely by the men of Kent's and Wheeler's divisions. This spontaneous rush was the first battle of San Juan, which someone has happily described as "a grand popular movement" rather than a pre-arranged military plan.

The story of San Juan has been told and retold by many able writers, but El Caney has been somewhat neglected, and, as I was an eye-witness of the stubborn fight there, I venture to attempt a description of this one authorized item in the programme of the day.

El Caney is a small, compact village about four miles to the northeast of Santiago, upon the main road to Guantanamo. At the southeast corner is a steep conical hill, one hundred feet high, crowned by an old-fashioned but strong stone fort, which forms a prominent feature in the landscape and commands the whole village and its approaches. On the day of the fight this fort was extensively loop-holed, and was further strengthened by a deep rifle-trench outside on the south and east sides. At intervals round the rest of the village were some half dozen smaller block-houses, connected by short lengths of trenches with wire entanglements in front. In addition the old stone church and nearly every house was loop-holed and prepared for defence. The Spaniards had long recognized the military importance of El Caney, and had arranged its defences with the greatest care and no mean skill. The garrison consisted of about 1,000 infantry, with no artillery or machine guns.

The strong post had been carefully reconnoitered by Brigadier-General Chaffee in person on June 28th and 29th, and he

had submitted a plan of attack which was afterward carried out almost to the letter.

I feel it only just at this point to mention that however novel the absence of reconnaissance in other directions, nothing could have been more enterprising or systematic than General Chaffee's exploration of his own theatre of operations. I had the pleasure of accompanying him on more than one occasion, and derived much profit from a study of his methods.

Leaving his staff behind, he would push far to the front, and finally, dismounting, slip through the brush with the rapidity and noiselessness of an Indian. My efforts to follow him were like the progress of a band-wagon in comparison, but I gradually acquired a fairy-like tread and a stumbling facility in sign language, which enabled me to follow the general without too loudly advertising our presence to the Spaniards. On one occasion we approached so close to the Spanish pickets that we could hear the men talking over their suppers, and until I began to speculate on the probable efficacy of the British passport that was my sole defensive weapon. In this silent Indian fashion General Chaffee explored the entire district, and was the only man in the army to whom the network of bridle-paths round El Caney was in any sense familiar.

At 3 P.M. on June 30th his hungry patience was rewarded by the general order to advance, and a few minutes later his command, the Third Brigade of the Second Division, some 1,600 strong, had struck camp and slipped off quietly along the rough and narrow trail that had been selected and cleared out the day previous. With us marched Capron's four-gun battery, which halted near its chosen position on a knoll a mile and a half to the southeast of El Caney. The rest of Lawton's division followed at intervals during the night and at daybreak the following morning. Ludlow's Brigade took up its position close to Capron's battery, whilst Miles's brigade was concentrated at the Ducoureaud House on the main road between El Caney and Santiago.

Our chief fear throughout the march was that the Spaniards at El Caney would learn of our advance and evacuate the place before we could surround and capt-

ure them. In the light of future events this anxiety seems somewhat ludicrous, for the enemy had no idea whatever of retreating and was apparently quite as anxious for a fight as we were.

Nothing could have been more cautious than our advance, and the long column slunk silently through the jungle, the advance guard preceded by a small party of Cubans. Suddenly a single shot rang out with such startling clearness that the nerves leapt and every man's hand went instinctively to his weapon. General Chaffee gripped his cigar a little harder with his teeth, but not a word was said, and the column proceeded without ever learning whether the shot had been fired by a Cuban scout or an enterprising guerilla.

At sundown we halted behind a ridge, about a mile to the southeast of El Caney, and the men bivouacked in their tracks, preserving strict silence and lighting no fires. We often laughed afterward over the precautions of that night, realizing how far more comfortable we might have been if we had not underestimated the courage of the Spaniards.

Twice during the night the horses stampeded and dashed into our bivouac, but the troops stood this trying test well and not a shot was fired.

Shortly before daylight we resumed the march, and threading our way through narrow, slippery paths and over a succession of razor-backed ridges closed in upon the enemy. On gaining the reverse slope of the little grassy ridge that commands the village upon the north and east sides the brigade deployed, Twelfth Infantry on the left, Seventh on the right, with the Seventeenth held in reserve behind the Seventh. The Spaniards had no outposts and we were enabled to occupy this strong preliminary position without a shadow of resistance.

From the crest of the ridge we could look right down into the village, its thatched and tiled roofs half hidden by the large shade-trees that we afterward learned to dread as the lurking-places of sharpshooters. In the village itself profound quiet reigned, and there was no sign of life beyond a few thin wisps of smoke that curled from the cottage chimneys. Beyond lay the fertile valley with a few cattle grazing, and around us on three sides arose, tier

upon tier, the beautiful Maestra Mountains, wearing delicate pearly tints in the first rays of the rising sun. To our left stretched the thick green jungle, with its rippling bamboo-groves and clumps of royal palm, with here and there a gorgeous scarlet "Flamboyant" to break the green monotony. The only landmark in all this wide expanse was the great red-roofed Ducoureaud House, a deserted country seat that lay midway between El Caney and Santiago. Three miles away in this direction loomed the long undulating ridge of San Juan, streaked with Spanish trenches, and behind it showed up clearly the faint pink buildings with twinkling windows and innumerable Red Cross flags that marked the city of Santiago.

The whole scene was pre-eminently one of peace, and it was almost impossible to realize that war was the business of the day.

Immediately in front of us, and at the left end of the village, was the abrupt cone-shaped hill, incredibly smooth and steep, and on its extreme tip the little mediæval fort perched itself like a hat.

Above the little bastion flapped lazily the red and yellow flag of Spain, and lounging outside the gateway was a group of soldiers in their light blue pajama uniforms and white straw slouch hats. If they were aware of our presence they seemed remarkably indifferent to it, though they watched with apparent interest the movements of Capron's battery, which now showed black in a small green clearing a mile or more to our left.

On the left of the artillery and on the south side of the village the remainder of Lawton's division was coming into line, Ludlow's Brigade in front, with Miles's in reserve to guard against any interference from Santiago.

At 6.35 the intense peacefulness of the scene was broken by a white puff from Capron's battery, and before the report reached our ears the Spaniards outside the fort had vanished with the rapidity of prairie dogs. Simultaneously appeared a fresh row of hats that sprouted from the ground like mushrooms and marked the position of the deep rifle-pits and trenches on the glacis of the fort and at various points round the village.

For the next quarter of an hour our bat-

tery kept up a leisurely fire upon the stone fort, eliciting no reply, and so little disturbing the white hats that someone suggested they were dummies. Our disbelief in the fighting qualities of the Spaniards died hard!

The plan of attack was, briefly, to surround the village with Chaffee's Brigade on the north and east sides, and Ludlow's Brigade on the south and west, and then to press home a convergent infantry attack. To insure the smooth success of such an operation, a previous and heavy bombardment is necessary, at the close of which the enemy should be too demoralized to effectively resist the assault. At El Caney, however, our total artillery force was but four guns, and these were quite unequal to the task of demoralizing the enemy, or, indeed, of effecting anything beyond the knocking to pieces of the stone fort and one of the southern block-houses. Consequently the infantry had to do all the fighting, and the brunt of it fell upon the men of Chaffee's Brigade. Their skirmish line pressed forward, and soon the sharp crackle of musketry was busy along both lines. The sense of hearing told one this, but to the eye there was nothing visible beyond the irregular black fringe of prone men on our side and the sprouting white hats on the other. The Spanish powder was absolutely smokeless and even with the strongest glasses it was impossible to detect the position of their sharpshooters. On the other hand the smoke from Capron's battery rose in dense white clouds that hung over the intervening ground like the haze from a prosperous brick-field.

Gradually the marksmen picked up the ranges and stray droves of Mauser bullets passed overhead with a peculiar and uncomfortable sound like the crackling of dry pea-pods. Then the aim grew steadier and men ducked their heads at the sharp snicking overhead that sent the leaves fluttering down to their feet. Still there was nothing dreadful or alarming, and the only physical discomfort arose from the slanting sun on our backs and an unpleasant singing in the ears from the reports of our own rifles.

Then a whisper came my way that a man on our left was hit, and the news seemed so unexpected that I hurried off to see him lest he should prove the only



The Battle of El Caney.

Redrawn from a rough sketch map made during the fight by Captain Lee. The curved lines represent contours at about twenty feet vertical elevation.

casualty of the day. I found him shot through the thigh and regarding the surgeon with a dazed, half-frightened look as his wound was being dressed. Then a young lieutenant with a white surprised face strolled up from somewhere, queerly supporting his hand on his head. He had been hit in the arm and seemed more puzzled than hurt. Then a bad case was carried in—shot through the body—and one began to attach a new significance to the popping overhead and the clipping of the leaves.

The dressing station of the Twelfth Infantry was badly placed, exposed to a raking fire which shook the nerves of the wounded but seemed powerless to affect the imperturbability of the surgeon. I remember noting with astonishment his

solicitude over his patients' underclothing, until I realized that an only shirt is, perhaps, even more valuable to a wounded man than to a sound one.

For the next three hours the fight was a continuous infantry duel at about six hundred yards' range, though our skirmish line was edging in cautiously all the time. The expenditure of ammunition, on our side especially, was enormous and improvident, for there was little target visible; but the Spanish sharpshooters concealed in the trees, cottages, and block-houses were replying with deadly effect. They knew every range perfectly and picked off our men with distressing accuracy if they showed as much as a head.

Sight-seeing was difficult and humiliat-

ing work that day. One proceeded after the manner of the Biblical serpent, and if one didn't actually "eat grass," one kept remarkably close to it. The quickest movement from point to point, or a temporary rise to snap one's camera, was inevitably rewarded with a special visitation of bullets that cut the grass round one, raised little puffs of sand, and generally made one wish one hadn't done it!

At one point eight marksmen of Captain Evans's company crept forward to occupy a small advanced knoll, and five of them were hit in less than as many minutes. At another point, seven men of the Seventh Regiment broke through a hedge into the field beyond and instantly a volley killed three of them and wounded the remaining four. These, of course, were isolated ex-

amples, but they came under my personal observation and give some idea of the severity of the fire.

Throughout the morning the fire of Capron's battery was kept up, but in such a deliberate fashion, five and ten minutes elapsing between successive rounds, that it was of little material assistance to the infantry attack. Meanwhile Ludlow's Brigade was closing in on the south and west sides of the village, and his two regular regiments (Eighth and Twenty-second Infantry) were hotly engaged with the enemy's riflemen in the block-houses and behind the loop-holed walls. The Second Massachusetts Volunteers, which formed the Third Regiment of this Brigade, were unfortunate early in the day. On entering the main road from Santiago to El Caney they were struck by some long-range volleys, and on attempting to reply the smoke from their Springfield single-loaders drew so much fire in their direction that they were halted where they stood and, after suffering considerable losses, were withdrawn from the fight.

About ten o'clock there was a slight lull in the battle, during which I witnessed a cool act of daring. Two men of the Twelfth Infantry crept forward alone, armed only with pliers, and skilfully taking advantage of the cover afforded by a few bushes and folds in the ground passed along the whole east front of the village, within two hundred yards of the enemy's trenches, cutting the barbed-wire fencing which would have impeded our assault. Both these gallant fellows returned in safety after completing their work with great deliberation and thoroughness.

On the northeast side of El Caney is a smooth grassy ridge that commands the edge of the village at a range not exceeding three hundred yards. Fifty yards behind the crest of this ridge is a slightly sunken road with hedges on both sides. This commanding point had necessarily to be seized, and it was here that the hottest fighting of the day occurred. The Seventeenth Infantry advanced up the road and commenced to deploy to the right through a gap in the hedge. No sooner, however, did they appear in the field beyond than the head of their column was struck by a heavy fire. Colonel Haskell,

who was leading, was hit three times in a very few seconds, his quartermaster was killed by his side, and a number of the leading men were knocked over. This was evidently not a good line of advance, and the regiment was withdrawn into the hollow and extended farther to the right, where it did excellent service for the remainder of the day. The Seventh Infantry was less fortunate. It deployed behind the ridge and then advanced until the firing line was extended along the whole crest. Here it was exposed to a terrible cross fire from the village itself and from several of the block-houses. Hour after hour the men stood it without flinching, the fierce sun scorching their backs, and suffering heavy losses from an enemy who was practically invisible and to whom they could not reply effectively.

About noon I crossed over to their position and on nearing the sunken road noticed that it was full of men lying down. I asked an officer of the regiment who was coming down the road if those were his reserves I saw, and his reply was somewhat startling—"No, Sir, by God, they are casualties." And indeed they were. On reaching the spot I found over a hundred killed and wounded laid out in as many yards of road and so close were they that one could only pass by stepping over them. There was a strange silence among these men, not a whimper or a groan, but each lay quietly nursing his wound with closed eyes and set teeth, only flinching when the erratic sleet of bullets clipped the leaves off the hedge close above their heads. Many looked up curiously at my strange uniform as I passed and asked quickly and quietly, "Are you a doctor, sir?" I could but shake my head and they would instantly relapse into their strained intent attitudes, whilst I felt sick at heart at the thought of my incompetence. Some of the slightly wounded were tending those who were badly hit, and nothing could have surpassed the unskilled tenderness of these men. I was astonished, too, at their thoughtful consideration. "Keep well down, sir," several said as I stopped to speak to them. "Them Mausers is flying pretty low, and there's plenty of us here already."

The heat in the little road was intense,

there was no shade nor a breath of air, and the wounded lay sweltering in the sun till the head reeled with the rank smell of sweat and saturated flannel. Right amongst the wounded lay, curled up, a Cuban, apparently asleep. Upon approaching him, however, it was only too apparent that he had been dead for several days, and on the tree overhead two sleek and gorged vultures looked down furtively at his ever-increasing companions. The stench was overpowering and a sudden lull in the battle brought into sickening prominence the angry buzzing of the disturbed flies and the creaking of the land-crabs which waited in the bushes.

But the worst feature of it all was the scarcity of doctors. Hour after hour these wounded men had lain in the scorching sun, unattended and often bleeding to death. Their comrades had in many cases applied the first-aid dressings in rough and unskilled fashion, but so far as one could see there had been no medical assistance. The nearest dressing station was three-quarters of a mile to the rear, and while the medical staff there was undoubtedly more than busy it was chiefly with such cases as were slightly enough wounded to walk down for aid.

One man I noticed lying very quiet in a great pool of blood. A comrade with a shattered leg was fanning him with a hat and keeping the flies off his face. I sat down beside them, and seeing the man was shot right through the stomach knew there was nothing I could do beyond giving him a little water. I asked him how he felt and he replied, with difficulty: "Oh! I am doing pretty well, sir." His companion then said, "Well, sir! if you can, you might send a doctor along to see this man. He was one of the first hit, about eight this morning, and no one has seen him yet." The wounded man here broke in "That's all right, Mick; I guess the doctors have more than they can do looking after them as are badly hurt, and they will be along soon." I looked at my watch and it was nearly one o'clock.

A mile to the north of El Caney, on the summit of the first foot-hill, stood a block-house of the smallest type, with a garrison of ten men at the most. The task of attacking this fortress was intrusted to sev-

eral hundred of our Cuban allies, who advanced against it at the first peep of day. These men were infantry, excellently armed and equipped by the United States Government, but they apparently misunderstood the situation and adopted the more dignified, and possibly congenial rôle of field artillery. In pursuance of this idea they occupied an excellent artillery position about one mile to the east of the block-house, and clung to it with unparalleled tenacity throughout the day. Taking every advantage of cover, they subjected the distant stronghold to a ceaseless and withering fire from their newly acquired Springfields, to the great detriment, I fear, of their own shoulders, and to the vast indifference of the enemy. Possibly the block-house was struck—certainly none of its occupants were—and beyond the occasional and contemptuous reply of a single Mauser shot it is doubtful if the garrison fully realized that it was the object of attack. At about two in the afternoon a messenger arrived, breathless, to state that the Cuban forces had run out of ammunition, and needed a fresh supply at once. General Chaffee's reply was prompt, spicy, and vigorous, so much so, indeed, that the Cuban left even more hurriedly than he came, and we heard no more of our allies till the fight was safely over.

At exactly one o'clock a lucky shell from Capron's battery hit the flag-staff on the fort and hurled the flag half-way down the slope. This shot was vociferously cheered, and seemed to raise the spirits of the sorely harassed Seventh. Wishing to see how they were faring I crawled through the hedge into the field beyond, and incidentally into such a hot corner that I readily complied with General Chaffee's abrupt injunction, "Get down on your stomach, sir." Indeed I was distinctly grateful for his advice, but could not fail to notice that he was regardless of it himself. Wherever the fire was thickest he strolled about unconcernedly, a half-smoked cigar between his teeth, and an expression of exceeding grimness on his face. The situation was a trying one for the nerves of the oldest soldier, and some of the younger hands fell back from the firing-line and crept toward the road. In a moment the General pounced upon them, inquiring their destination in low,



Generals Garcia, Lawton, Ludlow, and Chaffee inspecting our lines at El Caney.

unhoneyed accents, and then taking them persuasively by the elbow led them back to the extreme front, and having deposited them in the firing-line stood over them while he distributed a few last words of pungent and sulphurous advice. Throughout the day he set the most inspiring example to his men, and that he escaped unhurt was a miracle. One bullet clipped a breast-button off his coat, another passed under his shoulder-strap, but neither touched him, and there must be some truth in the old adage that fortune favors the brave.

The Seventh were suffering terribly at this point, but took their medicine with heroic stoicism. The fire of the invisible sharpshooters snipped the grass around them and threw the sand in their eyes. Motionless they lay, their rifles at the ready, while they watched, with keen intentness, for a sign of the hidden foe. Suddenly a man would raise on his elbow, take careful aim, fire, and then sink back on his face as the answering bunch of bullets kicked up the dust around him. Too often one of these would find its mark and man after man would jump convulsively, then limply collapse or painfully crawl from the firing line with that strained dazed look that inevitably marked the wounded.

Close in front of me a slight and boyish lieutenant compelled my attention by his persistent and reckless gallantry. When-

ever a man was hit he would dart to his assistance regardless of the fire that this exposure inevitably drew. Suddenly he sprang to his feet gazing intently into the village, but what he saw we never knew, for he was instantly shot through the heart and fell over backward clutching at the air. I followed the men who carried him to the road and asked them his name. "Second Lieutenant Wansboro, sir, of the Seventh Infantry, and you will never see his better. He fought like a little tiger." A few convulsive gasps and the poor boy was dead, and as we laid him in a shady spot by the side of the road the sergeant reverently drew a handkerchief over his face and said, "Good-by, Lieutenant, you were a brave little officer, and you died like a true soldier." Who would wish a better end?

Often during the day the well-known expression "A shot fired in anger" recurred to my mind, and it seemed strangely inapposite. I saw many thousand shots fired during the campaign, but not one "in anger." Most men were anxious, many were excited, and not a few afraid, but however hard the fight or however great the losses they never seemed to be angry—that is with the enemy—even when their best friends were killed. Anger, in the popular sense, is one of the unrealities of war.

At 1.30 our situation was extremely serious; we were holding our own and no more, and we were losing far more heavily than the enemy. At this moment an order came from General Shafter for Lawton's division to neglect El Caney and to move to the assistance of the main line which was hotly engaged at San Juan. To comply with this order at once would have entailed a demoralizing retreat in the very face of the enemy, and so the attack was pressed with redoubled vigor. General Chaffee was given discretion to assault when he saw a favorable opportunity, and meanwhile our artillery fire briskened and did its most effective work of the day. Shell after shell struck the stone fort, tearing great breaches in the walls, and two regiments of Colonel Miles's Brigade, the Fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry, which had been summoned from the Ducoureaud House, were now ably seconding Ludlow's attack on the south side of the village.

The rattle of musketry was now fierce and continuous, and just as one felt the ammunition supply could hold out no longer General Chaffee gave the welcome order for the Twelfth to storm the fort. This gallant regiment had long been straining at the leash, and needed no second word. Pushing rapidly up the ravine that skirted the east side of the village they swung to the right, and with Captain Haskell's battalion leading dashed up the hill. Another moment and they swarmed over the wire fences and the trenches beyond like a hive of angry bees, and amidst the cheering of the rest of the line drove the enemy helter-skelter over the crest of the hill. The first man into the fort was James Creelman, the well-known correspondent, and Caspar Whitney, carrying his entire personal ef-

fects, was not far behind. Creelman showed great gallantry, summoning the Spaniards inside the fort to surrender, and being shot through the shoulder in a successful attempt to recover the Spanish flag that was lying on the glacis.

It was just three o'clock when the hill was taken and we who were up there behaved as if the fight was all over. The men ran about like schoolboys, cheering and waving their hats; the officers were shaking hands and congratulating each other; some of us who were hot and hungry were enjoying the mangoes left behind by the Spaniards, when it gradually dawned upon us that we were forming a target for somebody. The bullets were spitting against the walls of the fort, and several men were hit, before we grasped the simple fact that though we held the hill the enemy held the village, and that in our elevated and exposed position we formed an admirable target for fire from three directions. There was no cover possible, so our men simply lined up round

the fort and, standing up, pumped their magazines into the offending block-houses. Meanwhile the remainder of the infantry pressed home their attack with such resistless vigor that the Spanish garrison became demoralized and commenced to stream out of the northwest end of the village. The need of a cavalry regiment to carry out the pursuit was now very apparent, but the Spaniards, as they retreated, suffered considerable loss from the cross fire of Ludlow's Brigade, and many men were shot down in the streets as they broke from the houses and ran.

The scene round the fort was now strangely dramatic. Fringing the hill-top on the right and firing into the village were the men of the Twelfth Infantry, mixed



General Chaffee in the Field.

with the advance guard of Bates's Brigade, which had just arrived from San Juan. On the left, below the gate of the fort, a mob of excited Cubans, who now made their first appearance, were blazing away their ammunition with amazing rapidity at a solitary Spanish fugitive, emitting strange yappings the while. Needless to say the Spaniard escaped unhurt, and I felt inclined to congratulate him. In the centre, at the foot of the stone wall, sat a lonely group of eight or nine prisoners, guarded

ian fighter, stern, grizzled, and impassive, quietly regarding the slight and excitable Spaniard as he told his story with much shrugging of shoulders and constant references to the "Fortune of War." In the midst of it all an emaciated rooster appeared from its prison place and scurried to and fro, crowing lustily as our men pursued it amid loud cheers and laughter.

This was the lighter side of the picture. Inside the shattered fort the walls were splashed with blood and a dozen dead and



Men of the Twelfth Infantry on the Firing Line at El Caney.

by four hot but happy privates. The Spaniards persisted in preparing for instant death, and would not be comforted either by encouraging smiles or the offer of water and hard-tack. One of them was a lieutenant of the Twenty-ninth Regiment, a handsome, well-dressed young fellow, who regarded the scene around him with an anxious and forlorn expression. He presumably felt that he was partly responsible for the situation, and wondered if it had made him unpopular. He bore himself with great dignity, however, until General Chaffee strode up and with a kindly smile gripped him by the hand. Then the Spaniard's sangfroid deserted him, and he became nervous and voluble. It was an interesting contrast of the two nationalities; the typical Ind-

wounded were laid out on the floor, or wedged under the débris. An attempt was made to bring out the wounded through the gate of the fort, but this was still exposed to a persistent fire from one of the southern block-houses. Consequently Creelman and others had to be hoisted up and hauled out through a breach in the wall, ten feet from the ground; a difficult and painful operation.

The trench around the fort was a gruesome sight, floored with dead Spaniards in horribly contorted attitudes and with sightless, staring eyes. Others were littered about the slope, and these were mostly terribly mutilated by shell fire. Those killed in the trenches were all shot through the forehead, and their brains oozed out like white paint from a color-tube.



Raising the Flag Over Santiago.

Drawn by F. C. Yohn from photographs and sketches made during the ceremony by Mr. Archibald. Showing Captain McKittrick hauling up the flag, and the squadron of Second United States Cavalry and Ninth United States Infantry and the group of general officers and their staffs, —Page 416.

In the height of the excitement Private Abel of the Twelfth Infantry scrambled up on the roof of the fort with the colors of his regiment and waved it amidst a wild burst of cheering and enthusiasm. His captain was admiringly drawing my attention to this act when a couple of bullets clipped the tin roof under the man's feet, and hastily furling the flag he fell flat upon his face. This unrehearsed effect raised such a chorus of chaff and good-natured laughter that the plucky fellow leaped to his feet again, threw Old Glory wide to the breeze, and waved it defiantly until ordered to come down and not expose himself further. May he long live to wear the medal of honor that will doubtless be his reward!

At a quarter to four the firing died away and our troops were in possession of the village that had so long defied their efforts. The fighting had been fierce and continuous for nine long hours, and our loss was nearly five hundred killed and wounded out of a total of some 3,500 troops actually engaged. This was a heavy price to pay for the possession of an outlying post, defended by an inferior force, but it only bore out the well-known military axiom that the attack on a fortified village cannot succeed, without great loss of life, unless the assailants are strong in artillery. The four American guns at El Caney were ridiculously inadequate for the purpose in hand, and that the attack succeeded was

entirely due to the magnificent courage and endurance of the infantry officers and men. No praise could be too high for their soldierly devotion, but in commending them one must not forget the stubborn bravery of the Spanish defence.

The garrison at El Caney did not exceed 1,000 men, and though they had every advantage on their side of perfect cover and a knowledge of the ranges they fought like gallant soldiers and lost over half of their number in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among the killed was their Commander, General Vara del Rey, with his brother and two of his sons. There was no more talk after that day of "The degeneracy of the Spaniards as a fighting race," and both sides had henceforth a well-grounded respect for each other's fighting qualities. This was as it should be.

I did not wait to see the occupation of the village and the bringing in of the Spanish prisoners, as it was now nearly four o'clock and the heavy firing in the direction of San Juan reminded me that the fight there was still in progress; and that I might yet see the last few hours of it. I therefore mounted once more and started across country, the cheering of the victors at El Caney sounding fainter and fainter behind me, while the growing storm of musketry ahead rose and fell in crackling gusts like the Chinese fire-cracker orgie at the height of their New Year feast.

THE DAY OF THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO

By James F. J. Archibald

EARLY on the morning of July 17th, mounted orderlies rode along the trenches encircling the fated city of Santiago de Cuba and sought the general officers of the line. "The commanding-general's compliments and the division and brigade commanders accompanied by their staff are to assemble at corps headquarters to witness the surrender of the Spanish forces."

That was all, and yet it told of the end of a campaign, the closing of a series of

hardships such as men-at-arms are seldom required to endure.

A few days before General Miles and General Shafter had gone out between the lines and under the spreading branches of a magnificent tropical tree, that will stand a monument to the scene, had met General Toral, the Spanish leader, and had made the final agreement which would bind the surrender. Then General Miles and his staff left for Porto Rico in order not to rob his lieutenant of any of the glory

of the day. This tree, under which the terms of surrender were signed, stands between the lines of the opposing forces about in the centre of the American line. It is scarred by many bullets from both sides, and was indeed a fitting canopy for the scene. This day's work was, of course, most important, but it was so quietly done and marked with so little ceremony, that except for a few close by the incident passed unnoticed, as these conferences had become of daily occurrence. Yet that was the end, the real close of that terrible struggle against a determined foe who was fighting a hopeless fight. With the news that the struggle was ended came a feeling of collapse. The men and officers alike began to feel weary. The excitement of a possible attack was gone. The order that announced the surrender to the men in the trenches closed by saying, "*There will be no cheering.*" Few felt like cheering, for they suddenly realized that they were tired—worn out by days of work and of fighting. The order prohibiting cheering was afterward explained by the fact that the negotiations for the surrender had not been completed, and our commander feared to excite the enemy.

Then passed two or three days of waiting and of conjectures as to what was to come. We had become used to truces, but during these there was the chance that at any moment they would end and the fighting commence again—but now it was all ended. The sick-reports of the regiments increased steadily from that day, and for the first time in the weeks of marching and fighting the rifles and the double row of cartridges in the belts became heavy.

When the order came for all generals with their staff-officers to assemble at corps headquarters, there was a subdued excitement that pervaded all headquarters. I was a guest of General McKibbin, who commanded the Second Brigade, Second Division, who had recently won his star by bravery in action, and I was invited to accompany his staff. We rode to division headquarters and joined General Lawton and proceeded to corps headquarters, where the generals from all along our ten miles or more of trenches were assembling. The commanding general's tent was on a small mound, and the open space

around the little hill was crowded with staff officers and orderlies, who waited while their chiefs paid their respects to the corps commander.

While waiting, a correspondent came up accompanied by a couple of other writers and told of how they had just been refused, most emphatically, permission to enter the city or to see the surrender, except from the lines. I sought out General Shafter's chief aide, Lieutenant Miley, who did such heroic work during the battle of July 1st, 2d, and 3d, and asked permission and was refused in emphatic terms. Hardly had he done speaking when Captain McKittrick, of General Shafter's staff, came up and said, "The General asks me to invite you to accompany his staff to witness the surrender and the flag-raising in the city."

This permission to witness the events of that 17th of July was the greatest favor ever conferred upon me. To see the Stars and Stripes go slowly to the top of the mast on the palace was worth the hardships of the campaign many times over.

By the time all the general officers and their staffs had arrived there were about two hundred, and with their orderlies and a couple of troops of cavalry it made a goodly parade of brave men as they swung into the road toward Santiago.

General Shafter and "Fighting Joe" Wheeler led the way, and then came such a staff of general officers as are seldom gathered about a commander. Lawton and Kent, whose work in the days when death was on every hand will make a bright page in history. Ludlow, who left the engineer corps to make one of the bravest line officers our army has ever known, and who kept pushing the right of our line farther and farther around the city, building trenches and works for other brigades to occupy. Randolph, whose artillery brigade came to the front when roads had long since been pronounced impassable for guns. A host of other generals, whose deeds we have read and applauded. We turned from the road into an open field a few hundred yards beyond the tree where the preliminary meeting had taken place. As we rode toward the place of meeting, General Toral came forward with his staff. There was a striking contrast between the leaders of the two armies.

General Shafter wore the same blue blouse that he had worn during the entire campaign. He was just the plain American soldier, but not so with the Spanish leader, for his uniform of blue linen was gorgeously decorated and resplendent with gold lace, and his breast was decked with medals of honor.

One might have thought it was a meeting of old friends and not the acknowledgment of defeat. Smiles everywhere and bright looks from the defeated Spaniards more marked than from our own officers. Intense interest and curiosity was shown on both sides, for this was the first time the opposing forces had been afforded a good look at each other.

Whatever mistakes or blunders may have been made during the campaign there were none on this day. General Shafter conducted the ceremonies with a grace worthy of an American leader.

General Toral rode forward and smilingly saluted General Shafter, who stretched forth his hand and heartily shook that of the Spanish general. He congratulated General Toral upon the bravery of his men and of their gallant defence of Santiago, and both expressed satisfaction that the campaign had closed. All this was communicated through an interpreter.

There was no giving up of General Toral's sword, as it had been previously arranged that the Spanish officers should retain their side-arms. A naval officer on foot stepped up to General Shafter and surrendered the one little gun-boat that had been left in the harbor when Cervera made his suicidal dash. The general thoughtfully apologized for not dismounting, saying that his size made remounting inconvenient. This little incident seems trivial when retold, but when one realizes how polite the Latin races are the courtesies shown them were timely indeed. Then followed a presentation of all the generals on both sides, after which the trumpets of a battalion of Spanish infantry struck up a lively march and the body of soldiers marched past the assembled officers with all their arms and equipments. They then halted a short distance away and deposited their arms and countermarched past the general without arms. This was the ceremony of the disarming of the

Spanish forces, and later the entire army did the same thing, but time would not permit witnessing the entire force lay down their arms.

This formal surrender of the army took place about half-past nine, and immediately after General Shafter and General Wheeler turned and rode toward Santiago followed by the host of staff officers, the two troops of the Second United States Cavalry, and the Ninth United States Infantry. There was no advance guard, although the way into the city was lined with Spanish soldiers still armed, but confidence was placed in them and that confidence was not broken. Between the lines, and especially as we neared the city, the condition was terrible. All along the road were carcasses of horses, most of which still had the saddle, bridle, and in many cases saddle-bags full of effects, on the dead animals. This state of affairs showed the hasty retreat under a terrific fire the enemy experienced during the three day's battle. Shallow graves along the road had been scratched open by vultures and the odor was horrible in the extreme. The first barricade we encountered was the cleverly conceived barbed-wire entanglement that did not close the road but compelled one entering to zigzag, back and forth, so that entrance under fire would be next to impossible. Then came barricades of sand-filled barrels covering trenches. Side streets blocked with paving-stones, leaving loop-holes. The thick-walled houses were also loop-holed and would have made excellent fortifications. To have attempted to have taken the city by infantry assault would have meant the loss of thousands of our men.

As we rode through the streets toward the Plaza the way was lined by thousands of Spanish soldiers eager to see their conquerors, and to watch their expressions one might have thought we were coming as their guests. Many companies were drawn up and saluted or presented as we passed. Nearly all of the officers touched or lifted their caps, and their salutations were returned by many of our party. And why should they not feel that we were welcome? To them our coming meant food, it meant the end of three years' hard work and fighting in which they had no heart; it meant home. No wonder we were greeted as friends. When we rode into the Plaza up-

on which the Governor's palace and the grand old cathedral faces, the same reception awaited us even from the Governor-General himself. The officers dismounted and went into the palace, while the Ninth Infantry cleared the centre of the Plaza and awaited orders.

General Leonardo Ross y Roderigues bade the generals and their staff welcome in a most cordial and effusive manner as we were ushered into the audience-hall of the palace. The generals were seated at one end of the hall, General Shafter and General Wheeler sitting beside the Governor-General, and they had not conferred long when His Eminence, the Archbishop Francisco Saenz de Utruri, attended by several of his order, arrived to perform his part of the surrender, for the Church is a wonderful power in Santiago. His robes of state of purple were rich, and he wore many decorations upon his breast. This was the same man who declared that with ten thousand men he would raise the Spanish standard over the capital at Washington. His interview with the American commander was of short duration and as he passed out of the palace and crossed the plaza to the cathedral a great deference was shown by the crowd to this Prince of the Church.

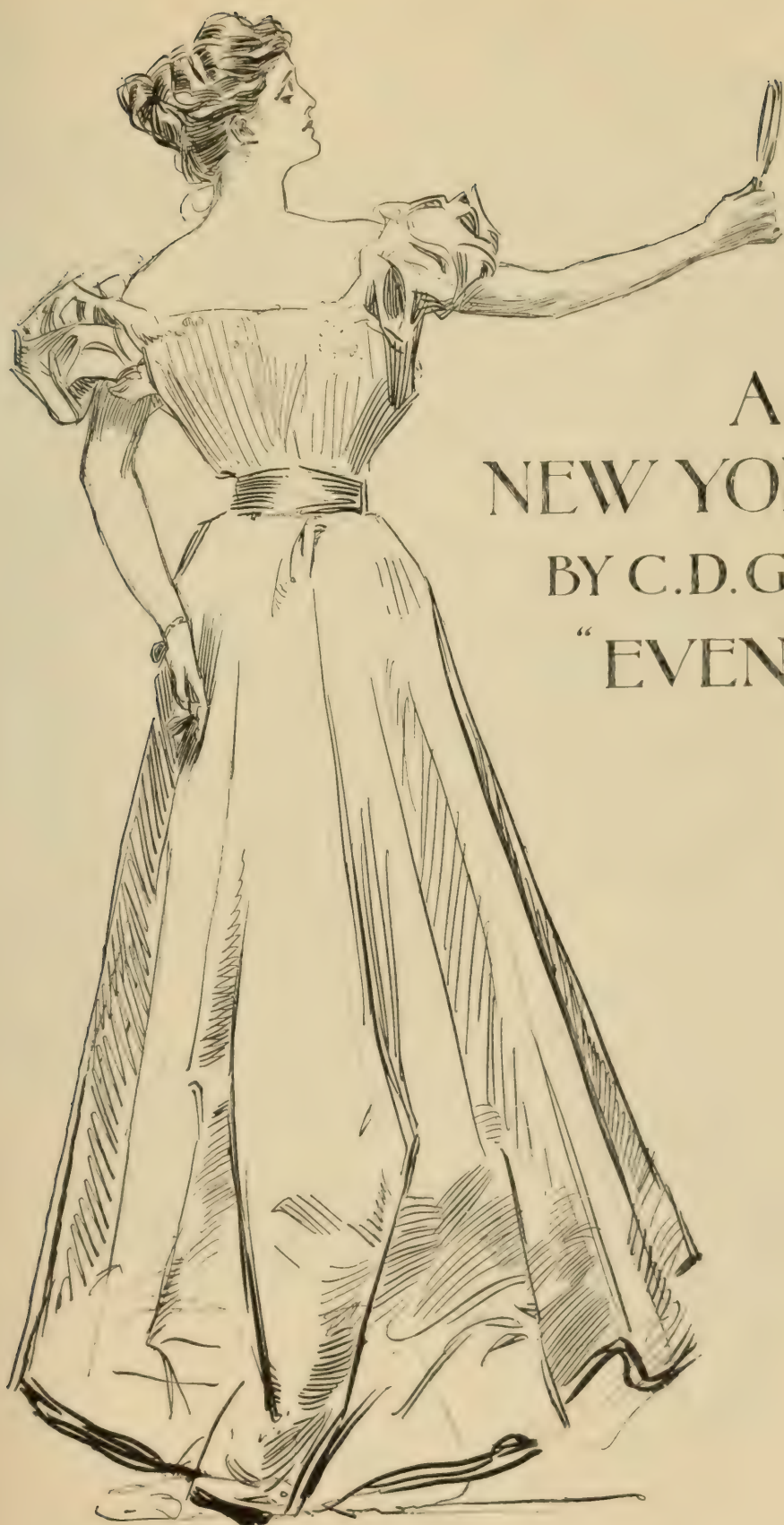
Shortly before twelve the officers came out of the Governor's palace and assembled in a group in the Plaza and awaited the event for which the great struggle had been made. In the centre of the square the cavalry band stood awaiting the approaching hour of noon. All eyes were fixed on the cathedral clock, and at five minutes before the sun was at its height the commanding officer of the Ninth Infantry gave the command "Attention;" it was echoed by the cavalry officer whose command was drawn up in the street facing the palace, and for full five minutes the troops stood without a movement. Captain McKittrick had meanwhile mounted to the roof and bent the flag to the halyards of the mast over the palace entrance. The space surrounding the square was packed with the Spanish officers and men and with the residents of Santiago. On one side of the Plaza the Spanish officers' club was crowded with members, café La Venus's windows and doors were packed, as in fact were all the

buildings. The approach to the Cathedral opposite the Palace was a position of advantage well crowded. It was a respectful crowd, and one that assembled from mere curiosity. The Spanish officers showed plainly that their position was one that they keenly felt at heart.

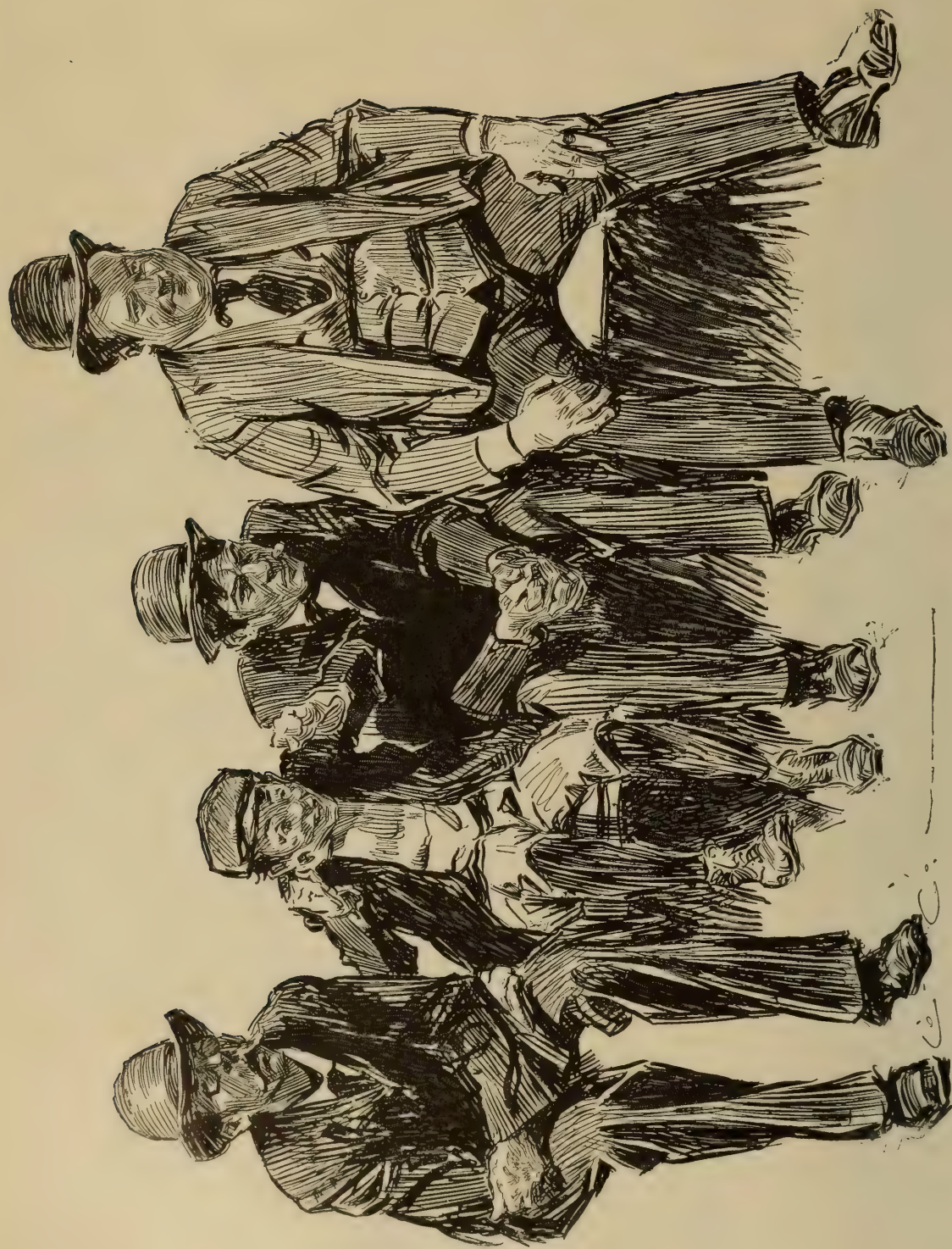
The citizens of Santiago and the rank and file of the Spanish army gave evidence of real, unconcealed pleasure, and many raised their hats in salute to the flag.

Finally the five minutes of tense waiting was ended, and as the grand old cathedral chimes pealed forth the hour of noon, Captain McKittrick slowly hauled the flag to the masthead while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the officers uncovered and the troops presented, and Santiago de Cuba became an American city. As the flag floated over the Palace the batteries in the trenches boomed the national salute, and band after band along the line took up the grand anthem. Then the men in the trenches yelled as only American soldiers can yell. It wasn't a cheer, it was a good yell. All along that full ten miles of trenches the men gave vent to pent-up enthusiasm.

Not so in Santiago. We did not cheer. We did not feel like it, for victory has almost the sadness that I might imagine defeat would have, and when the band followed with "Stars and Stripes Forever," there was a feeling of sadness, for all about us were pinched, wan faces of the hungry citizens and the sorrowful faces of the defeated officers, who covered heavy hearts with gracious manner to their foe. There could not be too much said in praise of the manner in which the enemy's officers treated us on the very day when our flag replaced theirs, and no one would knowingly criticise the action of continuing the Spanish officials in power, or keeping the *guarda civil*, their famous regiment, on duty in the city. They were ready to do all in their power to make our day perfect, and yet I saw many a strong, brave Spaniard brush away a tear as their banner gave way to ours. The scene was intense in the extreme, yet no one felt like exulting. That evening at sunset I heard vespers chanted in the old Cathedral and heard an old priest pray for the success of the arms of Spain, but the sun set with the American flag floating over the city.



A
NEW YORK DAY
BY C.D. GIBSON
“EVENING”



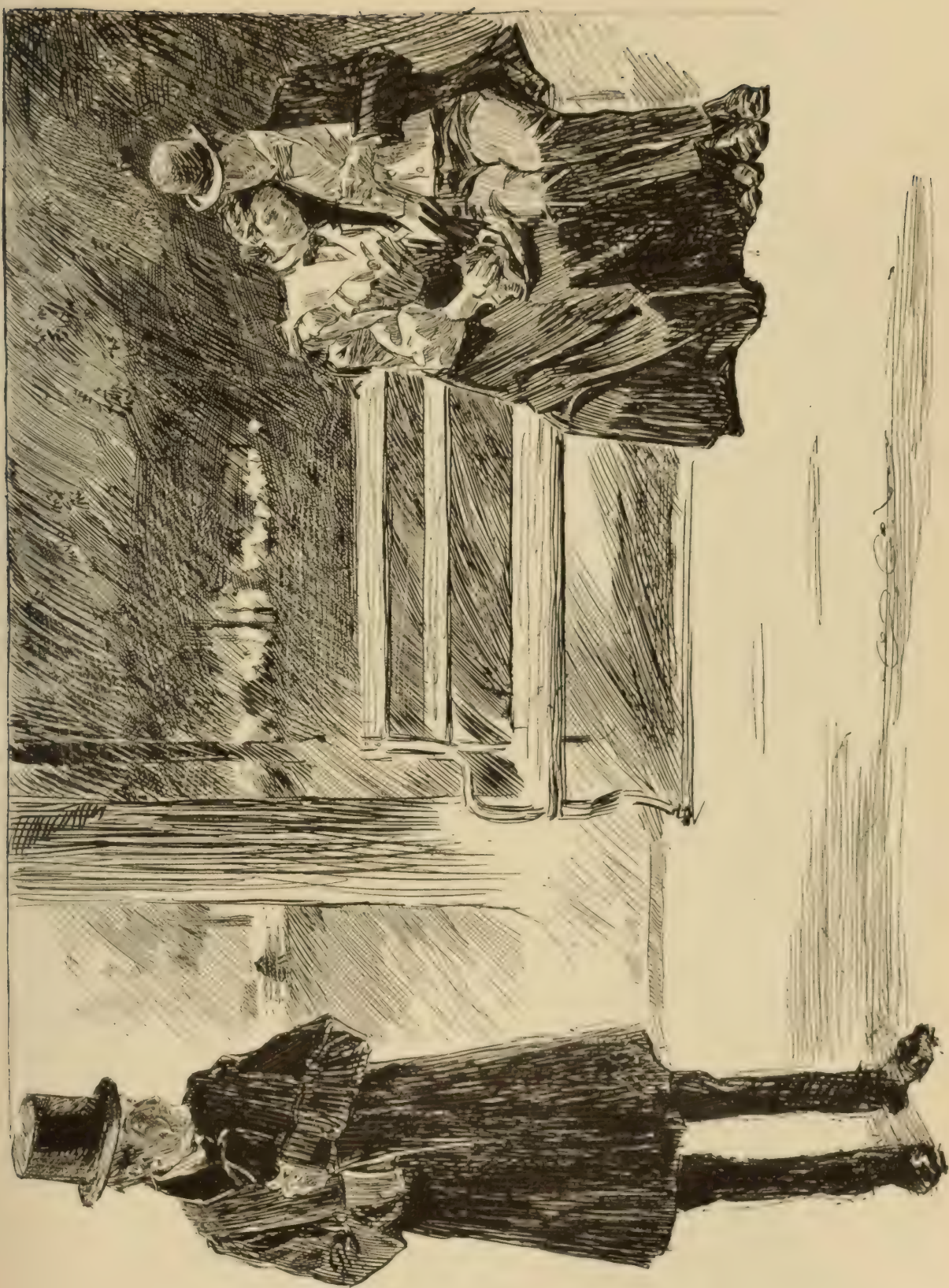
The Tenth Inning.



The Cable Car



Waiting for Tables at the Waldorf. .



In the Park

THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY W. R. LEIGH

VII—FROM CHICAGO TO DENVER

THE BARTON FARM, FARIBAULT COUNTY,
MINNESOTA, July 6, 1892.

FOR a week past I have been Mr. Barton's hired man, but in the early morning I must take leave of the family and renew the long journey. More than once during the past year I have found it hard to say good-by to an employer, but that is altogether apart from the real sadness of the present farewell.

It might have been months ago, so strong has my attachment to Mr. Barton's family grown and so well do I feel that I know them, that Mr. Barton stopped me on the wayside as I was leaving Blue Earth City and offered me work on his farm. I hesitated, but finally agreed to accept his offer for a week. I am staggered now at realizing how near I came to missing an experience which will always be a cherished memory of my life.

With utmost hospitality I, a mere chance workman, picked up on the public highway, was taken in by the Bartons and made one of themselves; and during the days since I have shared their life of summer industry with hard work for all of us from five in the morning until nightfall, but healthful, worth-while work, and with it a home most daintily neat, and having an atmosphere of true refinement and of simple, genuine religion.

My pain at leaving is precisely that which one feels in the farewells which end the rare, half-born friendships of life. A voyage, perhaps, or a short sojourn in a foreign country proves the chance occasion of a meeting, and kindred hearts awaken to quick recognition of one another, and then their roads diverge and from the parting of the ways each bears a sorrow which is of the tragedy of existence. Who has not felt that sadness and seen its shadow fall over the face of nature and far over the coming days?

There is, in my mind, no smallest fear of fresh encounter with an untried world. I have long since lost all such feeling, and can set forth of a morning as light of heart, as free from anxious care as are the birds which share my early start, and with a sense of pure animal enjoyment which is, I sometimes dream, not far removed from their own.

And with small wonder can I be so careless, for ever since I left Chicago work has ceased to be a difficult thing to find and has grown to be an increasingly difficult matter to avoid. It has come to be a positive embarrassment, for every day I am stopped by the way and urged to go to work, and it is not easy to refuse men who are most evidently short-handed. I shall set out in the morning with six dollars—five earned from Mr. Barton and one remaining from my last employment—and I shall try to cover a wide strip of country before settling down to another job; but, upon the basis of my past experience, I am sure that on an average of at least once a day in the coming march some farmer will ask me to help him at his work. All through Illinois and from Minneapolis to this point, which is near the Iowa border, this has been my uniform experience.

It was late in the spring when I left Chicago. Almost continuous rains compelled me to defer my start from day to day until the month of May was far advanced, and then I stopped at Joliet and joined for a week a gang of laborers in the works of the Illinois Steel Company. So that it was the first of June before I found myself in the open country once more, after six months as a city workman. Even then the skies continued threatening, and frequent rains forced me from the soft loam of the country roads to a firmer footing on the line of the Rock Island Railway for most of the journey to the Mis-

issippi. I was relatively flush with wages earned at Joliet, and so was under no necessity to stop. But the chance of work never failed me, for not only in the rich farming region about Morris but also in the brick-kilns in the neighborhood of Ottawa and Utica I found abundant offers of a job.

From Davenport I went by rail to Minneapolis, for I had resolved to emerge for a week and attend the National Republican Convention in that city, and not days enough remained, when I reached the river, to admit of my walking there in time for the political gathering. But when the Convention closed I started again, penniless and afoot, on the long march which I have interrupted twice, once when working for a fine old Irish farmer near Belle Plain, and a second time when I accepted Mr. Barton's offer.

It is difficult to pass thus lightly over wide stretches of the journey. Under every casual sentence is a mine of what proved valuable experience to me: The days in the Steel Works, for example, as a member of a gang of foreign laborers and associated with an army of skilled and disciplined workmen, meeting some of them on familiar terms at the boarding-house and at the club, which is an interesting experiment on the part of the company. Then a tramp along the Illinois River through a rich country which teemed with vegetation in the luxuriance of the tropics; and a day's march on the railway with a veritable hobo who had lost his partner and cheerfully took up with me, and who proved to be a delightful fellow, by no means lost to manliness, from whom I parted most regretfully when a job was found for him in a brick-kiln near Ottawa. Then the Convention itself, with its vast array of party organization, and its highly dramatic incidents as affecting the careers of political leaders, and its strong undercurrents of personal and sectional ambition, and the interesting personages, and picturesque figures; all so intensely real and finely typical and keenly alive with national spirit, and splendidly representative of wide, heterogeneous empire bound together in marvellous union. And then a few days spent near Belle Plain, where, driven by the rain from the road, I found shelter in a farm-house shed

and was eagerly seized upon by the farmer as a hired man, until one morning, when, as usual, I had risen at sunrise and had cleaned the stables and curried the horses and was milking the old white cow, the longing for the tramp laid sudden hold of me and soon after breakfast my eager feet were again on the main-travelled road. The storm had passed, the sun was shining from a cloudless sky, and a strong, cool wind was tossing the graceful branches of a cluster of American elms at the roadside as I left the farm, and was blowing through the dewy, dark recesses of a bit of fragrant woodland as I climbed the hill, giving the sense of infinite vitality; when I reached the summit there lay below me, embedded in deep green, one of the hundred exquisite lakes of southern Minnesota, with its rippling surface joyously dancing in the sunlight and adding a touch of magic beauty to the rich, undulating landscape of varying field and forest and deep meadow-land. All about me were the homes of original settlers, where yet live some of the very men and women who, only a generation ago, began to reclaim this paradise from a boundless waste of treeless prairie. Looking out upon it now from such a height, seeing its dense woodlands, the fields rank with standing grain, the farm-houses gleaming white in the sun, the blue sheets of living water, and the distant Minnesota threading its way by towns and villages along fertile banks, one could but dream of its future, when the crudeness will be gone, and close culture will have made it all a very garden of the Lord!

It was through such country as this that my way led me toward the Iowa border. I walked along the valley of the Minnesota by Le Sueur and St. Peter to Mankato, where I spent Sunday, and then, cutting over the ridge, I went by Lake Crystal to Garden City, and so through Vernon and Amboy to Winnebago and on to Blue Earth City.

Not often on the march am I offered a lift, but now and again I am picked up and hurried over some miles of the road, and it was one of the best of these wind-falls that befell me on this particular journey. I had left Amboy only a few miles behind, and the long, dusty road stretched far to the south in the direction of Winne-



Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

The Fourth of July—"Two townships were to play each other."—Page 431.

bago, where I meant to spend the night. The day was clear and gratefully warm; in the meadows had just begun the metallic music of the mowers, and on the air was the first fragrance of new-mown hay. Soon I caught the sound of the rapid drum of horses' hoofs behind me, and, turning, I saw a gentleman seated in a light open four-wheeler, driving a pair of Indian ponies at a spanking pace in my direction. He drew up beside me, and asked, pleasantly, whether I cared to ride. I lost no time in thanking him and in mounting to the seat at his side; in a moment more we were off at a ten-mile gait, and I was watching with delight the business-like movement of the ponies' pace, with their backs so straight and level that each might almost have held a coin without dropping it.

In the meantime Dr. Brooks (for so I shall call the gentleman, who was returning to Winnebago from a professional visit on the outskirts of his practice) was engaging me in conversation. We very naturally discussed the recent nominations and the issues of the coming general election, and then I had ample opportunity of learning much from him of actual local conditions.

He seemed to me to be singularly well informed. He had travelled widely over the West, and this particular region he had known familiarly since its early settlement. Every farm-house which we passed he pointed out to me, telling me the farmer's name meanwhile, and something of his history. There was a curious uniformity in the narrative. The life was rough enough in the beginning, no doubt, and of the essence of hard frontier struggle, but it sounded like a fairy tale as he told me of one man and another who had come out in the early days almost penniless from the East or the Middle West or, in some cases, from a foreign country, and had "squatted" on the soil; now these settlers had each a hundred and sixty acres under high cultivation and a good, substantial house and adequate barns and machinery and stock; they could secure money on easy terms at the local bank when they needed it, and the market value of their land had risen two hundred per cent. and even higher in the past twenty-five years.

I should have suspected a land-boomer

in the doctor had there been anything aggressive or boastful in his manner, but he was speaking with the simple directness of one who knows and who needs no bluster to disguise ignorance or an ulterior motive.

I was deeply interested, and presently remarked that, coming as I did from the East, the demand for labor on the Western farms had been a surprise to me, and that I was sure that what he was telling me would sound strange to Eastern men, whose preconceptions of agrarian conditions at the West are formed largely from the representations of certain political parties which are recruited from the farming classes.

Dr. Brooks smiled indulgently, and kept his eyes straight ahead while he answered me.

"If you stay out here long enough," he said, "you'll find that there are two kinds of farmers in the West. There is one kind that know their business and that are farmers, and there's another kind that are a good deal more interested in politics than they are in farming. You can put it down as a pretty safe rule that the farmers who have the best knowledge of their business and who are the most industrious and frugal and economical are the least dissatisfied with their conditions and the least anxious to change them by political action; while the more inefficient and shiftless and thriftless a farmer is, the more likely he is to be a violent agitator for financial or political change.

"There seems to be a growing weakness among whole masses of our people," he went on, "which leads them to look to the Government for help instead of to themselves in their own industry and thrift. Not only the farmers are affected by it, for every demand upon the Government for special legislation in the interest of one class or another is evidence of this spirit. We need very much, as a people, to relearn the simple, common-sense maxims of Benjamin Franklin, and to practise them."

I told him something at this point of my past winter in Chicago—of an army of unemployed and of other armies of underpaid workers, and of hosts of sweat-shop victims who could scarcely be said to be lacking in industry and at least a measure of enforced economy.

He listened patiently and with some curiosity, I thought, and when I had done he took up the subject quite eagerly.

"What you say is true enough," he answered. "We live in an age of high civilization, and civilization means city life, and that means great centres of population, and that gives rise to congested labor markets with all the want and misery which you describe. All this, as we have it now, in this country, is of comparatively recent growth, being complicated by the vast numbers of our ignorant immigrant population, and we have by no means adjusted ourselves to it yet. You tell me of an army of unemployed in Chicago, and I can tell you, in reply, of a chronic demand for help in this countryside, which I know well; a demand so great that within the limits of a few neighboring counties we could put fifty thousand men of the right kind to work."

"Yes," I said, "I have met with an amazing demand for workers ever since I left Chicago. But this is the busy season in the country; when the winter comes, would not the men who answered to the demand for agricultural laborers be forced out of employment again and back upon the chance livelihood of the towns?"

"Not unless they preferred it," he replied. "Of course the demand is exceptional at this season. How great it is you can infer when I tell you that, for the next five or six weeks, almost any sort of a man could get his board and a dollar a day, and men of fair skill and experience two and two dollars and a half a day, while the best men will command for certain kinds of work as high a wage as three dollars and a half a day besides their keep."

"But the point is that our farmers prefer to hire men by the month for the whole season. They want their help from the 1st of April until the end of November, and they are willing to pay an active, steady fellow twenty dollars a month and everything found, even to his washing. And the demand is so steady and the difficulty of getting good, industrious men so great, that multitudes of our farmers would be willing enough to keep the right sort of hands through the winter months and pay them something for the little that they could find for them to do, for the sake

of having them through the spring and summer and autumn when men are hard to find."

On the next day I reached Blue Earth City at noon, and spent a dime at a bakery for a midday meal, and then went bowling off toward the Iowa border at Elmore, which place I counted upon reaching by nightfall.

One dollar remained to me of my last store, and there is a marvellous fund of the feeling of independence in a dollar for one who is familiar with the sense of cowering, unmanning insecurity which comes of being penniless. Already I had stopped once in southern Minnesota, and so large a sum as a dollar would certainly see me well into Iowa, I was thinking, before I should be obliged to halt again to replenish my purse.

It was this view of the case which made me not very hospitable to the offer of a farmer who presently called to me with an inquiry as to whether I would work for him.

The incident was an every-day occurrence, and I felt at first only the usual embarrassment in my effort to evade the offer with some show of reason; but Mr. Barton, for it was he, asked me to at least give it a trial before deciding the matter, and, seeing in the suggestion an admirable opportunity for a short term of service, I replied that, if I concluded to stay at all, I could not consent to remain for longer than a week together, and must be held free to go at the end of the first week if I chose.

Mr. Barton agreed to this immediately, and invited me to a seat beside him on a load of wheat which he was taking to the mill. I said that I preferred to walk on to his farm, the direction of which he had pointed out to me and which was but a couple of miles down a side road.

At first every step which bore me away from the main-travelled road added to my uncertainty of mind. Was I acting wisely in stopping so soon again when I might easily push on for another fifty miles or more? Presently I came to a railway crossing, and sitting down to rest on the roadside, I thought the matter over, and decided finally to go on to the farm.

I had no difficulty in recognizing it from

Mr. Barton's description. A row of poplars stood just within a trim picket-fence which enclosed the farm-house yard from the road. Opening the gate I walked up the foot-path which cut its way for a hundred yards through a well-kept lawn, shaded with fruit-trees, to the house standing on the crest of the ridge, surrounded by well-grown maples. It was the usual two-storied, white farm-house with green shutters, having a wing at the side with a porch in front of it overgrown with honeysuckle.

I had come armed with a message for Mrs. Barton from her husband; but for all that, an increasing feeling of embarrassment accompanied me up the walk, and when I knocked at the screen-door which opened upon the porch, I was sorely tempted for a moment to break and run. The inner door was open and through the screen I could see Mrs. Barton and one of her daughters, whom I shall call Miss Emily, ironing at opposite ends of a table, while another daughter, Miss Julia let us say, was sewing beside them. The faultless order and precision which had appeared in every external detail of the farm were in perfect keeping with what I could see of the interior of the home. It contained only the plainest furniture, but the room was redolent of a clean, cool, inviting comfort, perfectly suited to the needs of men who come in from long, hard work in the heat of the fields. The windows and outer doors were guarded by close-fitting screens; the inner wood-work was painted a light, delicate color, as fresh and clean as though newly applied; and the walls were covered with a simple, harmonious paper which matched well with the prevailing shade in the clean rag-carpet on the floor. A large rocker and a sofa, covered with Brussels carpet, were supplemented by a plentiful supply of plain chairs.

Miss Julia was the first to notice me; putting down her sewing, she stepped to the door and stood facing me from behind the screen.

"Is this Mr. Barton's house?" I asked.

"Yes," said his daughter.

"Well, he has sent me here with a message for Mrs. Barton," I went on; "and wishes me to say that he has hired me to work on the farm."

I was sadly ill at ease by this time, and very sorry that I had not accompanied Mr. Barton to the mill, and then to his home, and left to him all necessary explanations. But it was too late now for regrets, and Mrs. Barton, a sweet-faced, gentle little lady, had joined her daughter at the door.

"I did not know that father meant to hire any more men just now," she said, while a nervous alarm played in her timid eyes at sight of so rough an applicant for work.

I do all that I can to keep a respectable appearance, and never a day passes without the opportunity of a bath in a lake or a wayside stream, and sometimes I am so fortunate as to come upon two or three such chances for refreshment in a day's march. But a long course of wearing the same outer garments and sleeping in brick-kilns and hay-ricks must inevitably produce an effect in clothing which, accompanied by an unshaven face, gives rise to a somewhat scandalous figure.

I could only say, in reply to Mrs. Barton, that her husband's instructions to me were simply to deliver the message which I had brought, and then to await his coming at the farm.

She was by no means reassured, but her hospitality overcame her fear, and, unfastening the screen-door, she opened it with an invitation to me to come in.

The dust on my boots and the general condition of my dress became the instant source of poignant feeling as I stepped upon the speckless carpet and took a seat in a straight-backed wooden chair which shone as though the varnish were but newly dry.

The situation was unmistakably awkward, and, under the disturbing spell of it, I sat very straight in the chair with feet close together and my hands on my knees, anathematizing myself for stopping before there was any need for it and getting myself into a mess. Then I began to cast about for some excuse for going out-of-doors once more, so that I could cut and run for the road.

Out of purest kindness of heart Mrs. Barton was trying to set me at ease. There was some threat of rain, she remarked; and we had had a great deal of rain this spring, she added; and where had I met

Mr. Barton? and when did he say that he would be home? she inquired.

My best efforts at responsiveness were dismal failures, and the gloom was growing denser when Miss Julia came to my rescue with a copy of *The Youth's Companion*, which she suggested that I might care to read while waiting.

Over and over again I read sections of continued "boys' stories" and a number of interesting anecdotes and tried to study out certain puzzles, but Mr. Barton did not come. Mrs. Barton and her daughters had immediately resumed their work and their conversation, and, with kind consideration, had left me to the paper. The hot summer afternoon slowly dragged its length toward evening. Through breaks in rolling clouds, heavy with rain, the sun shone at intervals with piercing heat. A warm, damp, sun-lit air, laden with honeysuckle and the fragrance of strawberry-beds, came floating idly through the open doors and windows, bearing the droning hum of many bees, which was like a low accompaniment to the soft voices of the women. Moving up the lane with the stately, steady motion of an elephant, came presently a huge rick of hay, the horses almost concealed under the over-drooping load and two hired men seated comfortably on top.

Soon after this Mr. Barton arrived, and I went out to meet him in the yard and helped him unhitch the horses. Then he set me to ploughing potatoes in the garden with his youngest son, an intelligent, gentlemanlike lad of seventeen, who, as I discovered later, was preparing for college, for scarcely a day passed that his sister Julia, who teaches school in a neighboring town through the winters, did not find time to help him with his Algebra and Latin. When we were called to supper I found that my case was satisfactorily explained to the family, and that I could now read my title clear to a perfectly comfortable position among them.

Would that I could do justice to the exquisite charm which I began to feel at once in that simple, natural home-life! The men assembled at the call to supper from different quarters of the farm. There were five of us, Mr. Barton and his son Richard, and, besides me, two other hired men, Al, an inflexible Yankee transplanted

from far down East, and Harry, a stalwart young Englishman of the grown-up "butcher's boy" variety, whose "h's" had grown to be a source of discomfort to him. We washed on the kitchen porch, and, contrary to the usual custom on the farms, we put on our coats before entering the dining-room, which is also the family sitting-room, where I had found Mrs. Barton and her daughters at work.

The table was spread with clean linen, and a napkin was at each place. Mr. Barton said grace in the midst of a reverent silence, which continued while we began upon a meal abundant enough for a hungry man and dainty enough for a lady.

After supper Harry and I went to fetch the cows, which had to be driven in from a pasture beyond a little river that flows through the farm. There were thirty-seven of them in all to be milked, but Miss Emily and Miss Julia lent a hand, so that it did not take long, and when the horses had been fed and their stalls made ready for the night, we men were free. In the dark, star-lit evening, which followed almost instantly upon the setting of the sun, we walked down to the river for the regular evening bath.

It is early yet for sight of the past week in true perspective, but even now its events take form in memory with a certain natural sequence. With only one exception, clear, radiant summer days have followed one another, days begun for us at five o'clock and spent in the hay-fields when the chores were done and breakfast over. Long days they were, full of hard work in the heat of the meadows, but there was the refreshing cool of the house at mid-day, and a dinner excellent in itself but to our whetted appetites a keen physical delight. And better even than dinner was supper at the end of the day's work in the fields, a delicious supper of cold meats and potatoes and home-made bread and milk and tea, and finally cake with strawberries from the garden. If anything could have been better than that it was when Richard and we three hired men took towels down to the river in the gloom of the early evening, and under the clear summer stars from the high embankment covered with soft turf, with the glitter of fire-flies all about us and the air full of the deep croaking of frogs and

the sharp reiterations of the katydids, dove headlong into the dark, cool, flowing water. We swam about for a quarter of an hour and came out with scarcely a trace left in our muscles of the ache of the day's labor and then went to bed to eight hours of deepest sleep.

One was a rainy day when work in the fields was impossible, and we spent it in the barn running some of last year's wheat through the fanning mill and measuring and sacking it ready for shipment. Then Sunday came with its long, peaceful rest. Al and Harry secured each a buggy and were given the use of two of the farm horses, and, in their best Sunday black, they started after the chores were done to take their best girls to church and for a long drive in the afternoon.

The family attend church in Blue Earth City, but their rector has another parish and can preach here only on alternate Sundays. This was his Sunday in the other parish and there was a Sunday-school service here. The restful observance of the day seemed to me in most natural keeping with the deeply religious tone of the family life. Morning worship followed breakfast as usual; then came the preparation for church, and after the morning service and the mid-day meal, which was almost wholly prepared on Saturday, the afternoon was spent in reading. After a light supper in the evening Miss Julia played the harmonium in the parlor, and we all joined in singing hymns until bedtime.

If there is one scene more than another which I shall always remember as eminently characteristic of the household, it surely is that of morning prayers. No pressure of work, even at the very height of the haying season, is allowed to interfere with this act of worship. Immediately after breakfast the family group themselves about the dining-room, drawing off a little from the table, and Mr. Barton, taking down an old Bible from the mantel-shelf, seats himself in the rocker and begins to read the morning lesson. The passages have been from the prophecy of Ezekiel, and, stronger than any other association with that book, will hereafter be for me the sturdy figure of Mr. Barton in his working clothes, seated in a rocking-chair with his head bowed

over a Bible as he reads, reverently, the oft-recurrent phrase :

The Word of the Lord came again unto me saying, Son of Man, —.

The prayer that followed has been always a simple, earnest appeal for help and guidance. It was as though our dependence upon God and His right to supreme devotion in every act of life was instinctively recognized, and that the worship was a natural expression of love to the Father of us all, thus renewing our wills and bringing us into captivity unto the obedience of Christ, and sending us forth to the duties of the day strong in the sense of the sacredness of work as service to the Lord, and of His presence with us as the source of all life and hope and strength.

Monday was the Fourth of July. Harry and Al were early off again with buggies and best girls, and Mr. Barton invited me to join the family in celebrating the day in town. We hitched a team to a four-seated market wagon, and Mr. Barton's son and his wife, who live on an adjoining farm, drove with us to Blue Earth City, where we were to attend the festivities and go for dinner to the home of a married daughter of Mr. Barton, whose husband is a merchant there.

All along the country roads converging toward the county-seat we saw lines of farmers' wagons driving to the common centre. There was great variety of equipment; some were very rude and plain, but others were exceedingly well appointed, and not a few of the low phaeton-buggy type rose to a degree of elegance.

Many of the nearer dwellers were walking in, and as we approached our destination the footpaths were crowded, chiefly with young men and boys, and the town itself, when we entered it, we found thronged with holiday-seekers, the women in light dresses and bright ribbons, the men in sober black, and all of them in their movements giving the sense of heavily conscientious merrymaking in spite of the glorious sunshine and the air that throbbed with the joy of a ripe summer's day.

When the horses were put up we fell in with the stream of people moving toward the main street, and there in the thick of

the serious throng we stood on the curb watching a procession of local organizations file past, headed by a brass band from Winnebago, all gorgeous in new uniform and led by citizens on horseback as important and uncomfortable as the marshals in a St. Patrick's Day parade.

There was a common movement then of the crowd, through streets which cracked to the continuous discharge of explosives, toward a wood on the outskirts, where a rough booth had been erected and row on row of benches placed before it in the shade. We found seats near to the front, and presently there fell a hush upon the assembly which quieted the flutter of fans and the mingled interchange of neighborly conversation. A procession of little girls in white, with bright blue sashes, each wearing the name of a State or Territory in silver letters across the band of her sailor hat, which had long blue streamers behind, came filing in among the crowd, all intensely trim and self-conscious with their fingers protruding stiffly from white cotton mits. Following them were a minister and a schoolmaster and a small group of other prominent citizens, from among whom towered the tall, massive figure and the clean-cut, rugged, beardless face of an old ex-senator who was the orator of the day.

The little girls grouped themselves on benches which rose like steps from the ground to the level of the floor of the booth, and the citizens took seats assigned them on the platform. One of their number, the chairman of the occasion, introduced the minister, who led the company in prayer. Then the schoolmaster was presented as the reader of the Declaration of Independence. A few explanatory sentences in unconventional English served to bring vividly to the minds of the people the familiar circumstances of the signing of the Declaration, and then in sonorous, ringing voice he read, amid breathless stillness, the deep natural stillness of the woodland, the well-remembered phrases of that great document. There was no applause when he ceased, no outward demonstration of any kind, but through the great still company one could feel the strong movement of the sense of national life.

The ex-senator then rose to speak. He was himself a frontiersman, having known the Northwest from its early settlement

and having represented it in Congress a generation ago, and he spoke to people whose history he knew and whose temper he thoroughly understood. It was inspiring to catch the dominant note of what he said and to watch its effect upon his hearers. There was talk of national growth, but without boasting, and there was very serious reckoning of national problems, but without carping, and there was high appeal to national responsibility, but without canting, and when at the end, out of the wealth of his own personal association with the man, he spoke of Lincoln and enforced all that he had said with homely, cogent teachings drawn from the life and the words of the great apostle of the common people, the assembly was moved and stirred as no other appeal could have affected it.

After this the crowd scattered for dinner, most of the people re-entering the town, and the spirit of fun, no longer to be restrained by a conscientious sense of the seriousness of enjoyment, broke loose in a bit of genuine American horse-play, when a company of boys and young men, in most fantastic disguise, passed in grotesque procession through the streets, and for a few minutes the solemn crowds really lost self-consciousness in true *abandon* to the spontaneous sport.

The Barton family had soon gathered at the married daughter's home, and there with the greatest good cheer we had a picnic dinner of delightful cold meats, and the thinnest of bread and butter, and olives, and dainty home-made cakes, and the reddest of ripe cherries—all served to us as we sat just within the dining-room door or ranged in a semicircle about it in the shade on the lawn.

When it was over everyone was eager to start for the public green outside the town, where the afternoon's sports were to be held. It was not far, and we walked out, but almost a continuous stream of carriages was passing us in a common movement, and when we reached the bridge just outside the town the stream had narrowed to an unbroken line of vehicles moving slowly in single file. At the centre of the bridge which spans a narrow stream below the public green stood an interesting figure as we drew up. He was a tall, lean man of sixty, perhaps, but

without a suggestion of old age in his lithe, sinewy frame ; a Yankee by every gift of nature, with the sharply inquisitive face of a ferret and shrewd blue eyes with a gleam of humor in them and a little tuft of whiskers on his chin. Every vehicle, as it passed, underwent an interested scrutiny from him, and his whiskers worked comically up and down as he cordially greeted the occupants whom he knew. I was walking with Mr. Barton, and seeing us in the crowd on foot, he eagerly hailed Mr. Barton as a sympathetic old acquaintance.

"John," he said, "I was just thinking as I stood here how I was to the Fourth of July celebration in these parts thirty years ago to-day, in '62. And my gracious, it's hard to realize the change ! Why, there warn't a team of horses in the hull county then, and everybody come on foot or else behind a yoke of oxen. But just look at that percession now ! There ain't a ox-team in the hull outfit, and ther's some rigs here that's fine enough for the President to ride in."

The common presented a truly festive scene when we reached it. As large as a ten-acre lot, it was covered with a soft, rich turf and enclosed on three sides by beautiful woodland and on the fourth by the main-travelled road. Horses, tied in the shade along the outer rim of trees, were munching hay from piles which had been thrown down before them. Deserted vehicles, ranging from white-canopied prairie-schooners and rough market-carts to the smartest of new buggies, stood idly among the trees, and, with changing lights and shadows playing over them, were groups of picnickers seated on the mossy ground about white table-cloths which bore their viands, and some on rustic benches at rough tables hastily put up for the occasion.

But the dinner-hour was nearly over, and those who had picnicked in the woods were fast joining the crowds who poured in upon the common from the town. The peanut and popcorn and lemonade venders were out in force, and you could hear from many quarters the professional tones of fakirs who invited the crowds to throw rings at walking-sticks, or rubber balls at stuffed dolls for cigars, or to various tests of strength on a variety of ingenious ma-

chines. These had their votaries for a time, and there was much laughter and chaffing about the jousts, but the current of the crowd soon set overwhelmingly toward a quarter of the field where a baseball game was being started. Two townships were to play each other. There was no organized nine in either, but a volunteer one was presently secured from both. Not without some difficulty, however. I saw one sturdy young farmer offer his services as pitcher, and his wife, who stood by with her baby in her arms, pleaded with him to desist.

"Charlie," she repeated with whining petulance, "you hadn't ought to ; you *know* you hadn't ought to. Just think how stiff and sore you'll be to-morrow. You won't be fit for the haying." But the spirit of the sport was upon Charlie, and not only did he pitch for his township, but he took off his boots and played in stocking-feet to facilitate his base running.

Another young farmer, a gorgeous swell, with his best girl beside him in a phaeton-buggy, and with no end of a white waistcoat and a white cravat, and with a high, stiff collar chafing his well-burned neck, sat spectator to the scene for a time ; then, unable to resist longer the demand for a catcher for his township nine, he asked the young woman to hold the horses, and, leaving his coat and waistcoat and high collar in her care, he caught a plucky game without a mask or a breast-pad and with only an indifferent glove, and he threw so well to second that the other side had to give up trying to steal that base.

It was a perfectly delightful game ; not at all a duel of batteries, but like a contest between two newly organized rival freshman nines before any team-work has been developed, for both pitchers were hit freely, and there were plenty of the most engaging errors and the wildest of excited throwing, and at times a perfect merry-go-round of frantic base-running, during which it was difficult to keep track of the score.

We drove back to the farm in the cool of the evening in time for supper and the chores before nightfall, and at five o'clock on the next morning began again a day of work in the hay-fields.

DENVER, COL., September 21, 1892.

It is a long cry from Mr. Barton's farm to this beautiful Western city, but the story of the journey can easily be shortened to a few pages, which will serve to picture its salient incidents. Even at this distance of time and space I cannot touch in passing upon my parting with the Barton family without feeling again the sense of homesickness which accompanied me as, in the glory of an early July morning, I walked down the garden-path to the road, with her good-by and a gentle "God bless you!" from Mrs. Barton sounding in my ear, and a last repeated generous offer from Mr. Barton of a permanent home, if I would stay with them, almost following me to the gate. It was the best of the many chances which I have found open to men who are honestly in search of work and willing to work their way industriously and patiently to advancement. I have found many jobs thus far, and in scarcely one of them have I failed to see the means of winning promotion and improved position, while not a few have seemed to me to open a way to considerable business success to a man shrewd enough to seize it and persistent enough to develop it. Often, as I look back upon two thousand miles of country crossed—apart from the splendor of it—the almost overwhelming impression that it leaves of boundless empire wherein a growing, intelligent, industrious, God-fearing people are slowly working out great ends in industrial achievement and personal character and in national life, an impression which thrills one with a new-found knowledge and love of one's country, with her "glorious might of heaven-born freedom" and the resistless resurgence of her boundless energies, and, notwithstanding all waywardness, a deep-seated, unalterable consciousness of national responsibility to the most high God; apart from all this, the strongest sense which possesses one in any retrospect of a long, laborious expedition like mine, is that of a wide land, which teems with opportunities open to energy and patient toil. Local labor markets there are which are terribly crowded, as I found in Chicago to my cost. Awful suffering there is among workers who are in the clutch of illness, or, bound by ties which they cannot break, are unable to move to more favorable re-

gions; pitiful degradation there is among many who lack imagination to see a way and the energy to pursue it, and who, without the congenital qualities which make for successful struggle, sink into the slough of purposeless idleness; deep depravity and unutterable misery there are in the great congested labor-centres, many of whose conditions are the price which we pay for our economic freedom. But the broad fact remains, that the sun never shone upon a race of civilized men whose responsibilities were greater and whose problems were more charged with the welfare of mankind, among whom energy and thrift and perseverance and ability were surer of their just rewards, and where there were so many and such various chances of successful and honorable career.

In leaving Mr. Barton's farm I found much the same external conditions as those with which I had grown familiar ever since I left Chicago. It was a rich agricultural region, and was inhabited throughout this section in curious, clearly defined communities. In one quarter was a German settlement, and in another a Norwegian, and a Swedish settlement in a third, while I heard of a French colony as a curiosity in another direction, and even an organization of Quakers. But there were native-born Americans in plenty, and chiefly of New England antecedents, as I found in my chance acquaintance with farmers by the way, and from observations of such a charming town as Algona, in northern Iowa, where I spent several days. On every hand it was borne in upon one, not merely from what appeared but from the invariable assurances of those who have lived long in the region, that among the foreign population no fact is more thoroughly established than that of its swift assimilation. So swift and sure a process is this said to be that the children born upon the soil, of immigrant parentage, seem to lose certain physical characteristics which would link them to an alien ancestry, and to take on others which approximate to recognized American types. Their children, in turn, are said to be natives of established character; but of them all none surpasses the first-comers, when once they are settled and grown familiar with our institutions, in a stanch, honest conserva-

tism and in a loyal, patriotic devotion to their adopted country.

It was nearly the end of July when I reached Council Bluffs. I was well worn with walking, for the last two hundred miles I had covered in six days' march, and I was glad enough to stop for a time. But I did not wish to stop there, for my letters for several weeks past had been forwarded to Omaha, and were now awaiting me across the river. Unluckily for me, there was a five-cent toll for foot passengers on the bridge, and I had only one cent left.

It was the middle of an intensely hot afternoon. I was too tired to begin an immediate search for work, and so I took a seat on a bench in the shade of the public square, near to a fountain which played with a delicious sound of coolness under the trees. The park walks converged toward the fountain as a centre, and thither came the people who wished to rest in the shade or whose errands carried them through the public square. Presently a sharer of my bench got up and walked on, leaving behind him a copy of a local paper, which I eagerly seized upon and read and re-read until I became conscious of the dimming light of early evening. I was stiff and sore with the long, hot, dusty march, and uncomfortable at failing to get the letters upon which I had long counted, and I lacked utterly the energy to surmount even so slight a difficulty. But with the cool of the early evening came the natural hunger bred of a day's march, and the necessity of providing for that and a shelter for the night.

One of the streets of the city through which I had walked to the central square was named Fifth Avenue, and from one point on its pavement I could see through the open windows of a cheap hotel the tables in the dining-room spread for supper. There were screens at the windows and light cotton curtains, and the table-linen appeared clean and the shaded depth of the room looked to me, from the blistering pavement, like the subdued, fragrant coolness of real luxury.

I retraced my steps to the hotel and asked for work, but there was none for me. I found the way to the stables and applied there, but an old man with a long nose and a white, patriarchal beard told

me that they were in no need of more men. This was very different from my experience in the country, where everyone was in need of men and one had not to ask for employment but was everywhere urged to accept it, and I began to wonder whether for the sake of work I should be forced out again to the farms.

Near this "Fifth Avenue" hotel I had noticed a livery-stable which fronted on one street and extended through to another bordering the public square. I went there next, and found its keeper seated comfortably in the wide, open doorway. Taciturn and non-committal at first, he confessed eventually to his needing a man in addition to the two already at work in the stable, and, after some questioning, he told me to come back at nine o'clock that evening and receive his decision.

I was supperless and without the means of securing anything to eat, and there remained an hour and a half before nine o'clock. In this predicament I had the good fortune to chance upon a delightful public library on the second floor of a building overlooking the square. It was like the library at Wilkesbarre in its charming accessibility; and, without a trace of the feeling of weariness or hunger left, I was reading ravenously, when, by some happy chance, I caught sight of a clock that was almost on the stroke of nine. With thanks, which were exceedingly short and abrupt, I returned the books to an attendant in the library and then bolted for Mr. Holden's livery-stable. He was standing in the door when I came up, and, without preliminary remarks,

"I will take you on," he said, and then he added, almost without a pause,

"I will give you twenty dollars a month and arrange for your board at the hotel (indicating the "Fifth Avenue" one), or thirty dollars a month and you manage for your own keep. You will sleep in the loft over the harness-room."

Without a moment's hesitation I accepted the first offer, and wishing us good-night Mr. Holden left the stable in charge of Ed, one of the other hired men, and me.

It was too late to get anything to eat at the hotel, and so I sat up with Ed and helped unhitch the horses and put up the traps as they came in. The last horse was

housed by eleven o'clock. I then found that with the aid of the hose a capital bath was possible in the carriage-washing section of the stable, and then I went to bed on a cot in the well-ventilated loft, very content in the knowledge that I had found a good place and should have a breakfast in the morning.

Ed called me at five o'clock as he was going below, and when I followed him he assigned me the two rows of stalls next to his own, which contained twelve horses and which were to be my first care. All these stalls had to be cleaned and the horses fed before I was at liberty to go to breakfast, and it was with a royal appetite that about seven o'clock I applied at the hotel. It was a very decent hostelry, largely made use of by farmers apparently. I was at once accepted as an employé of Mr. Holden, and served to an excellent meal by a trim little waitress, at one of the very tables which I had looked in upon on the previous afternoon with such genuine longing, and with the feeling of its belonging to a degree of luxury far beyond my reach.

The twelve horses which had fallen to my share had all to be curried after breakfast and got ready for the day's orders. Calls for vehicles began to arrive in the middle of the morning, and they continued to come at intervals throughout the day, so that there was much hitching and unhitching to interfere with regular tasks.

Jake, the third hired man, was boss in the absence of the owner. He had long been in Mr. Holden's employ, and had a wife and several children in a home of his own somewhere in the outskirts of the city. All the feeding, and cleaning, and currying, and carriage-washing, fell to Ed and me, while Jake, in addition to a general superintendence, had as his special trust the care of all the harnesses. He took great pride in them, and certainly kept them in admirable condition. Ed was chief carriage-washer and next in command under Jake, while to me, when my regular work was done, fell the odd jobs of keeping the carriages oiled, and watering the horses at the proper hours, and lending a hand at the unloading of the hay and feed as they came in—of holding myself in readiness, in short, to do anything that anyone in the stable asked of me. A very good position it was, as I very soon found.

I had no great difficulty in learning the various tasks, and in a stable which, even in the fierce heat of August, was always comfortable, and at forms of work which were always interesting, and with every cost of living provided for, I was clearing five dollars a week.

By no means were the demands of our work continuous. Nearly every afternoon we had an hour or two or even three together, when there was little to be done. I found a book-shop across the way from the stable, where second-hand books could be rented at the rate of six cents a week and the books exchanged as often as you pleased.

Then in the evenings, when we all had supped in turn, and the stalls had been made ready for the night, and the traps sent out in answer to the evening trade, Jake and Ed and I used to sit out in front, within easy hearing of the telephone-bell, with our chairs tilted against the stable wall and our feet caught by the heels on the chair rounds, and there we talked by the hour together, until Jake went home, and left Ed and me to care for the outstanding horses and traps, and lock up the stable for the night.

I was at a disadvantage in these conversations. Jake and Ed were Yankees, both of them shrewd, hard-headed, steady fellows. Jake was the father of a family, and Ed an unmarried man of three and thirty, who was working with all his might to pay off the mortgage on his father's farm back in Illinois. Both of them had had some district-school training, but nothing beyond, and while they had a perfectly intelligent knowledge of affairs which concerned them as men and as citizens, their farther intellectual horizon was limited.

One evening as we sat under the stars the talk turned upon astronomy, and Ed began to comment disparagingly upon the claims of astronomers of an ability to weigh the heavenly bodies, and to measure their distances from one another and from the earth. Jake heartily agreed with him, and insisted that not until a line could be carried from one to another, and each star weighed accurately in a scale, would he put any confidence in these pretended results. My attempt to point out that there were methods of determining weight and distance other than the very direct ones

which they insisted upon, was very damaging to my reputation for intelligence, and was set down as of a piece with the general ignorance which I had shown in the work of a livery-stable. And when, later in the discussion, I stood out for the validity of the doctrine of the conservation of energy, against Ed's immediate demonstration of its falsity in the heaps of refuse which he pointed out were thrown every day from our stable alone, and which must to some degree effect a variation in the totality of matter—I found that my position in the crew was threatened with unpleasantness.

But in reality both Jake and Ed were exceedingly friendly to me. They were at pains from the first to teach me my work, and to give me a hint now and again, which counted for much in the matter of getting the job well in hand. Soon the days began to go by with astonishing rapidity. I had told Mr. Holden that I should not be with him very long, and at the end of two weeks I left the livery-stable with ten dollars and one cent in my pocket, minus the twelve cents which were due for book-hire, and which I felt had been well invested.

At Omaha I stopped for several days. Like Minneapolis and Denver, of the Western towns which I have seen, it is a splendid type of the American city of a generation's growth, where almost miraculous progress has been made in actual material development, and where the higher demands of civilization are responded to with an energy and enthusiasm which are inspiring, and which are prophetic of splendid results.

Then out I walked one perfect afternoon upon the level plains of Nebraska, with wild sunflowers in prolific bloom and square miles of Indian-corn fields standing lusty and stark to the very horizon with puffs of belated pollen powdering the warm red light, and the corn-silk turning black at the ends, and the long, drooping, cane-like blades beginning to show the ripe yellow of the autumn.

The mere writing down the bare fact of the journey stirs in one's blood again the joy of that free life. The boundlessness of the world and your boundless enjoyment of it, the multiplicity of abundant life and your blood-kinship with it all, some

goal on the distant horizon and your "spirit leaping within you to be gone before you then!" There is scarcely a recollection of all the tramp through Illinois and Minnesota and Iowa and eastern Nebraska which is without the charm of a free, wandering life through a rich, beautiful country. What I saw of the wealth of a fertile region in central Illinois I found again enhanced in beauty and productivity in southern Minnesota, and, varying in outward configuration but scarcely less attractive or fruitful, across the face of Iowa, losing only its variety as it modulates in Nebraska to the plains which slope upward gently for five hundred miles to the Rockies.

My mind throngs with the pictures of splendid cultivation, of leagues on leagues of farms which were had for the taking or were purchased from the Government at a dollar an acre, and where I saw countless comfortable homes and fields white to the harvest, with no demand so strong as the one for laborers.

It was not wealth in the sense of opulence, but it was the plenty which is beyond the fear of want that marked the character of that broad domain. The poor were there, and the suffering and the deeply discontented, and there were hard conditions of life and very sordid ones, but never the hopelessness which gives to town-bred destitution its quality of despair. In the gradual development of actual resources about you appeared to be the remedies of most of the obvious ills.

"This is a rich region," said a handsome young farmer who had offered me a lift one blistering hot day in Iowa—"this is a rich region, and it is more than rich, it is reliable. We never know a total failure of crops here; we can always make a living. This country for hundreds of miles around is a garden, and we live in the heart of it." And he was one of the discontented. I only regret that I have not space here for his interesting account of the tyranny of capital under which, from his point of view, the farmers live and work, and the imperative need of monetary reform as a means of bringing about their emancipation.

It was the thing which I had heard many times from many farmers at the West, only never presented with quite

equal cogency before. The opposite views had been represented to me, and there was often a singular alternation of presentation within the course of a day or two, and I had come to recognize a comical uniformity between condition and views.

If I chanced upon a farmer who had no particular quarrel with the existing order of things, who was conservative and cautious and sceptical of the efficacy of change, I was quite sure to find that he was an admirable farmer, thrifty and energetic and industrious, with a thorough knowledge of his business down to a frugal care of minor details. But if, on the other hand, I fell in with a farmer who was clamorous for radical economic change, on the ground that he and his class were being ruined by the injustices of existing economic conditions, I soon began to feel a suspicion, which all my observation deepened into a conviction, that the man of this type was fundamentally a poor farmer; his buildings and fences were sure to be out of repair, and his stock showed signs of suffering for want of proper care, and the weeds grew thick in his corn, and his machines were left unhoused and suffered more from rust than ever they did from wear.

This would be absurd as a generalization with any claim to wide applicability, as would be any generalization based upon my casual experimenting; it was the comical uniformity of my experience in this case as in some others that impressed me.

The real difficulties of the situation for many of the Western farmers one could not fail to see. Apart from material misfortune and apart from sickness and ill-luck, there is the inexorableness of conditions which seem at times to hold them to a life of servitude with no escape from unprofitable drudgery, and from the carking care which burdens men who are hopelessly in the clutch of debt.

I grew impatient at times with the tone of Philistine patronage and superiority adopted by the sturdier farmers. Theirs was the harder work no doubt and theirs the shrewder carefulness and the more provident handling of their instruments, but even hard-won success is sometimes so strangely blind to the obligations which arise from the fact that subjective difficulties are as real and are often far more diffi-

cult of mastering than those which are objective. Often it appears at its worst as, with utter disregard of the duty of helpfulness, it chants its heartless creed in the terms of the fore-ordination which lightly dooms all the non-elect of high efficiency to the deep damnation of beggarly dependence or of endless failure in the struggle of life.

Two hundred miles west of Omaha the wages earned at the livery-stable in Council Bluffs were exhausted, and I was obliged to look for another job with which to replenish my store. I was following the line of the Union Pacific Railway, and, having spent my last cent one mid-day for a dinner, I went up to the first section-boss whom I met in the afternoon's walk and asked him for a job. He was a burly Irishman of massive figure. Without a moment's hesitation he told me that he was in no need of a man, but that Osborn, the boss of the next westward section, the thirty-second, with headquarters at Buda, he knew was looking for one.

About eight miles farther on I came upon Osborn and two men at work near the little station at Buda, a scant four miles east of Kearney, and it was as the Irishman had said, for instantly, upon my application, Osborn accepted me as a section-hand at wages of a dollar and a quarter a day for ten hours' work, and offered me board and lodgings at his home for three dollars a week, an arrangement with which I instantly closed.

For the remaining afternoon and until six o'clock I lay resting in the tall prairie grass in the shade of the railway station, and at seven o'clock on the next morning I began a term of three weeks' service as a section-hand under the orders of Osborn the boss, and with a strapping young Irishman, "Cuckoo" Sullivan by name, as my partner.

That was the last long stop before I reached Denver. And now, as I am about to leave this city for the remaining thousand miles of my journey, I look back over a summer and autumn spent in the country and in towns and villages of the thousand miles from the seaboard to Chicago, and then a winter and a spring within the limits of the foremost city of the Middle West, and then a summer in the vast farming region between Chicago

and Minneapolis and Denver. A thousand miles remain, but with what eager anticipation do I look forward to them! I shall strike in among the mountains, and then leave to the natural development of events the determining of my westward journey. Whichever course it takes, my way must lie through the frontier, and by force of necessity I must come into contact with a life which is something other than the monotonous daily round of work. There will be mining regions with the chances of prospecting, and the ranches with the wide range of their free living, and Indian reservations to be crossed, and many lonely mountain-trails to be followed.

It was never without interest and charm, this summer's walk with its intervals of work, over a thousand miles of the mid-continent. It varied in beauty with every day's march, and even the dead level of the Nebraska prairies as the Indian corn-fields grew thinner and faded com-

pletely into boundless plains of sage-brush, where the alkali lay white on the glittering soil, and the bleaching skeletons of cattle joined their mute appeal to the cloudless sky for water to quench a burning thirst—even here was an attraction and an interest of its own.

Days ago I caught sight of the mountains rising from out the level plain, and, through the haze of distance and above the mists which shrouded their gaunt sides, I saw their “silent pinnacles of aged snow” appearing clear against the blue of high heaven. Now, as I have drawn nearer in this marvellous air, a hundred miles of the range stand out in glorious vividness of color and of every detail of configuration, and my heart leaps again to the joy of their companionship, and I realize with a tingling of blood that the best of the journey, in any sense of adventure, lies before me in the life which they hold upon their slopes and fertile valleys, and in the gloomy depths of their vast cañons.

(To be concluded in November.)

“WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS”

By Grace Ellery Channing

THE written thought, the printed word
Are ships that sail the sea;
And Time, the Ocean, gives account
Of many an argosy.

Some safe with merchandise make port
That lowly ventured thence,
Nor ever steered them by a thought
Beyond safe opulence.

And some (the stateliest embassies
That ever filled the eye!)
With song and band that left the land—
Veiled ones, who watch and understand,
Tell where their fragments lie!

Some are the mighty liners;
Where the long sea-surge rolls
Through storm and night, through sun and light

“Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships”

They carry safe in all despite
Their cabin-lists of souls.

And some wherever keel may grate
Or prow may cut the foam,
Are pilots of the treacherous waves,
Through piled-up years, through years of graves,
Bringing the millions home.

Some are fair pleasure-craft that bore
White sails into the sun,
Catching the momentary light ;
A day's gay dance—then the long night
When the day's dance is done.

And some on deeds of mercy fare,
And some on deeds of war,
With grim, great cannon set to kill,
Or kind gold grain to feed and fill
Life that was Death's before.

But most (make light thy breath to these,
O winds of destiny !)
Are fisher-boats that plough the seas—
Oh, not for happy isles of ease,
Nor gold fruit of Hesperides !—
But bread—bread from the hungry seas,
For children at their mothers' knees,
And mothers yet to be !

But laughs that sea with tempest ;
Boats are its boisterous sport.
Ten million have set boldly forth
And ten are come to port.

Oh, well the mariner may stand
For a bold course and true ;
A ship well manned, a voyage well planned,
If he will sail it through.
And happy is that mariner
And voyage, whate'er its start,
When the long *molo* is well past,
Who finds the anchor holding fast,
The light shine in the dark at last,
And harbor in some heart.

Yet—for the voyage is glorious,
The great sea wide and free—
Up coward anchor ; set the sail ;
Steer for the open ; should Time fail,
Remains Eternity !

JOHNNY'S JOB

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

THE day was so warm that the men at the steel-works were all mopping their brows with the back of their hands. Nevertheless the furnaces were flaming and the great red and black iron sheds were penetrated with the incessant pounding roar of the rolls.

Johnny Burke, the new heater's-helper, cast a keen glance out of his long-lashed Irish gray eyes at Larsen, the heater. The tall Swede's face was flushed and strange of expression; he flung his tools noisily into the bosh. Both the drag-down and the charger glanced askance at him, exchanging opinions in pantomime; but Johnny did not speak to either of them, he walked over to the roller. That great man was tapping the rolls with his tongs, whistling softly.

"Say," said Johnny in his ear, "something's the matter with Larsen, he ain't been round to reverse the furnace for half an hour. I reversed it, myself, a little while ago, I didn't like to before; but the bridge was 'most awash—all melting!"

The roller nodded. "I told the rougher the next piece of hard iron he got from him to send it back; he would before only he's a friend of Knute's. Well, so'm I a friend of Knute's; but we can't have the turn spoiled with cracked iron."

"Looks like he had a jag on him," said Johnny, in a dispassionate way.

"That's it," the roller returned, gloomily, "he's had some sort of trouble with his wife. Jealous I guess; and he was drinking yesterday. Never knew him to drink before. But these sober fellers, when they get to drinking, go all to pieces. It's an awful pity. Knute's a pretty good feller. Say, do you think you can kinder watch the furnace? Go right ahead, he won't notice!"

"I guess so," said Johnny; but his heart swelled within him. "I had a heater's job last."

"How'd you lose it?"

"Strike. We lost it; and they didn't take on all the men. There was a lot of

married men wanted to get back, bad; they didn't want to move. And I was single and foot-loose—so I skipped. Well, maybe"—flushing with his effort to be candid—"maybe they wouldn't have took me on if I'd asked. I didn't ask."

"I guess you're white," said the roller; "well, keep your eye on things!"

He gazed after Johnny's curly black head and handsome profile with a new interest, but far from suspecting that he had heard the disappointment of Johnny's life. To be sure Johnny had said nothing of the girl.

Johnny was a new man, taken on a week ago, on Leroy's recommendation. Leroy was an old friend of Knute Larsen's. Knute was popular in the works, not only in his own little realm, the eight-inch mill, where the heater has almost equal powers with the roller, but in the other mills and in the office. To the office there was one exception, the assistant superintendent. He was a young man who rated his own knowledge high. During the superintendent's absence he was in charge; and he had already had a dispute with Knute about the "scrap." The "scrap" was of his own adventurous buying; and, naturally, when the turns were disappointing he blamed the heaters, blamed the rollers and blamed Knute Larsen more than all.

Knute, however, only blamed the "scrap;" he did not pass his superior's bad temper on to Johnny; and Johnny was grateful.

He respected Larsen, not only because he was a remarkably good heater, who always sent out "nice soft iron," but because he was tall—Johnny himself being very short. Knute had soft blue eyes and a yellow beard. He was taciturn but cheerful in his silent way; and liked to listen to other men's jokes, smiling with his eyes. The last man, one would think, to jeopard his high wages by drinking. "A married man, too," thought Johnny, severely, "if I ever get married"—he flushed and his eye

sparkled; and he stood for a moment absently gazing at nothing, while his whole life seemed to drift before him.

• First he saw himself a little straightening boy, barely nine, dizzy with the glory of working in an iron-mill and having wages of his own to bring home to his mother every fortnight. His father was dead. He had three sisters, all younger than he; he was the man of the family, his mother always called him, "Mother's man." His poor mother! even after all those years the lump climbed into Johnny's throat as he remembered how the three little sisters had all died in one dreadful week of diphtheria, and how he stood alone by his mother, beside the last and smallest little grave. Somehow the shade of little Rosy "who was so cute" was most vivid to him of all; and his mother's grief for her baby was heartbreaking. "But I've got you, son," she sobbed, "mother's little man—O Johnny, be *careful!*"

I fear Johnny was hardly careful in the way that she meant; he had the name of being "the recklessest little devil in the works;" and his mother's hair would have turned gray could she have viewed him cheerily dodging the wriggling, glowing red serpents that dove at him from the finishing rolls. But he was careful of his mother; he learned to put a stout front on his hardships, to keep his kicks and cuffs to himself and hide his burns and get up in the black winter mornings without calling, although his muscles had not rested from last night's ache; and he would make faces for the pain, while he dressed. He thought of none of those things now; his lips were working and he brushed the wet out of his eyes because he remembered how happy his mother was when he was made strand boy, happier than she had been since the little girls died. She laughed, she laughed out loud! "Think of you only thirteen and earning most as much as your ma! Oh, if your pa could see you this day! If he could know how you've been mother's man"—and then she kissed him and sorely scared him by crying bitterly. Was it, as she said, for the joy and for remembering how proud his father had always been of his only son, or was it because she knew she had the sickness on her? "I'm glad I got the raise that week," muttered Johnny, his eyes dimming. Next week, he

had no mother to be glad for him. He went to live with his aunt. She was sorry for the lad, who made no complaints and only cried at night for his mother, but she had married a widower with six small children, each one, she was accustomed to say, bad in a different way from the others, so she had scant leisure for "mothering" Johnny. At fifteen Johnny felt himself a man; and not a youngster in the works got so many cuffs and oaths from the roughers whose tongs he was using the minute their backs were turned. Plenty of kindness the roughers gave him, between deserved reproofs for meddling; and he picked up ambition and rude notions of honor and a reverence for the Amalgamated Association. The Lodge of the Association and the Lodge of the Knights of Pythias gave Johnny most of his education, both moral and intellectual. Never did either association or order have a catechumen who listened more eagerly to teachings of the fraternal duties of brothers in the lodge.

"It's the most wonderful thing in the world," mused Johnny often, during the first years of his membership. "Well, I guess there's one thing that beats 'em all," he thought to-day, "beats even the knights." And Johnny sighed. For that one thing was love. When Johnny was twenty-five, he fell in love. It was soon after he got his job as heater; and a light heart is easy to move. She was a clerk in a dry-goods shop; our English cousins would call it a haberdasher's. She boarded at Mrs. Heller's, only two blocks away from Johnny's aunt's house, a clean, quiet place, very respectable and not expensive. Johnny still boarded with his aunt. He could have found a pleasanter place for his money; and he didn't enjoy the nightly companionship of his youngest cousin, known in the family circle as "Kicker;" but no one else would sleep with the child, and his aunt needed the board money; hence Johnny stayed and paid it, scrupulously in advance. He furnished his bare little room, making it so comfortable that his aunt always gave it to her mother-in-law when she visited them, while Johnny camped elsewhere—with Kicker. The girl, Miss Dora Glenn (Johnny knew her name before he knew her), rode a bicycle. Johnny also rode a bicycle; and almost daily, returning from his work, he met Miss Glenn

returning from hers. He admired her riding; then he admired her. One day, his heart curdled beholding a desperate "object-struck" beginner, a man of herculean frame, charge down on a baby-carriage, and Miss Glenn pedal swiftly in between the doomed infant and the human catapult. Johnny scorching down to her arrived in time to see the collision and hear the crash. She was not hurt—the man had toppled over at a touch; one can scarcely say that he lost his balance, he having so little balance to lose—but her wheel was broken. Johnny mended it; after he had given the unhappy beginner his opinion of a man that couldn't steer, coming out on the street. "You best *walk* home," says Johnny, sternly; "and be thankful you ain't a murderer; you ain't safe on a wheel!"

The giant limped meekly away, pushing his unharmed wheel; while Johnny addressed himself to repairs, assisted by Miss Glenn. She had taken off her gloves. Once her hand touched his. It was a very white hand and felt cool and lovely smooth; and somehow, although it was so different, Johnny's memory flashed back to the touch of his mother's hand on his cheek. "Ma'd like her," he thought. "Oh, I wish I could tell ma about her."

He noticed that she did not talk like the Pennsylvania girls; and long afterward, the rich, leisurely cadences of her voice lived on his ear. He always thought of her with a reflection of the tingling throb his heart gave him, as she flew past, straight into the path of that mountain of a man.

"Knew he'd bowl her over, but bound to save the baby!" thought Johnny, enthusiastically, "Oh, ain't she got sand! And she's a perfect lady, too."

After this incident, whenever they met she smiled and Johnny took off his cap. The second week he ventured to observe the road was bad for wheeling, or it was a warm day, merely in passing. He thought about her a great deal; and he thought more about his mother and his father than he had in a long time. He consulted a carpenter of his acquaintance in regard to the price of houses. At the lodge of the association, during the social half hour after the business session, he made one of the most vigorous speeches ever there made, on the subject of steel men wasting their wages in riotous good times. As Johnny,

while never known to be visibly under the influence of that which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, had prided himself on the hardness of his head rather than on keeping out of temptation and, indeed, had been nicknamed "the tank" by less capable and envious drinkers, this austerity drew much talk. Johnny, himself, felt that he had burned his festive bridges behind him.

The following week he had two photographs taken (in his uniform as a Knight of Pythias, his hand on his sword-hilt). Saturday night he put the best two of the dozen in his pocket and after an hour of scrubbing and dressing, took his way to the Heller's.

It was a June night; and Miss Glenn might be sitting out on the piazza with the family. So in truth it fell out. Miss Glenn was rocking beside Mrs. Heller.

They both rose to greet him. He had never seen her except on her wheel or beside it. Her trailing, shimmering black skirt made her look very tall; and there was a dainty air about her pink shirt-waist and snowy lawn tie. "She's an elegant appearing lady!" thought Johnny, making his best bow to the accompaniment of Mrs. Heller's introduction.

"So you ain't married yet?" says Mrs. Heller, by way of setting every one at ease.

"No, ma'am; but I'm thinking of it," says Johnny, forcing his eyes up to Miss Glenn's face and turning scarlet. It seemed to him that he had almost made her an offer of his hand. He cleared his husky voice and plunged ahead. "I'm getting six and seven dollars a day; and I hope to make more when I get used to heating. I've got a hundred and twenty-two dollars in the bank. I don't think a man has got any right to marry unless he can give his wife a house of their own."

If his voice would not roll up like a ball in his throat he could say more, a great deal more; but how could he talk when he had to keep swallowing? He essayed a smile—at Mrs. Heller; and he felt the drops rolling down his neck and wilting his beautiful white collar.

"That's awful good wages," said Mrs. Heller, cordially.

"I should *say*!" Miss Glenn agreed. Again to-day he felt the glow of her bright dark eyes on him; and his heart bounded.



... learned to put a stout front on his hardships . . . and hide his burns.—Page 440.

"You must be high up, Johnny," said Mrs. Heller, "rougher or heater—you'd never get that much, finishing."

"Sure," said Johnny, modestly, "I'm heater for the twelve-inch——"

"My! but you're young to be a heater, Johnny! Wasn't you scared first day you went on? You know Heller was a heater, and he told me he was dreadful scared the first week lest he'd burn the breast out of the furnace or some sech awful thing."

"Well, I was too," admitted Johnny. "I guess I ain't all over being scared, yet; you see there are so many bad things you can do, to the furnace or the iron."

"That's so," the heater's widow assented, shaking her head; "you're jest like your pa, Johnny, so conscientious."

Johnny, in an access of gratitude, pulled out the photographs and asked her if she could give them house-room. He remembered with a thrill how Miss Glenn's graceful brown head looked, bent over the pictures. He remembered how he lost his constraint and waxed fluent explaining the objects of the Knights of Pythias. But he could not muster daring enough to ask her to accept one of the pictures. Instead, out of his grateful heart, he asked Mrs. Heller, her daughter, and her little son (too young to be left at home) and Miss Glenn to go driving Sunday afternoon; and he took

them in a surrey with two handsome horses that the clerk of the livery-stable told him were never allowed to go without a stable-driver; but he said that for a dollar extra he, Johnny, being known to be a careful man, should be given the fiery steeds. Johnny did not find them fiery; but he had the pleasure of passing over the clerk's cautions to Mrs. Heller; and she sat on the back seat with her children, clasping them in her arms and calling "whoa!" loudly every time one of the horses lashed a fly; and Miss Dora was on the front seat with him; and the gates of paradise swung open.

But the days went by without his adventuring any further confusion. Twice he rode in the park with her, once on Saturday evening, once on Sunday afternoon.

He told her of his parents, of his hopes, of his ambitions, he told her of everything but his love; and that was so timid, so worshipful that he could not bring himself to speech. She told him that she was an orphan with one sister who was married and always begging her to try for employment in the town where she lived. "Sometimes I think I will," she said. "I was born West and I love it there, I get homesick for the Mississippi River. I hate the big cities—like this. I love a town where there are trees on the streets and all the folks have yards to their houses. And I *love* to see the river."

"Yes, a river's a great thing," said Johnny; "I don't know when I learned to swim, I was so little. Once we lived right on the river and my mother was so 'fraid I'd get drowned. But she wasn't after she saw me swim."

"Mrs. Heller says you saved a little boy from drowning, once."

"'Shaw, that was nothing, the kid fell in the cistern and all I had to do was to tread water." Johnny was tempted to tell of the man that he had saved in the river; but he thought that would look like bragging and held his peace.

She was riding, slowly, her eyes on the grass plots that swam before them as they

passed. Her brown hair took sunnier glints in the twilight glow, the delicate oval of her cheek was flushed. She was pretty, as thousands of American girls are pretty, but in that light, with the gentle thought in her eyes, she looked an angel to her lover. He caught his breath. "If I get married, my wife shall live where she pleases if I can only get good work," said he, frowning and grasping the handle-bar with a grip of steel.

He did not see her face or he would have seen that she grew red; but she laughed and exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful road to scorch!"

Johnny could not understand whether she wanted to put him off; but he was too shy to persist. He bent over his handle-bar.

The next day the long threatening strike began. Johnny had no job; no right, he thought, to speak. "I'll wait until we win and I'm back," he said. And they did not win. That was a hard month to Johnny, a hard decision to make, to relinquish his fair hopes and go on the road for a job. But, swearing at his luck, Johnny chose a heavy heart instead of a loaded conscience: and went dismally to Mrs. Heller to tell them that he must go. "My sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Heller, waving her pudgy hands in the air, "didn't you know it? Miss Glenn's *gone*. Her sister's been writing and writing; and she decided yesterday she'd go. She left her good-by for you; and hoped if you was ever in Fairport, Ia., you'd come to see her."

Johnny's cheeks were a kind of blue white. His teeth came together with a click. His nostrils widened. Mrs. Heller turned away from his miserable eyes.

"I—I give her one of your photographs afore

she went, Johnny," said she; "you don't mind."

Johnny laughed. "I guess I don't. I guess you're an awful good friend of mine. Good-by, Mrs. Heller, a friend of mine knows a Mr. Leroy in Fairport. He's president of the Labor Council; and I'll get a letter to him. There's a new steel works in Fairport or just 'cross the river. I'm going to try for a job, there. What—what's Miss Dora's address?"

But Miss Dora had left no address. "Maybe's a little town; and I don't need it," said Johnny, stoutly. He took the night train for the West, leaving consolation gifts for his weeping aunt and the cousins, and carrying away a very scanty remainder of his savings. "Oh, I'll get along," he said to the boys at the train; and he would not borrow and went away smiling; and nobody saw the puckered face bent over the back of the car-seat as the flaming chimneys fell behind. "Think





"Miss Glenn's gone."—Page 443.

of them boys, who are all stone-broke and just got their jobs back, wanting to lend *me* money," he gurgled to the roar of the train, "I'll never find no such friends anywhere else!"

He was desperately lonely the first week in Fairport. He would have been more lonely but for Harry Leroy, who asked him once to supper at his own house and gave him a good word with Knute Larsen and the superintendent of the Edgewater Steel Works, and lent him papers to read.

He walked the streets and rode on the street-railways and bought papers of pins or thread or needles or a cake of soap in every dry-goods shop in the city of Fairport; but not once did he see the face that haunted his heart.

Not once until this morning; and because of this morning, because of an eye-blink of a face at a car-window whirling by—just as he turned to go his way to the works—he stood now viewing the panorama of his life, and sure that for this all had been worth the living.

He roused himself to attend to the drafts of the furnace. Knute was lurching about in a heavy-gaited way smiling feebly did anyone speak to him; and making fu-

tile attempts to focus his glassy eyeballs on the speaker.

"You go to the window and get a breath of air," said Johnny. "I'll talk to the boss."

"Where's Larsen?" said the assistant superintendent.

"He's 'most sick to-day; it's so hot."

"It's infernal weather," grumbled the young man; but he looked after Knute's swaying back in a way that Johnny did not like.

A few minutes later Johnny, having gone to the window himself for a gasp of relief from the dead heat of the mill, heard the assistant and the time-keeper talking. They were in the roadway below and did not see him.

"I guess there is," the time-keeper was saying in answer to some question. "I noticed he was wrong when I was in there, taking time; he couldn't hardly answer me; but it may be the heat."

"Doesn't look like it," said the assistant, "if he is drunk, he'll go, that's all. It's too cursed risky! Johnny Burke used to be a heater and he can take the place. I'm not going to have a mess at the eight-inch to report to the old man, to-morrow." They passed on; and Johnny went back

to the furnace thinking, "I'll give Knute a hint; he ain't showing good sense."

But there was Knute, prone on the sand-heap beside the furnace, in the scorching heat, his purple face full in the glow. Johnny did not look at his face. He looked, his eyes hardening, at the photograph slipping out of the drunken hand. It was a woman's face; and the face was Dora Glenn's. Johnny set his teeth and strode to the window. There was a throbbing in the back of his head; he couldn't breathe.

"Trouble with his wife!" And Dora was his wife. They hadn't been married a month; yet he was quarrelling with her and getting drunk. He felt no anger against the girl. "She didn't promise me nothing," he groaned, "she ain't to blame for me being a fool. Oh God! I didn't have a *look* from her that I got the right to

remember against her." It was a forlorn comfort that she wasn't to blame. She wasn't to blame with that brute either. He knew that. A sickening rage at the man who could treat her so turned him dizzy. "I'll not lift a hand for him"—that was his first conscious thought—"I won't scab any man's job; but I am not going to try to save his for him, he can take his chances by——!"

Out of the corner of his eye he had a vision of the young boss at the straightening beds. "I ain't going to look round," said Johnny, doggedly. Therefore he stared out of the window in time to see Harry Leroy on his way to the office with a message about the Cochrane Company's steel. Leroy sent him a friendly smile and a hail: "Don't forget you take supper with me, Saturday. We'll have chicken!"



"I was bathing him with it," Johnny explained, promptly.—Page 446.



"I guess he'll be all right."—Page 447.

Johnny's head sank. He waited a second longer. "Oh, Lord, I *got* to do it," he groaned. "I couldn't look him in the face if I didn't. Knute's a brother knight, too!"

With that he rushed off to Knute. The assistant superintendent was walking toward him from the other direction. But Johnny reached the insensible man first, had the whiskey flask out and was bathing the purple face, at the same instant calling loudly on Bill the drag-down and George the charger.

"Get him to the faucet, get some ice-water!" roared Johnny above the din; "he's prostrated by the heat! Tell the boss, some of you boys!"

"Whiskey sunstroke I guess," said the superintendent, sniffing.

"I was bathing him with it," Johnny explained, promptly; "he was hot and dry's a board!"

"That's it," agreed the roller, bustling up, "he complained of his head to me, this morning."

"And he said he couldn't sweat a mite and he felt all burning up!" chimed in George; while Bill proffered testimony in the same strain. The united stress of opin-

ion was too much for the assistant superintendent's nerve; after all, it might be sunstroke, anyhow the men would swear that it was; and there was the old man to consider; he watched them drenching Knute with ice-water; and all he said was; "He's coming round all right. He better go home;" and so walked away.

But Knute had his own mind about going home. He opened his eyes, into which the light was creeping, and stared at Johnny. "Did I lose my job?" said he.

"No, you're all right," said Johnny.

"You boys kept it for me? It vas 'bout my wife. See's good vomans, but see's gone back on me. See? I guess I kill myself."

"Oh, rats!" said Johnny; "here, get up; the boss thinks it sunstroke and you can go home."

"No, I don't go home," said Knute, sitting up, "the old mans, fore he vent, said to try to git sixty t'ousand of half-inch round—I git it, dis turn. Dot's vy I drink—to make me strong, 'cause my head is wrong dis hot wedder."

Despite the roller's protestations he staggered to his feet. "Yonny vill help me," he said, "I git along."

As for Johnny he laid every nerve to work to guard Larsen, and to make his estimate of the turn good. He would not think ; he would not feel ; he had the billets to watch and the furnace. Sixty thousand was a big turn. But when the weight was posted on the board, Bill and George came to slap him on the back as well as Larsen ; and Larsen's eyes brightened. He was quite sober, now. "I'm mooch obliged to you boys," he said, "dot's a good turn. Yonny is a good heater. Good-by."

He shook hands with the roller and the finisher, with the roughers and his own helpers. Then, he took out his knife and handed it to one of the straightening boys, saying, "You got dat knife, Hughey, I gif him to you."

Hughey grinned ; but the men exchanged uneasy glances and talked to each other, as Knute walked off to his locker for his coat. They would have drafted Johnny into the conversation, but he had slipped outside. "It's none of my business if he does try to kill himself, best thing for her, I guess." In this fashion he muttered to himself, nevertheless not mending his pace, going more slowly, in fact, with each word. "Supposing he is a brother knight—it's none of my business." He stood still. "The way those Pittsburg knights stood by me ain't got nothing to do with it !" He turned on his heel. "D—— it !" He walked back to the works.

Little groups of the men were all along the road, and in the second group he saw George the charger lending a sympathetic arm to Knute, Bill and the roller walking on the other side. The roller's brow cleared at sight of Johnny ; he lagged behind for a moment's confidence. "We're going to put Knute on the car that goes to his house ; I guess he'll be all right, then, don't you?"

"I guess you and I best get on the car with him, on the sly. Maybe he didn't mean nothing by his talk, but Swedes kill themselves awful easy."

"That's right," sighed the roller. "Well, my wife is sure there's been an accident if I'm ten minutes behind time, but I'll go with you ; we'll let Georgy and Bill go home."

George and Bill accordingly put Knute

on the car, after Johnny and the roller had nodded good-by, and Knute had insisted on shaking hands over again, not saying anything except, "I vas much obliged," to each. There was no difficulty in getting a rear position on the strap ; and Knute, in front, did not suspect his two comrades' presence. He sat with his eyes on the brick pavements and the maple-trees, and the houses half-hidden by the foliage. "It's singular," mused the roller, with the artless confidence of the average street-car traveller that his remarks will reach no other ear than that into which they are poured, "it's singular the trouble women make the most sensible men. Now 'till just lately, since he's been married, I'd have bet money on Knute's sense. But he's crazy over this girl. She *is* pretty ; but she's kinder giddy, I guess, too, nothing wrong, just thoughtless. I saw her once out riding on her wheel, and a floor-walker down at Kingman's was riding with her, a pretty little feller all dressed up in plaid stockings. Now Knute's not pretty. I guess he didn't like it. He fairly worshipped her, though. You ought to see the house he bought ! He gave her a gold watch and chain—say, what's he doing now? Can you see?"

Johnny reported : "He's writing on a leaf of his memorandum-book. He's torn it out and folded it up ; and now, he's putting it into an envelope that's addressed already—in ink."

"That don't look right a little bit."

Johnny shook his head. It was queer, but a reluctant compassion was wrestling with the jealous hatred that clawed at his heart. Knute loved her, too. *He* had meant to give her a gold watch and chain for a wedding-gift ; but Knute had given it to her instead. "He's getting up !" said the roller.

"'Sposing he sees us, coming out !" said Johnny. But Larsen left the car by the other door. They followed him to the street, and kept him in sight from a safe distance. He went into the post-office, came out directly, walked a short block and signalled a bridge car. The bridge cars cross the Mississippi to Fairport.

"My wife will have a fit," moaned the roller, "but we've got to see this thing through. Ketch on, Johnny, and don't let him see you !"



'They pulled him into the boat.—Page 449.

They stood on the rear platform ; and, as before, Larsen was sitting well in front, where they could only see the back of his head. He sat motionless, his gaze on the water, which was now kindling myriad opalescent hues under the golden torch in the west. A procession of wagons, carriages, phaetons, and last of all, one smart victoria with jingling chains on the horses' harness and a beautiful, dark-haired woman sitting behind the coachman drifted past them on the opposite roadway. "She looks a little like Knute's wife," said the roller ; "did you see Knute's shoulders jump? Say, I'm getting nervous."

"So am I," said Johnny ; "but we're most across—he's up !"

He was up, reaching for the cord stopping the car. He turned and passed them.

"He'll wonder what we're doing here," the roller whispered, leaning on Johnny's nimbler wit. "What had we better say? You answer !"

But Knute's eyes turned, once, full on them, did not waver nor lighten ; he went by with his strained, unseeing gaze ; and nothing in the grisly chase had given them the chill of this blind passage. Their eyes met. "By ——, he means to do it," the roller said, under his breath ; and Johnny nodded, rising. They were on the bridge floor, not a minute behind the Swede ; but he was already standing at the farther side of the railing.

"Larsen, *stop!*" shouted Johnny, vaulting over after him.

He never looked back ; he flung his arms above his head and sprang. At the very instant of motion Johnny's hands grabbed

his flannel shirt; but the stuff parted, and Johnny was reeling with the splash in his ears. The roller clutched him to save him from a fall. "Get a boat!" cried Johnny. "*I* can hold him—le' go!"

He had sprung after Knute, but in very different shape, circling like an arrow, his hands, like the arrow-head, protecting his body as he dived. How lucky his coat was on his arm instead of on his shoulders! How lucky he had untied his shoes in the cars on the suspicion of this very need! Where was the fellow's head? *There!* Look at him thrashing with his long arms! How his eyes bulged!

"Keep still! I'll save you!" yelled Johnny; and all the while his arms went like oars, and each magnificent kick of his steel-like legs was hurling him through the water.

He came up behind Knute; but even as his hand was outstretched the head sank. He dived for it, and it rose to the surface, dripping, the hair flat on the forehead, the face no longer a man's, only a mask of fear, with bared teeth, and painted eyeballs.

"Now you're all right!" called Johnny, cheerfully. "I got you. Quit kicking, or I'll duck you!"

It is said that suicides are easy to save, having used up all their will-power in the last desperate act. Knute hardly struggled, for which one may give the reason cited, or take Johnny's praise for fact. "You're acting bully!" cried Johnny. "You know you don't want to drown *me*, too!"

He could hear voices and the frantic rattle and splash of oars. The danger went to his Irish blood like whiskey. "I'm all right," he sang out; "you fellows keep the stroke!"

"For God's sake, keep up, Johnny! We're coming, Johnny! You keep up a *minnit!*" It was the roller's voice, and it cracked under a sob. Johnny bawled back: "*I'm* all right. He's quiet as a kitten—I'll duck you if you dast to stir!"

But Knute did not stir; and when they had pulled him into the boat, he lay with neither breath nor quiver, and Johnny (towed at the stern to lighten the boat) gave animated orders according to his experience. "He's breathing all right, but tilt his head and get the water out of him—

now work his arms and rub him. Get his flask out of his pocket and give him a taste—there, I told you he was all right!"

"He's coming to," bawled the roller. "Say, what if he makes a break?"

"He won't," said Johnny; "but sit on his head if he does."

Knute, however, was like a man stunned, making no resistance, and meekly consenting to be put in a hack, with his two friends, and driven home.

"I make you lots of trouble, boys," he murmured in apology.

"Yes, you do," returned the roller, severely, "and you like to have drowned Johnny! I couldn't swim, or else you'd have drowned me, too. Now, what I want to know is: Are you going to try this d—— trick again?"

The Swede had been smiling feebly, but at the words some sinister memory burned in his melancholy eyes.

"I don't know. I can't tell. I got so much troubles."

"No trouble's so bad you can't bear it like a man," said Johnny. He felt something tugging at his heart, something that hurt it, yet lifted it. He had never felt that way before; and suddenly he, too, remembered, and added, humbly, "especially if you have good friends."

"And a good wife," added the roller, with increased severity. "I've no doubt she's scared to death about you this minute—and so's mine about me. I bet she's been to the grocery, ringing up the Edgewater to know if there's been an accident, or Sam Swift has been hurt. Say, what was that letter you mailed——"

Knute sat up with a spring. "Can't dot man drive faster?" he cried, "I yust remember I tole my vife——"

"I only hope she hasn't run out to catch you herself; and we can't find her," was the roller's dismal augury. "Poor thing! I guess she's 'most crazy."

But he prodded Johnny's side with his elbow and bestowed on him a furtive smile, implying that he secretly regarded Mrs. Larsen's fright with satisfaction.

Knute sank back on the seat; and the roller eyed his troubled countenance and nodded, until his good nature prompted some homely consolation. "I guess you'll understand each other better after this, Knute. It's going to come out all right."

Johnny sat in his wet clothes and shivered. The night was turning cold, after the terrible day. His exhilaration, which was no more than the effervescence of peril, was all gone, he felt cold in his heart ; and his one longing was to make an excuse to jump out of the hack and run. "No, you don't, Johnny Burke," he kept saying to himself, "get a brace on you !" But he choked and went white when the carriage stopped. He opened the door and sprang out first. He was aware of a pretty cottage and of red geraniums, and a plank walk—but then, he staggered and grew faint, for it was her face flying toward them.

She flung herself into the carriage-door. "Tell me first, I'll tell her," she began in a tone like ice ; she was pale, but she was not screaming or fainting, except that she gasped and suddenly broke into a little choking laugh as she saw Knute.

"Oh, Knute, how could you?" she cried. "Elly's so frightened, she went to the police, herself, to beg them look for you ; she's just come back—Elly, Knute's all right !"

The other woman, who looked like Dora, but was not Dora, the woman whose picture he had seen, had passed Johnny and was sobbing in Knute's arms.

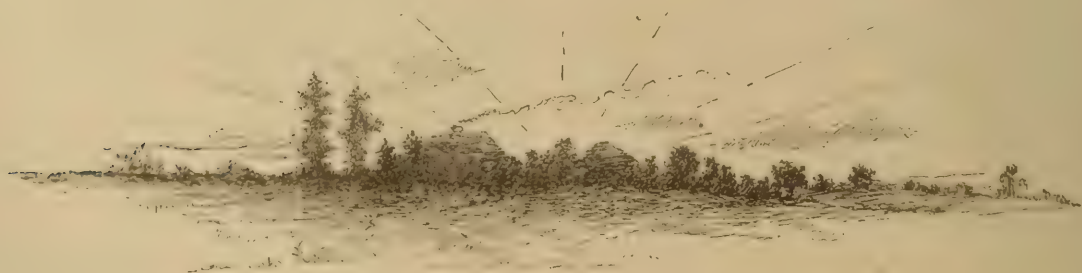
"You get him into the house and get off his wet clothes, soon's you can, ma'am," said the roller, who rose to the level of the situation with the ripe composure of a ten years' married man. "I'll explain to Miss Glenn how you come to have a husband here, instead of in the Mississippi." The single glimpse Johnny had of the faces of husband and wife as she drew him into the

house, assured him that whatever the trouble between them, it had shrivelled out of knowledge in the terror and anguish of the last hour. "She loves him," Johnny thought, reverently ; and with the thought came another under which he leaned quickly against the side of the porch. "He's weak with his exertions," explained the roller, "and no wonder. Let me tell you." Johnny was obliged to sit down while the roller depicted the scene in such startling colors that he did not know his own experience. "Knute's a giant, and he struggled awfully—my—my gracious ! my heart was in my mouth, I thought he'd pull him under ; but Johnny was calm as if he was in a ball-room—look here, excuse me, I haven't introduced him to you, I *am* rattled, that's a fact. Miss Glenn, Mr. Burke."

"I know Mr. Burke well," she said, "he's a friend of mine." She held out her hand, her beautiful white hand, smiling. But, suddenly, her lips quivered and the tears rose to her eyes. "Oh, I haven't thanked you !" she said, "I *can't*. How brave you are !" Dimly Johnny realized that she was looking at him as she had never looked at him, before.

The roller sent his eyes from one young face to the other ; and a smile slowly dawned on his features. "Well, Miss Dora," said he, pleasantly, "I guess I'll be going, my wife's waiting. Don't hurry, Johnny." And he walked away whistling.

At the street corner he cast a glance behind. The two young figures were still standing, bathed in the enchanted glow of sunset, and Johnny was still holding the girl's hand.





THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE TEST OF ENDURANCE

1779 1781

AS the year 1778 was closing, the scene of action was shifted from the North to the South. All eyes at the time were fixed on the events which began with the appearance of the British in Georgia, and, so far as this period is concerned, the habit has continued, in large measure, down to the present day. Thus it happens that these two years in the North, in the Congress and the camp, as well as over seas, are less well known, less rightly valued than any other period of the Revolutionary War. That this should be so was, at the time, wholly natural. The fall of Savannah, and its subsequent defence against the French and Americans, the capture of Charleston, the rapid success of the British arms, the defeat of Gates, the gradual development and hard fighting of Greene's great campaign, all drew the attention and filled the minds of men everywhere. Yet, important as these events were, the vital point still remained where Washington and his army watched the Hudson and kept the enemy pinioned in New York. If that army had failed or dissolved, the English forces would have swept down from the North to meet their brethren in the South, and nothing could have saved Greene then, for the one primary condition of his campaign was that no British soldiers should come from the North to break his communications, cut off his supplies, and take him in the rear. None came from the North. None could come. With a singleness of purpose and a strategical soundness which has never been fully appreciated, Washington clung to the central zone of the Middle States. Whatever came, he was determined that the British should never get the line of the Hudson and divide

New England—whence he drew most of his troops—from the great middle colonies. Neither Burgoyne on the North, nor Cornwallis on the South, could draw him from his position. Attacks on the extremities he knew were not deadly, and he felt sure that they could be repulsed; but if the centre was once pierced, then dire peril was at hand. So long as he kept an army together and the line of the Hudson open, so long as he could move at will, either eastward into New England, or southward into Virginia, he knew that the ultimate success of the Revolution was merely a question of time. The period of active fighting in the North was over; that of waiting—dreary, trying, monotonous waiting—had set in, and it lasted until the moment which Washington was watching for arrived—the great moment when a decisive stroke could be given which would end the war. Two years the waiting and watching went on—years of patience, suffering, and trial. Nothing was done that led straight to anything; nothing but the holding fast which was to bring the final victory.

Very hard to understand now was the victory thus achieved by keeping the army in existence and the Revolution alive during that time of sullen, dogged waiting. Everywhere were visible signs of exhaustion, of longings to have done with the business before it was really finished. Over seas the symptoms of fatigue were painfully apparent. England, as has always been the case when she is sore bested—and never was she in worse plight than then—was making a bold front to the enemies who ringed her round. She was suffering enormously. American war-ships

and privateers were tearing her commerce to pieces. Her naval prestige was hurt to the quick by John Paul Jones taking the *Serapis* in a hand-to-hand fight and circling Great Britain, wrecking and pillaging on land and sea. A race of seamen as bold and hardy as her own, flying the flag of her revolted colonies, swarmed along the highways of her commerce, and even in the English Channel were seizing her merchantmen and crippling her trade. Insurance rates rose ruinously, and English merchants faced losses which they would have deemed impossible five years before. France and Spain had both gone to war with her, threatened her coasts, employed her fleets, and soon beleaguered her great sentinel fortress at Gibraltar. Wherever her vast possessions extended, wherever her drum-beat was heard, there was war; in the Indian Ocean, as well as the Antilles, no colony was safe, and there was now no Pitt to guide the forces as in the days when she humbled the power of the House of Bourbon. But England set her teeth and would not yet cry hold. Her European enemies were suffering, too, and worse than she, for they were both unsound within, politically and financially. In France the disease which the monarchy had planted and which the Revolution alone could cure was already deeply felt. France was beginning to long for rest, and, despite her early energy in the American cause, she was ready to sacrifice that cause to her own interests at any moment. France desired peace—an ill omen for America, with its revolution only half fought out. With the ally of France the condition was even worse. Spain was corrupt, broken, rotten to the core, merely hiding her decrepitude under the mask of an empire which had once been great. Dragged into the war by France, she had no love whatever for the Americans—desired only to prey upon them and get what she could from the wreck of the British Empire. She, too, was feeling the strain of war, exhaustion was upon her, and she, too, longed for peace.

In such a situation, amid these powers of the Old World occupied only with their own interests and enfeebled by their own maladies, the fortunes of the young nation, struggling painfully into life on the other side of the Atlantic were in sufficiently evil

case. The work of saving them fell heavily upon the envoys of Congress, manfully battling for their cause in the midst of these adverse and selfish forces.

Help came to them and to the Revolution as it had come to the American armies so often, from the blunders of their adversary. Instead of trying to conciliate, England grew more and more offensive to all the neutral powers, and especially to those which were weak. She seized and searched their ships, interfered with their trade, and assumed to exercise an arrogant control over all their commerce. Hence protracted bickerings, protocols, notes, and all the machinery of diplomacy put into violent action with much running hither and thither of eminent persons and much speeding about of dusty couriers riding post haste with despatches. It is very difficult and not very profitable to follow these performances with their turns and windings and futilities of all sorts. But out of these dim and confused discussions came two results of real importance to the world, and particularly to the American revolution. One was the neutrality of the Northern powers headed by Russia and her redoubtable Empress, aimed against England, very troublesome and crippling to her in the days of a conflict which had grown world-wide. The other result of real importance and meaning was England's making war upon the Dutch. This was pure aggression born of a desire to break down a power once a formidable rival and still a competitor in trade. The Dutch were innocent enough, their only real crime having been to refuse to become England's ally. But innocence or guilt made no difference, England made war upon them. She dealt a last fatal blow to the nation which had shattered the power of Spain, played an equal part among the great states of Europe and given to England herself the one great man among her modern kings. Holland sank eventually under the attack, but England added one more foe to those who now surrounded her in her "splendid isolation," and she threw open to her revolted colonies another money-market, rich in capital which went forth in loans to the Americans, quick enough to take advantage of such an opportunity.

In the United States in 1779 the same relaxation of energy was apparent. Con-

gress passed the winter and spring in long debates as to the terms of peace. Gerard, the French Minister, was active among the members urging them to accept conditions which involved every sort of sacrifice, largely for the benefit of Spain. So eager was the desire for peace that a strong party in Congress backed up all the wishes of the French envoy. At one time it looked as if the navigation of the Mississippi might be given up, and the great Northeastern fisheries were actually abandoned. Finally Congress evaded both issues by resolving to send an envoy to Spain, for which post John Jay was chosen, and meantime to insist on the navigation of the Mississippi, while the matter of the fisheries was put over to a future treaty with Great Britain. In other respects the instructions were weak, with a plaintive desire to bring the war to an end at almost any price running all through them.

So Congress spent most of its time and strength in discussing the means of getting peace when the war was not yet fought out, and did little or nothing to sustain that war which was flagrant about it. Thirty thousand men at least were needed for any effective movement against New York, and the army was not a third of that number, and was dwindling instead of growing. Washington came to Philadelphia and passed a month there with Congress, urging, reasoning, explaining, beginning now to press for better union and a strong central government. Then he went back to the camp to continue the urgings and reasonings and stern advice on many subjects by letter. Not until March did Congress even vote additional battalions, and although this was well, voting men was by no means the same thing as getting them. The finances were in frightful disorder. Many great wars, perhaps most of them, have been fought on irredeemable paper, and it is no doubt true that this was probably the quickest, if not the only resource of Congress at the beginning. But to fight on paper money alone, to raise no money by taxation, in fact to get no money at all from the people was an impossible scheme. Yet this was precisely what Congress attempted to do, and they had no other supply to look to except foreign loans which were uncertain and insufficient. So one emission of bills

succeeded another, and the continental money sank rapidly, while speculators and forestallers throve on the disorders of the currency, and the government, poor though it might be, was robbed and plundered. The popular spirit relaxed its temper, encouraged thereto by the foreign alliances and disheartened by the domestic disorders and the greed of those who amassed fortunes from the fluctuations of prices and fattened on the public distress. It looked as if the American Revolution, rising victorious on the field of battle, might sink and wither away under the poison of civil and social disorder and debility.

Bad as all these things were in their effect upon the American cause and upon the people themselves, the actual personal suffering fell to the lot of the army by whose existence the revolution was sustained. Officers and men went unpaid for long periods, and when they received their pay it was in a paper currency which depreciated in their hands even before they could spend it or send it to their families. Hence great difficulty in holding the army together, and still greater difficulty in recruiting it. With lack of pay went lack of every provision and munition of war, and, as a consequence, ill-clothed, ill-armed, ill-fed soldiers. In the midst of these grinding cares and trials stood Washington, with the problem of existence always at his door, with the great duty of success ever present at his side, and with only the patriotism of his men and his own grim courage and tenacity of purpose to support him. Under the pressure of hard facts one plan after another had to be given up. A vigorous offensive campaign which would drive the British from the country was impossible. The next best thing was to keep them shut up where they were, and to hold fast, as had so wisely and steadily been done to the great central position in the valley of the Hudson, at the mouth of the great river whence blows could be struck hard and quickly either in New England or the Middle States which must never be separated no matter what happened.

So Washington resumed the defensive and watched and waited. To much purpose, as it in due course appeared, for the British seemed unable to make any effective movement, and lay cooped up in New

York close to their ships, with their vigilant foe always hovering near. Not until Washington could get an efficient army and the command of the sea would he be able to strike a fatal blow, and no man could tell when those conditions would come to pass. The silent general knew just what he needed, and equally well that he had it not. So he waited, unable to attack and ready to fight. The test of endurance had begun.

The British on their side displayed activity only in spasmodic dashes here and there, of little meaning and petty results. General Matthews, with 2,500 men, went to Virginia, made a burning, pillaging raid, destroyed a certain number of houses and tobacco ships, and came back with his futilities to New York. Tryon, once royal governor of New York, led another expedition of 2,600 men into Connecticut. Here, as in Virginia, burning and pillaging and some sharp skirmishes with militia, who managed to leave their marks on the king's troops. Villages, churches, houses, vessels, went up in smoke. A black trail marked the line followed by Tryon's raiders, and then he likewise returned to New York as empty in solid results as Matthews, and with a certain amount of destroyed property and increased hatred from the Americans to his credit.

The worthlessness of these performances and the utter uselessness of such plundering forays were quite apparent to Washington, and, except for the suffering of the people upon whom they fell, troubled him little. But there was another movement of the enemy which awakened his keenest interest, because in it he saw possibilities of real danger. Clinton, after the return of Matthews, had gone up the river and taken possession of Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, driving off the Americans and securing in this way control of Kings Ferry, an important line of communication between New York and New Jersey. Here was something which looked as if it had meaning. Perhaps an idea had come to Clinton, and possibly he was intending to master the Hudson Valley by building a line of formidable posts along the river. Certain it was that he had put a force of five hundred men at Stony Point, and was actively completing and strengthening the works there. If Clinton had any plan of

this perilous sort it must be nipped at the start. No British posts must be advanced to the North to endanger the American stronghold at West Point, which dominated and closed the river. So Washington decided to take Stony Point, and, as was his habit, chose the best man for the work, because in a desperate undertaking like this everything depended on the leader. His choice fell on Anthony Wayne, then a brigadier-general and one of Washington's favorite officers. Wayne came of fighting stock. His grandfather, a Yorkshireman, nearly a century before had gone to Ireland where he commanded a company of dragoons under William of Orange at the battle of the Boyne. From Ireland he had immigrated to the frontiers of Pennsylvania, and there his grandson was born in 1745. The family was in easy circumstances, and the boy received a good education, became a surveyor, and was trusted in important business by Franklin and other leading men of Philadelphia. He took an eager interest and active part in politics, but when the note of war came the spirit of the old captain of dragoons who had followed Dutch William blazed up in him and he went at once into the army. From that time forward he was constantly in the field. On the Northern frontier, in New York and New Jersey, and in the campaign about Philadelphia, Wayne, who had risen rapidly to general's rank, was always in the heat of every action. "Wherever there is fighting there is Wayne, for that is his business," was said of him at the time, and said most truly. He was always fighting with great dash, courage, and success, and extricating himself by his quickness and intrepidity from the dangers into which his reckless daring sometimes led him. "Black Snake" the Indians called him then, and many years later, when he had beaten them under the walls of an English post in very complete and memorable fashion, they named him "Tornado." He was fine-looking, soldierly, a great stickler for handsome dress and perfect equipment, so much so that some of the officers christened him "Dandy Wayne," but the men who loved and followed him called him "Mad Anthony," and the popular name has followed him in history. Such was the man whom Washington picked out for

the perilous task he wanted to have performed. Tradition says that when Washington asked Wayne if he would storm Stony Point, Wayne replied, "I will storm hell if you will plan it." A very honest bit of genuine speech this; quite instructive, too, in its way, and worth the consideration of the modern critic who doubts Washington's military capacity in which the man who risked his life upon it had entire confidence.

At all events so it fell out. Washington planned and Wayne stormed and carried out his chief's arrangements to the letter. By this time Stony Point had been strongly fortified, and the approach was difficult. On July 15th, Wayne and his troops left Sandy Beach and made their way through the mountains by a hard march along gorges and over swamps, until on the 16th, at eight o'clock in the evening, they were in the rear of the fort and within a mile and a half of the works. Wayne divided his force into two columns, one under Colonel Febiger on the right, the other under Colonel Butler on the left. At the extremity of each wing was a storming-party of a hundred to a hundred and fifty men who had volunteered for the duty and who marched with unloaded muskets, trusting wholly to the bayonet. At the head of each storming-party was a forlorn hope of twenty men. The reserve was composed of Lee's Light Horse, and three hundred men under General Muhlenburg constituted the covering-party. Not until the lines were formed did Wayne tell his men the errand on which they had come. Then, in accordance with Washington's direction, each man fixed a piece of white paper in his cap, and the watchword "The Fort is Ours," was given out. All was quickly done, for every detail had been accurately arranged. As soon as the columns were formed they moved rapidly forward. Murphy and his North Carolinians in the centre were delayed by the tide in crossing the morass, and as they came through they met an outpost. The alarm was given and a heavy fire of grape-shot and musketry opened upon them. On they went as if they were the only troops on the field, and every other column and division did the same. Wayne himself led the right wing. As he crossed the abattis a musket-ball struck him on the

head, bringing him down and wounding him slightly. Dazed as he was by the blow, he called out that if he was mortally hurt he wanted to die in the fort, and his aides picked him up and bore him forward. The rush of the well-directed columns was irresistible. So swift and steady was the movement that they passed the abattis and went up and over the breast-works without check or hesitation. All was finished in a few minutes. Some heavy firing from the works, a short sharp rush, a clash and push of bayonets in the darkness, and the Americans poured into the fort. They lost 98 men in killed and wounded, the British 94, while practically all the rest of the garrison to the number of 25 officers and 447 men were taken prisoners. All the guns and munitions of war, valued at nearly \$160,000, fell into the hands of the victors. The Americans, having won their fight in very complete fashion, levelled the works and withdrew. Soon afterward Clinton again occupied the Point, but only to abandon it finally in the autumn. The plan of taking possession of the Hudson by a series of fortified posts, if seriously intended, had been peremptorily stopped, and a sudden disaster had come to the British. It was a very gallant feat of arms, admirably planned, and bravely, punctually, and accurately performed. The unsteadiness of the Brandywine and of Germantown had disappeared, and the discipline of Valley Forge was very plain here to the eyes of all mankind. The men who had fought behind intrenchments at Bunker Hill had been made into soldiers able to assault works held by the best troops of England. The raw material was good to start with, and someone aided by experience had evidently been at work upon it.

A month later the Americans were still further encouraged by another daring exploit. This time the leader was Major Harry Lee, of the Light Horse, and the attack was made on one of the strongest of the enemy's posts. Paulus Hook, where Jersey City now stands, was a low, sandy spur of land running well out into the river. At that time it was merely the point where the ferry-boat from New York landed, and whence the stage for Philadelphia started. The only buildings were the Tavern and stables for the use of the coaches and their

passengers, and the house of the guardian of the ferry. But the position was one of great natural military strength, in addition to being the vital point on the direct road to the South. Between the Hook and the main land was a morass, washed and often flooded by the tide, and crossed only by a narrow causeway used by the coaches and easily defended. Taking possession of this point when they first occupied New York, the British fortified it strongly with block-houses and redoubts, while on the water-side it was within easy reach of the city, and protected by the men-of-war. A more difficult place to reach it would have been difficult to conceive, and Washington had grave doubts as to making an attempt to surprise it, but finally gave a reluctant approval. Lee then had the roads and the surrounding country thoroughly examined, and sent out a scouting party under Captain Allen McLane, who prepared the way. Lee himself started on the morning of August 18th, and marching through the woods became separated from the Virginia contingent, which led to many subsequent charges and counter-charges of little moment now, but very bitter then. Whatever the reasons, certain it is that Lee found himself close to the Hook at midnight with only a hundred and fifty men. He knew that the ordinary garrison regiment and Van Buskirk's Loyal Americans amounted to at least two hundred. He did not know that Van Buskirk had left the Hook that very night with a hundred and thirty men to attack an American post, and that their place had been taken by Hessians from New York, some of the best of the regular troops. Had he known all, however, it would probably have made but little difference. He was as daring and reckless as Wayne, and the knowledge that he had only a hundred and fifty men did not check or frighten him. He had come to attack, and said that if he could not take the fort, he would at least die in it. So he gave the watchword "Be Firm," and started. It was after three o'clock, the tide was rising and the men struggled across the morass in silence. When they reached the ditch they plunged into the water, and then at last the garrison heard them and opened fire. But it was too late, and the Americans were too quick. Up they came, out of the ditch and into the works. A few

Hessians threw themselves into one block-house; about a dozen of the British were killed and wounded, and five Americans. One hundred and fifty-nine British soldiers surrendered, and with them Lee withdrew at once, for relief was already on its way from New York. It was not very easy to retreat with prisoners outnumbering his own force, and Lee had some hard marching and narrow escapes; but by his swiftness and energy he came through successfully, bringing his captives with him. Paulus Hook led to nothing except so far as it cooled the British and strengthened their purpose to stay close in New York, a very desirable feeling for the Americans to cultivate. We may read now the alarm and disgust it caused to the English officers in the letter of General Pattison to Lord Townshend. The joy on the American side corresponded to the depression on that of their enemies. It was becoming very clear that soldiers capable of storming posts like Stony Point and Paulus Hook lacked now only numbers and equipment to be able to face any troops in the open field. A long distance had been traversed from the panic-stricken flight at Kip's Bay to the firm unyielding charge over earth-works and into redoubts of the men who, without question or misgiving, followed "Mad Anthony Wayne" and "Light Horse Harry" in the darkness of those summer nights.

Little else was done by the Americans in the campaign, if such it could be called, of 1779. An elaborately prepared expedition against the British post at Castine, on the Penobscot, went to wreck and ruin. Both troops and ships were ill-commanded. The former landed, but failed to carry the works, and Sir George Collier, arriving with a sixty-four gun-ship and five frigates, destroyed two of the American vessels and compelled the burning of the rest. The troops took to the woods and made their way home as best they could. It was a dispiriting outcome of an attempt made with high hopes and great effort.

In New York Sullivan led an expedition against the Six Nations. He did not bring these allies of the Crown to action, but he burned their villages, marched through their country, showed them that the king could not protect them, cooled their zeal



Stony Point.

Kings Ferry, an important line of communication between New York and New Jersey, crossed from the fort at Stony Point to Verplanck's Point, which is shown in the distance. At the right is shown the reverse side of the gold medal which was awarded by Congress to Anthony Wayne for the capture of Stony Point.



and checked the recurring danger of Indian inroads upon the settlements.

The rest of the fighting in the North did not rise above small raids and petty affairs of outposts and partisan bands. Yet when the campaign closed, desultory as all its operations had been, the solid gain, which we can estimate now far better than could be done at the time, was all with the Americans. Clinton had been forced to abandon Rhode Island, and all New England was once more in American hands. He also felt compelled to withdraw from Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, and the Americans again took possession of Kings Ferry and controlled all the upper country. The British were confined more closely than ever to the city of New York, and Washington still held the great line of the Hudson in an iron grasp, and was master of the New England and Middle States clear from an enemy, firmly united and with free communications open between them. The first stage in the test for endurance had been passed successfully.

Then came the winter, one of unusual severity, with heavy snows and severe frosts. Military operations were out of the question, but the dreary months had to be lived through. It was a sore trial, and all the appeals of the Commander-in-chief to Congress for aid were vain. The executive part of the government, such as it was, stood motionless and paralyzed,

while the army was unpaid, provisions to feed the men could be gathered only with the utmost difficulty, and nothing effective was done to fill the thinning ranks. Much of the noblest and best work of the Revolution, that most instinct with patriotism was done in these winter camps by the half-starved, unpaid officers and men who formed the American army, and who, by their grim tenacity and stubborn endurance, kept that army in existence and the American Revolution with it. Very hard to bear then, very difficult to realize now, not picturesque or soul-stirring, like the battles and sieges which every one knows by heart, this holding the army together, and yet worthy of all praise and remembrance, for it was by this feat that the Revolution was largely won. In the midst of it all was Washington, facing facts unflinchingly, looking ahead, planning, advising generally with no result, but sometimes getting a little done when much was impossible. Altogether a very noble and human figure contending against many weaknesses, stupidities, and hindrances of all sort, with a courage and patience which merit the consideration of all subsequent generations.

As Washington foresaw, without recruits and proper support from the drooping Congress, his army dwindled. In May he appears to have had only seven thousand men; a month later less than four thousand, to hold the Middle and Eastern

States. Bad news came from the South that Charleston had surrendered, and at that dark moment Knyphausen, with a powerful force, advanced into New Jersey. The militia turned out promptly, they were seasoned to war by this time, and, although greatly outnumbered, they fought stubbornly and fell back slowly before the British. At Springfield Maxwell made a determined stand, inflicted severe loss on the Hessians, and gave time for Washington to come up and take a position so strong that Knyphausen, although he had twice as many men, did not venture to attack, and began his retreat, the Americans following him closely and engaging his rear successfully. The expedition degenerated into a plundering raid, was checked and accomplished nothing.

Soon after Clinton returned from the success at Charleston. He made a movement into New Jersey to aid that of Knyphausen, while, at the same time, he sent troops to threaten the American communications on the Hudson. Washington dealt with the latter diversion, while Greene prepared to give battle at Springfield. But after a heavy cannonade the British withdrew, suffering not a little on the retreat from the American attacks and crossed over to Staten Island. The New Jersey campaign, if anything so serious had been intended, faded away harmlessly. It was the last attempt of the British to do anything of an offensive and far-reaching character by military operations in the North, and with the return of Clinton to New York not only their last but their best opportunity ended. When they invaded New Jersey, Washington was at his very weakest, and the public spirit was depressed and shaken by the disasters in the South. Clinton

outnumbered his opponent four to one, yet he failed to push his advantage home, and Washington stayed the advance of the British with his inferior force and threw them back on New York. The chance could never come again, for now a new factor appeared which made any

aggressive action by the British hopeless. Unable to defeat Washington alone, or to shatter his small but determined army, it was clearly out of the question to make any impression upon him when backed by a fine force of French regular troops, and on July 10, 1780, those troops, to the number of six thousand, and led by DeRochambeau, arrived in Newport. Clinton made a show of going to attack them, but it was only a show, and the real effort was concentrated in writing a



Anthony Wayne.

From an unpublished portrait by Henry Elouiz, 1795. Reproduced by permission of C. S. Bradford, Esq.

grumbling letter to the ministry and demanding reinforcements. It must be admitted that, ineffective as Clinton was in this instance, he was right in his judgment of the situation. The arrival of a French army made the cause of England hopeless in the North without large reinforcements and capable commanders, neither of which she was able to furnish. But although the coming of the French was in reality decisive, at the moment it was fruitful to Washington only in disappointed hopes and frustrated plans. The effect on the country was to make people believe that with these well-equipped allies the war was really at an end, and that no further effort on their part was needed. This idea filled Washington with anger and disgust, not merely because it was utterly unfounded, but because to him it seemed entirely ignoble. He had always said and believed that the Revolution must be won by Americans, could be won in no other way, and would not be worth winning



Drawn by F. C. John.

The Capture of Stony Point by Wayne.

As Wayne was crossing the abattis a musket-ball struck him on the head. Dazed as he was by the blow, he called out that if he was mortally hurt he wanted to die in the fort, and his aides picked him up and bore him forward.—Page 455.

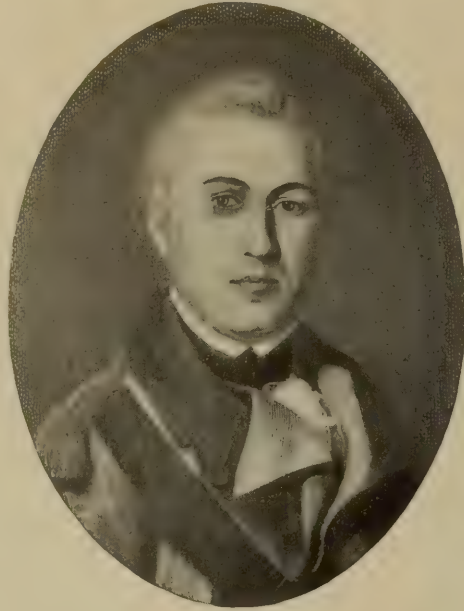
otherwise. He rejoiced in the coming of the French because he felt it ought to spur Congress and people alike to renewed exertions, and when it acted as a sedative and his own army seemed still to diminish instead of increase, he was filled with mortification and anxiety. His one idea, with this new support of the French open to him, was to fight, and to that end he tried every plan, but all in vain. One difficulty after another appeared. His own army was short of powder and supplies, and the new levies dragged slowly in. Still these were his old familiar enemies, and he could have dealt with them as he always did in some fashion. Those on the side of the French were more serious. The

French ships could not get into the harbor of New York, there was sickness in the army, the British threatened Newport, and finally blockaded it, and Rochambeau would not move without the second detachment, which was expected, but which was securely shut up by the English fleet at Brest. A very trying time it was to all concerned, but chiefly to the man upon whom the great responsibilities rested. So the summer slipped away, full of trial, irritation, and disappointment, with nothing done and nothing attempted. A summer of appeals to the French, and of stern letters to Congress, in which we can read to-day all the bitterness of spirit which filled the man of action who knew just what he wanted to do, who longed to strike, and who was yet bound hand and foot.

From the time when the French landed, Washington had wished to meet Rochambeau, for vigorous as his letters were, he knew the importance of a personal meeting. But he did not dare to leave his army or the great river to which he had

clung so desperately for so many weary months, knowing that there he held the enemy by the throat. At last, as summer was passing into autumn, it seemed as if he could go with safety, and on September

18th, he left Greene in command and started for Hartford where he met De Rochambeau on the 20th. He was a man of few holidays, and this little change from the long and dreary anxiety of the army and the camp was pleasant to him. His spirits rose as he rode, and the heartfelt greetings of the people in the towns as he passed to and from Hartford touched and moved him deeply. Pleasant indeed was this little bit of sunshine, coming in the midst of days darkened with care and never



Major Henry Lee.
("Light Horse Harry.")

From a painting by C. W. Peale in 1788.

ending, often fruitless toil, and yet it was only the prelude to one of the hardest trials Washington was called to bear. It seems as if this uneasiness and unwillingness to leave the army were almost prophetic, but even the most troubled and foreboding fancy could not have pictured the ugly reality which he was suddenly called upon to meet face to face.

Benedict Arnold was a native of Rhode Island. Descended from an early governor of the colony, whose name he bore, he represented one of the oldest and best families in the State. He was well educated, but ran away at the age of fifteen to join the Northern army in the old French war, and then wearying of his service, he deserted and came home alone through the wilderness. This was the beginning of a life of reckless adventure in peace and war. From his escapade on the frontier he turned to earn his own living in the modest capacity of an apothecary's clerk. Then he became an apothecary and bookseller himself, made money and abandoned these quiet avocations for the life of a



Drawn by C. O. DeLand.

The Capture of Paulus Hook by Major Lee.

Up they came out of the ditch and into the works.—Page 456.

merchant. He carried on commerce with Canada, the West Indies, and Europe, made many voyages on his own ships, something much more congenial to him than standing behind a shop-counter, saw the world, had adventures, and shot a British captain in a duel for calling him "a d—d Yankee." He was conspicuous for good looks, physical strength and high

across the Maine wilderness was one of the most desperate ever made, but he brought his men through after inconceivable hardships and sufferings and laid siege to Quebec. He headed the assault upon the town in the bitter cold of New Year's eve, and was badly wounded. Still he held on all through the winter, keeping Quebec besieged, was relieved in



Fort Putnam

West Point.

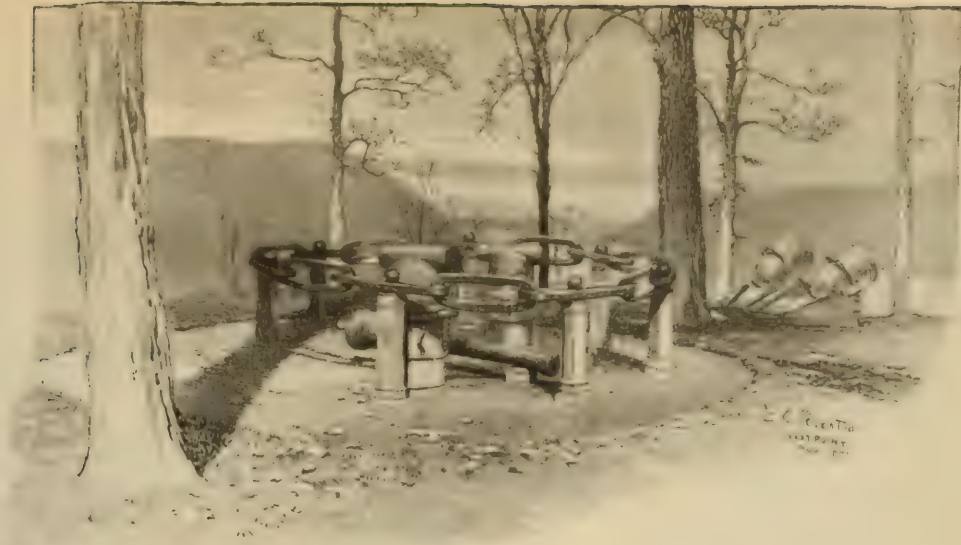
Constitution Island.

The Hudson River at West Point.

The Beverly Robinson house, from which Arnold escaped to the *Vulture*, stood among the trees directly opposite West Point.

personal courage. He was in New Haven when the news arrived of the fight at Lexington. To such a temperament the note of war was an irresistible appeal, and he offered to lead the Governor's Guards at once to the scene of action. The general in command thought that regular orders should be awaited, the select-men of the town refused ammunition, and Arnold thereupon threatened to break open the magazine, bore down resistance, got the powder and marched to Cambridge. From that time forward he was in the forefront of the fighting. He was with Allen at Ticonderoga, and captured St. Johns. He returned to Cambridge and obtained command of the expedition to Canada from the East, which was to meet that of Montgomery descending the St. Lawrence from the West. His march

the spring, and then shared in the retreat of the Americans before the British advance. On Lake Champlain he gathered a fleet of small vessels and fought a fierce and stubborn action with the British. He was defeated by superiority of numbers, but he brought off part of his ships and all his surviving men to Ticonderoga. In this gallant fight, comparatively little known and never fully appreciated, Arnold so crippled his enemy that he prevented the advance of Carleton that year, and this was a potent cause in the delays which brought Burgoyne and the great peril of the Revolution to wreck the following summer. In that decisive campaign he played a brilliant part. At Freeman's Farm he repulsed the attempt to turn the left, and if supported would have won a complete victory. But Gates supported



Part of the Great Chain (now in the collection of relics at West Point) which was Stretched Across the Hudson Between West Point and Constitution Island to Obstruct Navigation.

Each link is more than two feet long and weighs one hundred and forty pounds. The chain was held in place by a series of logs and anchors.

no one, and had no conception of how to win a battle. After the fight Arnold gave way to his temper, never of the pleasantest, and an angry quarrel ensued; Arnold was thereupon relieved, but not actually superseded, and remained in the camp. In the battle of October 7th, without orders, he went upon the field as a volunteer, and in a series of splendid charges broke the British lines and flung them back shattered

beyond recovery. Again he was badly wounded in the same leg as at Quebec, and was carried on a litter to Albany, where he had a slow recovery. Congress at last did him the tardy justice of a commission, which gave him his rightful seniority, and as he was still too lame for active service, he was put in command at Philadelphia after its evacuation by the British.



Headquarters at Tappan from which the Order for André's Execution was Issued.



Old Fort Putnam—the Key to the Defences at West Point—Showing the Magazines.

In the distance are Constitution Island and the Hudson River.

Thus came the turning-point of his life. A very brilliant record up to this time was his, none more so in the American army. Great qualities were in this man, great force for good or evil, say some of those critics who are wise after the event. But very plain even then to all men were the military talents, the disregard of danger, the readiness for every peril, and a wild dare-devil spirit which shrank from nothing. That spirit had led him through the Maine woods, over the walls of Quebec, across the decks of the ships at Valcour Bay and into the thick of the British squadrons in New York. It had endeared him to Washington, who loved above all men a ready, fearless fighter, indifferent to responsibilities and careless of danger. These were the qualities which made him one of the heroes of the army and of the popular imagination. But that same dare-devil temper and reckless spirit which stopped at nothing were quite capable of going as unhesi-

tatingly in one direction as another. We now know that Arnold had neither morals nor convictions, and a man so destitute of honor and conscience, when utterly reckless and fearless of consequence, is the most dangerous man that can be produced.

Had Arnold never been compelled to leave the field he might have come down to us as one of the bravest and best of our Revolutionary soldiers. He left the field to command in a city, with the opportunity of wrong-doing, and all the base qualities of a thoroughly sordid and immoral nature hidden under a splendid personal courage and the display of real military talents which had asserted themselves often on the day of battle then came out. In Philadelphia he married Miss Shippen, the handsome daughter of a Tory family. Then he lived among loyalists and heard their talk. Then he spent money and gambled away his fortune, so that at the end of two years he found himself in sore straits. He had a

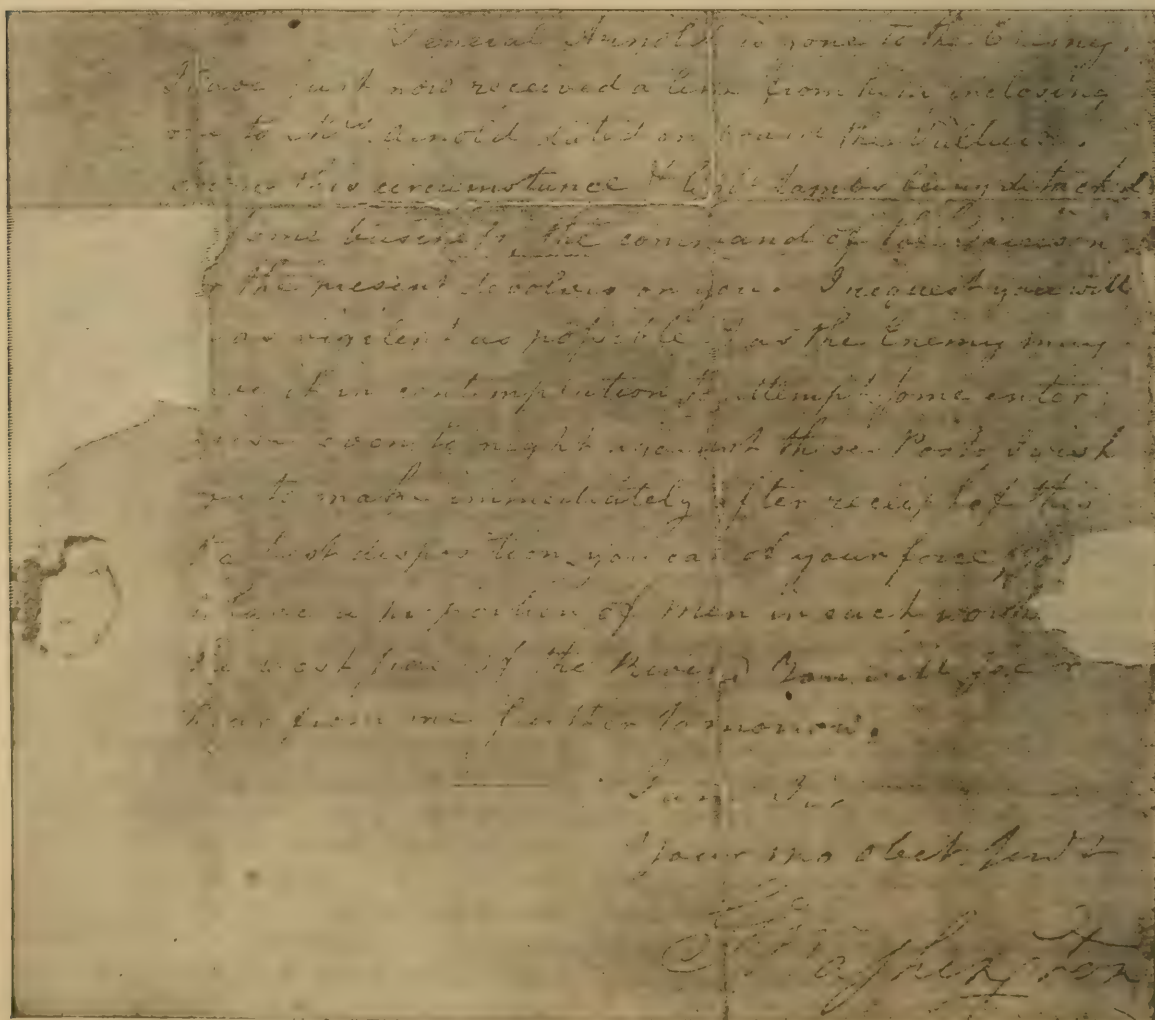
quarrel with Joseph Reed, charges were preferred, and a committee of Congress acquitted him. More accusations were made, but a court-martial acquitted him on the serious charges, and Washington, in reprimanding him as required by the court, really gave him high praise because he thought Arnold a persecuted man. There is no excuse for Arnold in all this, for Congress had a singular aptness in favoring the inferior and frowning upon the best officers. They treated Morgan and Greene little better than they did Arnold, until events sternly taught them the necessary lesson. That these attacks angered Arnold is not to be questioned, but that which really moved him was the fact that he was poor, and the conviction that the American Revolution, then in the desperate stress of sullen endurance, had failed. To a man with the rat instinct largely developed, that was enough. The dare-devil courage, the keen mind, and the cold heart would do the rest.

Washington followed up his laudatory reprimand by offering Arnold the command of one of the wings of the army, which the latter declined, on the ground that his wounds still forbade active service. The real reason was that since early in the spring he had been in communication with the British, writing, under a feigned name, to Major André of Clinton's staff, and in order to make profitable terms for his treachery, it was necessary that he should have something to sell. A division of the Continental army was not salable, and could not be delivered. Hence the refusal, and much active effort and intrigue, which finally procured for him the command of West Point. All Arnold's communications with André were under the fit guise of a commercial correspondence, and here at last was a valuable piece of property to barter and sell. West Point had been selected by Washington as the position where he could best hold the Hudson fast and prevent any advance of the enemy up the valley, either by land or water. The place had been elaborately and strongly fortified, and no less than three thousand men garrisoned the works. It was almost impregnable to attack, its loss would have been a grievous disaster to the American cause, and the British determined to buy and Arnold to

sell it. He took command early in August, and at once attempted to open communications through Beverly Robinson with reference ostensibly to that gentleman's confiscated property. Washington checked this scheme innocently but effectively by deciding that such matters belonged to the civil and not to the military authority. Still Clinton insisted that there must be a personal interview with his agent, and various abortive attempts were made to bring about a meeting. At last, on the night of September 21st, Arnold contrived to have André brought off by Joshua Hett Smith from the sloop-of-war Vulture, which was lying in the river below the Point. The young Englishman was directed not to go within the American lines, not to change his uniform, and to accept no papers. With a light heart André landed at Long Clove, where Arnold met him, and the two mounted and rode through Haverstraw to Smith's home, inside the American lines. André had disobeyed his first order. Then the conspirators went to work. Clinton was to come up the river with ships from Rodney's fleet, surprise West Point on September 25th; and Arnold, having scattered his men, was to promptly surrender and then lure Washington to come with reinforcements to destruction. Arnold was to receive as reward a commission as Brigadier-General in the British army, and a sum of money. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." These interesting negotiations consumed much time, and the day was well advanced when they ended. While they were pending, there was a sound of firing, and the conspirators saw from the window an American battery shell the Vulture and force her to drop down the river. An uncomfortable sight this for André, but Arnold bore it with entire philosophy apparently, and rode off, leaving his guest to get back to New York as best he might. He provided him with passes and also papers, plans of the fort and the like. André accepted these papers, and violated his second instruction. The day wore slowly away, and André began to think of his escape. Then it appeared that Smith, a very careful person, had no notion of running the risk of taking his guest off to the Vulture. So it was agreed that they should go by land. André then changed his uniform

and put on ordinary clothes. He thus broke his third and last instruction, and was now in every respect within the definition of a spy. They started at dusk, passed through the American lines, spent the night at a house in the neighborhood, and resumed their march in the early morning. After having proceeded a little way, the careful and innocent Smith parted from his guest, and went back to report to Arnold that all was well. André rode on cheerfully, feeling that all danger was over. He was crossing the neutral ground, and would soon reach the British lines. Suddenly, out of the bushes came three men, rough-looking fellows, one in a refugee's uniform, who bade the traveller stand. André was in the region of the guerillas, who belonged to one party or the other in name, and fought steadily for their own hand. André concluded that these men were "cow-boys," partisans of his own side, and or-

dered them to give way, as he was a British officer. It appeared, however, that dress had misled him. These unwelcome persons were "Skinners," as the American guerillas were pleasantly called. A very unpleasant discovery this to a British officer travelling in disguise from the American lines. So Arnold's pass was produced, but with little effect on these highly irregular combatants. Then bribes were tried. André thought that if he could have given enough, they would have released him. But events at least are on the side of the "Skinners." They were three in number—Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart. They searched André, found the fatal papers in his boots, and Paulding, being able to read, an accomplishment not shared by his companions, at once with great justice, pronounced the prisoner a spy, and said subsequently that after finding the papers ten thousand guineas would not have



General Arnold is gone to the Enemy. I have just now received a letter from him inclosing one to Mr. Arnold dated on board the Valley Forge. On this circumstance & the papers being detached from his person, the command of his Garrison is the present leaders on you. I request you will be as discreet as possible. As the Enemy may see it in contemplation to attempt some enterprize even to night against these posts I wish you to make immediately after receipt of this the best disposition you can of your force. You have a reputation of men in such worth the best part of the Revolution. You will hear from me further tomorrow.

Yours most obedt. Servt
G. Washington

Dated: Headquarters, Robinson's House, September 25, 1780.

Letter from General Washington to Colonel Wade, apprising him of Arnold's treason.

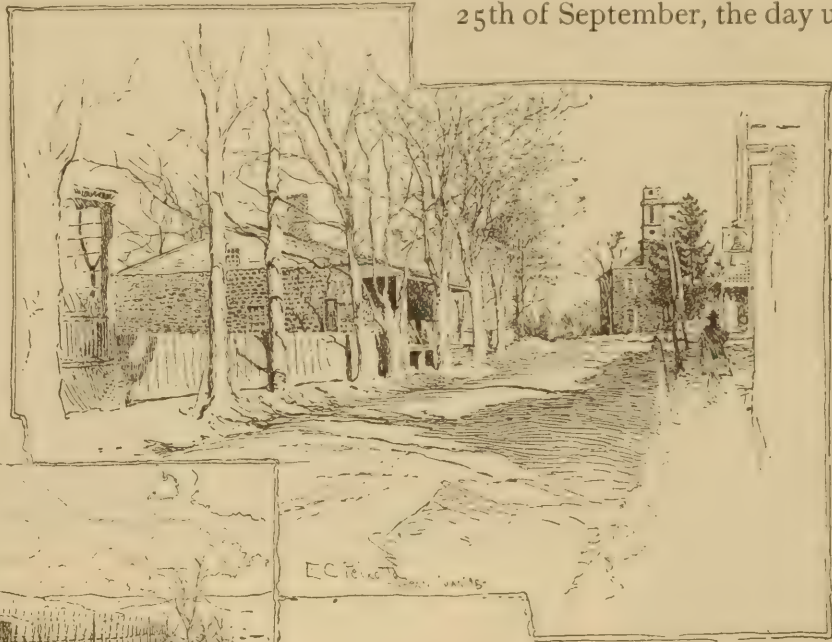
(Reproduced in fac-simile for the first time.—By permission of Stuart C. Wade, Esq.)

bought André's freedom. Certain it is that they refused his very handsome offers, took him to Northcastle, and won a secure and very well-earned place in history by their firm and intelligent action.

Colonel Jamieson, to whom they delivered their captive, was either less intelligent, or less honest than the rough free lances of the neutral ground. Charity would describe Colonel Jamieson's action as due to dulness, and exact frank justice as smacking of knavery. History has been guided by charity in this respect, but of the utter stupidity of Jamieson's action on this hypothesis there can be no

reach to New Salem. When the young officer saw that the game was up he revealed his name and rank and wrote a letter to Washington, making the same confession. The conspiracy had failed, for the message which was to bring Clinton and the British fleet had been stopped, and one of the conspirators was in the toils.

At West Point, however, none of these things were known. It was the 25th of September, the day upon



The House in which André was Imprisoned is Shown on the Left (above). The Inclosed Stone (below) Marks the Place where André was Executed.

doubt. He ordered that André be taken to Arnold's headquarters, with a letter from himself explaining the circumstances, and that the papers be sent to Washington. If this amiable arrangement had been carried out, all would have gone well and André would have escaped. But luckily intelligence and honesty had not wholly departed from Northcastle. Major Benjamin Tallmadge, returning from a scout, saw the blunder that had been committed and forced Jamieson to recall André and his escort, although he could not prevent the despatch of the letter to Arnold. Under the guard of Sergeant John Dean and his men, vigilant and incorruptible, André was held fast and taken out of Jamieson's

which the attack was to be made and the post delivered, and Arnold had no reason to think that all would not come to pass as he had planned. Even such a hardened and reckless man as Arnold may have felt a little natural nervousness under these conditions. If he did, the first event of the day was not likely to console him, for at breakfast appeared Hamilton and McHenry, aides of the commander-in-chief. Washington had returned sooner than had been expected, and it was going to be extremely difficult to betray West Point under his very eyes. The General himself had turned off to look at some redoubts, and telling his aides that like all young men they were in love with Mrs. Arnold, had bade them ride on to the Robinson house. So a pleasant party sat down to breakfast, one of them revolving many things in his mind about which he did not converse. Presently a note was brought to Arnold. He read it with but slight appearance of emotion, said he must go to West Point, and left the room. The note was Jamieson's letter. The plot

was discovered ; all that remained was flight. To his wife, who followed him from the room, he told what had happened. She fainted, and Arnold, pausing at the breakfast-room to say that Mrs. Arnold was ill, rushed from the house, flung himself into his barge, and under pretense of a flag of truce was rowed to the "Vulture." The treason had failed, and the traitor had escaped.

Washington came to the house, had a hasty breakfast, and went over to West Point to visit the works. When he reached the fort, no salute broke the quiet of the morning, no guard turned out to receive him, no commandant was there to greet him. Surprised not to find Arnold, he made the tour of the works, and then returned to the house to be met, as he came up from the river, by Hamilton with the Jamieson letter. Washington took the blow with the iron self-control of which he alone was capable. To Lafayette and Knox, when he showed the letter, he merely said, "Whom can we trust now?" for the idea that the conspiracy might be widespread was that which first absorbed his mind. But there was no confusion. The orders went thick and fast. Hamilton was sent to try to intercept Arnold, unfortunately too late. To Wade went the message: "Arnold has gone to the enemy. You are in command. Be vigilant." Every precaution was taken, every arrangement made, every danger guarded against. There was really little need, for Arnold had no accomplices. He had meant to have no sharer in the rewards, and he had no partners in his crime. When night came, Washington said to Captain Webster, who commanded the guard, "I believe I can trust you," and the son of that brave New Hampshire soldier in all his brilliant career never won a higher meed of praise. Throughout the night the sentry outside the room of the commander-in-chief heard him pacing up and down, the steady footfall sounding clear in the still autumn night. Washington had said nothing and done everything at the moment the blow fell, but when night came and he was alone, he could neither sleep nor rest. It was not alone the imminent peril to his cause which filled his

mind, but the thought of the traitor. He had trusted Arnold because he so admired his fighting qualities, he had helped him and stood by him, and the villain had sold his post, tried to wreck the Revolution, and fled to the enemy. It was very hard to bear in silence, but all Washington said afterward was that in his opinion it was a mistake to suppose that Arnold suffered from remorse, because he was incapable of it.

The rest of the story is easily told. André was tried and condemned as a spy. No other verdict was possible. He was hanged and met his death with the perfect courage of a well-bred and gallant gentleman. Joshua Hett Smith, the cautious and elusive, was also tried, slipped through the fingers of justice, and lived to write, many years after, an account of the conspiracy from his own point of view. Arnold received his reward in money and rank, served in the British army, and left descendants who in England rose to distinction in later days.

Thus the treason came to naught. If it had succeeded it would have been a grave disaster, but would not have changed the course or outcome of the Revolution. It failed, and had no result whatever except upon the two conspirators. There hangs about it the mystery and attraction which always attach to dark plottings pregnant with possibilities, but there is nothing in it but the individual interest which is inseparable from such a fate as that of André, and such an unusual exhibition of cold and sordid perfidy as that of Arnold.

So the summer ended. No military operations had been attempted, and Clinton had tried in vain to substitute bribery and treachery for a campaign in the field. The French had arrived, but despite Washington's efforts, all combinations for an active movement had failed. The second stage in the trial of endurance had closed, and both sides retired to winter quarters, Clinton to New York, and Washington to New Jersey, where he provided for his men in a line of cantonments. The American army was still in existence, the line of the Hudson was still in Washington's unyielding grasp, and the last scene of the war was about to open.



A NEW YORK NOCTURNE

(On the Elevated at 110th Street)

By Charles G. D. Roberts

ABOVE the hollow deep where lies
The city's slumbering face,
Out, out across the night we swing,
A meteor launched in space.

The dark above is sown with stars,
The humming dark below
With sparkle of ten thousand lamps
In endless row on row.

Tall shadow-towers with glimmering lights
Stand sinister and grim
Where upper deep and nether deep
Come darkly rim to rim.

Our souls have known the midnight awe
Of mount, and plain, and sea ;
But here the city's night enfolds
A vaster mystery.

RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE Court opened a day or two after the party at Red Rock. It will not be pertinent to go in detail into the trial of Jacquelin's and Rupert's case. The examination of the plaintiff's witnesses occupied two days. The investigation was fought at every point by Still's counsel, and the Judge almost uniformly ruled in favor of their objections. Steve Allen had hard work to maintain his composure. His eyes flashed and a cloud lowered on his brow as he noted exception after exception, until the Court began to head him off from even this protection by ruling, whenever he rose, that he was out of order. When Court adjourned the second day, except that Still had not indorsed any credit on the bonds, no fraud had been shown in his title to them. The defendant's counsel were jubilant, and that night debated whether they should call any witnesses at all. Leech was against it. He was confident of a decision in his favor. Mr. Bagby was acquiescent. But Major Welch insisted that at least he should go on the stand to state his connection with the case. He did not intend that it should appear of record that his name was connected with a charge of fraud, and that when he had had the opportunity to go on the stand and deny it he had failed to do so. So next day the Defence began to take evidence, and after they began to introduce witnesses it was necessary to go fully into the case. It was, however, plain sailing. Thus the second day wore away. An undisputed bond of Mr. Gray's was put in proof. It was dated at the outbreak of the war, and was the bond given for money to help equip the Red Rock company. This bond was taken from the bundle of papers in the old suit which Still

had brought, and the other papers in the file were left spread out on the bar, ready for the big bond in dispute to be offered in evidence. For the purpose of connecting the large bond with his trip to the far South it became necessary to prove the time when Still went South. An attempt was made to do this, but the witnesses put on the stand to prove it, on cross-examination got mixed up and differed among themselves by several years. It was night now, and Leech was anxious to close the case. It had been going so smoothly that Leech had begun to be reckless. He glanced around the court-house.

"Is there no one here who was present when you went, or came back?" he asked Still, with a frown of impatience. Still looked about him.

"Yes, there's a nigger. He was there both when I went away and when I came back. He used to work about the house." He pointed to Doan, who stood behind the bar in the throng of spectators. "But I don't want to put him on," he whispered. "I don't like him."

"Oh! nonsense. It's only a single fact, and if we can prove it by him, it's as good as by a hundred." Leech turned and spoke to Doan aloud from his seat.

"Come around and be sworn."

Doan was told by Leech that he need not sit down, as there was only one question to be asked; so he stood just in front of the bar, where the papers were spread on it. Leech put his question.

"Do you know when Mr. Still was sent South by Mr. Gray?"

"Yes, suh. Cose I does. I was right dyah. See him de night he come back."

"Well, tell those gentlemen when it was." Doan looked puzzled. "What year it was, I mean," said Leech. He leant over and fingered the big bond lying



Still sprung to his feet in uncontrollable agitation, his face livid.—Page 473

on the bar before him, preparatory to putting it in evidence. The act seemed to arouse the negro's intellect.

"Well, I don' know nothin' 'bout what year 'twuz, boss," he said, "but I knows *when* 'twuz."

"Well, *when* was it? And how do you know when it was?" Leech asked sharply.

"'Twuz when de big picture o' de ghos' in de gret hall fall down de lass' time jes' b'fo' de war. Mr. Still had jes' come back from de Souf' de day befo', an' him and Marster wuz in de gret hall togerr, talkin' 'bout things, and Mr. Still had jes' ontie he pocket-book an' gin Marster back de papers, when de win' blow 'em on de flo', an' de picture come down out de frame 'quebang' most 'pon top my haid."

"Stop him! For God's sake, stop him," muttered Still, clutching at Leech's arm. The lawyer did not catch his words, and turned to him. Still was deadly pale.

"Stop him," he murmured. Leech saw something had happened.

"Hold on. Stop! How do you know this?" His tone was suddenly combative.

"Hi! I wuz right dyah onder it, and it leetle mo' fall 'pon top my haid. 'Twuz in de Spring, and I wuz paintin' de hearth wid red paint, and Marster an' de overseer wuz talkin' togerr at de secretary by de winder 'bout de new plantation down Souf, an' I wuz doin' mo' lis'nin' 'n paintin', cuz when I heah Mr. Still say he hadn' buyed all de lan' an' niggers Marster 'spected him to buy, and had done bring he bond back, I wuz wonderin' ef dee'd sen' any o' our black folks down Souf; and thunder-storm come up right sudden, an' b'fo' dee pull de winder down, blowed dem papers what Mr. Still teck out he pocket an' gi' to Marster, off de secretary down on de flo', and slam de do' so hard de old Ingin-Killer fall right out de frame mos' 'pon top my haid. Yas, suh, I wuz dyah, sho'!"

Still, with white face, was clutching Leech's arm, making him signals to stop the witness. But Doan was too well launched to stop. He flowed on easily.

"I tell you I didn' like it much nohow. An' Mr. Still didn' like it much nurr."

"Stop him!" whispered Still, agonizingly.

"Here, this is all nonsense," broke in Leech, angrily. "You don't know what Mr. Still thought." But Doan was by this time at his ease, enjoying the taste of publicity.

"Yas, suh, I does. Cuz I hear him say so. I holp him nail de picture back after Marster had done put dem very papers Mr. Still gi' him back in de hole behine it. An' I hear Mr. Still tell Marster 't ef it wuz him he'd be skeered, cuz dee say 'twuz bad luck to anybody in de house ef de picture fall; and Marster say he wa'n't' skeered; dat ef anything happen to him he could trust Mr. Still, an' he'd put de papers in de hole behine de picture, so ef anyone ever fine 'em dee'd see what a faithful man he had, he had trus' him wid he bonds for thousands o' dollars, an' he brung 'em back, an' he gwine nail de picture up now so 'twon' come down no mo'."

"Oh! Your master said he felt he could trust Mr. Still?" said Leech, brightening, catching this crumb of comfort. "And he nailed the picture up securely?"

"Yas, suh; I holped him. Marster sont me to teck Marse Rupert out, cuz he wuz dabblin' he little byah foots in de paint on de hearth, trackin' up de flo', an' had done step'pon one o' de papers whar blow down an' mark it up, an' he tell me when I come back to bring hammer an' nails to nail de picture up, an' so I done."

Still was again squeezing his counsel's arm painfully, whispering him to stop the witness.

"You can stand aside," said Leech, contemptuously. Still gave a sigh of relief, and Doan was slowly turning to go.

"Hold on." It was Steve's deep voice. Jacquelin was whispering to him, eagerly.

He rose slowly to get the bond lying on the bar. Before he could reach it, however, McRaffle, who was one of the counsel associated with Leech, partly resenting the neglect of himself and wishing to earn his fee, leant forward. He would at least ask one question.

"You nailed it up securely, and that was the last time it fell." He spoke rather in affirmation than question.

"Nor, suh, it done fell down two or three times since den. Hit fall de day Marster wuz kilt, an' hit fall de evenin'

Mr. Still dyah got de papers out de hole agin. Dat's de evenin' Mr. Leech dyah 'rest Marse Jack."

Hiram Still sprung to his feet in uncontrollable agitation, his face livid. Every eye was turned on him, and Leech caught him and pulled him forcibly down into his seat, rising in his place and addressing the Court.

"If your honor please," he said, "all of this is irrelevant. I have no idea what it is all about, but it has no bearing whatever on this case—a lot of stuff about a picture falling down, and I shall ask you to exclude it all from the jury."

"But I will show whether or not it is relevant," said Steve, springing to his feet. He had picked up the bond from the bar and held it firmly. His voice had a new ring in it.

Leech turned on him angrily, but caught his eye and quieted down, and addressed the Court again.

"I will show how impossible it is for it to be accepted. Can you read or write?" he asked Doan, who stood much puzzled by what was going on.

"Nor, suh."

"And you cannot tell one paper from another, can you?"

"Nor, suh. But ef de paper Mr. Still got out from behine de picture dat evenin' I see him git up in de hole after you brung Marse Jack away is de one I see him gi' Marster an' see him put in dyah, hit's got Marse Rupert's foot-track 'pon it; least his toe-tracks, whar he'd been dabblin' in de fresh paint on de hearth; cuz dat's de reason Marster meck me cyar him out, cuz he step 'pon de paper whar blown down on de hall flo' wid red paint and track up de flo' runnin' after it." (Here Steve with a bow handed the bond across to Major Welch.) "I see Marster when he put de paper in de bundle an' Mr. Still put it up in de hole behine de picture, an' I see Mr. Still when he git up in de hole an' teck it out de evenin' de picture fall down after Mistis an' all de white folks come 'way to come to de cote-house after Marse Jack. Ef it's de same paper hit's got he toe-marks on hit in red paint, cuz I can show you de tracks on de hall flo' now. Hit's dim, but hit's dyah on de flo' still. Ef you go dyah wid me I can show't to you."

At this moment Major Welch, who had been holding the bond in his hand, and had studied it carefully, leant forward and held it out to the negro.

Still, with a gasp, made a grab for Leech, and Leech reached for the paper, but Major Welch put him aside without even looking at him.

"Did you ever see that paper before?" he asked Doan. Doan's face lit up and he gave an ejaculation of surprise and pleasure.

"Yas, suh; dat's de very paper I'se talkin' 'bout." He took it and held it triumphantly, turning it so it could be seen. "Dyah's Marse Rupert's little toe-marks 'pon hit now—jes like I tell you." And as the paper was viewed, there, without doubt, were the prints—incontestably the mark of five little toes, as the exclamation of the spectators certified.

Leech rose and renewed his motion.

The Judge sustained it, and ruled out Doan's testimony, to which Steve excepted. Then Leech calmly offered the bond in evidence, and announced that they were through and wanted no argument.

Steve Allen offered to put Doan on the stand as his witness, but Leech objected; the plaintiffs had closed their case, he said. And so the Court ruled. Steve Allen claimed the right to put the witness on the stand, asserting that it was rebuttal. But the Court was firm. The Judge declined to "hear ghost-stories." Steve insisted, and the Court ordered him to take his seat: he was "out of order," the case was "closed." He should instruct the jury to bring in a verdict that no fraud had been shown, and the defendants would receive a decree accordingly.

On this Steve suddenly flamed out. He would like to know when he had been in order in that Court, he said. It was a gross outrage; an outrage on decency; the rulings of the Court were a cover for fraud.

"Take your seat, sir," thundered the Judge. "I will commit you for contempt." The anger of the Judge cooled Steve's.

"If you do, it will certainly be for *contempt*," he said, recovering his composure, and with it a more insolent manner than before.

"I will put you in jail, sir!"

"It has no terrors for me. It is more honorable than your Court."

"I will disbar you!" roared the Judge.

"You have substantially done it in this case."

The Judge was foaming. He turned to the clerk and commanded him to enter an order immediately striking Steve's name from the roll of attorneys practising in that Court, and ordered the Sheriff to take him into custody. The excitement was intense.

At this moment Jacquelin rose. His calm manner and assured voice quieted the hubbub; the Judge looked at him and waited, an expression of curiosity on his face. As his counsel was disbarred, Jacquelin said, he should ask the Court to allow him to represent himself at this juncture, and also his brother, who was still a minor. He calmly stated the series of events that had prevented their knowing before the facts that had just been disclosed and which made everything clear, and he asked leave to amend their bill, or to file a new one on the ground of after-discovered evidence. With the new light thrown on the case, he traced Still's action, step by step, and suddenly wound up with a charge that he had arrested his brother to get him out of the way and destroy the danger of his testimony. A roar of applause broke from the white men present, in whom a ray of hope began to shine once more. Jacquelin sat down.

Of all the people in the court-room the Judge was the most calm. He was as motionless as a sphinx. There was a brief pause of deathly stillness. The Judge slowly turned his eyes, looked at Leech, and waited. The latter's face lit up. He stirred, put his hand on the bar, and leant forward preparatory to rising. Before he could make another motion, Major Welch rose. Every eye turned on him. The silence became almost palpable. Major Welch's face was pale, and the lines, as seen in the dim light of the candles, appeared to have deepened in it.

"If your Honor please," he began, "I am a defendant in this case and hold, as a purchaser under the other defendant, a considerable part of the property sought to be recovered by the plaintiffs. I bought it honestly and paid for it, believing that it was the land of the man from whom I

bought, and I still hold it. I wish to say that as far as I am concerned—so far as relates to the part of the property formerly belonging to Mr. Jacquelin Gray and his brother, now held by me I am satisfied. It will not be necessary for the plaintiffs to take the step that has just been proposed, of filing a new bill. From certain facts that have come to my own knowledge and which I did not understand before, but on which, what has just taken place has thrown a full light, I am quite satisfied. And if the complainants will prepare a proper deed reconveying the land—my part of the land—to them, I will execute it without further delay, and will make such restitution as I can. I have lost what I put into it, which is a considerable part of all I possessed in the world. But there is one thing I have not lost, and I do not propose to lose it. I shall expect them to make a declaration of record that every transaction, so far as I, at least, was concerned, was free from any taint of suspicion." For the first time he turned and faced the bar. His voice, which had been grave and low, if firm, suddenly became strong and full, with a ring in it of pride. He sat down, still amid a deathly silence. The next moment, from all through the court-room there was a cheer that almost took the roof off. The Judge scowled and rapped; but it was beyond him, and in spite of his efforts to restore order, it went on wildly—cheer after cheer, not only for the act, but for the man.

Ruth, who all through the scene had been sitting beside her mother, holding her arm tightly, her face as white as her handkerchief, in a fit of uncontrollable emotion burst into tears and threw herself into her mother's arms. Mrs. Welch's eyes were glistening and her face was lit up by a glow which she did not always permit to rest there.

Old Mr. Bagby had sat half dazed at his client's action, wonder, dissatisfaction, and pride all contending in his countenance for mastery. Before his client was through, pride conquered, and as Major Welch sat down the old fellow leant forward, placed his hand on the back of Major Welch's, and closed it firmly. That was all.

As Major Welch finished speaking, Jacquelin sprang to his feet. His face was almost as white as the Major's.

"If the Court please——" he began. "I wish to make a statement."

"Sit down," said the Judge, angrily shouting to the Sheriff to restore order. Jacquelin sat down, and the cheers began to subside.

Just at that moment there was a crash outside, close to the window. A restive horse had broken loose. There was a shrill neigh and the quick trample of feet as he dashed away. Hiram Still sank forward and rolled from his chair in a heap on the floor.

The Court adjourned for the night, and the crowd poured out of the court-room.

As Ruth and her mother came out, the darkened green was full of groups of men all eagerly discussing the occurrence and its probable effects on the case. Major Welch's name was on every lip.

"Danged if I believe he's a Yankee, anyway!" said a voice in the darkness, as Ruth and Mrs. Welch passed by—a theory which gained this much credit, that several admitted that "he certainly was more like our people than like Yankees." One, after reflection, said:

"Well, maybe there's some of 'em better than them we know about."

The ladies passed on in the darkness, Ruth with a pride in her heart that not a nobler man lived on earth in any latitude whatever.

Hiram Still was taken over to the tavern and Dr. Cary attended him; and later in the night the report was current that it was only a fit he had had, and that he was recovering.

Meantime Leech and Still's other counsel held a consultation, and after that Leech was closeted with the Judge in his room for an hour, and when he left, having learned that Major Welch had gone home, he mounted his horse and rode away in the darkness, in the direction of Red Rock.

The next morning the Judge adjourned his court for the term. The illness of Still, the chief party in the cause, was the ground assigned, and it was admitted that it was a good ground.

It soon became known that Still was not going to give up the suit. It was so authoritatively announced by Leech.

"If Major Welch was fool enough," Leech said, "to turn tail at a nigger's lies, which he had been bribed to tell, and fling

away a good plantation, it was none of their business. But they were going to fight and win their case."

The Judge left the county, and Still, having recovered sufficiently, was moved to his home.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IN a few months Still had recovered sufficiently to be taken to a watering-place for his health, it was said, and Leech was engaged in other parts of the State, looking after his prospective canvass for the governorship. Dr. Still was absent, dutifully looking after his father, and, rumor said, also looking after his own prospects in another field. Whether these reports were all true or not, the three men were all absent from the county, and the county breathed more freely by reason thereof. It was an unquestioned fact that when they were absent peace returned.

It was, however, but a calm before the storm.

Jacquelin had once more brought his suit. It was an amended bill, this time against Still alone. Major Welch had insisted on reconveying his part of the land to Jacquelin. He said he could not sleep with that land in his possession. So Jacquelin was the owner of it, and Major Welch took it on a lease.

The suit matured and once more the term of Court was approaching. There was more hope of its success this time, and the people of the county were in better spirits. There was talk of Rupert coming home. He had been in the West with Captain Thurston, acting as a volunteer scout, and had distinguished himself for his bravery. One particular act of gallantry, indeed, had attracted much attention. In a fight with the Indians, a negro trooper belonging to one of the companies had been wounded, and had fallen from his horse. Rupert had heard his cries and had gone back under a heavy fire, and, lifting him on his horse had brought him off. The first that was heard of it in the county was through a letter of Captain Thurston's to Miss Welch. When Rupert was written to about it, he said he could not let Steve and Jack have all the honors; "and the fact is," he added,

"when I heard that negro boy calling I could not leave him to save my life."

Within a month after this Captain Thurston's company had come back from the West, and there was talk of efforts being made to have the old prosecution against Rupert dismissed, and it was rumored that he would come home and testify at the trial.

In view of these facts, the old county was in better spirits than it had enjoyed for some time.

Dr. Washington Still's attentions to his father, however, after that gentleman's attack at the trial of the Red Rock case, were not so filial as they were reported to be; had the truth been known, he was not so attentive to his father's interest as he was to that of another member of the Still family. Whilst the trial and its strange denouement had affected the elder Still to the point of bringing on a slight attack of paralysis, it affected Dr. Still also very seriously, though in a different way.

After the entertainment at Red Rock, Dr. Still fancied that he saw much improvement in his chances with Miss Krafton. She appeared to be more pleased with his society than formerly. He had expected to impress her with Red Rock, and she had been impressed. The pictures had particularly struck her. She referred to the suit, of which she had heard. Dr. Still scouted the idea of their title being questioned. His grandfather had lived there, and his father had been born on the place. He did not mention the house in which his father had been born.

Yes, Miss Krafton was manifestly interested, and the doctor began to have more hope of his success than he had ever had. He allowed himself to fall really in love with her.

His father's connection with the bonds of his former employer suddenly threatened to overthrow the whole structure that Wash Still was so carefully building. Miss Krafton might not have believed the story if it had been confined to Mr. Gray and Mr. Still; but when Major Welch accepted it and, as was stated, had even reconveyed his property to Mr. Gray, it was a different thing.

Miss Krafton had conceived a high opinion of Major Welch. He was so different from everyone else she had seen at

the entertainment at Red Rock or had met at her father's table. She knew of the Welches' high social standing. She had met Miss Welch, and had been delighted with her also. The partial similarity of their situations had drawn her to Ruth, and she had come to admire her more than any girl she knew. When the story of the Red Rock suit came out, Miss Krafton's curiosity was aroused. She wrote to Miss Welch and asked her about it.

When Dr. Still called on Miss Krafton next after she had made this inquiry, as he waited in her drawing-room, his eye fell on a letter lying open on a table. He thought he recognized the hand-writing as that of Miss Welch, and as he looked at it to verify this he caught the name "Red Rock." He could not resist the temptation to read what she said, and, picking up the letter, he glanced at the first page. It began with a formal regret that she could not accept Miss Krafton's invitation to visit her, and then said:

"As to your request to tell you the true story of Mr. Hiram Still's connection with the Red Rock case, which the papers have been so full of, I feel—" What it was that she felt Wash did not discover, for at this point the page ended, and just then there was a rustle of skirts close outside the door and he replaced the letter only in time to turn and meet Miss Krafton as she entered. He had never seen her so handsome; but there was something in her manner to him which he had never felt before. She was cold, he thought, almost contemptuous. He wondered if she could have seen him through the door reading her letter. She launched out in such eulogy of Major Welch and of Mrs. Welch that Dr. Still was quite overwhelmed. He attempted to change the opinion of them that she held; but with disastrous results. She declared that if she were a man she would rather starve than have a dollar that was not gotten honestly; and if ever she married, it would be to a man like Major Welch.

Dr. Still looked at her in a half-dazed way, and as he gazed a curious expression came over his face.

"Well, some women are innocent," he thought, as he came down the steps.

When he reached home his father was waiting for him. The young man attacked

him so furiously that his father was overwhelmed. He began to try to defend himself. He had done nothing, he declared; but whatever he had done had been for *his* sake.

Dr. Still broke out in a fury:

"For my sake! That's your plea! And a pretty mess you've made of it. Just as I was about to succeed—to make me the talk of the State!—to make me appear the son of a—thief! You've stood in my way all my life. But for you I might have been anything. I *am* ashamed of you—I've always been ashamed of you—but I did not think you'd have been such a—fool!" He walked up and down the room, wringing his hands and clutching the air.

"Washy—Washy—hear me," pleaded the older man, rising from his arm-chair and, with outstretched hands, trying to follow him.

Wash Still made a gesture half of contempt and half of anger and burst out of the door.

As his son slammed the door behind him, Hiram Still stood for a moment, turned unsteadily to his chair, threw up his hands, and tottering, fell full length on the floor.

When it was most unexpected, Leech made a move which shook the old county to its circumference. One Sunday morning Leech sprung the trap he had been preparing. It was a complete surprise and a complete success. And when he counted his victims, he had, with the exception of Steve Allen, bagged every man in the county from whom he had ever received an affront, or against whom he had a personal grudge. During the night before, two bodies of soldiery had marched into the county from opposite directions, and when morning broke the county-seat was invested by a little army accompanying McRaffle, as a civil officer of the Government to make arrests and take possession, while squads had branched off to outlying places to capture and bring in those against whom the enmity of the authorities was directed.

Captain Allen escaped. Jerry had got wind of the raid just a few moments before the soldiers appeared and had told Jacquelin, and Jacquelin had warned Steve, who

had saddled his horse and got away by riding straight across the court-yard, taking the fences as he came to them.

Dr. Cary heard of the raid and of the arrest of his friends that morning as he came home from a sick-bedside where he had spent the night. He was tired and fagged, but he said he must go down to the court-house and see about the matter. Mrs. Cary and Blair tried to dissuade him. He needed rest.

"They may arrest you if you go."

"They cannot possibly have anything against me," he said. "But if they should, it would make no difference. I must go and see about my friends." Mrs. Cary admitted this.

So he rode off. Mrs. Cary and Blair looked wistfully after him as he passed slowly down the road through the apple-trees. He rode more slowly now than he used to do, and not so erect in the saddle.

He found the roads picketed as in time of war, but the pickets let him through. He had scarcely entered the village before he met Leech. He was bustling about with a bundle of books under his thin arm. The Doctor greeted him coldly, and Leech returned the greeting almost warmly. He was really pleased to see the Doctor.

The Doctor expressed his astonishment and indignation at the step that had been taken. Leech was deprecatory.

"I have heard that I am wanted also," said the Doctor, calmly. "I am present to answer any charge that can be brought against me."

Leech smiled, almost sadly. He had no doubt in the world that the Doctor could do so. Really he himself had very little knowledge of the matter, and none at all as to the Doctor's case. The Doctor could probably find out by applying to the officer in command. He passed on, leaving the old gentleman in doubt. Within ten minutes after that Dr. Cary was arrested by an officer accompanied by a file of soldiers. When he reached Leech's house he found more of his old friends assembled there than he could have found anywhere else in the county that day.

The prisoners were first marched to Leech's big house, and were called out one by one and taken into a room, where they were arraigned before McRaffle, as a Com-

missioner, on the charge of treason and rebellion. The specific act was the night-attack on the jail. The witnesses were the jailer, Perdue, and a negro who had been in jail that night. Leech himself was present, and was the director of the prosecution. He sat beside the Commissioner, and instructed him in every case.

When Dr. Cary's turn came, neither he nor anyone else had any doubt that he would be at once discharged. He had taken no part whatever in the attack on the jail, and had tried to dissuade from it those who made the assault, failing in which he had waited to render what professional aid might be necessary. When he was brought in before Leech, he was sensible at once of some sort of change in the man. Leech had evidently prepared to act a part. He was dressed in a long black coat with a white tie, which gave him a quasi-clerical touch, and his expression had taken on a sympathetic character. A light almost tender, if it had not been so joyous, beamed from his mild blue eyes, and when he spoke his voice had a singular whine of apparent self-abnegation. The Doctor was instantly conscious of the change in him. "The tiger is loose in this man," he said to himself. Leech himself called the Commissioner's attention to the Doctor's presence, and greeted him sadly. The Doctor acknowledged the salute gravely, and stated to the Commissioner his views as to the error that led to his arrest. Before he was through, however, he was addressing Leech. A glint shone in Leech's eyes for a second.

"Yes, it would seem so," he said, reflectively, with a twang in his voice. "I should think that all that would be necessary would be for you to mention it to the Court." He looked at the Commissioner as if for corroboration.

"Why, you are the real power," said the Doctor; "you are the one who has authority."

"Oh, no, my dear sir; you do me too much honor," and Leech smiled, almost wanly. "I am but the humble instrument of the law. I bind and loose only as it is given me, my dear sir." His voice had grown nasal and his blue eyes beamed. He laid his hand tenderly on the Doctor's shoulder, and smiled half sadly. The Doctor moved a step farther off.

"Very well; I am not afraid. Only don't 'my dear sir' me, if you please. I shall state frankly all I know about the matter, and expect to be discharged now and at once."

"Yes, that's right. No doubt of it. I shall be glad to do what I can to further your wishes. I will speak to the Commissioner." He smiled blandly.

He did so, holding a long whispered conversation with McRaffle, and the Doctor's case was taken up. The Doctor made his statement and made it fully and frankly, and it was taken down. When it was finished, however, he was not discharged. He was asked to give the names of those who were in the mob that night, and refused. Leech approached and tenderly and solicitously urged him to do so. "My dear sir, don't you see how impossible it will be for me to assist you if you persist in what is really a contempt of court?"

"Do you suppose I would tell you to save my life?" said Dr. Cary.

Leech shook his head sadly. He was really grieved.

The Doctor was held "on his own confession," the Commissioner said. Old Mr. Langstaff was sent on in the same way.

It was late in the afternoon when the prisoners were conducted to prison. Leech himself headed the procession, walking with impressive solemnity a little in advance of the guard.

As Dr. Cary passed into the jail he involuntarily stooped. As a matter of fact, the entrance was considerably higher than that of his cottage at home. As the heavy door closed behind the prisoners there was such a wild shout of triumph from the ebony crowd that surged about the space outside that the dull, indifferent soldiers in line before the door looked up and scowled with side glances and muttered speeches to each other, while across the streets on the outskirts the white men gathered together in groups and talked in low tones, their faces dark with impotent rage, but none the less dangerous, because they too were bound by shackles.

By nightfall the village was overflowing, and men were still arriving. The two words heard oftenest were "the Government" and "Leech." Suddenly the two had become one. Leech was the Government, and the Government was Leech: no lon-

ger merely the State—the carpet-bag government ; but the Government. He represented and was represented by the blue-coated, silent, impassive men who were quartered in the court-house, and moved indifferently among the citizens, disliked, but careless whether it were so or not. The carpet-bagger had suddenly ceased to be a mere individual—he had become a power. For the first time he was not only hated, but feared. Men who had braved his militia, which had outnumbered them twenty to one, who had outscowled him face to face a hundred times, now sank their voices as he passed. Leech was quick to note the difference, and his heart swelled with pride. He felt that he was feared, and it was unction to his spirit. He had bided his time and had triumphed. Waiting till they least expected it, he had at one blow struck down every enemy. They were under his feet. They knew it, and they feared him. He meant them to know it and to fear him. For this reason he had sat by the Commissioner all day and instructed him ; for this reason he had led the march to the jail.

But had he struck down all? No, one had escaped. At the thought, Leech's smile died away. His chief enemy, the one he most hated and feared, was wanting. It was Steve Allen that he was after—Steve Allen, who had scouted and braved and defied him so often ; who had derided him and stung him and thwarted him. He had planned the whole affair for Steve, and now his enemy had slipped through his fingers. It turned all the rest of his success into failure. His triumph changed to dust and ashes on his lips.

Next day Leech headed a squad himself—not a small one—and visited every house in the neighborhood that Steve frequented, searching the houses and proclaiming his determination to have him, alive or dead.

Among other places he went to Dr. Cary's. But he was doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Cary and Miss Blair had gone down to the court-house to look after the Doctor, and the family was represented by Mammy Krenda, whose dark looks and hostile attitude implied too much for Leech to try her. He contented himself with announcing to her that he was hunt-

ing for Steve Allen, and had a warrant for his arrest.

"Yes, I heah you huntin' for him," said the old woman, quietly. "Well, you better mine some day he don't go huntin' for you. When he's ready I reckon you'll fine him."

"I mean to have him, alive or dead," said Leech. "It don't make any difference to me," he laughed.

"No, I heah say you say dat," replied the old woman, placidly. "Well, 'twould meck right smart difference to him, I spec'—an' when you push folks dat fur, you'se got to have mighty sho' stan'in' place."

This piece of philosophy did not strike home to Leech at the time ; but a little later it came back to him.

He returned to the court-house without having accomplished his mission. On his arrival at the court-house that evening, however, he found that old Tarquin was there, he having driven his mistress down, and he summoned the old man before him. When Tarquin was brought in he looked so stately and showed so much dignity that Leech for a moment had a feeling that perhaps he had made a mistake. McRaffle was present, sitting with that inscrutable look on his dark face, and the Commissioner had already gained a reputation for as much severity in his new office as rumor had connected with his name in a less authorized capacity. Leech charged that he knew where Captain Allen was, and that he had just as well tell. He did not wish to be severe with him, but it was his duty as a representative of the Government to ascertain ; and while on one side was the penalty of the law, on the other was a high reward. When he was through there was an expression very like scorn on Tarquin's face.

"I don't know where he is, Colonel Leech," he said, "but do you suppose I would tell you if I did ? If I betrayed a gentleman, I couldn' look my master in the face." Leech was taken aback.

"Here, that's all nonsense," he snarled ; "I'm the Government, and I'll make you tell. If you don't tell I'll send you to jail ; that's what I'll do."

"You have already sent better gentlemen there," said the old servant, quietly.

Leech suddenly tried another course,

and began to argue. It was his duty to the Government which had set him free, and would pay handsomely.

"Colonel Leech, my master offered me my freedom before the war, and I wouldn't take it. You may get some poor creatures to betray with such a bribe, but no gentleman will sell himself," said Tarquin. Leech could not help enjoying the scowl that came on McRaffle's face. But the old man was oblivious of it.

Leech took out his pocket-book.

"Here; I was just trying you," he said, with a well-feigned smile. He extracted a dollar note and held it out.

"Nor, suh; I don't want your money," said Tarquin, calmly. He bowed coldly, and, turning slowly, walked out.

Leech sat for a moment in deep reflection. A strange feeling came to him, as if he were in a cage with some wild animal whose keeper he had driven away and which he had petted and fed until it had gotten beyond him. He could control it only by continually feeding it, and it was steadily demanding more and more. Would the supply from which he had drawn give out? And then what would happen? He was aroused from his thoughts by McRaffle, who gave a short laugh.

"Called your hand, rather; didn't he?"

Leech tried hard to look composed.

"Why didn't you turn him over to me? I'd have got it out of him. Trouble about you is, you don't know the game. You are all right when your hand's full; but you haven't got the courage to bet on your hand if it's weak. But if you can't get them you can others. You leave it to me and I'll find out where he is."

"Well, go on and do it, and don't talk so much about it," snarled Leech, angrily.

"I mean to have him, alive or dead."

"And I rather think you'd prefer the latter," sneered McRaffle, darkly.

"No; Vengeance belongeth unto God." His tone was unctuous.

"Look here, Leech," said the other, with cold contempt, "you make me sick. I've done many things, but I'm blanked if I ever quoted Scripture to cover my meanness. You're thinking of Still. I'm not him. You move heaven and earth to take your vengeance, and then talk about it belonging to God. You think you are a god,

maybe; but you are a mighty small one. And you can't fool Steve Allen, I tell you. If you give me a thousand dollars, I'll get him for you."

"You said you'd get him for two hundred, and I have offered that reward."

"The price has risen," said McRaffle, coolly. "You haven't got him, have you? If Allen runs across you, you'll wish you had paid me five thousand."

"Well, you get him, and we'll talk about the price." And Leech rose and left the room to put an end to the interview.

"We'll talk of it before that, Colonel," muttered McRaffle, slowly, to himself.

Leech had some compensation next day. From being an humble instrument of Providence he had begun to feel as if he were a part of Providence itself. The thought made his bosom swell. He determined to lengthen out the pleasure. So, instead of sending all his prisoners down to the city at once, he divided them into two lots, and shipped only half of them at first. It was charged that he wanted to keep Jacquelin Gray until he could secure Steve Allen, so that he might march them down handcuffed together, and that he kept Andy Stamper and some of the others so that he might gloat over them personally. However that was, he kept these, and the others were marched down to the station handcuffed between his guards, and with a crowd of yelling, hooting negroes running beside them, screaming and laughing at them, and were shipped to the city in a closed box-car, Leech superintending the shipment personally. Just before starting he approached Dr. Cary and General Legaie, and said that in consideration of their age he would have them sent down to the station in his carriage.

"Thank you. We wish no exemptions made in our cases, different from our neighbors," said Dr. Cary, grimly. The General said nothing. He only looked away, quiet, impassive—a caged lion, his eye on the far horizon.

"Now, my dear sirs, this is not Christian. I beg that you will allow me the pleasure," urged Leech.

The little General turned on him so suddenly, and with such a blaze in his eyes, that the carpet-bagger sprang back, and his sentence was never finished.

"Dog!" was the only word that reached him, but there was another.

So Dr. Cary and General Legaie went along with the rest, though they were not handcuffed.

On his return from the railway, that night, Leech had an interview with the officer in command of the soldiers, and went with him through the jail, giving him, in a high key, especial orders as to guarding it securely.

"It will be guarded securely enough," said the Captain, gruffly. He was beginning to find Leech intolerable.

Leech frowned. "A soldier's duty is to obey orders, Captain," he said, sententiously.

The Captain turned on him suddenly, his red face redder than ever.

"Look here, you bully these men down here who haven't anybody to speak up for them; but don't you be trying to teach me my duty, Mister Leech, or I'll break your d——d neck; you hear?"

He looked so large and threatening that Leech fell back. In order to appease the ruffled officer and satisfy him that he was not a coward, just as he was leaving, Leech said that he did not care for him to send guards up to his house that night, as he had been doing since his arrival and the arrest.

"All right."

"Of course, I mean until toward bedtime, Captain. I think it still better to keep them there until I leave. You don't know these people as I do. I shall go to the city to-morrow, or next day."

"Ugh!" grunted the Captain. "All right," and Leech went off.

"I'll have him recalled, and get somebody else in his place," reflected Leech, and he stopped at his office and wrote a letter. Having posted his letter, he returned to his office, and sat down in deep reflection.

One thing that had worried him in the past more than he had ever admitted, even to himself, had, like the others under the influence of his fortunate star, passed away. He had married early in life. As his ambition rose, his wife had been a clog on him. He had tried to get a divorce, but that had failed, and, as a compromise, he had persuaded his wife to give up his name and resume her own, Miss Bush.

He was now free from her. He had not heard from her in a long time, and he believed, he hoped, she was dead. He was leaning back in his chair, after posting the letter, indulging in a sort of reverie. He was filled with pride, almost with reverence, for himself.

Just then there was a knock at the door. A servant entered. A lady wanted to see him. Who was it? The servant did not know. She wanted to see him at once. Curiosity prevailed. "Show her in," said Leech. She entered a moment later. Leech turned deadly white. It was Miss Bush. The next moment his fear gave way to rage. He sprang to his feet. "What are you doing here? Where did you come from?" he snarled.

She seated herself on a chair near the door.

"Don't be angry with me, John," she said, quietly.

"Why shouldn't I be angry with you? You have lied to me."

"That I have not." She spoke firmly.

"You have. What do you call it? Did you not promise never to bother me again?"

"I have not bothered you."

"You have. You gave me your word never to come near me again. What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you."

"Well, talk quick. I have no time to waste on you. I am busy."

"I know you are, and I shall not bother you long. I want you to stop prosecuting Dr. Cary and Mr. Gray and Captain Allen."

"What do you know about them?" asked Leech, in unfeigned astonishment.

"They are friends of friends of mine."

"Is that all? Well, I'll see you first where I wish they were now—in h——l!"

"There is no use in speaking that way, John," she said, quietly.

"I don't want you to 'John' me," he snarled. "I tell you I want you to go away."

"I am going," she said, sadly. "I will go as soon as I can."

His manner changed.

"Will you go if I give you the money?"

"Yes"—his face brightened—"as soon as I have finished my year here."

He broke out on her furiously.

"That's always the way with you. You are such a liar there's no believing you. I wish you were dead."

"I know you do, John—and I do, too," she said, wearily.

"Oh, that's just a part of your hypocrisy. Here, if I give you money, will you go away?"

"Yes, as soon as I can."

"And will you promise me never to breathe my name to a soul while you are here, or let anyone know that you know me? Will you give me your word to that?"

"Yes."

He looked at her keenly for a moment.

"Does anyone know that you—that you ever knew me?"

She flushed faintly with distress.

"Yes, one person—one only."

Leech sprang to her and seized her roughly.

"And he? Who is he?"

"It is a lady—Miss Welch."

He gave a cry of rage.

"Her! I'd rather have had anyone else know it." He flung her from him roughly, and stood for a moment lost in thought.

When he spoke, it was in a somewhat changed voice.

"Remember you have sworn that you will never mention it again to a soul, and that you will never come near me again as long as you live."

"Yes." She looked at him with pleading eyes, interlacing her fingers. "Oh, John!" she gasped, and then her voice failed her. For answer, Leech opened the door and glanced out into the empty passage, seized her by the shoulder, and put her outside, and, shutting the door, locked it.

A minute later she slowly and silently went down the dark stairs and out into the night.

Leech had a bad half hour; but when he left his office to walk up to his house his spirits were rising. It would be hard if he could not weather this little trouble.

CHAPTER XXXIX

It was nearly midnight when Leech strolled up the hill toward his home. Pleasanter thoughts had taken possession

of him. The future stretched before him a shining track. He was rich, powerful—fortunate. He would be Governor—what might he not be! His enemies had fallen before him—all but one, and he could not escape. He would find him, alive or dead.

"I'll have him, alive or dead!" he exclaimed, as he approached his gate. Two steps brought him to it, and before him in the darkness, tall and silent, stood waiting for him the man he wanted.

"I hear you are hunting for me," said Steve, quietly.

The blood rushed back and forth in Leech's veins as cold as ice, as hot as fire. What would he not have given for his guards! Why had he been such a fool as to dismiss them! He thought of his pistol, but he knew Steve was quicker with a pistol than he. So he resorted to craft.

"Yes. How are you? Won't you walk in?" he faltered. He thought about offering his hand, but feared to do so, and his voice was a little shaky. If he could only detain him until the guards came.

"Thank you, I think I will." Steve indicated with a wave of his hand that Leech should precede him, and Leech walked before him, knowing that he was his prisoner. Still he hoped help would come. They walked into his library.

"What did you want with me?"

"I was only fooling," said Leech, feebly.

Steve looked at him with cold contempt.

"You'll find it ill-fooling with a desperate man. You have made a mistake to push us so far. Let's drop our masks. You have offered a reward for me, alive or dead. I am here to claim it. You are my prisoner and you know it." He gave Leech a glance that made him shiver.

"Sit there and write what I tell you." He indicated Leech's desk. Leech took the seat. As he did so he glanced furtively at the clock. Secret as the glance was, Steve saw it.

"Be quick, and don't waste a word. I have no time to spare. Remember it was alive or dead you wanted me."

He dictated the words of a safe-conduct.

"To the Commandant of the United States troops in District No. ——. Pass the bearer and companions, and render them all the aid possible. For reasons of

state," added Steve, with a twinkle in his eye, as he glanced over it. "Now sign it."

Leech did so very slowly. He was listening with all his ears.

"Now another." And Steve dictated the following to the commanding officer in the village: "I have been called away unexpectedly on business connected with the man I want, Captain Allen. Take no steps in my absence, and credit no reports not signed by me personally."

"Now sign it, and add this postscript: 'I have decided to pursue a more conciliatory policy toward the prisoners. Please make them entirely comfortable, and give their friends access to them.' Sign it and mark it 'To be delivered in the morning,' and leave it on your table."

"Leave it on my table?" Leech's face blanched.

"Yes; you are going with me."

Suddenly steps were heard out on the walk, and the murmur of low voices reached them. A gleam of hope came into Leech's face. Steve Allen listened intently. As he turned his eyes again on Leech, a new light appeared in the latter's face; fear had suddenly changed to joy.

"Aha! Captain Allen, our positions are reversed again. Let us drop our masks indeed! You are my prisoner now! Those are my sentries. The house is surrounded by soldiers. Ah! ha-ha-ha!" he laughed, leaning back in his chair, eying Steve and rubbing his hands in glee.

Steve shifted his seat a little, displaying the butt of a revolver.

"You fool," he said. "Suppose they are your men. You are going with me all the same. If they come in here you are still my prisoner, and one word, one look from you—one bare suspicion on their part that I am not going on your invitation—that it is not voluntary on your part, and you are a dead man."

There was a knock at the outer door.

"Call to them to come in, and remember—you were never in greater peril than at this moment," said Steve, quietly.

Leech called, and there was the slow tramp of men in the passageway.

"Call them in here."

Leech was becoming puzzled. But he could not keep down the look of hope that was dawning on his countenance.

He called, and they approached the door. Steve did not even turn round. He was keeping his eyes on a big gilt mirror that hung in front of him, and showed both the door and Leech.

The men reached the door and knocked again, and then opened it, and three men in United States uniform stood in the doorway. Steve's hand left his pistol and the eyes in the mirror were filled with a more amused smile as he glanced from the men to Leech. A radiant joy sprang into Leech's face. He gave a dive behind his desk, shouting "Seize this man. Shoot him if he lifts his hand!"

Nothing of the kind, however, occurred. At a sign from Steve, the three men came inside the room and closed the door behind them.

"Come out, Leech. These are my men, not yours," said Steve. "You are too big a coward to fool with; come out. Pull him out, one of you." And the man nearest Leech caught him and dragged him up onto his feet, gasping and white with returning terror, as he saw the trick that had been played on him.

"Did you think I was such a fool as that?" Steve asked, contemptuously. "Come. We have no more time to lose. Fetch him along, men." He turned to the door, and the next moment Leech was seized and hustled out at a trot. The sight of a pistol in the hand of one of the men kept him quiet. At the door a gag was put into his mouth, a cap was pulled down over his eyes, and his arms were pinioned to his side. He was conscious that the lamps were extinguished and the key turned in the lock behind him. Then he was borne to his gate, set on a horse, and carried off through the darkness at a gallop.

How far they went the prisoner had no means of knowing. After a little the gag was taken from his mouth, but he was told that the least outcry would mean his death. They travelled at a brisk gait all night, and he knew that he had several men in his escort; but though they at times talked together in undertones, they did not address him, and were deaf to his speeches. Much of the journey was through woods, and several times they forded rivers. Toward the end they must have left all beaten tracks; for they rode through bushes so dense as almost to sweep him from his

horse, then descended a steep hill, forded a stream, and a little later Leech was lifted from his horse, borne half dead with fright and fatigue into a house, down a flight of steps, and laid on a bed. One of the men who brought him in, lighted a candle and gave him a drink of whiskey, which revived him; and Leech found that he was in a large room with stone walls, furnished simply, like a bedroom, and ventilated from the top.

The man who was left with him was a stranger to him, and, as he turned to go, Leech asked him where he was and what they were going to do with him. He felt that it was his last chance.

"Why yes, I suppose I can tell you. They are going to try you, and maybe keep you as a hostage—maybe not."

"As a hostage?"

"That's the commander's idea—as a hostage for those you've arrested; and I reckon what he says will prevail. Good-by." He shut the door and bolted it behind him, leaving Leech alone.

There was great excitement in the county over the disappearance of Major Leech; but it was suppressed excitement, and, curious as it may appear, his absence had the immediate effect of quieting the negroes. One who had seen them parading and yelling with defiance and delight the day that he led his handcuffed prisoners to the station to ship them off to prison would not have recognized the awe-struck and civil negroes who now went back and forth so quietly to their work.

Owing partly to the letter Leech had written just before his disappearance, and partly to the request of Captain Esting, who was heartily tired of his work, an order had been issued transferring that officer's company to another post, and they had left before the fact of Leech's abduction became known.

It happened that Thurston's command had just returned from the Northwest and was awaiting some disposal. It was now remembered that this same company had once quieted things in the disturbed region, and had given at least more of a show of peace than any of their numerous successors had done. So Thurston was unexpectedly dispatched with his men to the old county from which they had been or-

dered several years before. Their appearance was a complete surprise, and its effect was promptly apparent.

It was not known what it signified. Some thought it meant the immediate placing of the county under martial law, and the arrest of the citizens. Others held differently. Whatever it meant, the excitement quieted down. The whites had had experience with this company, and felt that they could be relied on. The blacks recognized that a stronger power had come among them, and that it meant order and obedience.

When Captain Thurston dismounted from his horse on the very spot on which he had dismounted a number of years before, and took command in the old county, he had a curious feeling of mingled pleasure and dissatisfaction. There, amid the big trees, stood the old court-house, massive and imposing as it had looked that day when he had geyed old Mr. Dockett about its architecture and told him it was finer than anything in Athens; there were the same great trees; there the same old rows of offices, only a little more dilapidated; there the same moody faces of the few whites and the same crowd of idling negroes shifting about his troop. He turned and looked at the old clerk's office, almost expecting to see the same rosy, girlish face looking defiantly out at him. Instead, a brawny negro, in black clothes, with a beaver hat cocked on the side of his head, was lounging in the door, smoking a cigar. It gave the Captain an unpleasant shock.

When he had pitched his camp and gotten himself settled, he sauntered up to Mr. Dockett's. As he walked along he took in the changes that had occurred since he went away. The yards were more uncared for, the houses more dilapidated, and the fences more broken. As he entered the Dockett yard he was pleased to observe that it was kept in its old trim order. The breath of flowers that he remembered so well and had always associated with the place met him as of old. At his knock, Mrs. Dockett herself appeared, and he thought he could see the firm set of her mouth and the glint in her eyes as she bore down upon him. She looked much older. She did not appear surprised to see him, but returned his cor-

dial greeting coldly. She invited him in, but did not say anything about her daughter.

In this condition of affairs, Captain Thurston had recourse to stratagem. He adroitly turned the conversation to Rupert Gray. No one ever had a warmer historian. He made Rupert out a paladin, and was congratulating himself secretly on his success, when, with a sniff, Mrs. Dockett declared that she was not surprised at Rupert's acting so: it was only what she should have expected from one of their young men, and she was not surprised that they should have been obliged to call on him to help them. But she was surprised that Captain Thurston should have exposed a boy like him, hardly more than a child, to such danger. Why had he not gone himself to rescue his men? Thurston could not help laughing at the turn she gave his story. This shot appeared, however, to have somewhat cleared the atmosphere. Mrs. Dockett began to unbend. She "would see her daughter; perhaps she would come in; she would like to hear of Rupert." Just then, whether for this reason or one in which the visitor had a more personal concern, the door opened and Miss Dockett walked in unbidden. She, too, had grown older since Thurston went away, but the change was not to her disadvantage. The plump little figure had developed, the round face had in it more force, and she had become, if not a very pretty woman, at least a very comely one. She greeted the Captain distantly, but not coldly. She began by making war at once, and that the little officer was used to. It was only indifference that he could not stand.

"Well, and so you have come back? And I suppose you will expect us all to get down on our knees to you?" she said, her chin a little elevated.

"No, not you. I'll make a treaty with you, if you won't insist on my getting down on mine to you," he laughed.

"To me? I supposed Miss Welch was the only one you did that to." This was encouraging, and the little Captain was instantly at his ease.

"Miss Welch—who is Miss Welch?"

"Come now, don't be trying that with me; I know all about it, so you might as well tell me. Perhaps, you'll need my

assistance? All the gentlemen seem to be victims to her charms. Captain Allen thinks there is no one like her. Some men, when they are discarded, take to drink, but here they seem to take to Miss Welch."

"Well, some men need one kind of stimulant and some another. Now, I like mine with a proper mixture of spirit and sweetening." The little Captain's eyes were helping him all they could.

"I don't know what you mean, I'm sure?" She looked down coyly.

"Say a sort of peach and honey."

"You men have such vulgar similes."

But the Captain's peace was made. He began to tell of Indian fights and long marches over parched or snow-swept plains where men and horses dropped. Miss Elizabeth, like Desdemona, to hear did seriously incline, and the Captain was invited to supper.

CHAPTER XL

ONE evening about dusk, shortly after the arrival of Thurston with his command, a visitor, deeply veiled, applied to the sentinel at the gate of the court-green and asked leave to see Mr. Jacquelin Gray and Mr. Andy Stamper. The sergeant of the guard was called, and after certain formalities she was admitted to the clerk's office, and a few minutes later Jacquelin Gray came in. She stated, with some nervousness, that she wished to see him privately, and Jacquelin, wondering what the stranger could want with him, walked with her into the inner office.

"I have a great favor to ask of you," she said.

"Well, madam, I do not know what I can do for anyone—a prisoner like me," said Jacquelin, half grimly, half sadly. "Who are you?"

The visitor, after a moment of hesitation, put back her veil and faced him. "Don't you remember me?" she asked, timidly.

Jacquelin looked at her earnestly. For a moment he was deeply puzzled, then, as a faint smile came into her eyes, a light broke on him.

"Why, Miss Bush! What are you doing here?"

"I am teaching school. I am the school-teacher at the Bend—Miss May."

"Is it possible?" He stepped forward and took her hand warmly. "I have heard the name; but I never connected it with you. Why did you not let me know before? I am very glad to see you, and I can say that anything in the world I can do for you, I will do."

"You must not promise too fast. It is a great favor I have to prefer," she said, "and I do not know whether, when you hear it, you will be willing to help me."

"I have not forgotten the hospital."

"I want you to save Jonadab Leech," she said.

"What! What do you know of him?" asked Jacquelin, in astonishment. "What is he to you?"

"He is—he was—my husband!"

"Miss Bush!"

"We were separated. But——" She stopped in agitation, pulled down her veil, and turned her face away. Jacquelin watched her in silent sympathy.

"I am sure it was his fault," he said.

"Yes, I think it was," brokenly from under her veil. "He was not very kind to me. But I cannot forget that he was my husband, and the father of my child."

"I will do what I can for you," Jacquelin said, kindly. "Tell me how you think I can help him. What do you know of him?"

She composed herself and told him what she knew. She knew where Leech was, and the conditions under which he was held. She wanted Jacquelin to interfere personally. This alone would save him, she believed. The difficulty was to get Jacquelin free. Here her powers failed, and she sat looking at Jacquelin in hopeless anxiety.

Jacquelin thought deeply. Suddenly he roused himself.

"All right, Miss Bush, I will see what I can do. You are just in time, for tomorrow we are to go to the city. The order has come this evening, I hear. I have never asked a favor of my keepers; but I will do it for you, and if you will wait in here I will let you know if there is any chance."

He went out, leaving the little school-teacher in the dim office. His first visit was to his fellow-prisoner, Mr. Stamper.

It was an extraordinary request that he made of Thurston a little later—to be allowed to leave his prison for the night and take Andy Stamper with him, and to be lent two good horses. But it was granted. He promised to be back by daylight, and Thurston knew he would be.

"I will be here, dead or alive," said Jacquelin, and he and Andy Stamper rode away in the dusk.

Leech was awakened from his slumbers that night by the trampling of many horses outside, and footsteps and voices in the rooms above him. He started up in terror.

By creeping up to the chimney and listening intently, he could, after awhile, distinguish a part of what was said. They were debating what should be done with him. Suddenly, in the midst of it, there was a general exclamation. A door slammed, a heavy tread crossed the floor above him, and dead silence fell. It was broken by a single voice speaking in the deep tone which Leech recognized instantly as Steve Allen's. He gave himself up for lost. But he was astonished at the next words that caught his ear. Captain Allen's voice was clearer than the others, or he was speaking louder. He was evidently angry. Leech heard him say he was surprised to find them there, and to learn why they had come. There was a confused murmur at this, and Leech heard one voice calling "Order! Order! Remember your vows."

This produced quiet, and the voice said,

"It is the decision of the Supreme Council. We have come to take the prisoner and deal with him according to our laws."

"And I tell you," said Captain Allen, his voice ringing out clear and perfectly audible, "that I do not recognize your laws, and that you shall not have him. He is my prisoner, and I will defend him with my life."

Captain Allen continued speaking firmly and boldly. He related his object in capturing Leech, to hold him as a hostage for his friends and relatives. And he would allow no one to touch a hair of his head.

Leech began to breathe again. It was a strange feeling to him to be grateful to Steve Allen. But at that moment he could have kissed his feet. There was more

talking, but at length Leech could hear the crowd going. The voices of two men talking near the wall reached him from above. One of them was grumbling that Captain Allen should have come and prevented them carrying out their plan.

"Oh, never mind about that," said the other; "we'll come back some time when he is not here and deal with that dog as he deserves, and then Allen will find out whether he is as big as he thinks himself."

Leech went back to his bed, trembling with fright, and finally sank into a fitful slumber.

He had not been asleep a great while when there was again a sound of horses trampling. Leech sprang up once more in an agony of terror. After a short interval, he heard the footsteps of several men coming down the stair that led to his door, and there was a short consultation outside. He heard someone say: "This is the place he is in; I know it."

They tried the door, and then a voice called him: "Leech, Leech—Colonel Leech!" But he was afraid to answer. He heard one of the men say: "We'll break in the door. Wait; I'll get an axe."

He went back up the stair. In his terror Leech ran to the chimney and attempted to climb up in it. It was too narrow, however, and all he could do was to get up in it a little way and draw up his feet.

Presently the door was smashed in, and Leech could see the light of the torch, or whatever it was, flashed upon the floor, and could hear the voices of the men.

"He isn't in here," he heard one say, and his heart revived a little. But the next second it sank, for he heard them say: "There is his bed; he has been in it, so he must be here somewhere." They approached the chimney, and one of them held his torch up.

"Here he is!" he laughed. "Come out, Colonel!"

He did not wait for Leech to move, but, reaching up, caught him by the leg and pulled him down in a cloud of dust and soot. Leech must have presented a strange appearance, for the men, who were masked, burst out laughing. Leech began to pray for his life.

"Come on, Colonel," said one of them, the smaller. "You ought to be pleased

with your looks, for you look just like one of your friends. You wouldn't know yourself from a nigger."

Leech recognized Andy Stamper's voice, and knew he was lost. Andy had escaped! He began to beg him and to make him all sorts of promises, which Andy cut short.

"O, pshaw! Come along. Shut up. This is no time for you to be making promises. Come along, and keep your mouth shut."

They seized him and dragged him up the steps and through a door out into the darkness. There, at a little distance, were two horses, on one of which Andy Stamper sprang, while the other man helped Leech mount up behind him, and, springing on the other horse himself, they set off at a sharp trot. As they mounted, Leech recognized Jacquelin Gray. He nearly fell from his horse.

He could not think that these two men could intend him any good. Once, as they were following a road, the sound of horses' feet reached them, and they instantly left the road and struck back into the bushes.

"If you get out of this and get back safe to your friends, will you swear you'll never say a word about it to anybody—never a single——"

"Yes. I'll swear it," said Leech, fervently. "I hope G-d will d——n me forever if I do."

"And strike you dead," repeated Andy. "Yes."

"If that don't keep him nothin' will," he said, half aloud; and then he added, for further security. "Well, you'd better keep it, for if you don't the earth won't be big enough to hide you. You won't have another chance."

As they waited, a body of horsemen, heavily muffled, rode silently along the road they had just left and passed out of sight into the woods behind them. It was a body of Ku Klux making their way back home.

At length they emerged into a field, and crossing it rode up the hill and dismounted behind a clump of buildings.

The eastern sky was just beginning to redden with the first glimmer of dawn, and the "cheep" of a bird announcing it was heard in the trees as the two men tied their horses.

They led Leech between them, half dead with fright and fatigue, and helping

him over a wall, dragged him up to a door, and opening it walked in.

"Here we are, back on time," said Jacquelin.

"Ah, you've got back?" asked someone rising from a sofa. "Wait. I'll strike a light. Who's this with you?"

"A prisoner;" said Andy, with mock solemnity, "but whether white or black you'll have to tell."

The men struck a light and Leech, to his astonishment, found himself in the presence of a Federal officer—of Reely Thurston.

The two men stared at each other in blank amazement. Jacquelin laughed.

"Well, you two can settle matters between you. We are off—to jail," he said.

"Now, Colonel Leech, you can make good your promises, and it will depend on whether you see fit to do so or not whether we have done a good act or not. Good-night." He and Andy went off.

The next day the prisoners were sent to the city, under Captain Thurston's personal guard, the little Captain for his own private reasons deciding to take them himself.

(To be continued.)

ALLERSEELEN

By Rosamond Marriott Watson

STREW violets about the floor,
And scour the brazen platters bright;
For one who aye was here before
Will come once more again to-night.

Draw the tall settle to the fire,
And stir the sunken logs to glow;
Hang the horn-lanthorn by the byre,
And sweep away the sprinkling snow.

Set the old playthings in their place—
The china lamb, the wooden sword,
The chessmen in the painted case,
The bugle with the scarlet cord,

The plate with clustered rosebuds gay,
The little cup all gold and white—
Reach down his ringdove's cage, and lay
The frozen swallow out of sight.

So far to come, so far to go—
So cold, so black this midnight is—
So light the footsteps sound and low;
We shall not hear the sound of his.

Set wider still the open door;
Sweep yet again the snow, the sleet;
Bring out the white, warm cloak he wore,
White furs to wrap his little feet. . . .

O do not stir, . . . O do not speak, . . .
Be still, with never sound or sign!
Let me but feel the cool, soft cheek
Pressed once again to mine.

DRUMMED OUT

By Harrison Robertson

CHICK BANTRY was the star salesman of "The Chicago Store" at Ridley. His real name was Anthony Wayne Bantry, but very few people knew it, and he was called Chick by everyone except prim and punctilious Miss Sabina Weems, who designated him as "Mr. Chicken Bantry," when she did not compromise on "Mr. Chicken."

Ridley is a town of about two thousand population, and The Chicago Store is its most pretentious bazaar of dry goods, groceries, produce, queensware, and bicycles. Chick was the youngest man in the establishment, both in years and in service, but he had shown such an aptitude for business, and was so good-humored, merry, and affable, having heeded so well his employer's injunction to "always try to please everybody," that he was already the head salesman, after two increases of salary—the first of \$5.00 and the second of \$7.50 a month—negotiated after overtures of employment from "The St. Louis Store" in Rockton, twenty miles away.

Recently, however, A. J. Packer, the proprietor of The Chicago Store, had begun to ponder doubts of his wisdom in agreeing to the second "raise." Chick was retrograding. He was as polite as ever to the customers, but he was not so assiduous nor so ubiquitous in the performance of his duties. He might be wanted at two or three counters at the same time,

but when found he would be at a back window devouring the war news, or out front discussing, with a knot of loungers, the relative merits of the Spanish and American navies. On the Monday after the battle in the bay of Manila Chick was, as A. J. Packer expressed it, "no use for nothin"—he carries on like he might have swallowed a eight-inch shell himself;" and Miss Sabina Weems testifies that when she asked for talcum powder Chick took down the blasting powder can. "Mr. Chicken," she adds, "simply acted like he'd just had his head chopped off."



Discussing, with a knot of loungers, the relative merits of the Spanish and American navies.



The drill had made a profound impression on him.

When, a few days later, in response to the President's call for volunteers, the Ridley Rifles were organized, Chick tried A. J. Packer's patience still further by requesting an afternoon's leave of absence, in order to witness one of the drills; and when for the privilege he surrendered a whole day's salary, it was only to return next morning less himself than ever. The drill had made a profound impression on him. There was something almost awe-inspiring in the transformation which his young associates had undergone. Their martial equipments, their serious faces, their dignity of bearing, the steadiness, sternness, and beauty of their march and evolution, the clarion commands of the officer, the stirring rhythm of the drums, the thrilling strain of the bugle, with the knowledge that all this was no longer play and parade, but solemn consecration to the highest service of patriotism, moved this boy—for he was only twenty-two—to a strange exaltation. As the company swept by him—his companions heretofore, his compatriots now—he had to restrain himself from an impulse to stride into line and march away with them wherever the trumpet might lead. There was the dear old mother down in the country, with the little sister and brother who thought him the greatest man in the

world, and over yonder in the crowd was Juliet Lane, for whom he lived, and worked, and planned the long future of love and happiness in the home he was to make; but all these he could leave willingly, proudly, at the call of trumpet and flag, though it might be never to return. His father had been a soldier, and had won his mother in gallant uniform. It was of a soldier's daring and a patriot's perils that his mother had told him night after night, as he sat at her feet in his childhood and looked up at the military figure of his father in the old crayon on the wall. What would that mother think when she learned that his friends in Ridley had all gone away to the war without his father's son? And over there, with a little flag at her waist and smiling encouragement to the handsome soldier lads, stood Juliet Lane with other girls he knew, every one of whom wore little flags, and brass buttons that had been cut from blue coats, and not one of whom had eyes for any but the blue uniforms on the drill-ground—not one unless it was Juliet herself, who had given Chick a cool glance as he approached and spoke to her, and who had dismissed him with the greeting:

"That you, Mr. Bantry? I thought you'd be at the store."

And as Chick had walked away soon

after, someone in the party had audibly whispered :

"He's got a flag in his button-hole, anyway."

Whereupon a small boy had very audibly jeered :

"If a fellow is big enough to wear a flag he's big enough to tote a gun."

A few days later Chick sought a private interview with his employer. "It's no use, Mr. Packer," he said ; "I can't stand it any longer. The Rifles leave to-morrow, and I've made up my mind to join them to-night. I'll have to tell you good-by, I reckon."

"And I reckon you're a A1 idiot, Chick Bantry!" A. J. Packer replied. "If the Government had any need of you I wouldn't say a word. But there's seventy million people in this country, and the President hasn't called for but one hundred and twenty-five thousand. There's ten times more'n enough anxious to go that ain't got nothin' else to do, without dependin' on them that has. If there was any scacity of men I'd go myself ; but there ain't, and there ain't no excuse for me to neglect my private obligations and cut some other fellow out of a job who needs it worse."

"But I couldn't be satisfied without going, Mr. Packer, and I think it's a—it's a great privilege."

"I ain't got nothin' to say, Chick. You're twenty-one, and I'm glad to see you can afford to leave your business when there ain't no need for you. You're better fixed than I am."

Chick was enrolled as a member of the Ridley Rifles that night, and the next day, when the company paraded through the streets to the railway station, while bunt-

ing festooned the buildings, and the band played "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dixie" and "America," and the spectators cheered, and waved hats, handkerchiefs, and flags, and some of the women wept, Chick, with head high and eyes set steadfastly to the front, kept step with the rest, as true and valiant and happy a soldier as ever answered his country's summons.

But happier still was he when, at the station, the ranks broke and the good-byes were said to those who thronged the platform. It was then that Juliet Lane ran to him and, blushing, laughing, it seemed almost crying, too, seized both his hands and said, in such a voice as he had never heard before, and that thrilled him as even the trumpet had not thrilled him :

"Oh, Chick ! Chick ! I'm so glad ! And good-by ! And I know you will just distinguish yourself splendidly. And here's something you must take with you, Chick. I made it myself. I thought I'd have to give it to someone else, but I'm so glad I can give it to you !"

And Chick, as the engine-bell sounded and the "All aboard !" rang out, received from her a little red, white, and blue silken something, on which was embroidered,

"The bravest are the tenderest," and which, when he had opportunity to inspect it, he found contained needles, thread, scissors, court-plaster, and several other things which caused him to smile fondly as, surreptitiously touching it to his lips, he laid it away under the left breast of his blue blouse. She had made it probably for Herman Thorpe. Herman was sitting a few seats away in the car, and Chick, looking toward him, did not envy him his rank of Sergeant. They were



"Oh, Chick ! Chick ! I'm so glad ! And good-by."

not friends, both being very much in love with Juliet Lane and each finding the other very much in his way ; but Chick, after that parting incident on the platform, had a feeling of manly pity for his rival, and he now resolved to do Herman any good turn for which there might be occasion in their military service together.

The destination of the Ridley Rifles was Camp Douglas, a hundred miles from Ridley, and the rendezvous of the State Guard, where the Rifles were to join their regiment and be mustered into the regular army. A letter, forwarded from Ridley, quickly followed Chick to Camp Douglas and made him unusually quiet for a long time after he had read it. It was from his mother, in the country beyond Ridley, and thanked her "dear son" for the money he had sent her, telling him, in her quiet way, what a stay he was to her, wondering what she would do without his unselfish assistance, betraying, with gentle dignity and resignation, her regret that he must be burdened with such responsibilities as the care of herself and the young sister and brother, and relating, with affectionate detail, the progress of the children at school and the purchase of the poor little necessities which she had been enabled to make through Chick's "sacrifices."

When Chick folded the letter and put it away with the silk-bag, which Juliet Lane had given him, it was only to renew the struggle which he had made before he finally determined to join the Rifles. He knew that his mother and the children were dependent upon him. The small farm which his father had left had gone piece by piece, until nothing was left of it except the cottage and a few acres for the cow, the chickens, and the garden, and

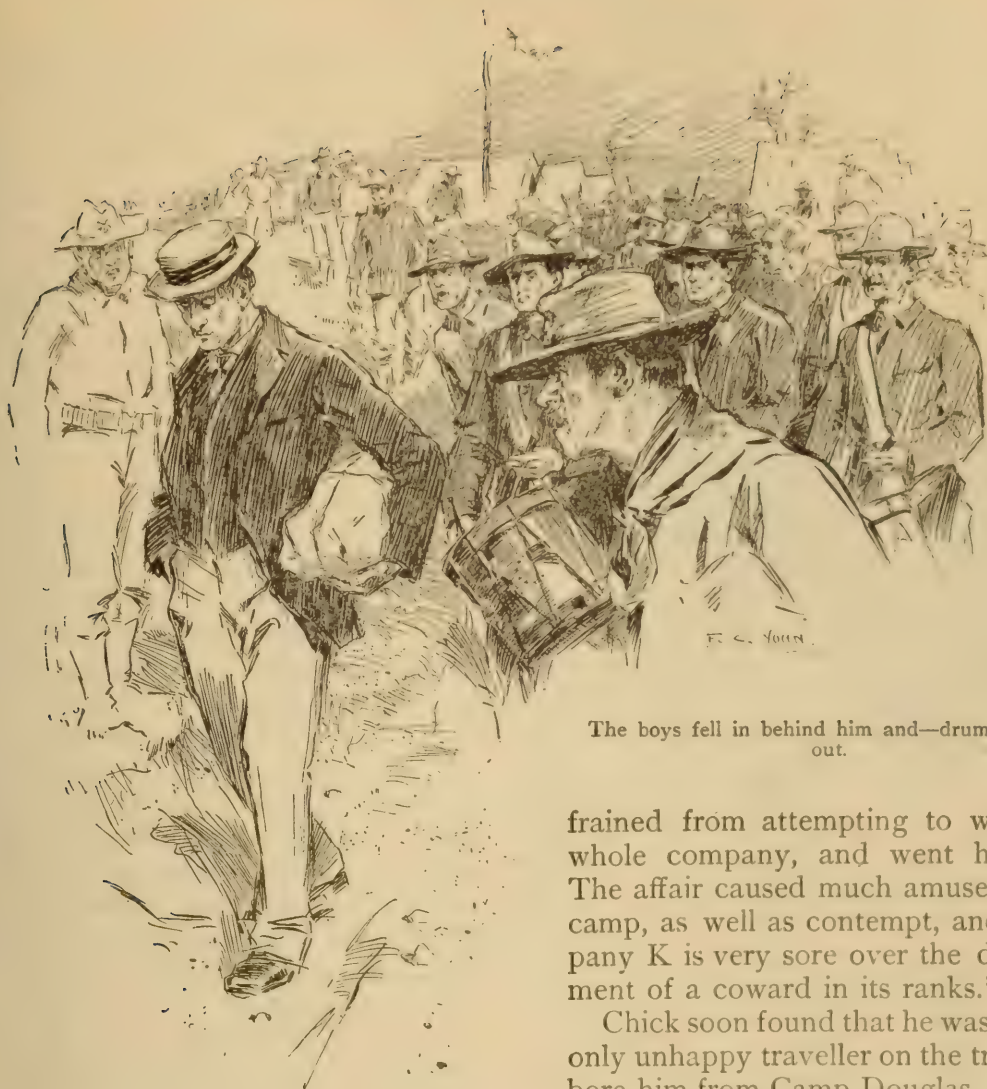
the boy understood that, but for the share of his salary which he sent or took to them every month, it would be impossible for the little family to live even in the frugal way in which they were compelled to live now. It was this which had prevented him until the last moment from joining the Rifles, and it was only when he finally cheated his reason with the argument that the war would probably be short and his small savings might suffice to maintain his mother in the meantime, that he had yielded to his desire and enlisted. It is a fine thing to march away with flags flying and bands playing and crowds cheering, but it is different in the privacy of the tent to read the letter from home which so unintentionally and so pathetically recalls to other duties than those of the camp and field.

So suddenly had Chick become a soldier that he had not yet written his mother of his action, his expectation being to obtain leave, before his regiment was ordered from Camp Douglas, to go to his old home and say good-by. But there was no sleep for him the night after he received the letter, and next day, when his Captain called the men before him and explained that examinations were about to be made by the surgeons, after which the



It was from his mother in the country, beyond Ridley.

company was to be formally mustered in, and that if there was anyone among them who had not fully decided to enlist for the war, now was the time for him to step aside, Chick, a little pale and with a slight twitching of the chin, but with something of his usual smile in his eyes, fell out of line and went to his tent to make his preparations for departure. Ridley learned of it through that afternoon's city papers, one of which printed this dispatch from



The boys fell in behind him and—drummed him out.

Camp Douglas, under the heavy, black head-line, "Drummed Out:"

"There was a commotion in camp this morning occasioned by the drumming out of private Bantry by Company K (the Ridley Rifles), Fifth Regiment. Bantry concluded, at the last moment, before the company was mustered in, that the pleasures of peace were preferable to the woes of war, and left to resume the sale of pins and petroleum at Ridley. This so disgusted the company, which is the pride of its section of the State, that, as Bantry was leaving the camp, the boys fell in behind him and, to the tune of the 'Rogue's March,' drummed him out. Bantry, however, did not seem to appreciate the enormity of his disgrace. He took the whole thing good-naturedly, except once when Sergeant Thorpe pressed him rather closely with a bayonet, when Bantry turned fiercely as if to make forcible resistance. But with commendable discretion he re-

frained from attempting to whip the whole company, and went his way. The affair caused much amusement in camp, as well as contempt, and Company K is very sore over the development of a coward in its ranks."

Chick soon found that he was not the only unhappy traveller on the train that bore him from Camp Douglas. By his side was a big countryman, who was squirming in his seat, and squirting tobacco through the window, in evident unrest. It was not long before he voluntarily told Chick all about it. He had gone to Camp Douglas to join the cavalry, but he had been rejected because his legs were too long. Legs be durn! He wasn't calkilatin' to enlist for a foot-race, but for a fight. He was ruled out of the cavalry, but he had growed up on horse-back, and he hadn't done much all his life but ride and shoot. And he would have to go home and tell the folks he couldn't belong to the army because they had measured his legs and found out he couldn't ride and shoot. It would be enough to bring all the Eubanks back into the county—at any rate, all that hadn't been shot before they left. He 'lowed that if they had only knowed that his legs were so long he couldn't ride and shoot they wouldn't 'a' never taken their foot in their hand and lit out in the fus place.



F. C. Y.

"She says no nice people will have anything to do with you."—Page 495.

"But I ain't the whole show," he added; "there's Nace Underwood over yonder," pointing to a haggard young man farther along the car, with his knees propped up against the seat in front of him and his hat drawn down over his eyes. "Nace is clean knocked out. Nace he's been settin' up to Missie Snell ever sense she wore short dresses; she hangin' fire an' puttin' him off for one thing or other, an' him keepin' on, an' settlin' down, an' shakin' the boys, an' missin' all the fun, an' workin' like a yoke of oxen to save up for a home for her, till the war come along an' the boys was startin' off to Camp Douglas, an' then Missie, she give in an' told Nace she'd have him when he come back in his uniform, with a lace fan for her from Cuby. An' here he is comin' back already, because over yonder at Camp Douglas they found out he's got heart disease an' is liable to drop off any minute; an' he's got to give up the war, an' Missie, an' ev'rything, an' jes wait for the time to drop. It's powerful rough on Nace; an' Missie, she'll have to lose Nace an' the fan to boot."

"It's pretty hard on him," Chick assented, sympathetically, "but it might be worse, you know. Anyhow, she won't think he's coming back because he was afraid to go."

When The Chicago Store opened next morning, Chick was on hand. "I'd like to go to work again, Mr. Packer. May I have my old place?" he asked.

"So ho!" A. J. Packer chuckled. "You have changed your mind, have you?"

"Yes, sir. I reckon you were right, and until the army really needs us all I suppose some of us are needed most at home."

"It didn't take you long to learn that, did it, now? Well, Chick, I'm sorry, but I can't do anything for you. All Ridley is down on you mighty strong, and it would hurt my business too much to have you in the store, after all that's happened."

Chick made his arrangements to leave Ridley that night. In the afternoon he walked on the street on which Juliet Lane lived. Little Elsie Lane, Juliet's sister, met him, and putting her hand in his, as she was in the habit of doing, skipped back by his side.

"I thought you were in the war," she prattled. "What did you come back for? Did you come back to see your sweetheart? Herman Thorpe came back to see his sweetheart. He told me so himself."

"Yes," Chick answered, "I expect to see her to-night."

"Who is she? What is her name?"

"I call her Mumsie."

"What a funny name! I don't know anybody named Mumsie."

"No, you don't know her, Elsie. So Herman is back, too, is he?"

"Yes; he's going to the war again to-morrow. He said he came on a—on a furlough, but he's out on his tandem with sister now."

The tandem overtook them before they

had gone much farther. Juliet was laughing, but as she passed and saw Chick, her laughter abruptly stopped. Her eyes met Chick's, though she did not bow or speak. But she called, disapprovingly, to the child :

"Elsie, what did I tell you?"

Elsie did not answer, but throwing her head back airily, said, in confidence, to Chick :

"Huh! Sister told me I mustn't go with you and I mustn't speak to you any more. She says no nice people will have anything to do with you. Shows how much she knows! I'm nice and of course Mumsie is nice, aren't we?"

"Yes, you and Mumsie are the nicest people I know, Elsie," the boy laughed.

"How funny you laugh," she commented, much amused. "It's like brother laughed when he swallowed the medicine the wrong way and papa hit him in the back."

Chick left her at the gate and strolled along the street to the outskirts of the town. He was more a human boy than a super-human hero, and he knew that Herman Thorpe, if he went home after leaving Juliet, would come that way. Chick walked slowly until he reached the Thorpe house, when he turned and started back. He met Herman not far from Juliet's gate, and, stepping out into the road, he grasped the front handle-bar of the tandem and stopped the machine. "I've got a little settlement to make with you, Herman," he said.

Herman jumped from the saddle and confronted Chick. "All right; settle away," he challenged.

"You jabbed me with a bayonet and called me a coward, with a hundred men back of you."

"Well?"

"I reckon we'd better go to a quieter place off the public street."

"Suit yourself."

"We might as well turn out Norman's Lane to the Kilgore woods. It's quiet enough out there."

"'Nough said. I'm with you."

"And we might as well ride. Get into one seat, and I'll take the other."

"And suppose I don't choose to obey orders?"

"Then I'll have it out here where we can be seen by anyone passing and—by anyone over at the Lanes'. And we might not look very pretty by the time we are through."

Herman sprang into the saddle again with a short laugh. "I like your nerve," he said.

"Don't mention it."

They rode silently into the Kilgore woods, and Chick selected a grass-carpeted ravine among the beeches. The tandem was leaned against a tree, and its riders mutely stripped themselves of coats, vests, hats, and collars. Then they began.

Fully half an hour later, in the deepening twilight, two figures slowly emerged from the Kilgore woods. They were somewhat bruised and stiff, but there seemed to be between them a better understanding—as well as the tandem, which, too tired to ride, they led, one on either side.

It was ten o'clock that night, when Chick got off the train at a lonely station



He told her of his purpose to seek other work.—Page 496.

and walked across the fields to his mother's home. The children were asleep, but his mother was still up. After the surprise and joy of her greeting, after she had taken him to his old room, and ransacked the dairy for his refreshment, he told her of his changed fortunes and of his purpose to go to Rockton to seek other work. He told her of all—except the fickleness of Juliet Lane and the manner of his departure from camp. She was ignorant of the incident of the drums, and he would spare her its pain and shame. He knew she felt keenly enough for him as it was, though she cheered him gently, assuring him that it would all be for the best, and insisting that he go to bed and get a good night's rest.

He went to bed, but not to rest. He lay with hot eyes, from which the anguish and despair of youth drove away sleep, living over again his surrendered ambition; the humiliation of his exit from camp; the opprobrium which he had incurred of the people of Ridley, among whom he had meant to cast his lot; the desolation in which Juliet Lane had left all his future. Finally, as a soothing lullaby, came to him the lapping of the river beneath his window, and he arose and looked out wistfully upon its serene shimmer in the moonlight. Then he turned abruptly and threw himself again upon the bed. Perhaps, it struck him, they had done right in drumming him out as a coward. It was a cowardly thing to even think of bringing further sorrow to those under that roof.

After a little the door opened and his mother came in and asked if he wanted anything. It was an old habit of hers in his childhood; and his eyes filled in the darkness as he took her cool hand and pressed it for a moment against his cheek. "Nothing, Mumsie—nothing else," he whispered.

She kissed him softly on the forehead as she left him, "Remember, dear," she said, "it is sometimes braver to stay at home than it is to go to war."

In the morning he returned to the station to take the train for Rockton. A crowd of people was there from all the country round, and when he asked the cause he was told that a regiment was to pass through on its way to Chickamauga. Soon the wagon of a neighbor brought his mother and the children. She explained that the neighbor had stopped by and told them of the soldiers, and that she and the children had been glad to come to see them. The boy wore a military cap and carried an improvised gun, and the girl was dancing with delight and expectancy. Chick stood with them until the train rolled in, with its colors streaming and its blue-clad figures at every window and on every platform, while the waiting crowd gave them just such a greeting as had been given his own company when it marched away to Camp Douglas. Then came the signal for the departure of the Rockton train, standing on the branch road running away from the main track, and Chick said good-by again and hurried aboard.

As he seated himself and looked out the window the other train began to move off also, the band playing, as if for himself, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." He leaned through the window for a last view. Every face in all that throng was turned to the train bearing the regiment, every hand was waving it God-speed. The sister and the brother had forgotten everything but the soldiers, and even his mother—no, her sweet face, lined with care and years, was smiling toward the Rockton train, her handkerchief fluttered for him alone.

It was last in his sight as he rode away, brave enough now for any battle that was before him.

AMERICAN POPULARITY

By Aline Gorren

WHEN, at the beginning of the international developments of the last few months, it was borne in upon Americans that the continental peoples of Europe were, almost without exception, frankly hostile in their attitude toward them, there passed through this country a shock of surprise. Disliked? Why should we be disliked? Why, it was just the contrary that we had always imagined. That certain condescension in foreigners which had been growing so visibly less of recent times had, at its worst, never implied anything like active antipathy. Americans, indeed, had settled themselves comfortably in the belief that they were rather the spoiled children of civilization than otherwise. They were not always approved of, but they believed that they were generally regarded with an excusing good-will and an interest of a peculiarly friendly sort. It was rather a rude awakening from that delusion that befell us; but we looked about for causes that would explain this disposition to censure us, and to withhold credit from us on grounds where we felt that we deserved it, and we found them readily enough in the political and economic jealousies aroused by our threatening emergence as a world-power, and in that general antagonism to the Anglo-Saxon blood which, among races of different instincts and ideals of civilization, is becoming more and more marked. This was the obvious explanation, and it perfectly covered the problem so far as it went. But there were Americans who knew that certain aspects of the question it did not touch at all. They knew that there had been abroad, of recent years, a reaction against Americans of a purely personal sort, obvious enough to those who took the trouble to look beneath the surface. International envies, at the outbreak of our war with Spain, might have quickened sentiments of dislike or indifference, but the sentiments existed in certain quarters before those complications, and had a social and individual, and not merely a political and national, root.

What, then, were precisely the objections to us, as individuals, entertained by Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, and others? What were they based on, and why was it that, having once been, upon the whole, a popular people, we were, at a juncture of great significance and grave future import for us, left unsustained by the sympathy of any but our own Anglo-Saxon kinsmen, themselves not popular? Leaving aside the question of American braggadocio, of course a standing cause of coolness against us, a little watching of the undercurrents of opinion in European nations recently will have helped one to a tolerably clear answer.

The briefest way of stating the matter is that we appear to have been proving ourselves to Europeans to be less and less what they expected us to be. As to what they expected it will be found, on investigation, that they have a very distinct idea; an idea so distinct that it is indeed rather surprising to many Americans. It was probably an amazement to not a few English-speaking readers of that delicate French writer, Doudan, to come, in his critical work, upon a penetrating and sympathetic tribute to Abraham Lincoln. *A priori* it would be natural for us to suppose that such a nature and life as Lincoln's, whose poetry and elevation showed so homely to the outer view, would be beyond the reach of the understanding, much less the responsive admiration, of any but our own people; certainly we should be prone to imagine that it would take, at least, an Anglo-Saxon to do full justice to their sober beauty, their greatness that was so of the essence of being and so independent of externals and accessories. James Russell Lowell, writing of Lincoln in 1864, expressed this feeling exactly when he said:

"People of more sensitive organizations may be shocked. But we are glad that . . . we have at the head of our affairs a man whom America made, as God made Adam, out of the very earth, unancestried, unprivileged, to show us how much truth,

how much magnanimity, and how much statecraft await the call of opportunity in simple manhood, when it believes in the justice of God and the worth of man."

As a matter of fact, people of more sensitive organizations were not necessarily so much shocked as he believed. A man like Abraham Lincoln, and a career such as his, could appeal profoundly, as we see, to the imagination of a fastidious literary Frenchman, even as Benjamin Franklin appealed to the deeply sophisticated society of the court of Louis XVI. And, indeed, why not? since the most intelligent and high-minded sections of society everywhere have, for generations, cherished a dream of some such democratic state as Americans live under, mainly because they believed that it could and would develop a peculiarly noble type of "simple manhood," and because they held such a peculiar type to be eminently desirable and admirable.

One may venture to say that there is manifested in no part of the United States a more genuine interest in our institutions, a keener concern with the problems that grow out of them, and a sincerer respect for the manner in which those problems are occasionally solved, than is to be found among many of the thinking classes and the intellectual workers of Europe. This Republic is extraordinarily prominent in the minds of all these men, in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Spain, in Russia. And, what is so difficult for us to carry out in consciousness, it is regarded by them in the light of a common human experiment. They watch us and study us and refer our conduct constantly to the standard of our principles, in a manner that is usually highly obnoxious to us, but seems perfectly natural to them. Wherever they find us exhibiting an intellectual perception of what those principles bind us to, and squaring our behavior in some sort to that perception, there is no stint in their interested approval. And as they are apt to come in contact personally with the corresponding class of our own thinkers and intellectual workers in this country, in whom such perception is most likely to be clear, they are probably the group of Europeans with whom Americans are in the greatest favor to-day. They would presumably not declare that all Americans showed forth, in

their attitude toward life and their fellow-men, the best influences of the highest democratic ideals—that they were just, tolerant, modest, helpful, kindly, chivalrous, believing in the innate worth and perfectibility of all men, and dignified with the true dignity of simplicity; but they would undoubtedly assert that many were making certain efforts in that direction; that the forces of the best characters in the United States were at least setting toward such consummations.

Without insisting invidiously on the distinction made by M. Ferdinand Brunetière, to the effect that this order of intellectual Americans constitutes our "aristocracy," it must be confessed that the kind of American with whom the masses of Europeans come into touch is far different and inferior. The great hordes that pour across the Atlantic from the Republic every year, and quarter themselves in the European capitals, and work their way subtly into native society or aimlessly revolve around its circumference, are of all sorts and conditions, and typical of many phases of the United States, mental, moral, and material; but of each and all it can be maintained that there is one thing that they have not, and that is a notion that, as the offspring of a democratic state, of peculiar social institutions, they will be looked to for a form of conduct and a tenor of ideas in some degree moulded by the same. We used to be very much louder, and more ignorant of the social arts, than we now are, and abroad we were much ridiculed accordingly; yet that period—what we may call the Daisy Miller period—coincided also with the period of our popularity, for under the naïve or uncouth exterior which we presented to the eye of the foreigner it seemed to him that he could detect the warm heart, the true independence, and the freedom from artificiality and from the thralldom of shams and pretences, something of which he anticipated in us as a fruit of the ideas that underlie our Constitution.

Was there really more of that species of American manhood and womanhood then than now? Have our natures changed as our manners have improved and our prosperity grown great; or did Europeans only imagine us to be different then because they knew us less, coming now to

another conclusion because they have had so many years of thorough experience of us ?

A great trouble seems to be that there is a lack of coherence and homogeneousness in the American fibre that causes it to disintegrate in European surroundings. Everybody knows that, at home, our thoughts and ways of life are, as a whole, in harmony with our institutions. But there is very little and often no trace of that when we go abroad. Many thoughtful Europeans will assert that the least democratic man, and particularly the least democratic woman, that they know—democratic in the sense of being most inclined to weigh people and things according to their intrinsic merits, and least allured by arbitrary valuations such as flourish where there have always been privileged classes—is more likely than not to be an American. Nor is that the verdict of those Europeans alone who judge all America by its millionnaires, and its title-marrying daughters of millionnaires, but of those who cull their examples from a broader and more diversified, if a less decorative, field.

We need look no further for the source of our unpopularity. We manifest a character abroad that has the same foibles and frivolities as any other ; and without the same excuse, for we talk very loudly of our "Americanism," and would have other nations know that we were not bred as they were. Now, whatever we may understand by this "Americanism"—and it is coming to have some very various meanings under the influence of new ideas stirring among us—the people of Europe understand by it but one thing only. To be a typical American may mean to them sometimes to be a shrewd and pushing Yankee promoter—yes, perhaps ; but it also means to be a humane and large-minded specimen of a man or woman, responsive to the deeper chords of life, and equalitarian without vulgarity. It is useless for us to insist that we refuse to be measured by theories ; that national character is shaped by practical events and daily problems, and not by abstract ideals ; that it is absurd to want to keep us logically to the intentions of our founders, when we have elements to deal with that they could not foresee. We may urge all

these things, but we urge them in vain. The average European of intelligence keeps, with quiet obstinacy, to his own idea of what the American should be and what he should stand for. If we say that we have developed other aspirations from those of the fathers, his air implies, "So much the worse." The lust of the eye and the pride of life and the ambitions of imperial destiny are not new on the earth ; the European lives among relics, on every hand, that remind him that other nations have gone that way, and prospered in it, that were as rich in industry and enterprise as the United States, proportionately to then existing conditions, and richer in achievement in the arts and letters. But what the fathers wanted us to preserve and represent to the world was something new indeed ; hence its unique value, even to those not directly concerned. Americans who persistently nullify that value, who systematically hunt the man that wears the tuft, who form colonies in European capitals, where distinctions of pecuniary and social position are established that to Europeans (to whom all Americans are, more or less, alike) seem often in the highest degree fanciful, grow to be regarded at last with the rather contemptuous scepticism that is reserved for those whose actions are in constant disaccord with their professions.

Mention may not be omitted, either, of the fact that we have come to be judged abroad as too much lacking in seriousness to be thoroughly agreeable companions. Considering how earnestly we have always been exhorted, by our preachers and teachers, not to be so serious, such a conclusion about us certainly partakes of the nature of a revelation. But the Latin, and the Slav, and even the Teuton, does not understand the term as we do. A serious man, to him, is not one whose nerves are strung up to the highest possible intensity in the pursuit of a given aim, so much as one who has the repose that is the result of knowing the measure of many things, and of having learned the balance of many interests. A serious man is one whose life is fed deeply, and with comparative tranquillity, from many springs that do not always rise to the surface. But the complaint about us, of course, is that we are too eager and restless for anything of that sort, and so

anxious to get the most out of life at all points at once, that it is not easy to cultivate the more lasting and satisfactory associations with us at any one.

The European master of renown, in any field, who has many American pupils, is apt to say that, extremely receptive and active up to a pitch, they disappoint as a rule—whether from a sort of utilitarian impatience, from want of the power of impersonal devotion to things of the mind that must mature slowly, or merely from a certain lack of stability and warmth in temperament—when the highest demands are made upon them. And it is perhaps a part of the reaction, as against, in this case, the great claims made for the brilliancy of our women, to insinuate that, charming as is their presence in European society, and signal a contribution as it makes to the supply of beauty and vivacity and the arts of attire, the very shining lights, the rare personalities that take the commanding social positions, are more likely to be women of other nationalities. Naturally, there are exceptional instances of intellectual force; there are American ladies, married to Europeans, who have tried their hand at political influence, and some who have taken rank among the serious amateurs of society, the gifted musicians, etc. Still, the European seems to wish to remind us that, as to the more elevated results in this kind,

we must not make too many pretensions as yet. And, finally, he charges that we are not quite serious in the more important matter of friendly ties and comradeship, as he understands them. Our strenuousness about new experiences, our wish to be ever up and doing, are prejudicial to the leisurely elaboration of those bonds, not only of social intercourse but of the heart, which are among the things worth while in life. Whatever our own view of the case may be, it is certain that a common view all over the Continent, and in England also to some extent, is that Americans are, as a people, rather cold, distrait, and fickle.

Such are, accurately stated, the feelings and opinions about us in many quarters at the present time. They may or may not spring from erroneous notions of us altogether. They may not last, or they may. These are different questions. As the case stands we may give it any attention that we see fit. If there are causes, touching us as individuals, why we have lost popularity it is as well to know them. It is as well not to go astray about the reasons that have arrayed a certain hostility against us for which we were unprepared, and which was and is tolerably widespread and deep-rooted, in spite of amiable personal assurances to the contrary, or the politic contradictions flowing from official sources.

TO FAUSTINE

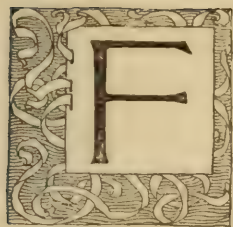
By Arthur Colton

SOMETIME, it may be, you and I
In some deserted yard will lie
Where Memory fades away;
Caring no more for Love his dreams,
Busy with new and alien themes,
The saints and sages say.

But let our graves be side by side,
So idlers may at evening tide
Pause there a moment's space:
"Ah, they were lovers who lie here;
Else why these low graves laid so near,
In this forgotten place?"

AFLOAT FOR NEWS IN WAR TIMES

By John R. Spears



FROM a naval officer's point of view this is the story of a mitigated nuisance—at best the story of a necessary evil. But however he may be considered or styled by those who tolerate his presence, the newspaper reporter afloat in his own ship in search of war news is a most interesting personage, if only for the reason that he is an entire novelty in the history of naval warfare. It is hoped that the reader will pardon the manifest egotism of what is written here on the ground that the man who is not proud of his tools and his work is not fit for either. Moreover, I must of necessity write of my own experiences.

So far as I remember, the first to secure a dispatch-boat for use in reporting the troubles in Cuba that have culminated in this war of 1898 was *The Journal*, which sent the little skeleton-yacht Vamoose to Key West, a year or so before the war began. She was to carry correspondents to and from the Cuban coast, and to carry, as well, dispatches written in Cuba which could not be wired because of the censor's veto. The scheme did not work at that time for several reasons, of which one was that the Vamoose was not strong enough to face the sea off the Cuban coast. Further than that, the work of the guerilla bands, called by extreme courtesy the Cuban army, was never of sufficient interest when truthfully reported to warrant such an outlay.

So the matter was abandoned until about the time that the war-ship Maine was destroyed in Havana Harbor. The storm of indignation raised in the United States by that infamous act was so great that no efforts for peace, short of Spain's leaving Cuba altogether, could prevent a war, and from that time on the importance of the doings in and about Havana, was great enough to warrant the great expense necessary in gathering and transmitting the news. The leading pa-

pers of the United States hurried their most experienced men to the front. When those who went to Cuba found their most interesting dispatches blocked by Spanish officials, while the competition among the correspondents was growing stronger every day, there was but one thing to do if these dispatches were to be printed, and that was to carry them to Key West, the nearest American cable-station. In the usual course of business this might be done by messenger on the Plant line steamer Olivette that plied twice a week between Havana and Key West. That was all very well on two days of the week, but during the five remaining days the industrious writers were piling up reams of manuscript—"bales of hay," as they themselves termed it—and it was "stuff that wouldn't keep."

Accordingly they reached out for tug-boats. One or two that had found desultory work about Key West, suddenly began to enrich their owners on charters that paid \$100 a day, port charges not included. *The Herald* brought the Dewey from Punta Gorda, Fla., after a time, *The World* brought in the Triton, and then came the yacht Buccanier, followed by the yacht Anita, in the employ of *The Journal*.

For the purpose of running between Havana and Key West these were all good enough. That is not to say they were all comfortable, however. When Mr. Walter Scott Meriwether, the correspondent of *The Herald*, got an interview with a naval constructor, in which the constructor told how the bottom plates of the Maine had been lifted to the surface of the water by an outside explosion, he had to write his account lying flat on the floor of his tug's cabin, because the tug was tumbling about so violently as to prevent his writing in any other position.

Whether on the whole the ruck of matter written before the war was worth the expense of dispatch-boats is a question in some minds (not in mine—I think it decidedly was not); but as war

drew nigh, and offensive operations against Cuba impended, the necessity of bringing news from the Cuban coast by private boats became imperative. The papers that had used none began to make charters, and those that had used them, chartered additional boats.

The best of the new arrivals—I hope I may not be thought partial or biassed—were the tug *Dauntless* (the old filibuster), of the Associated Press, the pilot-boat *Sommers*, N. Smith, of *The Herald*, and the yacht *Kanapaha*, of *The Sun*.

And it should not be overlooked that at this time the papers began to bring naphtha launches to Key West for use among the war-ships that thronged the harbor and the Sand Key roads.

For a brief interval after the ocean-going boats arrived, they lay in the harbor refitting, and taking on supplies, especially coal, for any emergency. For it was not known by the reporters, nor would any one tell them, what Admiral Sampson was about to do.

However, on Thursday, April 21st, private advices from Washington told us that a move against Cuba was to be made at once, and several of us took our boats out to the roads and anchored near the flag-ship. To stick to the flag-ship was to see and learn everything done by the Admiral, and so it happened that when, at break of day, on Friday, the 22d, the fleet got under way, and, a little later, the *Nashville*, in capturing the merchant ship *Buen Ventura*, fired the first gun of the war, several of us were on deck and saw the flash. So, too, it happened that one of us reached the wire a half hour ahead of all the rest and “scored a clean beat.”

Meantime, a number of correspondents had gone afloat in the war-ships. The flag-ship was literally crowded with them. For such of them as were to send articles by mail, this position on a war-ship was a most convenient arrangement, but all who wished to telegraph were as effectively bottled up as Cervera was in Santiago Harbor. But what the ever-polite officers on the *New York* really thought of this mob of non-combatants is another matter. The mere presence of such a crowd, not to mention any personal peculiarities of individuals, was by no means pleasant. It was inevitable from the first

day of the first movement of the fleet that such a state of affairs could not last. The flag-ship was to be a leader in any fighting, and a non-combatant aboard was, at best, simply in the way. At this writing there is, on the *New York*, one man there to represent the papers of the Associated Press and another to represent those outside of that organization—Messrs. Goode and Heald. Both are well equipped for such work, and there can be no just complaint from any newspaper as to its representation in affairs afloat.

It is, of course, impossible to give, in any detail, the doings of the various press-boats. If all their adventures were well written out I fancy the matter would make a very interesting book. For instance, when the *Kanapaha* ran in near the beach for a look at a block-house standing twelve miles east of Havana, one day, the reporters had the pleasure of seeing the entire garrison mount horses and gallop in wild fashion inland. A press-boat, wholly unarmed, had practically captured a Spanish fortification without landing a man. And there was the venture of Scovel, a *World* reporter, who landed two men at night in the face of a Spanish force. And there were the British reporters, who went ashore in broad day, from press-boats, one, Knight, of the *London Times*, rowing in a yawl from a distance of six miles out to sea, into Havana Harbor. But I feel obliged to turn from such stories as these to the more important business of gathering war news afloat.

As the reader has already imagined, going afloat in a press-boat was only the beginning of the reporter's work. He had to contrive to learn what was going on at all the blockaded points, for instance, from day to day. If possible he must be present when the *Miguel Jover* and the *Panama* were captured; when Matanzas was bombarded; when the *Cienfuegos* cable was cut; when the *Winslow* was shot to pieces in Cardenas Bay—all events occurring early in the war, and at widely separated points. He must not only see these events where possible, but must learn by interview the extent of the damage done afloat and ashore. And interviewing at sea is not always an easy matter, for the reporter must go from his own ship to the others in a small boat, though a half-

gale were blowing—a work, however, that very few, indeed, shirked. Meantime he must keep the opposition boats in his eye, knowing very well that he must not only get the facts but must get the wire. If it were in him he might have the joy of battle while the battle was on, for it was his imperative duty to go under fire in order to see all that was done, and then he had the thrill of a race after the battle was over. And that was no small race either. The least one in which I had part was over a course seventy-three miles long. With the other boat constantly in sight that was not a short one. On one occasion, two press-boats came into Key West neck and neck, so to speak. The yacht had passed the tug at Sand Key, and both ploughed into the harbor with the black smoke trailing away astern, the spray curling from the bows and their yawls lowered from the davits till the keels were but an inch above the water. At the sight of it the crews of the war-ships crowded to the rails and yelled their approval, while the loungers along shore got up and whooped. Arriving opposite the custom-house landing, the leader's skipper rang four bells in the engine-room to bring her up, and then dropped the yawl with a wild-fowl plunge, and away she went, winner by fifteen minutes. The captains of three different war-ships sent small boats with their compliments to ask the winning skipper which press-boat left the other side first, and how much the winner had gained in covering the whole stretch.

Racing was a necessary business, and preparations for such events on the Kanapaha were rarely out of mind. For instance, the yacht was trimmed in various positions, until it was definitely determined in which one she would travel most swiftly. Her awnings were arranged to furl quickly in case of a head wind, and her sails so that they could be handled with equal celerity when the wind was fair. A huge try-sail was purchased to balance the jib, and the top-masts, with all their standing rigging, were sent ashore to relieve the weight aloft; for in a wind fit only for top-sails, no sails were worth having. A water-shed to throw the water away from the fore-castle hatch was built, and ample scuppers opened on each side so that she might be driven through a

head sea—literally, through the waves—without danger, and then, last of all, four barrels of tallow were taken on board for greasing the coal in case of supreme need. This was done after the Associated Press chartered the Wanda, a yacht of tremendous speed in smooth water. We had no race with her, and so we do not know how one would have ended; but we know we would have kept the Kanapaha's safety-valve lifting while it lasted, and the engineer said privately that he could "bust the combination of the valve to the extent of ten pounds or so."

The effect of these preparations on the men was something cheerful. We had men applying to us for berths at every landing, when it became noised about that Captain Packard, of the Kanapaha, was a racing man, and even in minor spurts we saw men off watch go voluntarily into the stoke-hole to lend a hand just for the fun of beating the other fellow. And that, too, in the torrid zone!

In one respect the work was extremely trying on a few men. The boats have been spoken of so far as representing only this or that paper or association. As a matter of fact, the papers mentioned chartered the boats, but they permitted, in almost every case, other papers to pay part of the expense and send a man each along. On *The Sun's* boat were men from two other sources, while one state-room belonged to Carlton T. Chapman, the artist of *Harper's Weekly*. But on each boat was one reporter who alone could give orders to the captain, and if the boat missed the news he alone was responsible for the failure. What to do next was ever the question in his mind. For neither the Admiral nor any other officer would tell in advance what was to be done—indeed, only the Admiral and his staff, of all the officers, were likely to know. Could a press-boat keep the sea continually the trouble would be less, for then the standing rule of following the flag-ship would have sufficed, at least for the great events. But the press-boats used coal and water, and at best could keep the sea for ten days. We built coal bunkers on deck, and carried coal in bags, to accomplish even that on the Kanapaha. And when we had to go to port, how were we to tell what to do when we came out again?

This is not to say that the reporters had any cause of complaint. On the contrary, every man thought himself fortunate in being there, regardless of circumstances, while the pleasure of getting "a good story"—well, I remember holding up the last British steamer to leave Havana and getting from her two copies of that day's *La Lucha*—all that were on board. We translated the news, proclamations and editorials, while the boat went slicing at full speed through the waves to Key West, and we got to the wire at four o'clock in the morning. Some of us were at work that day exactly twenty-three and one-half hours, but we never enjoyed a day in our lives more; besides that, one man had his salary raised fifty per cent., to the real delight of all.

I shall say nothing of "the unfathomable dialogues with the ever-moaning brine—not the worst High-school a man could have;" but it may be worth while reminding the reader that the press-boats were not allowed to carry lights at night, and that a ship at sea without lights is in constant danger. Moreover, these boats, small as they are, have kept the sea in the hurricane season and, in fact, have shirked no danger.

Of course, some foolish things were done in the name of *Enterprise*. One paper chartered two eight-knot fruiterers on fruit charters, for instance. It was well understood by the captains of these ships that they were to serve as dispatch-boats, but one of them, after getting his money (\$4,000 for a month), refused to do anything but what the letter of the charter party called for, while the other went on strike, so to speak, before his term of service was half ended. More remarkable still—in fact I know nothing so remarkable in the history of newspapers—the editor who sanctioned these charters put on the one that did cruise, unfit though it was for anything but a station-boat, one writer who received a salary of \$10,000 per year and another who received \$15,000, and sent

the combination to follow Sampson when he was searching for Cervera.

It is easy to see that the charterer of these boats thought he might send his reporters into unblockaded Cuban ports, or even into blockaded ports, and there, while buying fruit, get something to print. It was a plausible scheme, but it did not work.

An attempt to sail a yacht, that had been shifted to a British register, into Havana Harbor failed also. The reporter thought his register would enable him to pass the blockaders—thought so until the ship on guard cleared for action. All this seems worth telling if only to emphasize the fact that the way to make an influential newspaper is to get and print fairly all the news, and the way to get all the news is to send after that and nothing else. It is certain that other work done in the name of *Enterprise* will increase circulation, but it never did, and it never will add to the paper's influence.

Last of all it seems proper to say a word about the expenses of the newspaper boats. The lowest price paid for a tug, of which I heard, was \$1,000 per week, the newspaper to bear port charges, amounting to about \$60 each time she came to Key West. I do not know what was the highest expense of a yacht, but if telegraph tolls be added, tolls that varied from five cents a word at Key West to \$1.01 a word at St. Thomas, I guess the gathering of the news afloat cost my employers on the average not far from \$1,000 a day.

The reader of commercial instincts is likely to ask if the expense brought a profitable return, and I can say emphatically that, in the narrow sense of the question, it did not. But so far as we were able to sustain an old-time reputation for accuracy, expedition, and completeness in such matters—if we were, indeed, able to add to that reputation a bit—then the money so spent was better than gold bonds in the vaults, and the efforts made more satisfactory than any known to a life-time spent in the newspaper business.

THE POINT OF VIEW

AT Tranquildale, that old-fashioned place, they still have family prayers, and often, when I am there, I am delegated to read them. On a Sunday night, the day before we got the news of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet, the Lady in Command handed me the prayer-book with the page open at the "prayer to be said before a fight at sea against any enemy." "Read that too," she said, and I read it: "Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us. . . . Hear us, Thy poor servants, begging mercy and imploring Thy help, and that Thou wouldest be a defence unto us against the face of the enemy."

The God of Battles.

I told her afterward, that I was ashamed to pray so importunately against the poor Spanish, with whose predicament it was impossible not to feel sympathy, and whose fate seemed so conclusively foregone. She confessed that she felt so too, but she had no mind to take any chances.

It was interesting, two days afterward, to find evidence of the disposition of the men who were in the thickest of the sea fight to see the hand of the God of Battles in its event. "God and our gunners won it for us," said Evans, and everyone has read of the pious impulse of Captain Philip of the Texas, who—stirred by the issue of the fight, in which, though he had himself a narrow escape, his vessel had had no man hurt—mustered aft every man who could be spared and solemnly gave God the praise.

When the confidence of so many of us in the immediate instrumentalities by which our war came about was so imperfect, and so many minds halted in apprehension that the best intentions might not save us from doing more harm than good, it must have been greatly reassuring to be able to have confidence that back of all human agencies pulling this way and that was a Divine Power that has ends to accomplish and determined results. In many of us this confidence, though not wholly lacking, has been imperfect. We have not been able to feel sure that our war had been planned in Heaven, and that it was the Divine intention that we should win it, but

we have thought that we could discern that in a large way it accorded with the celestial plans for the betterment of conditions in this world; that it was due to ignorance and misgovernment, the neglect of opportunities, misuse of means and abuse of power which it fell to us to correct. We have believed, very honestly, that, once the war was begun, it was best for all the world that we should win and win quickly; and seeing that the improvement of mundane affairs is reasonably believed to accord with the intentions of the Almighty, it has been logical for us to back our material forces with all the spiritual means that we could muster. Professor Goldwin Smith found fault with the President's proclamation of a thanksgiving for our victories as seeming to indicate an opinion that God was more solicitous for our well-being than that of our Spanish brethren. That seems, on the whole, rather a superficial view. For one thing we have sincerely believed that the best thing that could happen to Spain would be to lose all her colonies, and probably Professor Smith shares that opinion. So in praying for our own success we have not been really invoking injury upon our neighbor. Moreover we have realized that in war that side usually wins which is strongest, and best prepared, and we have not expected to see in our war exceptions to that rule, nor believed that we were special favorites of the Almighty, or likely to benefit by this partiality. What our prayers and thanksgivings and other pious observances have really indicated, has been a desire to be right, and a sense of our responsibility to God for the use we make of the means we possess. We have known that we were stronger and more competent than the Spanish, and that humanly speaking, we could beat them. It has not seemed to us that we needed miracles to help us, for we felt able, as far as fighting goes, to take care of ourselves. The event has justified this opinion. We have had wonderful victories at sea, where we were extraordinarily efficient, and the divine favor has not hindered us from suffering on shore from Spanish bullets, from fevers and disease, and in some cases from the results of bad management. These latter

results we have not expected to escape by prayer. What our prayerfulness has meant has really been that we are a religious people who recognize our dependence on God, and are conscious that our future greatness and prosperity depend upon our ability to shape our conduct in conformity with His will. It means, too, that we are conscious that our success will help or hurt us according to our use of its results; that if we can make it tend to the promotion of righteousness we shall profit by it, and that if it results in mere selfish aggrandizement we shall suffer. A great navy and an efficient army may make a nation successful for a time in war, but we know that in themselves they do not make it really strong. The real strength of a nation lies in its capacity to understand what is right and in its desire and ability to do it. We have all along been a great deal more sure that we could win from Spain than that we could make a wise and beneficent use of our victory. Now therefore that we have won and have the problems of victory to settle, our prayers should be more urgent and constant than ever. It was no great feat, with our resources, to defeat Spain, but to be just and merciful and wise in victory, and to make our success really helpful to civilization is matter difficult enough for its accomplishment to engage the spiritual co-operation of all pious-minded people.

I hope our brethren who prayed for our success in war will keep on praying, and those who had scruples and didn't, may surely begin now, when there is no longer an enemy to be prayed (apparently) against, and all our effort is to heal hurts and breaches, and try to make it come about that justice and liberty shall go where we have sought to carry them.

A WHILE ago I had the luck to hear rather a rare thing: some truly admirable reading of French poetry by a sterling artist, M. Marcel Deslouis, of the Théâtre des Arts in Bordeaux. French poetry had not, I own, been one of my pet infatuations; but, this time, the seductive music of the language, the melody of the verse—so unlike our own, so less varied, but none the less instinct with ear-wooing charm—took hold of me in a quite unwonted way. I could not help reflecting upon how much of all this we habitually lose in reading French poetry to ourselves, upon what a mere fleshless, etiolated spectre of the real thing

we get. Poetry should be heard, as spoken aloud by a living voice; in silently reading it to ourselves, we do our best to make this *vox viva* ring at least in our mind's ear. But, in French poetry, what a faint, deformed echo of its music do we thus hear! we Anglo-Saxons, whose ears have half forgotten the authentic accents of French speech. Did we hear it oftener, we could better reconstruct its silent likeness for our own behoof, and French poetry would then be more of a living thing to us.

This awakening experience of hearing M. Deslouis's reading recalled another—of a diametrically opposite character—which I had had some years before, when Terence's "Phormio" was given in the original Latin by Harvard students in Sanders Theatre in Cambridge. Of course the now current "classical" pronunciation of Latin was in full blast; and I, whose classical studies date back to the days of the old "Oxford" pronunciation, looked forward to a new sensation. I got it with a vengeance—though not quite the one I had expected. Before five minutes were over, I began to feel vaguely that something was wrong, and soon saw clearly enough that what I was hearing was no more like the Roman speech of Terence's time than

Kong zhüh vwaw soo tay mewer lur armay ay lä
noter,
May düh frair dong l'ewn, ay mong murree dong
l'oter,
Pwee-zhüh formay day vurze ay, söngs ampee-
ettay,
Amportewnay le syell poor tah fellissitay?

is like French. 'Twas a barbarous jargon, such as no people on earth ever talked.

Realizing this, I began also to see that the now current "classical" pronunciation of Greek must be in precisely the same evil case: resulting in a gibberish no whit better. Yet these twin jargons pretend to be classically spoken Greek and Latin. *Proh pudor!* One blushes at the effrontery of our universities.

The only feasible way to catch the trick, say, of French speech is from a living Frenchman—or, at the very worst, at second hand from someone who has himself got it from this only authentic source—that is, orally. But from whom shall we catch the trick of elegant Greek or Latin speech? The old Greeks and Romans are all dead, their speech

has died with them. And it seems to me unquestionable that our university professors have by no means given us the authentic vowel and consonant sounds—let alone the characteristic vocal inflection and accent—of classic Greek and Roman speech, but have only taken certain entirely English (or American) sounds and distributed them afresh over the alphabet, thus giving the alphabet a phonetic interpretation quite new to us. It is worth noting, too, that this particular interpretation obtains in no single living language; it is exotic everywhere. The most that can be said for the vowel and consonant sounds themselves is that they probably approximate more closely to the real classic ones than other available English sounds do. And this is little enough to say, in all conscience; for their adoption has led to something no more like the real speech of old Rome or Periclean Athens than “Avvy voo-day gong?” is like French, or “Jeeovahny Belleeny” like Italian.

But there are degrees in villainy. If the pseudo-“classical” pronunciation of Latin seems the sorriest attempt at compassing the impossible, the considerably earlier introduction of the so-called “classical” pronunciation of Greek appears simply impudent.

Greek is not a dead language. Whatever differences there may be between “ancient” and “modern” Greek, the (so-called) two languages are really one and the same; their difference is not that between, say, Latin and Italian. When the Rev. Bernard Carpenter tested young boys at random in the streets of Athens, and found that they could read and understand Thucydides fluently at sight, it was pretty conclusive proof of the “two” languages being one. How many boys in the streets of Rome, think you, can read Cæsar at sight to-day? And Greek, being a living language, has a living voice; it is spoken as to the manner born by natives, from whom we can catch the trick just as well as we can that of French speech from Frenchmen. No doubt the present Romaic pronunciation is not that of the age of Pericles; neither is our modern pronunciation of English that of the age of Elizabeth. But what should we Anglo-Saxons say to it, were the continental nations of Europe to combine to restore the Elizabethan pronunciation of English in their universities, simply for the sake of having their students read Shakespeare “classically”?

Yet is not this just what we have been doing for the old Greek poets in our universities? Ought we not rather to be learning our Greek speech from living Athenians, as we learn our French and Italian from live Parisians and Tusco-Romans? Then, and not till then, would Greek poetry have a living voice for our ears. The Romaic pronunciation may not be classical; but it is genuinely and indefeasibly Greek. Moreover, it is alive!

But, if we can—and, I think, ought to—learn Greek “from a native” to-day, we certainly cannot so learn Latin. No authentic model of old Roman speech is now obtainable. What best substitute, then, can we find for a Latin *vox viva*? It seems to me that the old, now abandoned “Oxford” pronunciation gives us this best substitute. It is admittedly not classical—and I think I have shown the now current pronunciation not to be that either, in spite of its fatuous pretence—but it is at least English and therefore alive. It is based on a phonetic interpretation of the alphabet which is indigenous to the Anglo-Saxon student’s native soil, and gives the language a living voice for him. With it he can speak Latin without a brogue; and, as far as sound goes, it gives the language something of the familiarity of his own English speech. Good living models are not wanting.

Are not, upon the whole, the now current “classical” pronunciations of Latin and Greek in our universities not only self-stultifying—from the fact that living models of authentic classical speech are nowhere obtainable to-day—but also directly contrary to the educational spirit of the times? Is not the whole scheme essentially a reactionary, instead of a progressive measure? Has it not, in the last analysis, a merely archæologico-philological aim, whereas the best and most characteristic tendency of modern classical teaching is to lay more stress upon the literature and poetry of ancient Greece and Rome than upon the mere philology of the two languages?

MR. BARRIE has said of Mr. Stevenson: “He was the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play.” This phrase “the spirit of boyhood” we accept as defining the charm attaching to certain people who walk spring-

ily upon the road which others tread heavy-footed. And by accepting it literally we make it a juggling phrase that tells us anything but the truth about those to whom we apply it. It leads us to think of them sometimes almost with condescension, as though they were born to amuse us; as though be-

"The Spirit of
Boyhood."

cause they pranked and played with toys they were still the unreflecting, irresponsible beings known as children. If we listen to Stevenson himself, speaking from his South Sea exile, we shall better catch the distinction between the mind which has parted with nothing, not even with the receptivity of its youth, and the boyhood of the undeveloped man.

"I could not but wonder," he writes of his Polynesian pupil, "how Henry stands his evenings here; the Polynesian loves gayety—I feed him with decimals, the mariner's compass, derivations, grammar, and the like; delecting myself, after the manner of my race, *moult tristement*, I suck my paws; I live for my dexterities, and by my accomplishments; even my clumsinesses are my joy—my woodcuts, my stumbling on the pipe, this surveying even—and even weeding sensitive—anything to do with the mind, with the eye, with the hand—with a part of me; diversion flows in these ways for the dreary man. But gayety is what these children want, to sit in a crowd, tell stories and pass jests, to hear one another laugh, and scamper with the girls. It's good fun, too, I believe, but not for R. L. S., *àtât* 40."

This spirit of joy in "anything to do with the mind, with the eye, with the hand," indicates in the adult not so much the lingering of youth, as the fulness of maturity; the complement of all human faculties. The boy Siegfried believed he could learn the language of the birds by imitating the notes upon his pipe. But it was not until after he had tasted the dragon's blood that he knew the meaning of the songs that delighted him; and they told him of gold, and of power, and of Brünnhilde surrounded by flames. In some such way a man like Stevenson, like Thackeray, like Charles Lamb, learns the meaning of amusement. If such a man is pleased by sport that to the onlooker seems to resemble the sport of a child, he is not pleased as the child is pleased. He is hiding as Thackeray hid, "behind a droll shadow." He has learned that the songs of the birds are not the innocent songs he supposed them; but they interest him more than before he had tasted the dragon's blood, for they tell him of himself, of his destiny, and the destiny of man.

He has learned also that heavy burdens may be lifted by weak arms if a certain trick of turning, a certain light dexterity is used, and this knowledge he applies to his life and cherishes the knack of gayety as an accomplishment to be put in daily use. He is happier, he is wiser, he is more charming than the men who have crushed the delicacy of life by gripping it too hard; but it should never be said of him, as usually is said, that he has "remained a boy."

THE FIELD OF ART

ARTISTIC DIE-SINKING OF THE PRESENT TIME



Fig.

1.

IT has been proposed, in the councils of the National Academy of Design, to establish in its schools a class for instruction in medal engraving. In this very subtle art, in which, at present, the French excel, there are two or three American sculptors who may prove capable of imparting both the principles and the practical methods; but, in general, our national state of progress is fairly indicated by the artistic value of our national coins. The peculiar qualifications required for the appropriate and artistic execution of designs for medals and coins are evident. The "painting in relief," as it has been called, demands the training of both sculptor and painter; the former for the modelling of a great number of delicate planes in very low relief and the preservation of the general dignity and balance of a representation in sculpture; the latter for the securing of a somewhat pictorial composition, a decorative, well-arranged filling of the small circular field and the judicious introduction of emblems and attributes, most of them threadbare by this time, and those that are not obscure. In both of them, as a French critic says, "an execution firm and supple, delicate without an assumed nicety, elegant without affectation." In the best of the modern French work, by Roty, Chaplain, Ponscarne, and one or two others, the taste, the tact, the

charming originality in inventing and disposing, or in adapting and renewing the old material, are combined with a perfection of technical workmanship that render these pieces a pure delight to the eye. The contrast is striking with what is considered the best work of other schools, as, *e.g.*, with the heaviness in Mr. Poynter's classic design for the "Best Shot" in the rifle celebration of the British Volunteers, or with the confused pictorial realism in his accepted design for the Ashanti medal.

Sometimes, however, it may be said, especially of the latter work, that the delicacy and pictorial grace of the Parisian medallists seems to be running away with them. The style, the balance, and the dignity of sculpture sometimes disappear entirely. The old, formal, quasi-heraldic treatment of devices and of birds and beasts seems to be almost entirely abandoned. The condor who stretches his neck and flaps his wings in foreshortened perspective on M. Roty's much-admired silver *peso* for the Chilian Government has been considered entirely from a pictorial point of view; he is even more realistically and pictorially treated than was the eagle flying in profile which adorned our own United States cent a number of years ago, and which was afterward condemned, though by no means altogether bad. In the matter of too much prettiness and unsculptural character, even Roty's proposed combinations of torches and wreaths for the reverse of his new silver five-franc piece were weak and ineffective. On the face of this coin appears his much-admired figure of "The Sower," a tall semi-classic female in



Fig.

2.

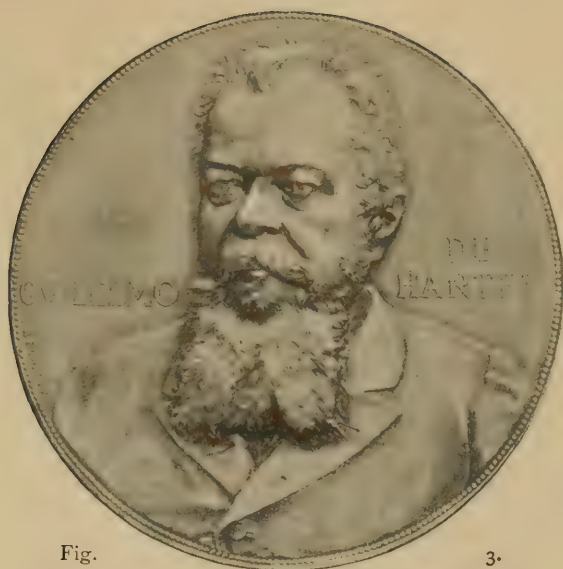


Fig.

3.

floating drapery and wearing the Phrygian cap, who traverses the fields "scattering from full hands the seeds of progress and of civilization." Behind her appears on the horizon the edge of the rising sun; the legend around the circumference is simply "République Française." This has been considered to be a "regular find," as the French put it; the critics quoted Victor Hugo's verse and Zola's preface to his opera "Messidor" (before the Dreyfus affair) in their admiration. Probably, for a five-franc piece, the idea is large enough; and the design and execution of the figure is certainly admirable.

The present revival of the art is quite recent. It is only some twenty-five or thirty years since the French coins and many of the medals struck in Paris were unmarked by any great artistic eminence, and the present two-sou piece is a remnant of that period. Preceding this time of comparative insignificance came the coinage of the reign of Louis XVIII., which is considered acceptable, and the French medals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which numismatists and collectors treasure only somewhat less than the Italian medals of the Renaissance. The practical advantage of thus establishing a standard of high artistic excellence may be appreciated by the most indifferent; the Parisian Mint has, for a number of years, been receiving many commissions from foreign countries on the strength of its high reputation. M. Roty and the engraver, La Forestier, in 1881, and since that date, have furnished the designs for the silver and bronze coins of Hayti; the hundred-franc pieces of Monaco have recently been executed by the

first named, his head of Prince Albert I. replacing that of Prince Charles III. by Ponscarme. His devices also appear on the silver and golden coins of Chili; those of M. Jasset on the coinage struck in 1891 for the Republic of Dominica; the redoubtable Menelik of Abyssinia caused his own head to be engraved for his coins by M. Lagrange, and has this year confided the execution of new designs to M. Chaplain. Morocco, Greece, and Bolivia have also come to the banks of the Seine for their minting, as well as the French colonies and protected states—Tunis, Indo-China, the islands of Great Comoro, Réunion, and Martinique. Not only monetary pieces, but also medals of all kinds are produced in the ateliers of this mint for communities and individuals. In this fabrication it enjoys almost a monopoly, and some of the commemorative medals, as that in honor of the visit of the Russian sovereigns to Paris, have had an immense sale. Even the King of Siam left a commission to have his transit thus perpetuated.



Fig.

4.



Fig.

5.



Fig.

6.



Fig.

7.

The new class in the academy schools may profit by the testimony of these artists—MM. Chaplain, Daniel Dupuis, Borrel, and Bottée—who often seek to substitute the process of casting for that of striking from the die. The former permits of retouching the first proof, and is better adapted also to pieces of large diameter. In this the tendency seems to be to return to the methods of the medallists of the sixteenth century.

W. W.

Paris has, indeed, the easily held supremacy in the matter of medal engraving and of medal casting, too. For the two arts should be kept separate. The cast bas-reliefs of the Renaissance and those of David d'Angers and his contemporaries are to be kept quite apart from the coinage properly so-called, whether monetary or commemorative, of the same periods in the history of art. So in our own time the admirable cast medals of Chaplain and Roty are hardly to be considered side by side with the medals struck from dies engraved by the same artists, unless in a long general discussion of the whole subject. Struck medals are the natural things for the numismatologists to study; they are coins while the others are bas-reliefs. It seems, in an odd way, as if cast medallions were to them as embroideries are to textile fabrics; it is but a careless habit of speech which makes our collectors and catalogue makers include both under one general head.

Paris has the supremacy; but it is wonderful what brilliant and effective things are being made in Germany and in Austria nowadays, and how easily and as a matter of course such work is produced, and in what quantities! Anton Sharff, of the Vienna mint, has a singular gift of playful fancy, sometimes gro-

tesque, sometimes a little sensational. The reverse of the Mozart medal engraved in 1896 gives us the graceful aspect of his design in these matters, as is shown in Fig. I.;* and the fantastic side of it is equally well shown in Fig. II., a little memento of a private festivity. What has been said above of the pictorial character, which, it is assumed, should pervade modern medal work, is exemplified by this artist's work in Fig. I. and what the artist can do in the way of a portrait head (the likeness not being guaranteed by the present writer) is well shown in Fig. III., which gives the obverse of a medal engraved seven years ago in honor of one who is renowned and influential as a teacher. Other men besides the famous Sharff are doing such work, and doing it well. Fig. IV. is the reverse of a Bismarck medal, which was struck in honor of the great statesman's services in the cause of German unity. The idea of the prince as St. George, but in the uniform of the white cuirassiers, is certainly touched with grotesqueness; it seems even a little jocose, as though the engraver were inclined to rally the parliamentarian and chancellor upon his fondness for military dress. The obverse has the inscription *Der Senat der Freien und Hansestadt Hamburg zum 1 April, 1895*.

The French medals which we are interested in are certainly more graceful, more tranquil in design, more classical, as their admirers would say—more academic, as their enemies might suggest—than those engraved by men of German race. Louis Oscar Roty has gained a great name for such work, and deservedly, for there is a charming grace of design in his work, and in its sculptural treatment is combined with excellent decorative feeling—for no one fills a panel, round or square-

* All the figures are of the size of the medals.



Fig.

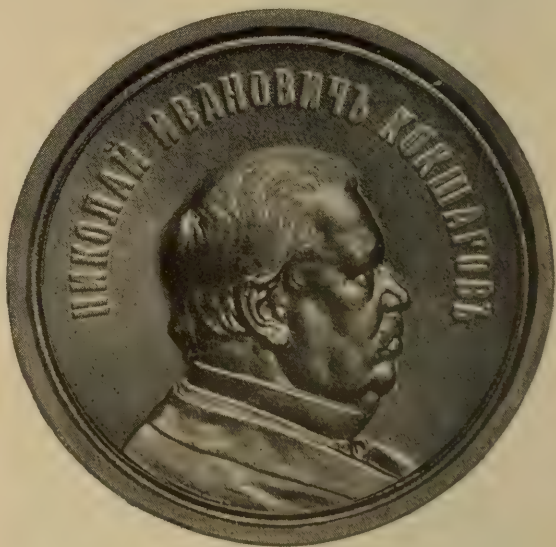
8.

cornered, better than he. The two heads of the Republic, Figs. V. and VI., are the obverse sides, one of a medal of award belonging to the Exhibition of 1889, the other an honorary medal whose reverse has a panel for filling in the name of him to whom honor is to be done. Nothing in the fine art of numismatics is more interesting than this matter of arranging the disc which is filled with a single head—portrait or of ideal origin. It is, when compared with the field filled up with incident and movement, like portrait engraving when compared with the engraving of theological legend or philosophical sentiment, and we all know how apt is the collector of old prints to prefer the Dürer portraits even to the Melancholy and the Knight, and how the worshipper of Rembrandt's etchings chooses the portrait heads of Rembrandt himself and his mother and wife almost before the landscapes and pieces of incident. The charming Marriage medal, which has been largely sold in gold, in silver, and in bronze, has on the reverse a design whose significance is not at first easy to grasp, but the obverse, given in Fig. VII., is full of simple pathos, and is of faultless disposition, considered in a decorative sense. This is of

to-day; but our fates seem this month to bring the older pieces of Roty's work prominently before us, and the medal of the Bartholdi statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," which is given in Fig. VIII., is dated thirteen years ago. The sympathy between France and the United States, at once expressed and urgently advocated by the design, is a sentiment which every lover of art is inclined to insist upon nowadays that there is unnecessary talk of unfriendly feeling. The people of the United States need more than anything else, morally and socially, those virtues which France more than other nations can impart to them if they know how to accept her teaching. Logic, reason, toleration, the social in-

stinct, and, from our point of view, most important of all, the sense of the dignity and importance of fine art and a knowledge how to live day by day in the light of fine art; these are the things which we could learn of France more readily, indeed, if the veil were not between us which difference of language draws, but which, in spite of that veil, are accessible to those who care for them.

R. S.



Iron Medal.

Fiftieth Year of Kokoharow's Professorship.



OFFICERS WATCHING THE ARTILLERY PLAY ON COAMO.
Drawn by F. C. Yohn from a photograph by Richard Harding Davis.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV

NOVEMBER, 1898

NO. 5

THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



Seal of the Corporation of the City of Ponce after the Occupation of the United States. The original seal contained the arms of Ponce, a lion on a bridge.

nic, a sort of comic-opera war, a magnified field-day at Van Cortlandt Park. This point of view was hardly fair, either to the army in Porto Rico or to the people at home. It cheated the latter of their just right to feel proud.

In comparison to the Santiago nightmare, the Porto Rican expedition was a *fête des fleurs*, but the reason for this, apart from the fact that the country, unlike Cuba, had not been devastated and that the Porto Ricans, unlike the Cubans, were most friendly, was one which should make all Americans pleased with themselves and with their army. It should give them such confidence in the army and its generals as we like to honestly feel when we boast of anything to which we can prefix the possessive pronoun, whether it be our local baseball nine, our express trains or elevators, or our army and navy.

Porto Rico was a picnic because the commanding generals would not permit the enemy to make it otherwise. The Spaniards were willing to make it another

WHEN the men who accompanied our army to Porto Rico returned to their own people again, they found that at home the Porto Rican campaign was regarded as something in the way of a successful military picnic—nightmare—they were just as ready to kill in Porto Rico as in Cuba—but our commanding general in Porto Rico was able to prevent their doing so. A performance of any sort always appears the most easy when we see it well done by an expert—even golf looks possible as Whigham plays it. All he does is to hit a ball with a stick. But you might go out and hit the same ball with the same stick for a year and no one would think of giving you silver cups. Anyone who has seen a really great matador face a bull in a bull-ring certainly thought that the man had gained his reputation easily. He walks about as unconcerned as you walk about your room, and when he is quite ready he waits for the bull, takes a short step to one side, thrusts his sword into the bull's neck, and the bull is dead. The reason the Spanish bull gored our men in Cuba and failed to touch them in Porto Rico was entirely due to the fact that Miles was an expert matador and Shafter was not; so it is hardly fair to the commanding general and the gentlemen under him to send the Porto Rican campaign down into history as a picnic.

This is not saying that it was not a picnic, but explaining why it was so. A general who can make an affair of letting blood so amusing to his men that they regard it as a picnic is something of a general.

One of the lesser evils of the Cuban campaign was that it gave our friends, the enemy in Europe, the idea that the way



The Gloucester Bombarding Juanica, Porto Rico.

Copyright by E. C. Rost, New York.

that particular expedition was conducted was typical of the way every other expedition would be conducted which we might send over sea. If they should act seriously on that idea, they may find themselves abruptly and painfully undeceived. The European can say, to our discredit, that we failed to feed our soldiers in the field, and to care for them when they were wounded and ill, but they cannot say that the soldiers did not do their share, even though republics were ungrateful and political officials incompetent.

Even our own people had just cause to be alarmed at the bungling and waste of life in Cuba. So it might be well, both at home and abroad, to emphasize at once the fact that we have other generals in the field.

That the people do not know more concerning the Porto Rican expedition is partly due to the fact that the majority of newspaper correspondents were detained in Cuba by sickness and quarantine, and that those who reached the island were too few in number to give the expedition there the *acclaim* it deserved. For three days there were only two correspondents with the army in Porto Rico, and never more at any time than ten. In Cuba there

were a hundred. Moreover, the campaign was nipped by peace almost before it could show its strength; but from the start, it was one with which any of the great military powers would have been pleased and satisfied. And this in spite of the fact that the regiments engaged, with but three exceptions, were composed of volunteers.

The army in Porto Rico advanced with the precision of a set of chessmen; its moves were carefully considered and followed to success; its generals, acting independently and yet along routes reconnoitred by General Roy Stone and Major Flagler, and selected by General Miles, never missed a point nor needlessly lost a man, nor retreated from a foot of land over which they had advanced. Every day the four different columns swept the Spaniards before them in a net, capturing town after town, and company after company. Their fights were but skirmishes, but the skirmishes were as carefully thought out, and the enemy was as scientifically surrounded, attacked, and captured, as though great battles had been fought and thousands of lives lost in accomplishing the same end. There was more careful preparation and forethought exhibited in the advances our generals



General Miles in Launch of Massachusetts Towing Pontoons, at Juanica, Porto Rico.

Copyright by E. C. Rost, New York.

made upon the little towns they captured in Porto Rico, than was shown in the entire campaign against the city of Santiago—General Chaffee's reconnoissance and capture of El Caney alone always excepted. The courage of the men is not under discussion now; what we are considering here is a comparison of good generalship with bad, and the American reader, for his own better content, should not belittle a clean-cut, scientific campaign by calling it a picnic. He should remember that in Porto Rico eight cities and towns, with 100,000 inhabitants, were won over to the United States at the cost of very few men killed. Santiago, with its 40,000 inhabitants, was won for the Cubans at the cost of thousands of men killed and wounded in battle and wrecked by fever. As an eye-witness of both campaigns one is convinced that the great success of the one in Porto Rico was not due to climatic advantages and the co-operation of the natives, but to good management and good generalship.

Juanica is a pretty little harbor protected by very high cliffs. The town is one street, which runs back for a mile

under the shade of crimson trees, with houses of gay colors on either side of it. Back of the one street are lanes crowded with huts of palm-leaves. The Gloucester ran into the harbor and fired a three-pounder at a Spanish flag on a block-house. This was the first intimation that anyone, except General Miles, had received that the American troops were to land on the south coast of Porto Rico. When the news reached Washington the War Department was surprised, because it thought that General Miles would land at Fajardo, in the north; the Spaniards were surprised as a matter of course, and the newspaper boats were so overtaken with surprise that, with one exception, none of them hove in sight for three days.

The first landing was made by the blue-jackets of the Gloucester. They built a trocha of stones and barbed wire across the one street, and called it Fort Wainwright, and killed four Spaniards with a Colt's quick-firing gun. Then they wigwagged for reinforcements, and the regulars of the artillery came in to give them countenance. Meanwhile, the Gloucester fired at the ridges about the harbor and a troop of cavalry on a hill, and as she

was short-handed, the Paymaster and the Surgeon had to help feed the guns. It can be truly said that life on the Gloucester was seldom dull. When the Spaniards had fled, 2,000 volunteers from Massachusetts and Illinois, and more regulars of the artillery were put on shore, and in a few hours were camped along the street, and the inhabitants, who had fled to the hills before the hideous bombardment of the Gloucester's three-pounder, returned again to their homes. The Porto Ricans showed their friendliness to the conquerors by selling horses to the officers at three times their value, and the volunteers made themselves at home on the doorsteps of the village, and dandled the naked yellow babies on their knees, and held marvellous conversations with the natives for hours at a time, in a language entirely their own, but which seemed to give universal satisfaction. The next morning there was an outpost skirmish, in which the Sixth Massachusetts behaved well, and the next evening there was a false alarm from the same regiment. This called out the artillery and the Illinois regiment, and the picture the shining brown guns made as they bumped through the only street in moonlight was sinister and impressive. To those of us who had just come from Santiago the sight of the women sitting on porches and rocking in bent-wood chairs, the lighted swinging lamps, with cut-glass

pendants, and the pictures and mirrors on the walls which we saw that night through the open doors as we rode out to the pickets, seemed a part of some long-forgotten existence. We know now that the women were dark of hue and stout, that the pictures were chromos of the barber-shop school, and that the swinging lamps were tawdry, and smoked horribly; but at that moment, so soon after the San Juan rifle-pits, the women of Juanica were as beautiful as the moonlight, and their household gods of the noblest and best.

The alarm turned out to be a false one, and except for the pleasure the spectacle had afforded the fat, brown ladies on the porches, the men had lost half a night's sleep to no purpose. Later, they lost the other half of the night because our outposts on the hills would mistake stray mules and cattle for Spaniards, and kept up an unceasing fire about the camp until sunrise. Some of their bullets hit the transport on which General Miles was sleeping, and also the ship carrying the Red Cross nurses, who were delighted at being under fire, even though the fire came from the Sixth Illinois. From remarks made the next morning by General Miles, he did not seem to share with them their delight.

After three days, General Guy Henry moved on to occupy Juaco, and General Miles proceeded down the coast to the



The Port of Juanica.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

port of Ponce. The city of Ponce, which lies two miles back from the port, surrendered officially and unofficially on four separate occasions. It was possessed of the surrender habit in a most aggravated form. Indeed, for anyone in uniform it was most unsafe to enter the town at any time unless he came prepared to accept its unconditional surrender. In the official account sent to Washington by Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts, the city of Ponce and the port surrendered to Commander Davis of the *Dixie*, so General Miles reports—so history, as it is written, will report. But, as a matter of fact, the town first surrendered to Ensign Curtin of the *Wasp*, then to three officers who strayed into it by mistake, then to Commander Davis, and finally to General Miles.

Ensign Curtin is a grandson of the war governor of Pennsylvania. He is about the youngest-looking boy in the navy, and he is short of stature, but in his methods he is Napoleonic. He landed, with a letter, for the military commander, which demanded the surrender of the port and city, and he wore his side-arms, and an expression in which there was no trace of pity. The Captain of the Port informed him that the military commander was at Ponce, but that he might be persuaded to surrender if the American naval officer would condescend to drive up to Ponce, and make his demands in person. The American officer fairly shook and quivered with indignation. "Zounds," and "Gadzooks," and "Damme, sir," would have utterly failed to express his astonishment. Had it come to this, then, that an ensign, holding the President's commission, and representing such a ship of terror as the *Wasp*, was to go to a mere colonel, commanding a district of 60,000 inhabitants?

"How long will it take that military commander to get down here if he hurries?" demanded Ensign Curtin. The

trembling Captain of the Port, the terrified foreign consuls and the custom-house officials thought that a swift-moving cab might bring him to the port in a half hour.

"Have you a telephone about the place?" asked the Napoleonic Curtin. They had.

"Then call him up and tell him that if he doesn't come down here in a hack in thirty minutes and surrender, I shall bombard Ponce!"

This was the Ensign's ultimatum. He turned his back on the terrified inhabitants and returned to his gig. Four hacks started on a mad race for Ponce and the central office of the telephone rang with hurry-calls.

On his way out to the ship, Ensign Curtin met Commander Davis on his way to the shore.

Commander Davis looked at his watch. "I shall extend his time another half hour," said Commander Davis. Ensign Curtin saluted sternly, making no criticism upon this weak generosity on the part of his superior officer, but he could afford to be magnanimous. He, at least, had upheld the honor of the navy, and he will go down in the history of the war as the middy who demanded and obtained a surrender by telephone.

General Miles landed in the morning after Curtin had taken the place, and Mr. Curtin came ashore in the same boat with us. We asked him if he had already landed and he replied modestly that he had, but he spared the commanding general's feelings by making no reference to his own part in the surrender. In the boat with General Miles were the two head-quarter flags of the commanding general of the army, four officers of his personal staff, Curtin and four regulars. One of these regulars spoke three languages, and as a soldier of the Foreign Legion of France had carried the first French flag to the shore of Tonquin. Although this was not known until later, one of the head-



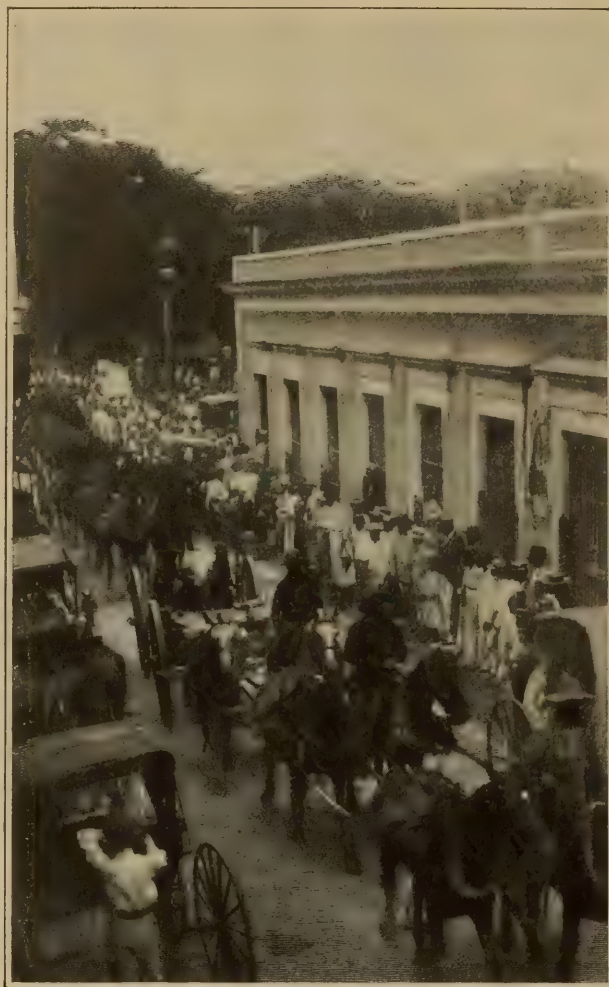
Ensign Curtin of the *Wasp*.

quarters flags of the United States army was handed to him to carry to the shore of Porto Rico. When one remembers that there are 25,000 regulars in our army to whom it might have been given, it was a curious coincidence that that particular honor should have fallen to that particular man. He was in no way unappreciative of the honor. He stood up in the bow and waved the heavy silk flag from one side to the other until the boat rocked, and at the sight the several thousand people who were waiting for General Miles on the wharves and housetops and swamping the small boats in the wake of his gig shouted "Vivas" and shrieked and cheered. Suddenly the Franco-American soldier held up the flag as high as he could place it, and in most excellent and eloquent Spanish called upon the people of Porto Rico to welcome the commanding general of the United States. There was a momentary hush of surprise that an American soldier should show such knowledge of their own tongue, and then a wilder burst of "vivas," and another pause to hear if there was more to follow. There was much more to follow. From the bow of our boat our self-elected orator assured them that the coming of General Miles brought them liberty, fraternity, peace, happiness, and wealth. He promised them no taxes, freedom of speech, thought and conscience, "three acres and a cow," plurality of wives, "one man, one vote," and to every citizen a political office and a pension for life. Be-

fore the gig had touched the landing-steps the United States Government, in the person of that soldier, was pledged to give Porto Rico everything in its power and beyond its power to grant. So General Miles landed in triumph. After that

speech it is small wonder that Americans were popular in Porto Rico.

Later in the day, General Miles and General Wilson, in full dress uniform and beautiful white gloves, received the homage of Ponce from the balcony of the Alcalde's palace. They made a very fine appearance, but as no men go unshaven in Porto Rico except priests, the populace were greatly disturbed to find that it was General Miles and not General Wilson who was the commanding general of our army. "He should have been an archbishop," they said, but later



United States Artillery Entering Ponce.

Photographed by the author.

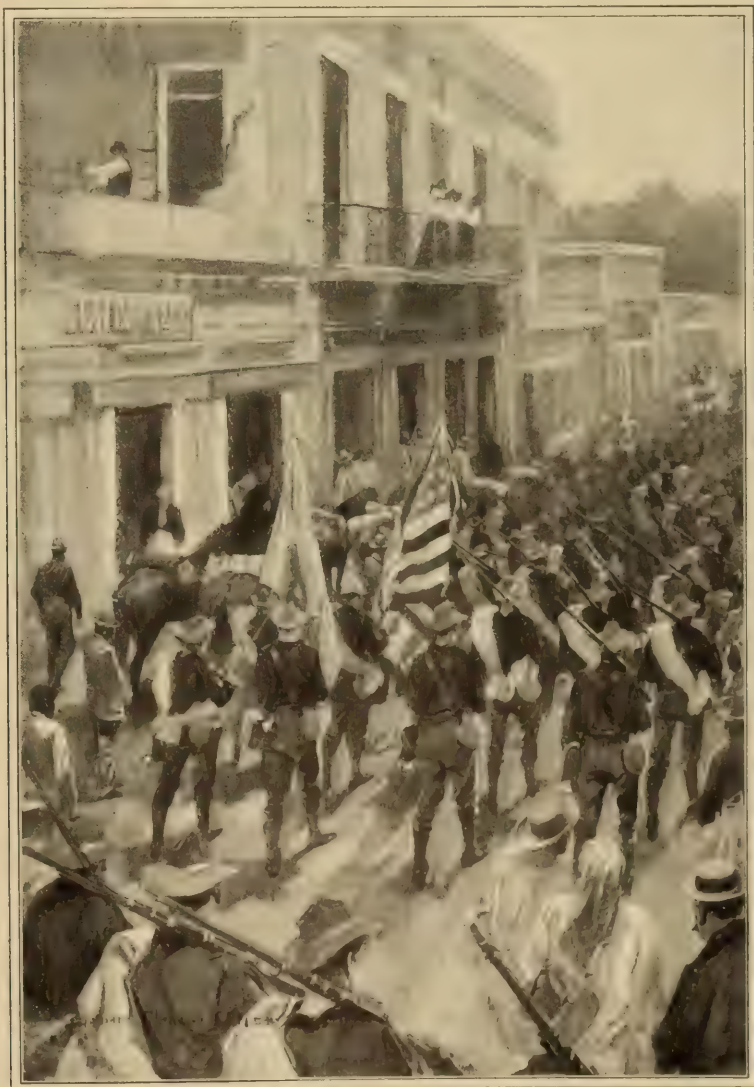
he convinced them that the mustache does not make the soldier. Nothing could have been more enthusiastic or more successful than their open-air reception. The fire companies paraded in their honor, and ran over three of their own men, which gave the local Red Cross people a grand chance to appear on the scene, each man wearing four red crosses, to carry away the wounded. This created some confusion as the firemen preferred to walk, but the Red Cross people were adamant and bore them off on stretchers whether they would or no. The only thing wanting to complete the picture was an American flag. It was only a detail, but the populace seemed to miss it. It was about the only article with

he convinced them that the mustache does not make the soldier. Nothing could have been more enthusiastic or more successful than their open-air reception. The fire companies paraded in their honor, and ran over three of their own men, which gave the local Red Cross people a grand chance to appear on the scene, each man wearing four red crosses, to carry away the wounded. This created some confusion as the firemen preferred to walk, but the Red Cross people were adamant and bore them off on stretchers whether they would or no. The only thing wanting to complete the picture was an American flag. It was only a detail, but the populace seemed to miss it. It was about the only article with

which the expedition was not supplied. Frantic cabling to Washington repaired the loss, and within a week, flags were sent out all over the island and raised upon the roofs of many a city hall. Ponce itself held more foreign flags than we had ever seen. Judging from their number one would have thought that the population was composed entirely of English, Germans, French, and Swiss and members of the Red Cross Society. It was explained later that the Spanish residents had been assured that the American soldiers would loot their houses, and so for their better protection they had invited all their friends who were subjects of foreign powers to come and spend a few days, and bring their flags with them. On one very handsome house belonging to a very rabid Spaniard, who apparently had a surfeit of spare bedrooms, there were as many flags

as there are powers forming the European concert. He was taking no chances.

The first week of the American occupation of Ponce, when new conditions arose every hour, was full of curious interest. There were financial questions to be answered, as to the rate of exchange and the collection of taxes and customs dues ; questions of local law as opposed to martial law. There were Spanish volunteers swearing allegiance to the United States, and Porto Ricans to be sworn in as judges and registrars. The American post-office opened for business, telephone wires which had been cut for strategic reasons were repaired for the public service, the railroad was set in motion at the point of the bayonet, and signs reading "English spoken here" were hung outside of every second shop. In the bandstand in the Plaza, where for many years



Troops Entering Ponce.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

the Spanish military band had played every Sunday and Thursday, the provost-guards slept and cooked, and banged on a hoarse rheumatic piano. "Rosy O'Grady" and "The Banks of the Wabash" superseded "The March of Isabella" of the three nights previous, and an American company reopened the opera-house with a variety performance; a newspaper called *La Nueva Era* was issued in twenty-four hours, printed half in Spanish and half in English; and twenty miles out, at Coamo, where two roads met, an energetic volunteer who combined enterprise with

The people of Ponce were certainly the most friendly souls in the world. Nothing could surpass their enthusiasm or shake their loyalty. If a drunken soldier, of whom there were surprisingly few, entered the shop or home of a Porto Rican, the owner could not be persuaded to make a charge against him. The natives gave our men freely of everything, and the richer and better class of Porto Ricans opened a Red Cross hospital at their own expense and contributed money, medicines, cots, and doctors for our sick soldiers. They also placed two American Red Cross nurses in charge and allowed them absolute authority.

Peace came too soon to allow the different generals who were making the ways straight to show all that they could do and how well they could do it. In view of this fact it was almost a pity that peace did come so soon. For with the bungling at Santiago and the scandal and shame after the war of the treatment of our sick soldiers on the transports and in the fever camps, the successes which would have followed the advance of the different expeditions across Porto Rico would have been a grateful relief. The generals, with the exception of General Schwan, were handicapped, to a degree, by the fact that their commands were, for the greater part, composed of volunteers; but the personality of the generals, each in his different way, made this



Colonel Biddle, of General Wilson's Staff, Interrogating a Spanish Prisoner.
Other prisoners under guard in the background.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

patriotism nailed up a sign with a hand pointing north and reading :

.....
: GO TO JAMES GETTS FOR CLOTHING, :
: WARRINGTON, WIS. :
:

count for little, and they obtained as good service out of the men as the work there was to do demanded. It was not in the field alone, where they were on their native heath, that these generals distinguished themselves; but in governing and establishing order in the towns which they capt-

ured, where their duties were both peculiar and foreign to their experience, they showed to the greatest advantage. They went about the task of setting up the new empire of the United States as though our army had always been employed in seizing islands, and raising the flag over captured cities. They played the conquerors with tact, with power, and like gentlemen. They recognized the rights of others and they forced others to recognize their rights. Wherever it was possible to do so, General Miles propitiated the people by employing local labor. Within an hour after the firing had ceased at Juanica, he was renting ox-carts and oxen from the native ranch-owners and buying cattle outright. At Ponce he employed hundreds of local stevedores who had been out of work for many days. He set them to unloading the transports and coaling the war-ships, and when he

learned that the boss stevedores were holding back part of the men's pay he corrected the abuse at once, and saw that each man received what was due him. General Wilson in his turn, as military governor of the city and district of Ponce, was confronted with many strange conditions. He had to invent oaths of allegiance, to tranquillize the foreign consuls, to protect rich Spaniards from too enthusiastic Porto Ricans, to adopt a new seal for the city, and a new rate of exchange; to appoint new officers in the courts, to set free political prisoners, and to arrest and lock up political offenders against the new régime.

But the work was not confined to the cities, and soon each of the generals had changed the magistrate's chair for the saddle. It was a beautiful military proposition as General Miles laid it down. Four columns were to traverse the isl-



Arrest of a Spanish Spy in Ponce. The man is holding his hands across his forehead in sign of surrender.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

and from four different directions, and drive all the enemy outside of San Juan back into that city, so leaving none but friends on the flanks and in the rear. By taking all the towns en route and picking up every Spaniard it met on the way, the army would surround San Juan with the island already won. Then with the navy in the harbor and the army camped about the city, San Juan would, as a matter of common sense, surrender.

Peace interfered with the completion of this plan, but its inception and start was most brilliant and successful. General Wilson was sent down the centre along the military road with directions to follow it straight on to the capital. On the right end of the rush-line, General Brooke and General Hains were to swing around to take Guayana and strike the military road back of Cayey and Aibonito just as Wil-



General Wilson Entering Coamo.

Photographed by the author.

son closed up on these towns from the south. General Roy Stone, with a mixed command of Porto Ricans, United States volunteers and regulars, was sent to Adjuntas to reconnoitre and clear the way. General Guy Henry was sent out to follow the same route and to take the city of Arecibo in the north. On the extreme left, General Schwan, with a splendid command composed entirely of regulars, was given a sort of roving commission to fight anything he saw, and then to take Mayaguez and beat up toward Arecibo to join Henry. As soon as those columns were on the way, General Miles was to follow wherever his advice and presence would be of the most value.

The generals lost no time in getting to work. Juana Dias was, in theatrical parlance, a one-night stand, and it surrendered without a fight to General Wilson, but the taking of Coamo, the next city on his list, was one of the prettiest skirmishes of the campaign. One regiment, the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, was sent

by night to the rear of the town over a steep mountain trail which would have broken the hearts of any less enthusiastic soldiers; and on the following morning the rest of the command, horse, foot, and artillery, acted as "beaters" for it, and swept the Spaniards back into the waiting arms of the Pennsylvanians. The retreating enemy found the volunteers perched serenely upon the hills which overhung their only road of escape to San Juan. After a short fight, in which the Spaniards lost their commanding officers, who behaved with most exceptional and reckless bravery, and with seven killed and ten wounded, they surrendered to the number of one hundred and fifty. The cas-

ualties of the Pennsylvanians were ten wounded. General Hains, in the mean-



Third Wisconsin Entering Coamo.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.



Third Wisconsin Volunteers Passing Spanish Rifle-pit Thrown Up Across the Street in Coamo.
Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

while, had taken Guayama from four hundred Spaniards at the cost of one officer and four men wounded, all of the Fourth Ohio. On the 13th, General Schwan's regulars found the Spaniards intrenched in force at Las Marias and drove them back and out of Mayaguez, a city of 30,000 inhabitants. In this fight, two privates were killed and fourteen enlisted men and Lieutenant Byron were wounded. The Spanish loss was thirty in killed and wounded, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, with fifty privates, was taken prisoner. General Stone engaged the enemy in a night skirmish beyond Adjuntas and drove the Spaniards back, carrying their killed and wounded with them. There was no loss among his own men.

In the meanwhile, General Wilson had advanced toward Aibonito and found the Spaniards strongly intrenched with artillery and quick-firing guns upon the high

hills which protect that city. An effort to dislodge the enemy was attempted on the day before peace was declared. It was made by the artillery, under Major Lancaster. It advanced to within two thousand yards of the enemy's intrenchments, and unlimbered in a field to the left of the road under a terrific fire of shrapnel, common shell, and Mauser bullets. The Spaniards fortunately fired too high to touch the artillery, but did much damage to our infantry on the bluffs above. As a spectacle, it was one of the most exciting fights of the war. Not only could the artillerymen see each other's guns plainly without the aid of a glass, but they could see the men who served them as well, and they answered shell with shell and with the speed of a ball volleyed across a tennis net. It was in this fight that a shrapnel shell struck the road within ten inches of the foot of the British naval attaché, Captain



The Women of Coamo Receiving the American Soldiers.

Photographed by the author.

Paget, and lifted five Wisconsin volunteers off their feet and knocked them down. For a moment Paget was lost to view in a cloud of dust and smoke, from which no one expected to see him reappear alive, but he strode out of it untouched, remarking, in a tone of extreme annoyance, "There was a shell in the Soudan once did exactly that same thing to me." His tone seemed to suggest that there was a limit to any man's patience. A few minutes later, a solitary tree beneath which he was sitting was struck by another shell which killed two and wounded three men. Major Woodbury, the surgeon-in-chief of the command, who was under fire for the first time, assisted the men to the ambulances, while the Mauser bullets cut many holes in the air above him; he behaved as cheerily and coolly as any man I ever saw in a fight. Paget, who had been in a dozen campaigns, took it all as a matter of course, and assisted one of the wounded men out of the range of the bullets from the side of a steep and high hill. The sight did more to popularize the Anglo-American alliance with the soldiers than could the weightiest argument of ambassadors or statesmen.

Just as this fight ended, Lieutenant Hains, whose gun occupied the most exposed position in a turn of the road and the one farthest in advance, was shot through the body by a bullet. It half turned him, and he staggered into the arms of his sergeant, who caught him around the waist and helped him to the ambulance. One night on the transport, after we had shared a very bad dinner, he had recklessly promised to give me a good one "when we take San Juan," and I had reminded him of this promise frequently. When I came up to him after he was shot, he raised his eyes and said, faintly, "I am afraid I can't give you that dinner at San Juan." I naturally pretended that I thought he was not badly hurt, and said

we would put off the dinner until we met in New York.

"Very well," Hains said, closing his eyes. "If it's just as convenient to you, we'll wait until we get to New York." A man who can joke about his dinner engagements when a bullet has just passed through him from his shoulder to his hip is a good man to keep in the army, and fortunately for the army Hains lived.

A day after the fight at Aibonito, Peace laid her detaining hand on the shoulder of each general, and the operations closed for thirty days. Peace came differently to different men. One major of volunteers who had already established his nerve on polo-fields and as a most reckless rider, without a moment's hesitation, threw his hat high in the air and cried, "Thank God! Now I won't get killed." On the other hand, the artillerymen of Battery B of Pennsylvania, when they heard peace had come, swore and hooted and groaned. They were behind a gun pointed at the enemy, who was intrenched to the left of Guayama. The shell was in the chamber, the gunner had aimed the piece and had run backward, but before it spoke, Lieutenant MacLaughlin, of the Signal Corps, galloped upon the scene shrieking, "Cease firing, peace has been declared!" Whereat the men swore.

Peace came with Porto Rico occupied by our troops and with the Porto Ricans blessing our flags, which must never leave the island. It is a beautiful island, smiling with plenty and content. It will bring us nothing but what is for good, and it came to us willingly with open arms. But had it been otherwise, it would have come to us in any event. The course of empire to-day takes its way in all points of the compass—not only to the West. If it moves as smoothly, as honorably, and as victoriously always as it did in Porto Rico, our army need ask for no higher measure of success.

AT AN AMATEVR PANTOMIME



"Dance light, for my heart lies under your feet, Love."

By Grace Goodale.

Old Song

DANCE light, little maid, in your old-world gown,
In your high-beeled slippers and powdered hair;
Small wonder "King Louis turned to look,"
If the real marquise was but half so fair.

With outstretched, patient, beseeching hands
Poor Pierrot follows you through the world,
And you care less for his hopeless love
Than for one bright lock on your white brow curled.

Would you treat one so if the play were real?
Or is gay coquetry part of the dress,
With the satin slippers and silken train
And laces, light as your lips' caress?

The years are swift and the play is short,
But jest and earnest may oftentimes meet,
And, in jest or earnest, I pray you, dear,
Dance light, for my heart lies under your feet.

THE NAVY IN THE WAR

BY CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK

Commanding Flagship New York, and Chief of Staff to Admiral Sampson

I

IN January, 1898, the larger ships of the North Atlantic Squadron, composed then of but fourteen ships, the New York (flag), Iowa, Texas, Massachusetts, Indiana, Brooklyn, Maine, Terror, Marblehead, Montgomery, Nashville, Detroit, Fern, and Vesuvius, were ordered into the Gulf of Florida, which they were to use until April 1st as an exercising ground, and then return to Hampton Roads. The smaller ships named above were already South, actively engaged in suppressing filibustering, in which, despite Spanish unbelief, we spent effectively a great deal of time, energy, and money. The squadron had been held back for two winters in Northern waters on account of the susceptibilities of the Spanish Government, and it finally sailed for Tortugas Harbor, which was to be our head-quarters, with no idea of anything happening beyond the ordinary routine of naval service.

On the night of February 15th a torpedo-boat brought the startling news of the destruction of the Maine. We at once moved to Key West, and there for six weeks the New York, Iowa, and Indiana laid outside the reef, seven miles from the port and practically at sea, awaiting events. The Texas and Massachusetts had been ordered to Hampton Roads to join the newly formed Flying Squadron. The ships already there were reinforced by the concentration of the remainder of the squadron, and when, on April 21st, at 5.30 P.M., the telegraphic button was touched in Washington, the ships began to move at midnight and by the next evening the blockade of Havana had begun.

In the meantime, owing to the ill-health of Admiral Sicard, we had changed chiefs, Captain Sampson being appointed to the command. The selection was wisely made, as no one has more fully the confidence and

affection of the service. The appointment came to him unsought and absolutely unexpectedly, and the most modest, least self-seeking, and the most single-minded of men, he could not quite comprehend the falling to himself of this great responsibility, which was, at the same time, as it turned out, so great a good fortune to the country.

The situation for the Navy, as it was necessarily to develop, was as follows: The blockade of a coast line nearly 2,000 miles in length (greater in reality than the line blockaded during our civil war, when we had over six hundred ships in commission); the occupation of a base upon the Cuban coast, the reduction of the more important points on the island, and finally and most important, the finding and destruction of the Spanish naval force. The taking of Havana meant, of course, the taking of Cuba, so that the first thought of the Admiral was its capture. The order of battle by which the batteries were to be assaulted, at close range, was prepared and in the hands of the captains; but the Government's objection to risking our heavy ships to such an extent against fortifications, in the face of the fact that we should probably have to meet, sooner or later, a force of excellent new ships, which may be calculated to have been about three-fourths that of our own at sea, prevented this being carried out. There is no doubt that it was correct in its decision from one point of view—*i.e.*, it was the perfectly safe one; but casting back, I think no one conversant with events would say that the easy silencing of these batteries was not a certainty, and with their silencing the city, situated as it is, was at our mercy. But combined with the need of preserving our ships to meet the enemy's ships was the fact that we had no land force to hold Havana; that, in the meantime, the city would probably

have been subject to pillage and to great destruction of property by the large Spanish force which it would have been impossible to control properly with the comparatively small number of men who could have been landed from the fleet.

A broad view of the strategic phase at once brought into prominence the island of Porto Rico, with the port of San Juan, a thousand miles eastward of Havana, the natural base for Spanish naval operations. A large quantity of coal was stored there, and from this point, if from anywhere, raids on our own coast were to be anticipated.

When it was found that Havana was not to be assaulted (of which determination, of course, we were informed before the actual breaking out of hostilities), it was a strong question whether a powerful division of the fleet, consisting of the New York, Iowa, Indiana, Montgomery, and Detroit, should not be advanced to the eastward, to await the declaration of war, which appeared imminent, and upon receipt of this information at some halfway point, as Cape Haytien, at once seize San Juan, at that time very illy protected either by mines or batteries.

There never has been any doubt in my own mind of the advisability of so doing, and also of at once sending on to the Spanish coast three or four fast cruisers of large coal endurance for the purpose of occupying the Spanish mind at home.

The probability of hostilities had naturally awakened timidity along our own coasts, and the demand for naval defence was such as to hamper, seriously, the Navy department. This would have been spared by the action mentioned. The Flying Squadron, formed of the Brooklyn, Texas, Massachusetts, Minneapolis, and Columbia, powerful and efficient ships, was held in Hampton Roads as a protection to a point already covered by one of our largest forts, and a patrol fleet was formed to look after the onslaught of a raiding fleet from Spain, which proved purely phantasmal, and which, from the standpoint of our present knowledge, was almost an impossibility to our enemy.

The blockade was thus, on the morning of April 22d, begun, extending from Cardenas and round the westward part of the island to Cienfuegos on the south, a mo-

notonous and harassing work of unceasing vigilance and hardship, with no events for some days, excepting the capture of numerous Spanish merchant steamers, the reduction of the food-supply of the western end of Cuba, and the occasional firings at newly formed batteries to prevent work, as at Matanzas, which were merely casual incidents magnified by a grandiloquent press into battles.

This was the first phase of the war. The second and vastly more important one began with the formation of a Spanish squadron, under Admiral Cervera, which took station at the Cape Verde Islands, and whose movements at once became of prime importance.

They sailed on April 29th, the squadron being made up of the second-class battle-ship Cristobal Colon, perhaps the finest of her class afloat, the three armored cruisers, Infanta Maria Teresa, Vizcaya, and Almirante Oquendo, and three torpedo-boat destroyers, Furor, Terror, and Pluton. Their natural destination was Havana, using San Juan as a stepping-stone. The extreme probability of this latter caused the Commander-in-Chief to move eastward May 4th with a portion of the fleet, consisting of the New York, Indiana, Iowa, the monitors Terror and Amphitrite, the cruisers Montgomery and Detroit, the torpedo-boat Porter, and a collier to the commanding position of the Windward Passage (between Cuba and Hayti), leaving Commodore Watson in command off Havana with the monitors Puritan and Miantonomoh as the main part of his means of defence against Cervera, should he escape the Commander-in-Chief. Cape Haytien was used as a point of telegraphic communication, and it was decided, after communicating with the Department, to continue to San Juan with the hope of finding Admiral Cervera there. The squadron arrived off the port early in the morning of May 12th and at once began a warm bombardment of the fortifications, which was as warmly returned, and which lasted some two hours. It was evident that there would be no great difficulty in forcing a surrender, as the defences on the west were very slight and our ships could take up a position on that face and remain without any serious injury—but Cervera's squad-

ron was not there ; it was already two weeks out from the Cape Verdes ; our squadron could move at very low speed on account of the monitors ; we were 1,000 miles from Havana, which had to be covered ; the Flying Squadron, so far as we knew, was still North ; we had no land force with which to hold the place, and had no time to spare to await one if we were to look after Cervera—all these considerations made immediate movement westward imperative, and, with great regret at the necessity for leaving work undone, the squadron started the same evening for Havana.

Communicating at Porto Plata we found that Cervera had arrived at Curaçao, and that the Flying Squadron was on its way to Key West to assist in covering the approaches to Havana. Hurrying westward, and acting in accordance with orders of the Department, the Flying Squadron was sent off Cienfuegos, and the Admiral took charge off Havana, as we were convinced that the destination of the Spaniards was one of these ports. Information arrived the day after the departure of the Flying Squadron that Cervera had entered Santiago the same day the Flying Squadron had left Key West, May 19th.

The Admiral, collecting all ships which could be spared from the blockade of Havana, took position in Nicholas Channel, covering the approach from the eastward, and ordered the Flying Squadron, which had now been incorporated with his command, at once to Santiago with orders to blockade the port. Commodore Schley started east, but, telegraphing the Navy Department, after arriving in the vicinity of Santiago, that he proposed returning with his squadron to Key West for coal, the Commander-in-Chief, at the earliest moment, left the northern squadron on May 30th with the Oregon, Mayflower, and Porter for Santiago, sending a dispatch that the Spanish squadron must be blockaded in Santiago at all hazards. Just before leaving Key West, to which the flagship had gone to communicate with the Department, a dispatch was received from Commodore Schley showing that he had finally arrived off Santiago.

The Oregon had but just arrived from her long and brilliant journey from the

Pacific, had coaled, and had joined the squadron in Nicholas Channel ; on being signalled, asking if she could keep up a speed of thirteen knots, she answered fourteen if necessary, and the small squadron started at the former speed for Santiago. On arrival early in the morning of June 1st, the division, under Commodore Schley, was found blockading the port. On passing the entrance we observed the Cristobal Colon and one of the Vizcaya class near the harbor entrance, but at 10.30 A.M. they shifted their moorings farther in and out of sight. A bombardment had taken place the day before in which these ships had taken part.

There was then a month of close blockade with several attacks upon the batteries, the occupancy of the Bay of Guantánamo, thirty-eight miles east of Santiago, as a naval base, the arrival, June 20th, of an army corps of 16,000 men, the investment of Santiago from the land side on the east and north, the sortie of Admiral Cervera on July 3d, the complete destruction of his ships, several bombardments of the city of Santiago from the sea with eight-inch shell at a distance of over four miles, and the surrender on July 16th of the city and the eastern district of the province of Santiago. Immediately following was the invasion of Porto Rico, which offered no resistance at the ports which were seized. The south side of this island was completely in our possession when, on August 12th, was issued the President's proclamation of a suspension of hostilities.

The following is a list of the ships which we had on hand at the breaking out of the war and held in readiness at Key West for service in Cuban waters :

New York	Nashville	Newport
Iowa	Cincinnati	Puritan
Indiana	Helena	Machias
Terror	Castine	Dolphin
Montgomery	Wilmington	Amphitrite
Marblehead	Detroit	Mayflower

Torpedo-Boats.

Porter	Dupont	Foote	Winslow
--------	--------	-------	---------

This was increased by the addition of revenue vessels, converted yachts, light-house tenders and tugs carrying usually batteries made up of three and six-pounder guns, Maxim Nordenfeldt one-pounder

rapid-fire and Gatlings—some few were provided with four and five-inch guns.

North there were in the Flying Squadron the armored ships Brooklyn, Texas, Massachusetts, Minneapolis, and Columbia; the large transatlantic liners New York, Paris, St. Louis, and St. Paul, which were taken over, first used as scouts and then gradually armed, and a number of fast merchant vessels, such as the Yorktown and El Sol, which were transformed into cruisers, with excellent batteries of rapid-fire five- and six-inch guns.

The following is a full list of all in commission July 1st, ninety-eight in all :

New York	Helena	Scorpion
Iowa	Nashville	St. Louis
Indiana	Castine	St. Paul
Massachusetts	Machias	Stranger
Oregon	Annapolis	Siren
Brooklyn	Vicksburg	Sylvia
Columbia	Marietta	Viking
Minneapolis	Newport	Vixen
Texas	Princeton	Wasp
Puritan	Vesuvius	Yale
Newark	Fern	Yankee
San Francisco	Bancroft	Yankton
Miantonomoh	Aileen	Yosemite
Amphitrite	Badger	East Boston
Terror	Dixie	Gov. Russell
New Orleans	Eagle	Leyden
Albany	Frolic	Samoset
Cincinnati	Gloucester	Apache
Mayflower	Harvard	Massasoit
Detroit	Hawk	Nezinscot
Montgomery	Hist	Osceola
Marblehead	Hornet	Pascataqua
Topeka	Oneida	Sioux
Dolphin	Peoria	Tecumseh
Wilmington	Prairie	Wompatuck
Algonquin	McLane	Armeria
Calumet	Morrill	Mangrove
Hamilton	Windom	Maple
Hudson	Woodbury	Suwanee
	Manning	

Torpedo-Boat Flotilla.

Porter	Dupont	Winslow	Foote	Rodgers
Somers	Ericsson	Cushing	Gwin	Talbot

The first development of importance was the great inadequacy of the monitor type to the service attempted. These ships had no quality whatever in their favor under such conditions; their coal-supply was very limited, their speed was low (as it must always be in such a type), they were hells of suffering to their crews, which bore their discomforts most heroically, and above all their rapid period of oscillation made them such poor gun platforms, that accurate shooting from them, unless the water was

perfectly smooth, was impossible. I have no hesitancy in saying that our experience condemned them unqualifiedly for general service; it is a type for smooth harbor use only. The good estimate of the large armored cruiser and battle-ship, on the other hand, became quickly accentuated, ships of the New York and Brooklyn type, with their heavy gun-fire, high speed, great radius of action, and very fair armor-protection, have shown themselves to be a primal necessity of a well-organized naval force. The New York, for instance, could easily keep the sea a month without coaling; could spring at any time to thirteen or fourteen knots, and, in a short time, to seventeen or eighteen; was equal to meeting, on fair terms, anything short of a heavily armored battle-ship, and developed altogether a general utility, which speaks in strongest terms for her type. The battle-ships are misplaced on an ordinary blockade such as that off Havana, but had to be so used, owing to our paucity of material. It was using a sledge hammer to crack a nut—but their value shone, with brightest lustre, at once when the blockade of the enemy's fleet in Santiago was established. Though ships of the New York class were quite the equal of the Vizcaya and, under the conditions of her partial disarmament, of the Cristobal Colon (she did not have her two ten-inch turret guns), the battle-ships were those which enabled the search-light to illuminate the harbor entrance so that, as Admiral Cervera himself said, it made it impossible for him to leave at night.

Immediately upon his arrival, Admiral Sampson had sunk the Merrimac with a view of so closing the harbor that Cervera's squadron might be thereafter a negligible quantity, and our forces, with the exception of a small watch upon the harbor, be at liberty to be employed elsewhere. So, shut up in a place of no military importance, they would have been as if they were not, and a sure prey later. But the Merrimac failed to sink where designed, and it was at once determined to injure the batteries so that a battle-ship might lie in close and make it impossible, by the steady use of her search-lights, for anyone to come out unknown to us, or without being subject to a powerful attack. This scheme was carried out thoroughly; the battle-ships took two-

hour turns of service, beginning at dusk, when they moved into such a range that the search-light would be thoroughly effective. They were thus frequently within a mile of the batteries, and every detail of the narrow cañon, with cliffs two hundred feet high, forming the harbor entrance (the channel being but three hundred and fifty feet wide) was made visible as in the day. It was a bold thing to do, but it was in keeping with the whole habit of mind of our Commander-in-Chief, whose idea constantly expressed in speech and act was to be in close touch with the enemy. He had, in a very forcible degree, the great Nelsonian characteristic of wanting to get at the foe. Inside the lighting ship were three picket-vessels of the small auxiliaries, and still farther in, three steam-launches, carrying each a one-pounder in the bows, with an armed crew eked out by an addition of four marines. These were thus close under the cliffs of the entrance and were frequently subjected to musketry fire. The outer line was finally drawn in to a distance in which each ship was at night but two miles from the Morro, so that the squadron for night work was thus disposed.

be forewarned. The severity of work fell upon the battle-ships, and though their captains no longer had the torpedo-boat to fear as a surprise, there was the imminent danger of fire at close range from the batteries which looked down on them. The ships themselves were regarded as "immune" from serious injury by anything mounted ashore, and were, for this reason so used, but their upper works would have severely suffered, and in these their crews were largely stowed at night, the weather being too warm to keep them below. Anxiety for their men told heavily and made the work a very trying one; but during the whole period of nearly a month not a shot was fired by the enemy at any one of the ships while on this duty; why is as yet unknown. We, surely, had the case been reversed, would not have been so forbearing. The long and brilliant beam of light shone through the entrance and over the intervening hills as far as Santiago, six land-miles distant, and the whole procedure can only be properly described in the remark of the British Naval Attaché, who, on looking at it from the deck of the New York, exclaimed, "What a d——d impertinence!" The reader, I hope, will forgive



A, Battle-ship with search-light.
B, Supporting battle-ship ready to open fire in case of appearance of enemy.
C, Three small cruisers as pickets.

D, Three steam-launch pickets.
E, Blockade outer line.
F, Spanish ships.

The immense relief in general from anxiety, as to torpedo attack, resulting from this arrangement, must be felt to be appreciated; the anxious strain of watchfulness, incessant as it had been off Havana, and for the first few nights off Santiago, at once gave place to a feeling that if such attack were attempted, we should at least

the slight intemperance of his language, but a strong adjective was not out of place.

The watch described was varied frequently at night by the coughing up (for so it sounded) of a gun-cotton projectile from the Vesuvius, the explosion of which at times shook the earth for a radius of miles. I remember one of her earlier

efforts, when lying asleep on the transom of the chart-house forward (my usual night resting-place), I awoke conscious of a heavy jar to the whole ship's structure which must have been transmitted from the point of the shell's impact, through the earth, and up through the three hundred fathoms of water, on the surface of which we were lying. I knew at once what it was, and went on to the bridge to observe the other two which were sure to follow sooner or later, as she was prepared to fire three in rapid succession.

There is no question of the terrifying effect of these shells upon an enemy ; so long as they were expected the men at the batteries remained away from their guns and under cover, and there is also no question of their great destructiveness. They ploughed great pits in the earth, and had they fallen fairly in a battery, must have put the guns *hors de combat* for a time, at least.

The method of blockade at Santiago is that which could have served only in such a place. Nowhere else than in Cuba are found harbors of such a character, and here they are not infrequent ; Mariel, Bahia Honda, Cienfuegos, Nuevitas, Banes, Nipe, and several others being similar. Havana is of like formation, but differs in that the city is built on one side of the entrance, and thus fully exposed from the sea ; the others are deep pouches with a narrow neck, in some cases so narrow and tortuous that though the water is deep it is very difficult of entrance to a ship of more than moderate length.

The action of July 3d, resulting in the destruction of Admiral Cervera's squadron, while showing the value of Napoleon's maxim of heavy battalions, and the still greater value of accurate gun-fire (without which the heavy battalions would not amount to much), showed, beyond any question, the necessity of making ships practically incombustible. We had long before, in the New York, in preparation for battle, cut away and thrown overboard tons of our highly finished oak bulkheads. The Spaniards could probably have stood our gun-fire longer, but it was impossible to withstand the ship's burning under them. Nothing was more amazing than the rapidity of this outburst of flame ; the Vizcaya, for instance, when she turned

shoreward, showed a few jets of smoke in her after-structure ; by the time she had covered the mile and a half to two miles which had separated her from the land, she was all afire aft, and a great column of flame was leaping upward near her main-mast. It was a grand but melancholy sight to see these splendid ships (two of which I had seen so lately received in Havana with such pardonable pride, where, for two weeks, we were side by side in the little Mangrove) powerless on the reef, a towering mass of smoke and flame, their crews gathered forward awaiting the destruction, which seemed so imminent, from the frequent explosions of ammunition. When we had passed miles beyond, a deep thunderous sound, and a lofty column of smoke, hundreds of feet high, told to us, looking back, the explosion of the Vizcaya's magazine, and still farther east was a like cloud from the Oquendo. The action of the men of the rescuing parties, under the circumstances, was fine and noble beyond any praise which I can give.

It is reported that one of the earliest shells fired, cut the fire-main of the Maria Teresa, and they could do nothing to prevent the spread of the fire. This illustrates also the necessity of the mains being below the protective deck, with facilities below for cutting off any connection which may be cut above. We had made many preparations to this end in our own ships which were, in some cases, equally defective with the Spanish.

Armor played but a small part ; the ten-inch water-line belts of the Vizcaya class were not struck by any heavy shell, and the Colon was struck but five times by anything, her surrender being due to inability to keep up the effort to escape and the fact that she had no chance against the overpowering force of four heavy ships in pursuit. Her captain states that she was not struck after leaving the vicinity of the harbor. When the thirteen-inch shell of the Oregon, fired from a range of 9,000 yards (somewhat over five land miles), began to fall near, she at once saw the hopelessness of her case.

The eleven-inch guns in the turrets of the Vizcaya class were *en barbette*, that is, they looked over the turret and not through a port in the turret. They had

an overhead protection of a spherical two-and-three-quarter-inch shield covering the entire turret. This, in the *Oquendo*, had been pierced by an eight-inch shell at the edge of the opening for the gun, which had burst inside and had killed every one in the turret. When boarded the second day after the action, all were found at their posts, a petty officer in the attitude of aiming. This occurrence illustrates what was strongly borne in upon us, viz., that no armor should be used which is not sufficient to protect. Light protection sufficient to burst a shell is far worse than none; in the case mentioned, the shell, if the curved shield had not been there to burst it, by the resistance offered sufficient to cause the fuze to act, might have passed over harmlessly. A six-inch had passed through a shield of a five-and-a-half-inch broadside gun of the *Maria Teresa*, and bursting must have killed the entire gun's crew. Of course, such shields as mentioned will protect from ordinary shell fragments; but the larger fragments of a moderate-sized shell have enormous cutting power, the anchor-chain of the *Iowa*, for example, the links of which are of iron two and a-half inches in diameter, being cleanly cut in two by a fragment of a five-and-a-half-inch shell which burst on her berth-deck.

The summation of our experience seems to show that unless protected by armor which will really protect, safety lies in occupying a post as near the enemy as possible and as exposed as possible. Thus the men in the tops and on the bridge were less liable to suffer than those below on the decks, as the actual projectile would probably have to hit them, whereas those below were subjected to the fragments of the shell which burst on meeting the first obstacle, and these fragments seemed numberless. The quantity of scars left by a single shell was amazing. Following this principle, the crews should keep close in to the engaged side, one man only may be injured there as against many on the farther side within the field of dispersion, and this field means everywhere to the right and left.

The above, of course, does not mean that no armor shall be employed but the heaviest, but it does favor the use of armor sufficiently thick to keep out all lighter

shell, and the entire discontinuance of inch or two-inch protection.

The quick destruction of the Spanish squadron was largely due to the frequent bombardments in which our ships had been engaged. These had sometimes been long continued, and had been, to the crews, a most effective fire discipline. Our men had thus become accustomed to being frequently under fire, and had also the experience, which cannot be overvalued, of frequently handling their guns against the enemy. They soon grew out of reckless expenditure of ammunition and settled down to deliberate and careful handling of the guns. San Juan and the frequent engagements off Santiago thus more than repaid us; when the Spanish ships appeared our men went through what may be called an every-day experience against an enemy which had scarcely fired a shot for months. It was in this that the quick winning of the battle lay. Our fellows had lived with their guns, sleeping alongside them at night, there being always a sufficient watch to fire and load, and one who was lookout through the port, peering into the outside darkness for the possible enemy. The phrase "outside" darkness may however be misleading, as there was no offsetting inside light, the ship was darkened so that not a light should show, the absolutely necessary lights, as at the compass, etc., being screened so that but a mere peep hole was allowed the men at the wheel. It is extraordinary how invisible a ship may thus be made even on a fine night, and if seen at all, all sense of size is usually lost; the largest may be taken for a torpedo-boat—but *no* light must be shown; the faintest glimmer will reveal. Our torpedo-boats frequently picked up our ships while blockading and we were new to the work, by the accidental display of a light used by the midshipman of the watch for some necessary duty.

Which brings the question of the utility of such boats. They played a very small part during the war from the point of view of actual offence, though commanded, at least on our side, by able, most active and most zealous officers, who were more than ready to do. We began with six, all of which went on to the blockade with us, and did duty of all sorts. This was a mistake from a material point of view; they

are too fragile for the rough tossing of the Gulf Stream off Havana, and for the constant running to which they are unavoidably subjected if within call. They require careful nursing if they are to be of any value when needed. Four were finally brought off Santiago, with the final result of complete breakdown and uselessness, notwithstanding the care and overhauling received at Guantánamo, where they were in quiet and unmolested waters.

But there is no question of their being an admirable source of anxiety to an enemy. They carry with them, or with their name, the powerful element of unlimited possibilities, and whatever their actual shortcomings they must always act at least as an admirable anti-soporific. In saying all this, I do not mean to decry the great value of torpedo-boats. It only so happened that on our side at least, circumstances were against them.

Our boats were too few in number to be used in an assault upon the ships in Santiago Harbor, under the circumstances of protection which had been elaborated by the enemy, a principal one of which was a heavy boom of logs across the narrow throat of the channel, protected also on each side by numbers of rapid-fire guns, and by musketry at close range. They would have been destroyed, beyond any reasonable doubt, without ever getting beyond this boom, but they were, no doubt, an element in preventing a night sortie, in the interval preceding our illumination of the channel.

The *Vesuvius*, previously untried, has within her the germ of great possibilities. The present range of her guns is limited, being now but about a mile and a half, but within this limit she is very effective. Her true point of use would have been off Havana had we attacked the place, as a large part of the town and harbor would have been subject to her shells. I must confess myself a believer in the system for such purposes where extreme accuracy is not a necessity. The action of her high-angle fire brings up the consideration of mortar fire to which we were subjected off Santiago. But one ship, the *Indiana*, was struck by such fire, and she by an eight-inch shell which went through one deck before exploding and then perforated another deck. The destruction was great, but not greater than that produced by a

shell fired in the ordinary manner, and the experience goes far to do away with the preconceived ideas of the effect of mortar fire. It can only have the effect of great destruction assigned it (and upon which supposition we have extensively designed a good deal of our coast defence) by the use of a very much delayed action fuse, enabling the shell to go very deeply into the ship before explosion. In any case the shell must be a large one to be effective in this way.

There was, however, an example of high-angle fire which was most effective, and which influenced greatly in the early surrender of Santiago. This was the bombardment of the city from the sea with eight-inch shells, and the threat to use thirteen-inch. The eight-inch were, however, perfectly effective. They were fired from close in shore, over the intervening hills, some two hundred feet high, at a range of from 8,000 to 8,500 yards (about four and a half to five land miles), and fell with great accuracy, as many as sixteen falling in one street in a space of two squares' length. A number of houses were totally destroyed and many more injured. Three of the battle-ships had been placed in position preparatory to firing thirteen-inch shell, when the surrender was agreed upon. Though the effect of firing such heavy shell would have been very interesting from the technical stand-point, their destructiveness would have been such that we can only congratulate ourselves that it was not necessary to proceed to such extremity. These mighty masses, eleven hundred pounds in weight and with a bursting charge of seventy pounds of powder, would have destroyed the town. General Linares bears marked testimony to the efficiency of our fire in his telegram of the 12th of July to the Spanish Government, stating that surrender was inevitable, one of the causes mentioned being the "cannonading . . . by sea from the squadron, which has perfect ranges and bombards the city by sections with mathematical precision."

Of course one of the first elements of a fleet's efficiency is a motive-power which shall be kept in good order, and if I were to name any one thing more potent than another in preserving serviceability, it would be sufficient fresh-water for the boil-

ers; nearly every ship was deficient in ability to make sufficient for her needs in this regard; the consequence was that with the constant use of salt-water the scale deposited so thickly upon the crown sheets of the corrugated furnaces, that the metal softened, and the top of the furnace collapsed from its cylindrical form and made it dangerous to carry proper pressures. Some of our most effective ships suffered in this way, to their immense loss in efficiency. The cause was largely obviated by an order requiring a pipe to be run from one of the boilers to the main condenser; a large distilling apparatus was thus devised which furnished an ample supply. A ship with several boilers could easily afford to use one for this purpose, and although the boiler would need to be scaled from time to time, it was always ready when steam was on it to join up with the other boilers in case of need, and there was thus no loss in effectiveness. The value of speed can hardly be overrated, and speed primarily depends on good boilers; unless these are in condition, the ship is practically a "lame duck," a constant worry, care, and anxiety to all concerned. Had all the squadron which went east in May to San Juan been able to steam thirteen knots, much shorter work would have been made of the Spanish fleet; our want of mobility was not only a soul-wearing torment, but it prevented any attempt at keeping rapid touch with our enemy. The experience was one which brought home vividly the necessity of ability to keep a high-sustained speed, which means high power, which means also thoroughly efficient and (in other words) well-looked-after machinery, which, again, means facilities for instant repair. This last element appeared upon the scene somewhat late, but none the less welcome.

The *Vulcan* arrived in Guantánamo Bay well equipped both with mechanics and tools, and did most valuable service. Previously, ships had had to go to Norfolk and New York for much that she was able to do. Our only other resource near Cuba was the machine shop at Key West, which, in the earlier days of the war, was not able to meet all demands. The only criticism I would make in regard to the *Vulcan* is that she was not large enough. It would have been better to have had a considerably larger ship.

No one can understand the value of such an adjunct who has not had to look round for ships to go on duty; the long list of waiters for repairs or overhauling was sometimes heart-breaking; a full third of such a force as ours had at all times to be counted off as unavailable for such reasons, and others.

The armored ships (except the monitors, which were always ailing), as a rule, kept up nobly; they are in themselves large machine-shops, and the flag-ship, in particular, I think I may say, took a motherly interest in healing the wounds of the small fry which naturally had to come to her to report their needs. The machine-shop was going night and day, while on the north blockade, in meeting such requirements as fell within the ship's capabilities.

But, after all, the greatest questions were coal and ammunition, and these were well met; the supply was admirably kept up; the work of the Bureau of Ordnance was throughout amazingly well done; where all did so well it is no derogation to others to so speak, as the work of this Bureau was of a more difficult character than that of any other. Coaling at sea we found more or less a failure; it resulted in starting plates and opening seams in the colliers, and, in a general way, was not satisfactory, though we managed it when necessary. It finally came down to the use of two great bases, Key West and Guantánamo, the latter, occupied on June 10th, being a place which seemed made for our purposes. In the words of the Spanish Commander reporting to his Commander-in-Chief in Santiago, in a captured letter, "the American Squadron in possession of the outer bay has taken it as if for a harbor of rest, they having anchored as if in one of their own ports." Its occupancy was one of the pieces of good fortune which went far to aid in the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the fall of Santiago. I do not believe in the need of many fixed coaling stations; the mobile collier is the best resource, much the cheapest and much the most satisfactory from many points of view.

The hospital service of the fleet was well maintained; the *Solace*, flying the Red Cross, was admirably fitted and conducted and met all our wants. But it must be said that these wants were not great. Our im-

munity from the enemy's shot was one of the marvels of warfare; plenty fell about us, especially at San Juan and in the action of July 3d, on both which occasions the ships were at times in a hail of projectiles, but in each instance we escaped but with only one man killed and a small number wounded. We had the same immunity from sickness, our average number being but about two and a half per cent. of our force, with nothing serious. The Marine Battalion of six hundred men was kept ashore in almost perfect health, showing what can be done when conditions are properly met. There is nothing during the war more to the Navy's credit than the excellent manner in which health was preserved. It must, of course, be said that we had had long experience in such climates, and knew what we were facing, but all the same the results are an honor to the service. The health of his ship's company is, of course, at all times one of the naval commander's principal thoughts, and he regards a high sick-list as a discredit to the ship and himself. He thus has the lifelong and habitual thoughtfulness for his men, found perhaps nowhere else to the same degree, the good results of which were so markedly shown in the present instance. Our medical staff deserves high praise for its watchfulness and general good work in every detail of its profession.

The fresh-food supply was also well kept up, though somewhat deficient in some of the simpler wants of the sailor-man, among whose primal needs are unlimited potatoes and onions; but if anything was wanting anywhere, in any department, the want was not made known by murmurs. In the whole period I heard no note of discontent; everything bore the impress of cheerfulness and wholesome zeal; all small disgruntlements were swallowed up in the great desire of the men to do their duty to the utmost, and they seemed to have no other thought. I think there could have been no higher spirit than that which seemed to extend everywhere among the hundred ships, great and small, of this great fleet.

And why did the Spanish fail so markedly?

Having seen something of Spain, I have my theories, and they are as follows: We

are accustomed to look upon the Spaniard as a European. He is not one; he is largely a Moor in blood, and much more in character. The Moor did not possess his country for eight hundred years and leave it as if he had not been there. It is from him the Spaniard of to-day gets his religious fanaticism, his fatalism, much of his architecture and music, his pride and ceremonious manner, his social characteristics (appearing chiefly in his treatment of women), his tribal instincts and want of administrative capacity, which have made it impossible for the various petty kingdoms of Spain ever to really unite under one stable government; his want of capability of preparation, and finally his bloodthirstiness, which last, unhappily, cannot be denied.

The Spaniard has never really faced a civilized foe, excepting in guerilla warfare (in the Napoleonic period), since the wars he waged in the Netherlands. He has had no preparation for war on a great scale. He bought and built fine ships, officered them by gallant men, the officers of the Spanish navy having been at all periods of their best blood; but there was throughout their service the want of system, the want of drill, the general want of preparation which one would look for in the Turk or Moor, but not in the European. Looking over the log-book of the *Cristobal Colon*, extending from June 14, 1897, to July 3, 1898, there is no mention of target practice by the larger ships. How could they hope to compete with men who lived, so to speak, these months with lock-string in hand and whose eyes were constantly looking over the gun-sights at the enemy? When the time came, how could there be a question as to result, and I think there was none in the mind of any man in our fleet; there was a confidence born of preparation which went in itself far toward victory.

One extraordinary trait may be mentioned which is inexplicable. It was first brought to my mind by General Calixto Garcia. The fine old soldier and ideal specimen of an old warrior had but just arrived from the interior, and had come on board the flag-ship for a consultation with our Commander-in-Chief. He had had a preliminary jaunt of some seventeen miles in a very lively yacht, the *Vixen*,

and when he came aboard he was very seasick. He remained lying down during his stay. The Admiral made a remark regarding the probability of a Spanish attack at a certain point. The old man raised himself upon his elbow and said, with great earnestness: "The Spaniards *never* attack; they *never* attack." And this, in a general way, seems to be true. They resist and will resist nobly, but they do not seem to have in them the capacity of initiative. Cervera's sortie may seem a denial of this, but it is not so; his effort was to escape, not to make an assault upon our fleet; what firing he did was simply incidental to his endeavor to get away, and was in the nature of defence and not attack.

I may say as an ending to this paper, and as an interesting bit of the history with which it deals, that the fact last mentioned is known from various conversations with the surviving officers of the Spanish squadron giving their reasons for their tactics on the momentous morning of July 3d. They knew the only two ships of our squadron off the port reckoned their equals in speed were the New York and Brooklyn—the one at the eastern, the other at the western end of the blockading line. They desired to make either Cienfuegos or Havana, and thus preferred going west-

ward.* It was thought that they could run by and leave behind the heavy and supposably slower battle-ships, and easily overcome with their superior force the only fast ship they had to meet in that direction. They did not reckon upon the immediate closing-in of the battle-ships and the murderous effect of our first fire, which practically decided the battle before they had left the immediate vicinity of the port, and left open no question of running by except in the case of the Cristobal Colon, which, by keeping well in shore, started westward practically uninjured. The splendidly sustained speed of the Oregon, wholly unsuspected by the Spaniards, brought the Colon within range of her thirteen-inch guns, which were the only guns of any of the ships in chase which reached, and which the Oregon, much the nearest ship, began to fire on finding her eight-inch fall short. Six thirteen-inch shells were fired with a range beginning at 8,500 yards, rising to 9,500, and falling finally to 8,900 (five land miles), at which distance the shell fell near the Colon's stern, whereupon she hauled down her flag and turned inshore.

* Cienfuegos is about three hundred miles to the west of Santiago; it is, roughly, six hundred to Havana by Cape Maysi and eight hundred by Cape San Antonio, but the fact of a strong division of our fleet being at Guantánamo, thirty-eight miles to the east, had its weight as to the course to be taken for Havana. The shoal waters within the belt of keys west of Cape Cruz were also in view as a refuge.

THE LARGER JOY

If Spring return, and not to thee come back
 Joy, and fresh savour of remembered things,
 If not thy heart within thy bosom sings
 With every pilgrim of the skyeey track
 Home-bound once more, on swift, exultant wings,
 And every flower new gilding earth's dull black,
 If all abundance prove thy proper lack,
 All gold, thy gloom, all faith, thy falterings,—
 Alarum then! O then art thou betrayed;
 Look to thy birthright! it is no base fee
 To cease with Youth, or with thy single good;
 Thou hast thy part in Nature's plenitude,
 And all delight is thine, if thou wilt see
 Thy portion merged in hers, nor be afraid.

THE GREAT SECRETARY-OF-STATE INTERVIEW

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THIS was the first important assignment they had given him since he had become a newspaper man.

The *Star* was the name of the paper, a bright afternoon paper that printed very few pictures and a great deal of news. The name of the new reporter was Rufus Carrington, and most of the time they seemed to forget his existence and made him sit idle in the middle of the busy room, getting in people's way, just as they do with all cubs, letting them soak in the atmosphere of the place. This seemed all wrong to Rufus, who thought that a newspaper man, of all men in the busy city, ought to be the busiest.

He had supposed that reporters went out upon the street and prowled about blindly on the lookout for news, like policemen after arrests, and he had wondered what part of the town he would have to patrol, and whether to wear his reporter's badge on the breast of the waistcoat or at the bottom, like a college-club pin. But he soon found that each reporter was sent for a particular piece of news, the existence of which was determined in some mysterious way by the City Editor, who had his fingers on the pulse of the strenuous metropolis and scowled most of the time.

The few assignments he got were, for the most part, minor obituaries—"obits" they were called—or to run down stories which the news-bureaus sent in (on typewritten tissue-paper, called "flimsy") to see if they were correct; and no one said anything about badges, which he had discovered were seldom worn, except at fires. Of late they had taken to sending him to the Weather Bureau occasionally to find out what kind of a day it was going to be, or to a police court to look out for picturesque cases, which a cub doesn't always recognize when he sees; and of those he does cover he may forget to find out the age, address, initials, or occupation of someone in the story, or the name or precinct of the policeman, or the place

or time of the occurrence, or the time or place of the arrest: if so, "Run, get back and get your facts!" growled the City Editor. And the chances were good that not a line of it would be printed in the paper after all.

Reporting was a very different job from "journalism," as he had pictured it from a romantic distance. He did not breathe a word concerning his high ideals about the Power of the Press, and his worthy ambition to cleanse it he had postponed indefinitely. His present ambition was to keep from being sworn at by the City Editor, who sometimes made him feel that he had missed his calling. It is at this stage that most of them (who go into newspaper work, calling it journalism) quit and try something else, and shudder ever afterward at the mention of reporting.

Rufus did not quit, because, if you care to know it, he intended to become a great writer some day, and he believed that this was the way to go about it. He thought a little disagreeableness for a couple of years would not hurt him; and it would be very pleasant afterward to read that "From the year so-and-so till the year so-and-so the author engaged in newspaper work; then, with the appearance of his first book . . ."

This was a responsible assignment, and he meant to do well with it. It was right that he should, because they were thinking of dropping him at the end of the week, along with a couple of other cubs who were not catching on rapidly enough. The only reason they had sent him up to get the interview was that a good part of the staff, which was small, was up across the Harlem this afternoon on the big railroad catastrophe, and the rest of the good reporters were down the bay on a grounded-steamer story, and the regular political writers were off on more important interviews.

At least they thought they were going

to be more important. The interview with the Secretary of State turned out to be the story of the day, the biggest story of many days, in some respects; but this would not have been the case if young Carrington had not been sent to cover it.

"He probably won't say much," Van Cise, the City Editor, had said, "but watch him if he gets to talking about the Convention. You understand? That's the story to-day, of course."

"Of course," said Carrington, the cub, putting on his hat excitedly. He did not understand at all. He was not interested in conventions and seldom read the political columns. All he understood was that they were sending him to interview the Secretary of State of these United States; and it felt good. So he hurried down the stairs with his brows knit like the older reporters starting out on their big stories.

He felt considerably awed when he arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and was led into the small parlor where the other reporters were waiting, because here he found himself face to face with some of the best-known newspaper men on Park Row, and a number of prominent correspondents for out-of-town papers. A couple of them smiled as though they thought he was pretty young to cover the story. Rufus took a seat all alone in the corner by the door and tried not to appear conscious, and when they stopped looking at him he looked at them. Donaldson had once been a foreign correspondent. The man beside him sometimes wrote editorials. They were all older than he was. Some of them had beards, some wives, and some political aspirations. At that point the Secretary of State entered.

He was smiling his public - occasion smile, looking scholarly in a frock-coat which fitted better than most public men's frock-coats, and he was followed by his stenographer, who seemed tired and had an offensive blond beard, and was to take down every word said from the moment the Secretary of State took his seat until he left the room.

The important one said, "How do you do, gentlemen?" very cordially, and began shaking hands with them all; with Carrington, too, who did not know whether or not to say he was glad to meet him.

The Secretary of State told his stenog-

rapher to call a waiter, and the waiter to take the gentlemen's orders. Rufus thought it odd for the Secretary of State of these United States to set up the drinks, but the older men did not seem to mind it. They gave their orders and forgot to say thank you. Then the interview began.

Rufus did not know the interview was beginning; because reading an interview and making one are so different. He thought they were just talking and would begin to formally interview, in long, grave questions with participles in them, as soon as they had finished their drinks, carefully writing down what was said in note-books (which most reporters do not carry), by shorthand (which few reporters understand). One of the men, the ancient-looking reporter from *The Post*, merely inquired in a casual and personal tone, as though to fill up a pause, although he expected to print the answer and the Secretary knew it, "What brings you to New York to-day, sir?"

"Oh, merely personal business; just a flying trip. I expect to go back to-night."

Then some one edged up toward what they all wanted to know, by asking if the Secretary thought the Convention now assembled in the Western State would nominate Holliday for Governor. They had an idea, and it was correct, that this Convention and his sudden trip to New York had something to do with each other. That was why they had besieged the hotel until he capitulated and sent out word that he would be pleased to meet the reporters all together at this hour. Only, the Secretary called them "Representatives of the Press."

The scholarly looking Secretary smiled pleasantly and said he would not venture an opinion as to that, and then (though nobody just knew how the transition was made) he began talking copiously about party affairs in New York, and the possibility of reconciling the two factions—something that would make very interesting copy if said next fall, but hardly worth a paragraph to-day.

But Rufus made two observations. First, that when the question about Holliday was asked, one of the reporters, who was about to finish his drink, held his glass poised until the answer came. And he noticed that the scholarly looking Secre-

tary seemed to be less the scholar now and more the shrewd-eyed but smiling politician. Somehow Rufus was rather sorry about that.

But he could not keep up with the rapid current of the talk at all. He did not know which was the current and which were the eddies. All the others seemed to know, and some of them began to jot down occasional notes on copy-paper or on the margins of their newspapers while he looked at them and wondered what they wrote, and wished he knew something about politics. The others knew a great deal about politics. Most of them could tell all the initials and ambitions of all the minor politicians in the State, and of all the big politicians in every State. They understood the national significance of this State Convention.

The Secretary understood a good deal about reporters. He knew that among those to whom he was giving audience there were two or three of the best interviewers in the country, and they knew he knew this. So the merry game of lead-up and dodge-away again had been carried on for nearly twenty minutes, and the Secretary of State seemed to have the merriest time of them all. He was smiling serenely. Baffling interviewers was one of his recreations.

Donaldson was sharpening his lead-pencil. "What is the cause," he said boldly, "of the administration's antagonism toward Holliday?" He went on whittling his pencil.

General Holliday had chin-whiskers and was the best type of Western statesman. Wolf, the machine man, was no type of statesman; he was a politician. Everyone knew, including the Secretary of State, that Holliday was a better man than Wolf. What decent reason could the administration give for being opposed to the better man? And if the Secretary of State said there was no opposition, he knew, none better, what might be the result. But he had reasons for not wanting to express a preference for either wing of the party. Whatever was said would, in half an hour, be flashed into every big newspaper-office in the country and, what was of more consequence, into the Convention Hall of the Western city. If he refused to answer that, too, would be news,

and news that he did not care to have disseminated. It required some thinking to reply, but the reply came without any of the delay that has been made here: "I am not aware that any antagonism has been manifested toward General Holliday on the part of the administration."

It came out very easily apparently, and it was an answer that could be published without embarrassment to the administration. There had been no manifestation of antagonism; that was true.

A momentary lull followed. The reporters were not stopping to admire the Secretary's skilful answer, but they were so anxious to follow it up before he changed the subject that everyone waited for everyone else to do it.

Young Carrington had carefully put down the question and answer, although he did not appreciate the significance of either. He was sitting next to the Secretary of State, and he was the only one who had not said a word. He wanted to show that he was not so green as they thought he was. His heart began to thump, but he stopped chewing his pencil and said to the big man, in a brave voice, "What I would like to know sir, is, will Holliday have the support of the administration if he is nominated? Will he?"

That was what they all wanted to know. But it came out so naively, as if the idea had just occurred to him (and so it had), that some of them burst out laughing. The Secretary laughed a little, too, and, turning kindly toward the boy, who had dropped his eyes, said, with a queer, ironical smile, in an amused tone, "He would have the heartiest support the administration *could* give." Then turned and smiled around at the rest of the room as much as to say, "You know what I mean by that," and the others thought they did know what he meant by that and smiled at his ironical evasion, and smiled, too, at the ignorance of the cub. But they were too hot upon the scent of news to delay the interview long and were soon busy asking other questions.

Meanwhile, the cub reporter, wondering why they laughed, sucked in his lower lip and wrote: "He would have the heartiest support the administration could give," but without the queer smile which he had not

seen and without the subtle emphasis which he had not appreciated.

"How did you make out?" snapped Van Cise, as Carrington came into the room.

It was getting on toward time to go to press with the last edition, and the City Editor was in a hurry to get things cleared up.

Rufus returned jocularly, "Oh, he's the same old fox." He had heard one of the other reporters say that on the way out of the hotel. "Just as we were beginning to get at what we wanted, he jumped up, said he had an engagement and left the room with his stenographer."

The City Editor bent over some proofs again. "Write two sticks—but wait; didn't he say *anything* about Holliday and the Convention?"

"Hardly anything. Said Holliday would have the backing of the administration, but——"

The City Editor's head popped up. "That Holliday would have *what*? Say that again." He looked sharply at the boy.

"Why, he merely said that if Holliday was nominated the administration would back him."

"Are you sure about that? Are you sure he said the administration would support Holliday?"

"If nominated," returned Carrington.

"That's news," said Van Cise, getting excited internally; "sit down and write all you've got." He glanced at the clock and then began talking very rapidly. "Write as fast as you can. Begin your story 'The administration has come out at the eleventh hour in favor of Holliday. The Secretary of State in an interview this afternoon said, that if Holliday were nominated he would have the heartiest support the administration could give'—quote his exact words. Add that this statement is a great surprise to everybody. Point out the probable effect on the Convention when this news gets there. Then go back and tell of the time of his arrival in town, write the interview chronologically, lead up to this statement again, and—oh, here comes Hopper. Good! See here, Hopper, you take this story with Carrington. Rewrite it and fill in. He doesn't know anything about

politics. Never mind your other story. This is more important."

Hopper bristled up with interest. He reached for some copy-paper. The cub mopped his brow. He gasped to himself, "At the hotel they said the story was no good!"

"Come on now," said Hopper. Carrington began a sentence, scratched it out, began it over again. "Hurry," said Hopper, "there's not much time."

The City Editor had rushed into the private office, and now Reed, the managing editor, ran out exclaiming, joyously, "Flat-footed for the General!" and tore down to the end of the room. They were making the forms ready. He began shouting new orders. This was to be the story of the day. It was going in the first column. That involved a new make-up of the first page. The office-boys were asking each other what was the big news that had just come in. The copy-readers knew all about it already. Carrington, the cub, was writing faster than he ever wrote before. Hopper was grabbing his sheets almost before he reached the bottom of them, running his pencil through some words, filling in others, calling "copy" to the boys who carried the sheets to the compositors, who were making the type-setting machines hum. Carrington was now writing on page 5. Page 3 was already in type. "I suppose," he whispered to himself, "they were bluffing at the hotel. Just like me to get fooled."

A few minutes later there was a sudden burst of cheers in the Convention Hall of the Western city. Upon a bulletin-board had been written a message sent by Reed, the managing editor, to the *Evening Star's* correspondent.

For three minutes there was much cheering and throwing up of hats from the Holliday men all over the hall. The *Evening Star* was always popping out with exclusive news, and it was a clean, reliable paper.

It had come just in time. Other dispatches already arrived had reported "the administration continues its past policy of silence." And in a few minutes more the balloting might have begun and the machine would have rushed its man in.

Now several honest Holliday men tried to take the floor at once, and shouted, "Mr. Chairman." The chairman hammered with

his gavel and shouted, "Order ! order !" And there was no order, because the machine men were clamoring also. Finally someone beckoned to the band, which played vigorously and soon drowned out the turmoil. Then the voices stopped. Then the band stopped. Then the Holliday men popped up and tried to get the floor. Again the machine men rose to points of order and disorder.

Meanwhile, over in the press corner of the platform, the Convention's correspondents also were excited—for correspondents. "How in thunder did they get a beat on that ?" one of the New Yorkers was asking. Another said, "You'd think he'd give a private interview to any other paper in town before *The Star*."

"But I can't understand," said the *Boston Advertiser* man, "why he gave this news privately to anyone. If the administration were coming out for Holliday, you'd think they'd tell everyone."

"Of course," said a Westerner, "they'd take pains to give it out as a public statement, wouldn't they ?"

"If it were anyone but Reed," said one of the New Yorkers, "I would say it was clearly a fake to secure his own promised fat office through Holliday next fall."

"Reed wouldn't dare fake on a thing like that, even if he were that sort," said the *Baltimore Sun* man. "It would simply kill him, kill his political chances, and kill him as a newspaper man."

But the *Evening Star* correspondent wore a confident smile, and only said, "It's a beat on the whole country, and will nominate Holliday as soon as these Western jays regain their heads." But relaxing his confident smile, he turned around and swiftly wrote this dispatch to the home office, like a good newspaper man: "How about interview ? all others say non-committal. Did you have a private interview ? I say so here. Better verify before you go to press."

But this did not get through to New York for many precious seconds.

When the dispatch came in, Reed, the Managing Editor, was leaning against the make-up stone, fanning himself and feeling relaxed, excited, but joyous. The older members of the staff, who knew him well enough, were half-jokingly congratulating

him on his prospective office. If Holliday received the nomination to-day, as the better element of the party all over the country had been praying, his election in the fall was practically certain. And it took only this added straw for Reed to get the consulship he wanted from Washington. The younger men looked on and grinned, and wished they dared congratulate him. He was a managing editor who was liked as well as feared.

"I'd feel better, though," they heard him say, "if we could hear from the Convention. I've tried three times to get them on the long-distance 'phone ; but the Convention wire is still busy. They ought to get to balloting pretty soon."

"Who got this story ?" asked another reporter, just down from Harlem. "Carrington," answered someone. Carrington, pretending not to hear, was leaning back in his chair with his feet on the table, very much as the older men sit after writing their big stories. Others had written The Story of other days, but few of them had ever felt the Managing Editor lean over them while writing, and say, "Good work, my boy !" and pat them on the back. It was at this point that Van Cise, the City Editor, looking excited, came running down the room toward Carrington. Close behind him came Mr. Reed with a scared look on his face, a telegram in his hand. "Mr. Carrington," the latter began, "did you ask him that question alone ? Did you ?"

Carrington looked up puzzled. The Managing Editor's voice was more nervous than he had ever heard it before.

Van Cise interrupted vigorously: "Quick ! did you ? The Secretary of State—Damn it, say something !"

Young Carrington was wondering what there was to be excited about. "Alone ? Oh, why—yes, sir ; I asked that question all by myself." He smiled up good-naturedly.

"Good !" exclaimed the City Editor, slapping the desk. "Why didn't you say so before ? Then, Mr. Reed, it must be a beat, sir."

But Reed, looking closely at Carrington, only said, "This is all pat, then ? Read that." His tone was gentle, as though talking to a scared child. "Quick ; this is important." Carrington saw his

hand tremble as he held out the telegram.

The cub reporter took his feet down from the table. "Why—why, no, sir," he said, getting up, "I didn't have any private interview."

Reed simply stared at him, but Van Cise exclaimed, "What! you just now said——"

"No, I said I asked that question by myself—on my own hook, that is. Why, the others were all right there. I thought——"

"All right there!" exclaimed Van Cise. Reed dropped his hand to his side, and began to blink and smile weakly.

"Good Lord!" groaned Hopper. The rest of the room were gathering round the group, and looked from Reed to Carrington. Van Cise shouted at the cub, two feet away from him: "Young man, see here, did you or did you not quote the Secretary of State correctly? This means a good deal to us."

"Well, look at my notes." He held them up for everybody, looking round for sympathy; but there was none.

"Oh, damn your notes! Did you, or did you not, quote him correctly?"

"Why, I thought you——"

"Never mind what you thought."

"Well, all I can say is——"

"Did you, or did you not, quote him correctly?" thundered Van Cise.

"Well, all I can say——" returned Carrington, his voice breaking in the middle, "is that I sat right next to him and wrote exactly what he said to me, word for word, and if the other papers missed it, that's not my funeral. And you can't get me to acknowledge anything else, no matter what you say."

This was just what Reed, and Van Cise, and all the staff wanted to hear, although they did not look it. Reed was still smiling limply.

"If it isn't so, I'll resign," added the cub, in a lower tone.

"We know that," said Van Cise, and one man laughed.

"Wait a minute, Van," said Reed, in a dreadful whisper, "it may come out all right. Now, Carrington"—everyone was listening intently—"did the other reporters hear you ask that question; were they paying attention?"

The cub reporter waited while the clock ticked three times. "Why, come to think of it, they were laughing at something just then; but I was not paying much attention to them. That was not what I was sent there——"

"Boys," said Reed, gently, "it may come out all right." The rest of the room looked at each other. "Now, Mr. Carrington, you run up to the hotel and get your interview confirmed. Here's the proof. Ask whether it's right or wrong. Hopper, you go with him; run." Then, turning to the Make-up Editor, "Stop the presses until we hear from them." This showed how badly rattled was the calm-looking Managing Editor. The Make-up Editor looked at him and said, "They are running now, sir; we're out on the street already." The newsboys' voices could be heard through the open windows.

"Here's the flimsy's story," said a copy-reader, ripping open an envelope which a boy had just brought in. "Late, of course."

"What does it say?" asked Reed. The copy-reader shook his head. "It does not back us up," he said, handing it to Reed, who skimmed over the type-written words, rumbled up the tissue paper and dropped it on the floor. "If this had only come just five minutes ago," he moaned. "Van Cise," he added, very gravely, "if our story is not confirmed——"

"Why, we've lost our beat," said the City Editor, "and your office."

"Some of us will lose a great deal more than that," said Mr. Reed, sinking into a chair. He meant his reputation as an honest man.

Up at the Polo Grounds the New Yorks had tied the Baltimores in the ninth inning. Down in the Street, Chicago Gas had closed three points higher than it was before luncheon. Over in the criminal part of the Supreme Court the jury had come in at last and said solemnly, "Murder in the first degree." But along the Row the *Evening Star* had quietly appeared with a big beat in its last edition, and all the other afternoon papers were sad and excited about it. But none of them was half so sad at being beaten as the *Star* was at beating them. And of

the *Star* staff no one felt worse than the young author of the beat. Unless it was Reed.

A long half-hour had passed. Every newspaper along the Row had sent men up to the hotel to get the Secretary of State to affirm or deny the *Star's* beat. Holliday might be nominated at any moment. So might Wolf. Telegrams were flying back and forth. The Secretary of State had received a bushel.

Although the last edition of the *Star* was out long ago, no one in the office had gone home, not even the women.

"Any word from Hopper yet?" asked Reed. He had stopped making jagged marks on copy-paper now and was pacing up and down the room instead.

"No," replied Van Cise, ringing off and leaving the telephone closet open behind him. "They haven't been able to get anywhere near the old man."

"Well, why not?"

"Sends out word that he gave one interview to-day with the express understanding that he would be left alone the rest of the time."

"What's he doing?"

"Still closeted with Judge Devery and Colonel Hancock."

"Well, can't they get him to say something about our interview? He has surely seen it by this time."

"Hopper says they've tried to bribe the Secretary's stenographer; tried sending American District Telegraph boys with sealed messages; tried every scheme they can think of. The place is full of reporters. The morning papers are taking it up too, now——"

"Yes," said Reed, his foolish smile reappearing, "and they'll make a big story of it if our news proves to be wrong."

"Hopper says most of them think that we had an exclusive interview some time to-day and sent Carrington up for the general interview as a blind. It was just like the kid to let us in for this."

"What does the kid say?"

"Still sticks to it, Hopper says, and keeps showing him his ragged-edge notes."

"Say, come here, Van," said Reed.

A boy had just come in bearing copies of an extra edition of the *Evening Earth*. In the first column, correspond-

ing to the position of Carrington's beat, was a headline made up of the single word "CANARD," and the gist of the story beneath it was that the *Star* was a liar, and that the *Earth* could prove it. Everyone gathered around the several copies.

Van Cise whistled. "They must have hustled this through in a hurry," he said.

"Say, there's an editorial inside," the Telegraph Editor remarked.

"Shut up!" said Van Cise. Then to Reed, "Never mind looking at that now, please."

Reed, who had turned his back to them, said, "Oh, I've seen it," and turned around. "There's no mistaking what they want people to think of me. It's quite explicit." He was wondering how many people had read it. A good many had. Carrington up at the Fifth Avenue had read it. Hopper had made him read it twice.

One of the copy-readers whispered, "It looks like a private tip from head-quarters, they wouldn't dare risk a libel suit by such accusations against Reed, if they didn't have a denial from the Secretary of State himself."

"Nonsense," said Van Cise. "There hasn't been time since we came out."

"No, but someone at the Convention may have got him on the long-distance wire half an hour ago and then have rung up the *Earth* and given them the tip exclusively."

The telephone bell whirled and Van Cise ran into the box before the boy could reach it, and a moment later his loud voice came echoing out: "For Heaven's sake, Reed, come here—there, you take this one; I'll switch on by the other one."

"Hello," called Reed, "Yes, hello, hello, Hopper—(keep out, central)—go on, Hopper.—You say he is going to give—oh, *has* given another interview; well, quick, what did he say?—gathered all the reporters in his room, eh? well—Well—yes—had the interview read? Oh, I understand, from stenographer's notes. Well, what? what's that last? No, before that—oh,—yes—yes—no, really?—what!—Good Heavens! go on—(Say, Van Cise, do you hear that?)"

Van Cise, five feet away, in the other telephone box, answered by way of several miles of wire, "Yes, yes, yes (go on, Hopper)."

Hopper went on : " Well, first, you understand, Young, the stenographer, got down to the question, '*What is the cause of the administration's antagonism toward Holliday?*' and the answer was '*I'm not aware that any antagonism has been manifested toward General Hol*'—Hello? Hello there? Can you hear?"

"Yes, shut up, go on."

—" '*toward General Holliday on the part of the administration.*' Then several of the fellows who were there at the first interview nodded their heads and said, 'There! what did I tell you? That's the cause of the young fellow's misunderstanding.' But up jumps that *Earth* man, Munson—you know Munson—and shouts, 'Misunderstanding? Hell! it was misrepresentation, malicious misrepresentation, the worst trick ever perpetrated in Park Row'—something of that sort, and was starting out to telephone down to the *Earth* about it. But just then the boy here jumps up, 'Hold up there, Munson—wait a minute, you fellows (his voice got awfully shrill), the next question, sir! Have him read the next question—the very next question.' The Secretary of State waves his hand for silence and smiles a little. He had a piece of paper in his hand all the time, but I didn't know what it was then. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'that seems reasonable; let us finish the interview. Young will read the next question, and, gentlemen, we are all likely to make mistakes; but my stenographer was never known to; I agree to stand by——'"

"Go on! go on!" Reed interrupted. "Give us the facts."

"Well, Young cleared his throat, and everybody quieted down. 'Question,' he reads, '*What I would like to know, sir, is, Will Holliday have the support of the administration if he is nominated? Will he?*' Answer: '*He would have the heartiest support the administration could give——*'"

"What!" cried Van Cise. Then from Reed, "Ah, say that over again, Hopper."

Hopper repeated it and then continued "Well, then, the boy jumps up, and shouts, 'There, there, there! What did I tell you! Now, will you stop jumping on me, Hopper!' How about it, eh? Well, you ought to seen that sick-looking crowd. They hadn't anything to say. They only looked at the kid and then at each other,

while Carrington and I put on our hats to go, grinning back at them. The Secretary of State was guying them, too, on the folly of being too certain. What?"

"Say," interrupted Reed, "didn't either of you get the Convention on the long-distance telephone?" The Managing Editor's instincts were coming back.

"No, but——"

"Well, why——"

"Wait a minute. Then the Secretary waves the piece of paper in his hand, and says, 'One moment, gentlemen, before you go, allow me to read you this message just received from the Convention. Then he read, '*Holliday, 175; Wolf, 132.* I bid you all good afternoon,' he said, and bowed us out. So you see that the old fox had been holding off confirming or denying our interview until——"

"Hopper," interrupted Reed, "report at once to the office; we'll get out a special edition on this—Begin your copy on the way down in the train—A good detailed story about the interview, and how it was confirmed and all that. We'll write the politics of it down here. The Convention end is coming in over the wire now. Make your best time—and say, bring Carrington along with you; we want to see him. Good-by." And they both rang off.

In Hopper's story he referred interestingly to what *The Earth* had published (which, by the way, meant a big job for some lawyers next month), quoted all the Secretary's words, dramatically described the reading of the stenographer's notes and had a lot of fun with the old reporters, who let a mere boy flick a big beat out from under their very noses.

Just after the paper went to press, Mr. Reed came down to where the cub was standing with a wide grin on his face. In one hand the editor held a telegram. He put the other on Carrington's shoulder and said, "Mr. Carrington, this is the second telegram from the Convention I have shown you to-day." It read, "Please accept my heartfelt thanks for bringing me the nomination. John H. Holliday."

"I don't know," the Managing Editor added, "but that it ought to have been sent to you in the first place." However, Rufus got something at the end of the week which he appreciated just as much.

CLOSED DOORS

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson

WHEN it is night and the house is still,
When it is day and the guests are gone,
When the lights and colors and sounds that fill
Leave the house empty and you alone :

Then you hear them stir—you hear them shift—
You hear them through the walls and floors—
And the door-knobs turn and the latches lift
On the closet doors.

Then you try to read and you try to think,
And you try to work—but the hour is late ;
No play nor labor nor meat nor drink
Will make them wait.

Well for you if the locks are good !
Well for you if the bolts are strong,
And the panels heavy with oaken wood,
And the chamber long.

Even so you can hear them plead—
Hear them argue—hear them moan—
When the house is very still indeed,
And you are alone.

Blessed then is a step outside,
Warm hands to hold you, eyes that smile,
The stir and noise of a world that's wide,
To silence yours for a little while.

Fill your life with work and play !
Fill your heart with joy and pain !
Hold your friends while they will stay,
Silent so shall these remain.

But you can hear them when you hark—
Things you wish you had not known—
When the house is very still and dark,
And you are alone.



THE WOMAN'S PARIS

By Ada Cone



WITH the first of May the white streets silhouette themselves gayly on a cerulian sky in an amber air; the chestnut-trees, in ordered procession, hold up their perfumed candlesticks, and smiling nymphs, all recently emerged from icy caverns, pour once again their feathery fountains, to adorn Paris the beautiful, Paris the horse's Sheol, as a current epigram has it, and the woman's Paradise.

In the fashionable shopping quarter there is an air of expectancy, as of a place set in order and waiting. The modes have been determined for the season and the models prepared. The labor is done, the table is ready for the expected guests, and the host waits in confidence, knowing well that there is no rival table in the world.

And all summer long the women from everywhere, the American among others, and particularly the American, will come here and go, choosing this or that, as it pleases them, like the guests at a holiday buffet.

The quarter of Paris thus devoted to feminine interests is as new as its occupations and witnesses to the modern commercial importance of women. Only a century ago elbowed by green fields, it is today the centre of the city, outlined by a triangle of splendid streets. Starting from the opera-house, on one side runs the avenue de l'Opéra, street without break, without prominence of parts, subordinating all to unity, its beauty in grandeur of proportion. Ante-room to Paris, it is not a rendezvous of Parisians; it is a neutral ground that French politeness abandons to its guests. On the other side is the grand boulevard to the Madeleine, continued by the rue Royale. If the boulevard looks insignificant for its fame, it is that its quality is in psychological conditions that are not, say the Parisians, to be understood by the profane. The shops here, as those in the avenue, are for the visitor, but the subtleties of the boulevard life are for the initiated alone. Along the shadowed arcades of the rue de Rivoli, where the entire stock must be placed in the window to be

seen, are small accessories of dress, embroidered handkerchiefs, inexpensive and imitation jewels, marvels of their sort, addressed here to the guests of the neighboring hotels in search of trifling souvenirs. The space enclosed by these streets is criss-crossed by other streets, all given up to luxurious industries for women, largely by women. From the rue de Rivoli back to the opera-house a perpendicular to the triangle is formed by the rue Castiglione, the place Vendôme, and the rue de la Paix. Rue de la Paix! seat of the immortal Worth, and of several other immortals that have divided his empire; inner sanctuary of fashion; crucible wherein the social conditions of the passing moment are transmuted into apparel, to become the model ideals of dress for all womankind.

And on the place Vendôme, high up on his column, stands Napoleon in classic undress, seeming to wait for his *valet de chambre* to bring him a costume with his morning coffee, strange presiding genius over the chiffons of a sex he despised.

To this centre of fashion comes the fair Anglo-Saxon between May and December, and is received with open arms. Other people may leave their train at Montmartre or beyond the Bastille, and be left to flounder with the language as they may, but she is greeted in her native tongue, and on debarking finds herself, if she will, landed almost directly upon the grand boulevard, where the heart of the city beats; for Paris loves her—her annual patronage is worth many millions of dollars more to Paris than that of all other people put together.

Our race goes to seek beauty in Paris, as the French come to learn politics of

us. This is the simple mechanical law of equilibrium. Anglo-Saxondom fits all life into a uniform jacket of morals; French art accepts nature as it is and em-

broiders to cover its deficiencies an exquisite mantle of taste, for each object and each act a different and consistent dress-up. The French method makes life a pageant, and Paris the most amusing place in the world.

This taste of Paris applies itself indifferently to build a Pantheon or to shape a common dress detail. Further, pursuing logically its road, it reaches to the adorning of voluptuousness and soft vice, and it is here that Paris appears most sharply marked off from our world. "What," cries the Anglo-Saxon, face to face with this inevitable corollary, "you do not

think it your duty to make vice appear hideous!" "Pardon," answers the Frenchman, "duty has nothing to do with the matter. Art does not judge; it affirms."

The Anglo-Saxon has not this freedom of mind; in art he compromises. And the more that it does not enter into his conception of the possible at home does this forbidden beauty intrigue him at Paris.

What can be this wickedness that is not like our wickedness? What is this art that explains all, justifies all? And the Anglo-Saxon comes to see.

The American finds an added appeal in his temperament. Tireless searcher of the new in nature's laws, to which other new constantly succeeds, and little disposed to look for ideals outside of life, to him appeals, with tremendous force, the eternal youth that is given by art. Paris has the secret of triumphing over



High up on his column, stands Napoleon.

Some *petites femmes* pass.

time; Paris, then, is the city of his dreams.

But since beauty to the American is largely theoretic, what may be the sensations of the American woman that comes for the first time to Paris to realize what she has imagined of beauty in dress, and what is her influence, if any, on the movement of French industries called fashion? Shall we go about with her a little and see?

In the rue de la Paix, of an afternoon, the carriages roll up and down, and cross each other in tangles that undo with the polite manners of a drawing-room, conducting, hither and yon, the æsthetic French dame or the fair stranger in search of Parisian elegance.

A discreet murmur fills the air of tinkling bells and rolling wheels; there is a flash of silver, a reflection of plate glass, and framed in black coupés delicious women that pass make one think of the Fragonards at the Louvre, while on each side the carriages are drawn up two and three deep, and pretty women cross and re-cross the pavement, from the carriage to the doorway and from the doorway to the carriage.



"Fleurissez madame, mon bon monsieur."

The actress of the day has come to try on a gown at Paquin's and Lady X. to order a court-dress of Worth; South Americans and Russians elbow each other on the stairway of the milliner in vogue, while through the windows opposite may be seen the lively manikins at Doucet's, speaking now French, now English, battling the two languages about with the ease of players at ball.

Some *petites femmes* pass, making eyes to the men who are dawdling before shop-windows, while their wives have gone to be fitted upstairs. The little women disappear through the doorway of some popular *coiffeur*, that has the secret of making them all equally beautiful. The street vendors cry, "*D'mandez le plan de Paris! les vues de Versailles. C'est pour rien, vingt sous;*" from the shadow of some portal the flower-seller echoes back, "*De jolies fleurs, de belles violettes; fleurissez madame, mon bon monsieur;*" and before the popular dress-making house of the day the carriages grow denser under a forest of beribboned whips, while the double row of footmen lengthen inside the court, mute and still as a gallery of sphinxes leading up to a temple of Isis.

The entrance to the sanctuary is a court of Doric columns, a private staircase conducting to an ante-room in ebony, whence one passes into a larger room, walled with mirrors and panelled with Gobelin, that serves for reception. From the farther end long perspectives of galleries open off, lined also with mirrors, the wall-space broken, from time to time, with luxurious seats adroitly nooked in palms, where the client and

the saleswoman murmur their duos; and up and down these galleries, in a tempered light and a perfumed atmosphere, under skies painted by Mlle. Abbema, women in delicious gowns, the latest models of the house, walk back and forth indolently, impas-



Where the client and the saleswoman murmur their duos.—Page 551.

ively, like people seen through a hashish dream.

Of such are the great houses where the clients come in person to buy. Others whose business is largely exportation, such as Worth's, have not this sensuous luxury of instalment, but look rather like prosperous banks.

The masterpiece for which this elaborate setting exists, the Paris gown, that here bursts full blown on the eye of the client, is not, as the public believe, a creation of the great dress-maker himself, nor is the great dress-maker responsible for the fash-

ion. This model gown is the result of an almost infinite collaboration. Up in the garrets of the criss-cross streets, live a modest class of artists that make projects. They get their inspiration from old portraits at the Louvre, at Versailles, from elegant women in the drive-ways of the Bois, or from some hazard. They modify, develop, combine, following a drift which they do not control, till they have produced a novel idea that the public is likely to accept, and that is therefore salable. Their projects are fixed in sketches, and they are known as *mar-chands de croquis*. Others of these specialists make up their projects in cloth, and are known as *mar-chands de modèles*. These occupy a more important rank than the first, since the models form a demonstra-

tion that the ideas can be realized. The model merchant is in relation with the manufacturers, who provide her with the new materials they have imagined, and whose interest it is to have their "truck" presented to the great dress-making houses and so launched on the market.

A good dress-making house buys, it is said, from these idea merchants to the value of some four hundred dollars a year. Besides this every important house keeps a corps of designers on salary, whose business it is to follow society functions, to spy out what rival dress-makers are doing, and

in general to garner ideas. To these professional sources is added the involuntary aid of elegant clients, particularly of actresses of society plays, whose personal taste adds to the general stock.

A project accepted by the dress-making house is there submitted to a corps of trained critics, who judge its artistic and its commercial merits, and command the necessary changes. It is then passed over to skilled dress-makers, cutters, and seamstresses. The work of the latter is minutely specialized, one person making always sleeves, another always skirts, another bodice trimmings, in which way each detail becomes a masterpiece. There is finally the presiding genius, who may be the person under whose name the house is known, or some man or woman whose name the house has swallowed up. An idea thus submitted to the artistic resources of a house becomes, to a degree, individualized, takes on a special manner belonging

to the house, so that in a fashionable assembly the initiated can say with certainty—This gown came from Felix and the other from Worth.

The great dress-maker is not, except in rare cases an artist; he is a business man employing artists and trained artisans on a large scale, engaged in a commerce that returns a very profitable per cent. He is in some instances the director only of the establishment, which a stock company owns. His position makes special calls on him, nevertheless. He must have enough critical knowledge to fill the highest æsthetic demand, and a *flair* that he may, by anticipating, present his clients with the novelty that the social movement will lead



The latest models of the house walk back and forth, indolently.—Page 551.

them involuntarily to demand or to accept. He is called upon also to act as critic for the manufacturers, who submit to him the designs and colors proposed for the season ahead, and among these he chooses what he will take to be made exclusively for him, what he will take on commission, and what others he will take to pay for if he finds it convenient to use them. He is a sort of barometer, registering the variations of fashion for the use of the manufacturers, who are guided by his choice as to what some time thereafter the great public is likely to demand.

The intention of all this collaboration is to produce a garment consistent with the general movement of fashion, that shall be

in detail a novelty and in workmanship an art whole. Of the perfectly made gown no one can say afterward how the sleeve was formed or how the skirt. It is a work of decorative art and is to be judged by art laws. The lines and colors play into each other and lose their separate existence. No part of it imposes; it is a whole; it has the repose and mystery that belong to beauty. This does not describe every high-priced gown, but this is the ideal gown.

At the milliner's no decorative background distracts attention or bounds the eye. Hats on tall mushrooms rise innumerable on every side, where one wanders as through the avenues of a tropical forest. Filmy gauzes droop like Virginia moss, flowers bloom that never wither, and rare plumed birds, the creation of the house, poise themselves against backgrounds of cumulus cloud in tulle.

The visitor, bewildered and astray among these marvels, easily forgetting that they were made for wear, gently constrained, finds herself dropping upon an ottoman before a mirror, while among a flutter of pretty girls one with a hat in her hand and a voice of persuasion is saying: "Does madam like this? Would madam like that in another color?" and the manikin sets the confection on over her own perfectly arranged hair, and turns round and round that madam may see the effect.

Of all the details of dress that the French have created, the hat is the most characteristic. If the vainest, it is the most æsthetically instructive. Its reason for being in the French scheme is to relate the head to the decorative form taken at any one time by the rest of the dress. It grows narrow or wide, high or low, with fluid mobility, and without any reference to the primitive idea that the hat is a covering for the head. Its æsthetic is not based on this idea, but on subordination to a certain whole that is conceived of by the French under the word *toilette*, a word the equivalent of which does not exist in our language, or scarcely the idea in our minds, as yet.

Made out of materials that other art would disdain, these vulgar chiffons are saved from incongruous effects only on condition of being submitted to art laws. Their reason for being must find its explanation wholly in art. The ease with which

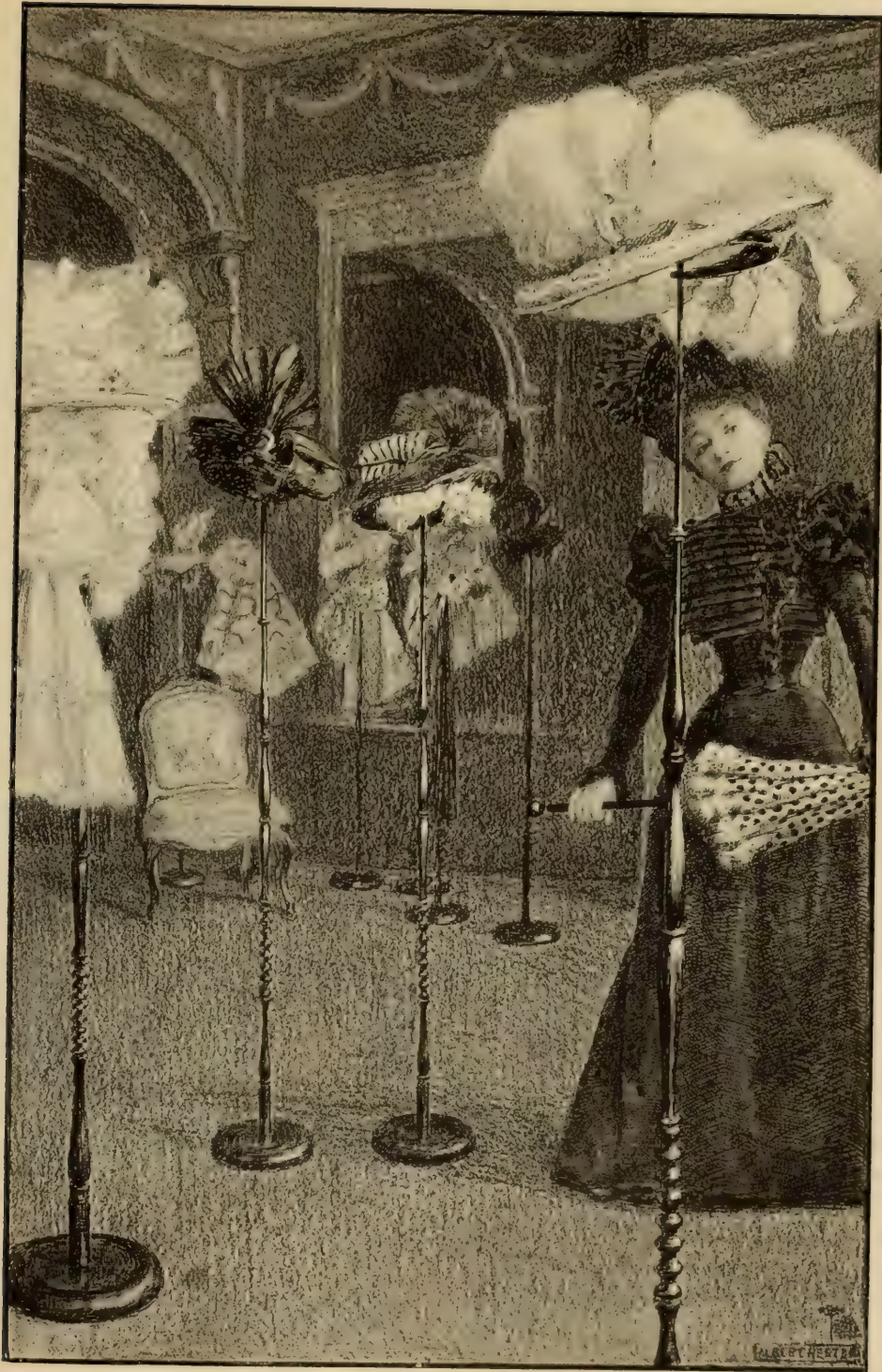
they lend themselves to caricature by inartistic milliners makes constancy intolerable, and no part of dress changes so often as the hat. The leading milliners are those who can produce a constant succession of new ideas.

More limited in its sources of inspiration than dress-making, since it must be guided by what the latter has done, millinery fashions crystallize in much the same way. The great milliner and her aids create provisional effects, which every client of taste by her criticism helps to perfect, till form and color take on a harmony with the last-made form of gown. When a shape succeeds with her clients, the great milliner gives it out to be manufactured, and it thus finds its way to the public.

The staple trimmings are ribbon, flowers, and plumes. The two latter are made by the same manufacturer and alternate, so that after a season of flowers comes a season of plumes, but the ribbon remains in constant demand. It is therefore the ribbon manufacturers that decide the colors, making them to accord with the season's gowns. The syndicate of flowers and plumes guided by the samples of ribbon, establish in their turn a chart of colors for the flowers and plumes. Thus the wheels fit into each other, taking their force of movement from the dress-maker, who takes his force from the public.

The following statistics of French dress exportation are transcribed at the value of five francs to the dollar. In what concerns dress-making proper, the figures are taken from an investigation published by M. Gaston Worth, bearing on the year 1893. M. Worth estimates that the value of material consumed yearly in France for women's dress (gowns and jackets) is \$200,000,000, half of which being absorbed privately, leaves as the value delivered to the dress-makers \$100,000,000. The cost of making this material into garments is estimated as equal to the value of the material, which gives \$200,000,000 as the value of the year's product of the French dress-makers.

The proportion exported in any one year is estimated by the French Syndical Chamber of Sewing, from custom-house reports, to be from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the whole production, which would give as the yearly value paid by for-



Hats on tall mushrooms rise innumerable.—Page 554.

eigners a sum approaching \$50,000,000. This does not, however, show the importance of foreign clients. M. Worth divides the sales for the one hundred leading houses in the centre of Paris as follows :

	Per Cent.
Sale in Paris to French clients.....	37
Sale in Paris to foreigners.....	38
Sale to commissioners	8
Exportation direct	17
	100

It appears from this table that in the important dress centre of Paris the sale of gowns to foreign clients rises to sixty-three per cent., and that more than half of this amount is carried away as private luggage, unregistered by the customs.

The several registered exportation values that follow serve as a hint of the enormous profit to France of dress industries for women. Regarding silk tissues, not tabled here, it may be remarked that this industry,

living formerly off the throne and the church, and having both these clients destroyed by the revolution, has seen raised up for its saving, in particular, the English-speaking woman. England and the United States buy pure and mixed silk tissues in amounts very nearly equal, and the two together take nine-elevenths of the whole amount exported. In the item also of artificial flowers England and the United States take very nearly equal quantities, and the two together take six-sevenths of the whole export (Statistics of 1895).

Dress-making and underwear (1893)	\$41,515,858
Trimmed hats (1893).....	8,582,660
Artificial flowers (1893).....	2,579,552
Feathers (1893).....	4,212,713
Gloves (1893).....	9,969,321
Buttons (1893).....	1,509,078
Fans (1893).....	1,157,281
Perfumes (1895).....	2,450,912
Jewellery (average estimate).....	10,600,000

In importance on the registered lists of French dress exportation, England and her colonies rank first. The United States come third, but it is toward the United States that the lists are most unjust. We have seen, by M. Worth's table of per cents., that in the principal houses more than half the sales to foreigners are carried away as personal baggage, and if we ask who the women are that have most temptation to evade the customs, the answer is easy. As a matter of fact our countrywomen so preponderate among the direct clients that it has long since become a habit in the rue de la Paix to call all foreigners irrespectively "Americans."

Those who would like to know whether the interest of foreign women in the gowns and bonnets of Paris is not on the wane, are referred to a report lately published by the French Ministry of Commerce, which shows that the exportation in made-up articles of women's dress has increased seven hundred and fifty per cent. in the last twenty-five years.

Thus Paris, happily for its fame and its pocket, dictates to Anglo-Saxon countries the fashion and imposes the supplies. And when we ask whether this must needs be, and whether the American does not help to make the fashion to which she contributes so much money, we shall be answered if we look for a moment at the nature of fashion.

Fashion is a twofold movement. In its large evolution a type dominates for some generations or so, with modification so slow as to be unperceived, the result of social conditions prevailing in the civilized world, forming the drift that is referred to above that is not controlled ; in its special action it is a variation from season to season, and from day to day, a constant individual creation on the same general theme. This second movement is the one that is popularly recognized. It is due to woman's present social status, which forces her to constant effort to set herself off from other women, or to emulate other women, by her dress, as men are forced to emulate other men or to distinguish themselves from the mass of men by force or by intellect. The end pursued by both is singularity, that is to say distinction from others, and with women distinction by beauty.

This constant creation of novel ideas incorporating beauty in the highest degree, must take place where art occupies itself most seriously with dress, and where art is at the same time most developed. This productive centre is Paris. Fashion, then, in our day, is created necessarily at Paris, and the industries that feed the movement are necessarily French.

If we reflect in addition to this that with us art is still undeveloped, that it is traditionally in tutelage to morals, and that the beautifying of the person by artificial means beyond a certain limit is an infraction of the racial conscience, we need go no farther than an inductive formula to understand that the American woman does not influence the fashion.

The American when she comes to Paris has seen of the fashion movement but the spent outside wave ; the meaningless exaggeration of the fashion-journal draughtsmen and the misinterpretation of copying dress-makers. A certain disappointment on her part may then be presumed, for the Parisian *toilette*, in ratio to its perfection, astonishes no more than does the Venus de Milo at the Louvre. This reserve, and these means so perfectly adjusted as to seem a matter of course, will strike her with surprise. She seeks in bewilderment to analyze, to justify expectation. The untrained eye does not rouse itself to the expected sensations. Is this all ? she is likely to ask.

In response to this feeling the Paris



One with a hat in her hand and a voice of persuasion.—Page 554.

dress-maker is perhaps tempted, when he works for her, to exaggerate a little his means. He says that she likes decided effects, that she wants her gowns elaborated; and the milliner says that she asks for hats too pronounced for Parisian taste. M. Paul Bourget's remark also was in this sense when he said, "The Americans, all dressed in Paris, seem to be overdressed."

If then what she buys in Paris is modified to her dictation, it is not made more æsthetic; if it were it would impose itself as a model for fashion; but some of its perfection is sacrificed. It may take on more

character, but it will be a departure from the general ideal, and so cannot lead fashion or have, even in America, more than a local influence.

But the failure to initiate in beautiful dress does not imply any special vulgarity on the part of Americans, it means simply a lesser development of taste in this direction, which she shares with the rest of the world outside of Paris. On the contrary, Paris considers that of all her foreign clients it is the American that does her most credit. Our countrywoman's freedom from prejudice, lively imagination and thirst for art, make her an apt pupil, and these

qualities are worth to her, in Paris, the reputation of a natural taste.

To have in hand all the elements that cause the American's sensations in Paris, we must consider also what the ideal woman should be, of which this dress makes a part. To what end is this emulation by beauty? for beauty may be an end in itself, but beauty used to singularize is a means. There is but one answer to this: the aim is a triumph in the emotional field. And French art having conceived woman's life as properly confined to this field, could not fail to demand of her a harmonious development according to the conception. By manner and mind, as well as by dress, the ideal woman must charm the senses.

For this result there is no thought of depending on nature alone. The Frenchman knows that nature is never perfect, except in parts, and that art exists to fill nature's gaps. The woman, the work of art envisaged, must satisfy the taste. She and her dress, then, are inseparable. They form two parts of a whole, completing each other, submitting to the same laws, judged by the same æsthetic, developed to the same end.

As this ideal is not in other countries exalted æsthetically to the same degree, it would evidently be useless to look elsewhere for an equal result. Frenchwomen live in an atmosphere of art culture, always under the eye of the critics. When therefore the Frenchman finds it difficult to believe that there is any perfection of

feminine development outside of France, this is not mere national egoism, it is the logical conclusion of his method of judg-



He says that she likes decided effects.—Page 557.

ing. For other women may be more beautiful by nature, or more intelligent, or more richly dressed; they will fall short somewhere in the whole.

There is no thought, either, of looking

for the ideal woman in a special class of the rich or of the aristocratic. Putting all to the test of the senses, French art could not fail to recognize that this woman could be born among the slums as well as in the aristocratic faubourg. "The cult of woman in Paris," says somewhere Jules Claretie, "is independent of social position. These princesses of the blood are admitted into their birthright without dispute. They are neither habilitated nor scorned; neither exalted nor disdained. Admired for what in them is not ruined by their vices, they are the accepted queens of a day; surrounded by a court of men, taken as models by the women.

These princesses of the blood, as M. Claretie calls them, attain most nearly the ideal, which explains the common superficial observation that it is the *demi-mondaine* that sets the fashion. Certainly it is she that most naturally or most assiduously pursues an aim that most succeeds, and these are not handicapped; at the same time it is to be remarked that vice is not the aim but only a consequence of life directed entirely in the channel of the senses; the aim is primarily a voluptuous personality, and the women who pursue it are not necessarily outside of society so called.

Thus the American in Paris is brought face to face with the social situation that results from pursuing to its farthest conclusion the object of fashionable dress; a situation that must appear to her scandalous. And here the judgment goes easily astray.

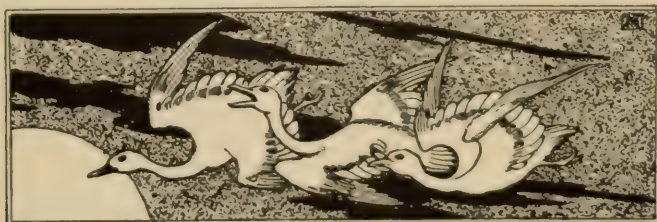
It is not to be inferred that because the æsthetic development of the woman along the line we have seen reaches its maximum in Paris, there is, therefore, no morality in France. It is a mistake too easy to make. As a matter of fact the great body of Frenchwomen uphold stiffly either the moral or the class ideal. These, feeling a necessity that does not exist with us, or that exists to a less degree, to set them-

selves off from those that, being distinguished for fashionable novelty in dress, lay themselves open to suspicion on one or the other or both of these counts, find no means left to them but the old-fashioned, from which they refine away all character in an augmentation of beauty; or the ugly, which does not exclude art either.

The consequence of this is that in principle the American sees in Paris the Frenchwomen of her own moral life in such attire as to pass unobserved, while the novelty and the style she has come to seek, are the appanage of women whose life she looks upon with horror.

This is the situation. In Paris the dress of the fashionable young American is assorted to the dress of the elegant *demi-mondaine*. Paris recognizes, however, that their motives for dress are a universe apart, and it is here, finally, that the American has an influence in Paris. If in the fashions she imitates, here in the moral field she is an initiator; she is a witness to Parisians that a woman may choose to wear novel and fashionable dress for pure pleasure in variety, and for simple gayety of heart.

Let us, in conclusion, be just. If, in the pageant of Paris, under the gay mantles, there is moral rottenness, it remains no less true that here also an absolute end is reached. Of its importance or its consequences this paper has nothing to do. It is true, also, in spite of the progress we have made, that even with us, as elsewhere in the world, the life of the mass of women is mainly emotional, and that dress conforms, however involuntarily, to the needs of such life. What is attained is only a matter of degree. And for this reason, as little streams run down to big ones, there will long continue to flow through the *rue de la Paix* a river of gold struck with the effigies of all the kingdoms and republics of the world.





Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

Price could speak their language, and . . . now and then one joined us in camp.—Page 570.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY W. R. LEIGH

VIII—FROM DENVER TO THE PACIFIC

PHOENIX, ARIZONA,
January 3, 1893.

JOURNEYING by no pre-arranged plan, but directing my course according to the promptings of chance circumstances, I have wandered far from a direct westward line from Denver to the sea, but I have come by a way that has furnished in experience all that I could have hoped.

The very first step from Denver carried me out of a due westward course. In the vague, ill-defined manner of a tenderfoot, I knew that Cripple Creek was a relatively new mining camp, and that it lay somewhere beyond Pike's Peak, and I light-heartedly dreamed that, being a new camp, it was just the place for a new-comer ; so, late in September, I set out from Denver with Cripple Creek in view.

For seventy miles or more I went south, the earlier part of the walk leading me through the sandy tract which begins abruptly at the very edge of the fresh green lawns that mark the end of irrigation in the city. The road which first I followed gradually faded out on the open plain. Then I cut diagonally across country in the direction of the foot-hills.

Near to the city as it was this bit of country, after weeks of drought, was like a veritable desert. Underfoot was the hot alkali dust, where grew the short plain-grass that lay whitened in tufts of crisping curls, as though dead beyond all reviving. Thick on every side was a growth of stunted cactus, well in keeping with the character of the plain, while the deeper green of the long, sharp Spanish needles was a sad mockery of fertility. Along occasional ravines, washed deep by sudden, rain-fed streams whose beds now lay stony and parched and baked under the hot sun, were here and there clusters of scrub oaks, small in growth but with their wiry branches spreading a luxuriance of small

oval leaves which supplied the welcome of a shadow in a desert land. At intervals among the dry, tufted grass small sand heaps appeared, and above them the heads of prairie dogs, piping shrill warning of suspicious approach, or darting in swift flight from one burrow to another.

For some miles I walked through such a region, growing momentarily thirstier as the sun beat down upon me and I inhaled the alkali with the sensation of having eaten soap. The only sign of habitation that I saw was a shanty, a mere shell of boards tacked upon a frame and standing ten feet square, perhaps, and seven feet high. The hill on which it stood sloped to a deep ravine, and past the shanty-door wound a smaller water-course, where a line of scrub-oaks grew, suggesting the presence of a spring. But the bed was dry and yawned in thirsty cracks, and no source of water could I find, although the shanty was plainly inhabited ; for the door was heavily padlocked, and a half-starved dog, with a broken leg, limped from his kennel among some old soap-boxes and barked a feeble protest against my approach, and a few fowls were squatting in the dust in the shade of the scrub-oaks, or scratching for food in the dry grass near the shanty.

Two or three miles farther on I came out upon a highway, which follows the general direction of the Santa Fé and the Rio Grande railways, as they parallel each other to the south. Here was a very different tale to tell. There were many ranches along the route with abundant supplies of water from artesian wells, apparently, whose streams were playing ceaselessly over gardens and at the roots of thrifty fruit-trees. I passed through a number of typical Western villages on the march, and once through an encampment of a regiment of regulars, whose officers

were at mess and many of the men lying at full length on the ground with their legs protruding from under the slight shelter tents, while foraging expeditions could be seen bargaining among their out-houses with the neighboring ranchmen, with all the womenkind and children in interested attendance.

The road was gradually drawing nearer to the foot-hills. Instead of a hundred miles of unbroken mountain-range, from Long's to Pike's Peak, that seemed to rise abruptly from the plain only an hour's walk away, I began to be aware of the magnificent distances so strangely disguised in that clear, rarefied air, and to appreciate altitudes by comparison with lesser heights. The view lost in extent, only to gain in the grander outlines of splendid detail. And with the nearer view there grew clear the marvellous coloring in the exposed strata and the fantastic shapes which mark the play of erosion among the rocks. There were deep saffrons and reds of every hue, from a delicate flush to crimson; there were browns and grays without number, and a soft cream color deepening to yellow, and now and then a jut of rock that in certain lights appeared milk-white. To boundless variety in color was added a weird charm of form with which the imagination could play endlessly. Sitting a rugged boulder with the dainty poise of an egg upon a conjurer's finger would appear a round-bellied Hindu god in solid stone, and near him, in exquisitely delicate tracery, a flying buttress or the tapering spire of a cathedral, while crowning some sheer height in all the glory of gorgeous color would rise the grim towers and battlements of a mediæval fortress.

It was after nightfall on Saturday evening when I entered Colorado Springs. With the aid of the electric lights I soon gathered an impression of a considerable town of large hotels and wide, regular thoroughfares, with the squares built up, many of them, in detached villas, after the manner of Eastern summer-resorts by the sea. In the course of a walk about the town I came upon an empty prairie schooner, which stood in a cluster of trees on the outskirts of an open square, and creeping under the sheltering canopy I slept there for the night.

The Sunday which followed I remember chiefly for its glorious sunshine and the view which I had in the morning of Pike's Peak. Its summit seemed to leap into the sky as it rose stark and bald above the timber-line, and yet there was infinite repose in its splendid height, standing out clear and majestic in the full rays of the morning sun. I remember, too, a service in a well-filled church, and an odd reminder in its worshippers of the Eastern seaboard, and the exciting expectancy of chance sight of some familiar face, and, finally, the figure of a girl, who, entering after the service had begun, slipped noiselessly into a seat at my side in a pew near the door. A wonderful vision she was of what men mean when they speak feelingly out here of "God's country," for you no sooner saw her than there flashed into sight the long vista of the avenue as it heaves to the lift of Murray Hill. You could see her there—and can see her superior nowhere under heaven—with the light streaming in red, level rays through the side streets on a late afternoon in the cold, crisp air of autumn, with the tan of a summer on the New England coast upon her, and her exquisite figure instinct with the vitality which comes of yachting and hard riding, her frock and jacket fitting her like a glove, and her clear, frank eyes looking you straight between your own and making you feel in her presence what a clean, wholesome, manly thing is life! She little dreamed, as she cordially shared her prayer-book with me, how deeply indebted to her I was for being so fine a type of the finest and handsomest women in the world, and how much I owed her for so fair a vision before I launched into the mining regions of the frontier.

Monday dawned as bright as Sunday had been, and by eight o'clock I reached Manitou and was ready to begin the ascent of Pike's Peak. There was a wide choice of route, for there was a road, and a well-beaten trail, and the bed of the cog railway. I took to the railway as the most unmistakable and very likely the directest course.

With infinite engineering skill the first ascent of the cog-road is cut as a ledge along the side of a deep gorge or cañon, down which rushes a mountain stream of considerable volume. Following the great turns of the cañon the road ascends in the

shadow of huge rocks, that tower straight above it or slope in a more gradual rise, furnishing place for the cabin of a miner or of some lover of camp life. The mountain-sides are dark with evergreen, which seems to grow deep-rooted in the rock, clinging at times to a bare, protruding ledge with naked roots thrust deep into crevices where soil and moisture are found. The quaking aspen shares this bare subsistence with the pine, and, green with the rich green of late summer at the mountain-base, it marked all the stages of the autumn in the ascent, until at the timber-line I found its leaves turned yellow and fast falling to the ground.

About two miles below Windy Point I had the good luck to overtake a miner, who had been spending Sunday with his family near Colorado Springs and was now on his way back to work in Cripple Creek. He was not at all encouraging as to the prospect of my finding work in the camp, but before we parted at Windy Point he gave me careful directions about the way, and I began to feel, in his calling me "partner" and in his talk of "claims" and "gulches" and "blazed trails," my first intimation of nearing the mining regions of the Rockies.

We separated where the cog-road sweeps around the southern side of the mountain, only because I was bent on reaching the summit before going on to Cripple Creek. All the difficulty of the ascent I found concentrated in the last hour of climbing. It no longer was a matter of steady uphill work, but a succession of short spurts wherein one breathed more by accident than design. You were not tired in the least, but, at an altitude of some 14,000 feet, your breath failed completely in an upward walk of fifty yards, and you were obliged to stand still, panting until respiration became normal again.

Exactly at twelve o'clock I reached the summit, where I found a piercing cold wind blowing and small drifts of snow lying in crevices among the rocks on the northern slope; in an air as clear as crystal my eye swept boundless mountain-ranges to the north and west and south and a boundless plain below, where, at the foot of the mountain, lay Colorado Springs, a few, dim squares formed by the intersection of faint parallel lines at right angles to one

another. Above the rushing of the wind among the grim, naked crags which form the summit, a wind, which at that solemn height suggests the sweep of awful interstellar spaces, the only sound I heard was the voice of an attendant in a stone building near by as he sang, again and again, the chorus of "Ta, ra, ra, ra, boom, de ay!"

I remained at the summit as long as I dared, held by the fascination of the view; then I returned to Windy Point and went down the south face of the mountain and across a beautiful grass-grown level to the brink of another descent, where, according to my miner friend of the morning, I should find a blazed trail. I found instead the sheer side of a cañon. I followed the brink of the precipice for some distance, and coming at last upon a less abrupt point, I plunged down and made my way over shelving rock and fallen trees until I eventually chanced upon the trail. This I followed to the deep bed of the cañon, where I saw some claims staked out and lost my way in a tangle of cattle trails. It was growing dark, and there was no sign of the journey's end, but I knew the general direction of Cripple Creek, and the moon was at its first quarter.

Even the cattle-trails failed at last, and in the dark forest I was soon lunging on over boulders and rotting trees and the *débris* of a mountain wood in the direction of the camp, hoping, meanwhile, that I should not be obliged to spend the night in the open, for at that altitude in late September it was turning "wondrous cold."

Down one ridge and up another I forged ahead through the tangled undergrowth of the forest, and at last, from the top of a rock which cleared the trees about it, I caught the glimmer of a light through the window of a cabin a mile or two away.

It was an ore-crushing camp I found; I was made most cordially welcome, and given a bed on a pile of blankets in a tent where slept the half dozen men of the crew. They were a hearty, healthy lot of young farmers to all appearances, and I gathered that they had come up from Kansas at the time of the "boom" at Cripple Creek.

A walk of only four or five miles carried me into the camp after breakfast next morning. The first view that I had of it

was very striking, I thought, as I looked down upon it from a sudden turn in the road. The settlement lay in the southeastern bend of a basin whose bottom was as flat as the prairie and well turfed. The hills rose quite bare for some distance about it, and their sides looked oddly, as though heavy artillery had been playing upon them, for they were peppered with holes made by prospectors, with loose earth and stones lying about them.

Straggling lines of wooden buildings followed roughly the rude course of a long, dusty street, which ran southward to the mouth of a gulch and then turned abruptly west until it lost itself on the level. Some of these buildings were log-cabins, of much solidity, and others were trim, substantial frame houses, neatly painted; but for the most part they were crude, unpainted shanties, and there were many tents dotting the hill-sides, and a few lines of light structures which marked the outlines of prospective streets branching from the main thoroughfare.

The camp itself wore an air of desertion, which was only confirmed when I entered it. There were few persons in the streets, and some of the houses were abandoned. The picture found a very welcome contrast when I saw a school-mistress step to the door of a long log-cabin, with grass growing thick on its roof, and ring a bell to summon a troop of little children, who came running and shouting from unexpected quarters, dispelling at once the loneliness and quiet of the place.

It was but nine in the morning, and I had the full day in which to look for work. There were very few mines in actual operation in the neighborhood, I found, but I visited all of them, asking for any form of unskilled labor.

I was struck at once with the wide difference in bearing out here, as compared with the East and Middle West, on the part of employers toward workingmen. It did not take long to discover that there were scores, possibly hundreds, about the camp who were out of work, and yet the manner of men to whom I applied for employment was most uniformly courteous, and courteous in the best possible way. Invariably I found myself treated as a fellow-man, and that was a wonderful salve to one's self-respect. There was no effort at

politeness, but simply an instinctive recognition of fellowship.

"Why, no, I ain't got nothing that I can give you to do now, partner," a boss would say. "You see it's like this——," and then would follow a friendly talk on the general situation, as one man might naturally explain a case to another.

It was all easily intelligible. The camp had enjoyed its "boom" during the last autumn and winter, but especially through the spring. There had been the usual rush of fortune-seekers, with an uncommon preponderance, however, of farmers from Kansas and Nebraska. Some silver had been found, but much more gold-bearing quartz and a little placer deposit. Evidently Cripple Creek is to become a gold-producing centre, but the ore discovered so far is of rather a low grade. Very little of it can be worked at a profit so long as it must meet the great cost of transportation by mule train to the railway at Cañon City, more than thirty miles away. There are two railways now making for the camp; so soon as they have entered the region and reduced greatly the present cost of transportation and other costs attached to mining there, many claims will rise instantly to the position of paying properties which cannot now be worked to any profit whatever. The miners were all sanguine of rich results when once this period of waiting has been tided over.

But in the meantime it was "hard scraping" for a living. There were 'golden prospects, but very little immediate work, and the best of prospects makes but an indifferent diet. After a long and tiring round of mines, I went at last, very hungry, in the direction of an ore-crushing outfit, which stood in the bottom of the basin near the camp. Nothing in the way of work was to be had there, but I was fortunate enough to see an old prospector test some placer diggings, deftly washing out a panful of soil, and exhibit the few tiny specks of gold deposit at the last.

Turning back to the camp I began a round of the lodging- and eating-houses and shops, in the hope that some opening might be found. But there was as little demand for help there as I had found about the mines, with the exception of one cheap chop-house, where a notice was exposed advertising for a dish-washer. I applied

for the place with high hope of getting it, but the buxom, stolid woman who was in charge, met every advance on my part with an unvarying "No" and with nothing more, and, worsted at last, I was obliged to withdraw.

It was by mere accident that I drifted in the evening to Squaw's Gulch, and fell in there with an old prospector who was working out the assessment on his claim, and who offered me food and shelter in his cabin and a certain share in the mine if I would help at the work.

When, finally, I left Cripple Creek, Créede was my next objective point. Down the mountain road in the direction of Cañon City I went, but I did not get so far as that on the first day's march, for I was late in leaving Cripple Creek and darkness overtook me when some fifteen miles of the way yet remained. For some time I had been following an excellent road which wound through a charming valley in its easy descent to the plain. The valley narrowed presently, leaving but a few hundred yards between the steep sides of mountains, which hemmed it in. A stream was flowing swiftly along its rocky bed, and the evening winds were blowing with the sound of a low murmur among the pines as I pressed on in the darkness through the ankle-deep dust of the road. It was not a light that first attracted me, but the black bulk of a cabin that seemed to rise suddenly from the ground on my right. Soon I saw that it was occupied, and, going near, I found a side door wide open, with lamp-light streaming from it into the night. For a moment I stood unnoticed in the doorway, and could see at a glance the heavy wooden table and the chairs and the large, old-fashioned cooking-stove, and the prints tacked to the walls, and the cooking utensils hanging behind the stove, which made up the furniture. The floor was of well-planed boards, which had been scrubbed white, and the whole room partook of the atmosphere of cool, wholesome cleanliness, characteristic of the best New England kitchens. And the figure that stood ironing at the table in the centre of the room was in perfect keeping with her surroundings. A tall woman, evidently past fifty, of strong, muscular frame, and with a face of high intelligence, wearing in repose an

expression of sweetness and of lady-like serenity, which gives to the wrinkled faces of some women so high-bred and distinctive a grace.

I knocked on the open door, and she looked up in no wise disturbed at sight of a stranger there. I explained my purpose and asked whether there was anything that I could do in payment of shelter and a breakfast. She drew out a chair from the wall and invited me to be seated, saying that we should consider that matter in the morning. For some time I sat talking with her, and while she ironed she conversed in an easy, natural manner, bred of the free life out here, which has in it all the charm of the directness and simplicity of a true woman of the world.

Presently she invited me to meet her husband, and, leading the way, she took me to an inner room, where, in a rocking-chair before a wood fire on a large, open hearth, sat a man of about her own age. He looked his character perfectly, for he was a hard-handed frontiersman of rugged, sinewy frame, with hair and beard unkempt, apparently, but you saw at once that he was faultlessly clean, as was the beautifully whitewashed room in which he sat, with its muslin ceiling sagging here and there. He did not rise to meet us, only turned a little in his chair and allowed his paper to rest on his knees as, for a moment, he fixed upon me his dark eyes full of the unfathomable mystery and sadness of life. I marked in him at once the same well-bred repose and self-possession which I had noticed in his wife.

We talked at first of indifferent matters until I, keen with interest in the shelves of books which I saw about the walls, and other shelves on which fragments of many kinds of rock were lying in order and all labelled, ventured an inquiry as to whether he was interested in geology.

With shame do I confess that there was in my witless head at the moment a patronizing, supercilious curiosity at the fact that the rough old backwoodsman who sat before me in his shirt-sleeves should have surrounded himself with objects about which he could know so little. I got it full between the eyes.

"Yes," he said quietly, in answer to my inquiry, "I have been a good deal interested in the science for the last twenty-five

years, for my ranch turned out to be remarkably rich in paleontological remains and in geological material, particularly of the cretaceous period."

And, then with natural straightforward ease he began to go into details, describing to me his first chance discoveries on the ranch when, soon after the civil war, he had moved out from New England and pre-empted a homestead here. It was a fascinating narrative most modestly told, of one discovery leading to another, of interest awakened in an unknown field, of a book secured here and there, of a widening intellectual horizon, and of an awakening to undreamed-of worlds of infinite interest and wonder, of communication with men of science, of personal acquaintance with some of them, and finally of a recent visit to a great Eastern university where the best of his specimens are all mounted in the Geological Museum. Now and then he would reach down a fragment of rock bearing the impress of some paleontologic form and would illustrate in concrete detail. In a single sentence he would be far beyond my shallow depth of meagre, book-learned science, but he generously paid me the compliment of taking for granted that I knew, and he could hardly have had a more interested listener.

In the morning he was driving to Cañon City and he invited me to go with him. On the way he talked of science, geology this time, and he amply illustrated what he said by means of the vast exposed strata which rose tier on tier in the sheer sides of the cañon through which we drove to the plain.

From Cañon City I crossed the Arkansas and struck up into the mountains in the direction of Green Mountain Valley. The weather had favored me marvellously. Not since I had left my job as a navvy at Buda on the Union Pacific Railway had I been hampered by a drop of rain. Down through Colorado and among the mountains so far, I had enjoyed an unbroken succession of most delightful autumn days. But the clouds began to gather now as I made my way through Green Mountain Valley. I well remember the cold, threatening morning of October 18th, when I walked through the all but deserted mining camp of Silver Cliff. That night I spent with a ranch-

man in the heart of the rich valley ; when I set out in the morning snow had begun to fall, and I realized, with some concern, that I still had a considerable range to cross and several days' march to the mining camp of Créede.

I did not get very far on that memorable 19th. For an hour or two I had no difficulty in keeping the road, but the snow had thickened to a blinding storm by then, and the wind was fast rising to a gale. Anything like that snow-fall I have never seen. A whole landscape was blotted out as in a moment, and the road which just now was a clearly defined way through the valley became almost instantly indistinguishable in the general sweep of flaky whiteness, over which fresh snow was falling so fast that you could not see ten yards ahead.

I found out afterward that I had been very near to losing my way on a plain where I might have wandered in endless circles, for the falling snow instantly covered one's tracks and left no trace of the way one had come. As it was, seeing that it was impossible to make headway in such a storm, I struck out for shelter, and before I realized my actual danger I ran up against a ranchman's cabin.

It was a very small affair, with a lean-to for a kitchen, but a dark little German woman with a soft musical voice, who opened the door, bade me a most cordial welcome ; and as she placed a chair for me before the fire, she assured me, again and again, of the anxiety that she should feel if one of her boys were caught out in such a storm, and of her gratitude to anyone who might shelter him. I began to understand that I was coming in for a good deal of vicarious attention, for she took my wet coat and boots to dry them in the kitchen and insisted upon my drinking some hot tea.

It was a very cosy nest into which I had fallen. The ranchman himself was a mild-mannered German, with a blonde beard and dreamy eyes, and an air of abstraction, who looked up to his wife in all things, for she was vastly his superior. Two boys were at home, magnificent young fellows of about fifteen or sixteen, handsome, clear-eyed, ruddy-faced lads, with the carriage of men who are most at ease in the saddle. And visiting

her, prospective in-law relations, was the fiancée of the oldest son, who is a merchant, I think, in West Cliff. It was worth far more than all the risks of the storm to see her. She was a Swedish girl in the very bloom of youth, and her light hair had in it the living fire of red gold. It was brushed straight back and done up behind her head in a great mass of interweaving coils in which the light played superbly. Some shorter hairs had worked loose, and these fell in almost invisible curling threads of gold about her white forehead. Her cheeks were of the most delicate translucent pink, and her rich red lips were as delicately formed as in the Psyche of Praxiteles.

The child was perfectly unaware of her beauty. In her wide, blue eyes there was not a suggestion of self-consciousness. And the family about her seemed not to consider it either; perhaps they all regarded it, as the poor instinctively accept much in life, as belonging to the natural order and not to be counted in an individual sense.

We had a jolly time that day playing games and telling stories far into the evening. It was perfectly clear next morning, with a warm sun fast melting the deep snow. I could not venture on, however, for the way was too obstructed, and in another day spent in the cabin I got on quite intimate terms with the family, especially with the ranchman's wife, who told me much of their life and many of her troubles. They were very serious, though her life was not without its compensations. It was pitiful to see the care-lines deepen in her sensitive face and an infinite perplexity cloud her eyes as she talked to me of her sorrows.

"My man is a good husband," she would say, "but he's not a good farmer. I don't know what's to become of us. He gets deeper and deeper into debt. Sometimes he works hard and manages well and I think that we are going to get on; and then in the middle of it the prospecting fever takes him, and he leaves everything and goes off into the mountains and spends every cent that he can raise, looking for silver.

"You see a fortune-teller told him once that he'd 'find his fortune in stone,' and ever since then he's been crazy to pros-

pect and he's squandered everything off there in the mountains. The boys have to work too hard and they don't get the proper schooling, and I don't know what's to become of us.

"But there's my son John that keeps store in West Cliff"—and it was beautiful to see her face light up—"no woman ever had a better son than him. He's been like a father to the family. I don't know what we'd ever have done without him, for he's been the greatest help to us in all our troubles."

They urged me to stay longer on Friday morning, but the day was perfectly clear and patches of dry ground had begun to appear through the snow, and so I set out early, hoping to cover before night most of the distance to the entrance of Musa Pass, which leads from Green Mountain Valley over the Sangre De Cristo Range to the San Luis country.

I accomplished it comfortably, and early on the next morning made my way into the pass. The snow lay deep about the entrance, and it deepened as I climbed the range, but a party of prospectors had just come over the trail as I started in, and it was a simple matter to walk in the path which their burros had made through the snow. The prospectors did me another unconscious service, for when I met them two of the five men were suffering keenly from snow blindness, and, taking warning, I tore a strip from a coarse cotton handkerchief and bound it around my eyes, in a way that interfered very little with vision and yet acted as an adequate protection from the blinding glare of the sunlight on the snow.

That night I reached a Mormon's ranch well in the San Luis Valley. It was a matter of easy marching after that, for the snow was all gone in a day or two and I had only to walk by way of Alamosa and Monte Vista and Del Norte to the Wagon Wheel Gap region and so up to Créede.

I was much disappointed there in not finding work in the mines. Numbers of them were in operation, and there were large gangs of men employed, but there were plenty of experienced hands about, and nothing whatever in the mines for a raw tenderfoot to do. Still I had no difficulty, for at the very first asking I got

work with a gang which was cutting a new road down Bachelor Mountain from the New York Chance Mine to Créede. And so, while not a member of a mining crew, I was a member of one which contained many miners, and I lived in the camp on Bachelor Mountain with scores of the men from the New York Chance and the Amethyst Mines. I fell in eventually with a group of truest Bohemians, a mine superintendent of the best type, and a magnificent chap who was an engineer and surveyor and whom I liked best of all, and a young Harvard-bred barrister who was on the high road to being the District Attorney, and a newspaper editor. I cannot now recall how I came to be one of their number, it was done so quickly and naturally; but I was suddenly aware that I had been accepted as such, and all that belonged to my new-found friends was mine, and the engineer and barrister and I were sleeping three in a bed.

My pen rebels against the necessity which spurs it to so swift a pace over details where it longs to linger. For those were hard but glorious days on the mountain; there were always new and strange men to be known among the crews, men whose emancipation from conventionality was complete, and whose personalities possessed a marvellous richness. The railway and statutory laws and honest women and the ten commandments were there, so that the camp "enjoyed the blessings of civilization," and was widely different from the camps of earlier days—much to the regret of the older men who knew the earlier days and many of the younger ones who would have liked to know them.

Already there were apparent the phases of human nature which seem by a curious contradiction to reveal themselves under the very protection of the vast improvement wrought by the reign of "law and order." But the freer, braver elements of human nature were present, too, and were not always beneath the surface of convention. How it stirred one's better blood to see those free, strong, natural men face one another in the common intercourse of life and meet the exigencies of their work! And under what spells have I sat looking in the eye some tawny-bearded giant of a prospector as he told of thirty years or more among the mountains and in the

mining camps, of hardships endured and difficulties overcome and death and danger faced, and of the rare times when he "struck it rich," and then the lordly, vicious days when he "blew it in!" How much may have been concocted for the ready ear of a tenderfoot I did not know; I only knew that it reeked with the red, raw blood of life, and whether true or false it thrust roots deep into grim and stanch realities.

Hamilton will answer as the name of the engineer. It was in his office that the little coterie which I have mentioned would gather in the evenings. There were rough chairs of most comfortable shape, and there was always a roaring fire in the stove, for the nights were bitter cold, and a number of Hamilton's drawings in crayons and blue prints were tacked upon the walls, for besides being a skilful engineer he was a splendid draughtsman. His surveying instruments stood together in a corner, and the ample tables were covered with unfinished drawings and with the tools of his art.

Never was more diverting talk than that which ranged around the room where we sat in easy attitudes, with feet cocked up and chairs tilted, in the soft light of Hamilton's well-shaded lamps and in a deepening density of tobacco-smoke. And the talk was catholic in its range, for the editor was an authority on local and state and national politics, and, as a recent convert to "free silver," he could argue its cause with all the fervor of a novice. The barrister was a man of liberal education who had taught the classics and loved them, and who could, with real enthusiasm, lead the talk back from all things modern to

"—those old days which poets say were golden."

And the mine superintendent, for all his shrewd and efficient practicality—for he was counted the best superintendent in the camp who, in the face of the declining price of silver and of other difficulties as great, had accomplished marvels with his mine—was profoundly interested in Biblical criticism; he could speak with the knowledge of a theologian on the authorship of the Pentateuch and the question of the inerrancy of Scripture and the authenticity and genuineness of the synoptic Gospels.

But I liked most of all to hear Hamilton as he would sit left ankle crossing his right knee, his right foot tip-toe on the floor balancing his tilted chair, and his guitar resting on his lap. Over the strings his great strong fingers would pass, striking soft harmonies, and his handsome, manly face would respond to the free play of emotion as in his rich voice and with unconscious vividness of camp speech he would talk of life and of its revelations to him throughout his varied history.

"I have had every experience but that of death," he said very quietly to me one day, when we had come to know each other well. As I watched him and saw his innate, thoughtful courtesy to women, and his strong, tender-hearted love of little children, and the frankness of his life, and his useful efficiency as a man, and his devotion to the truth, and his utter hatred of all cowardice and hypocrisy, I began to understand what royal possibilities there are in the men who prove best fitted to survive in the struggle of the frontier.

It was Hamilton who introduced me to Price. Price shall stand for the name of a prospector of a sort that is becoming rare at the West. The son of an officer in an Irish regiment, he was brought to America in his early boyhood and was reared on the Pacific coast. But the strictures of high civilization were too much for him, and long before he was out of his teens he was living the rough, fortuitous life of the mining camps and cattle tracts of the Southwest. Price is about forty now and his range of occupation includes almost everything from a burro puncher to a member of the Legislature of Arizona. He seems to know, moreover, every trail in the two Territories and every soul among them, to the very Indians and greasers of the youngest generation, and he is just the sort who is looked upon out here as likely at any time "to strike it rich." So far, however, he has not struck it rich; very much the reverse. In the spring he punched his burros up from Phoenix to the Wagon-Wheel Gap region and prospected there all summer, but with no luck. When Hamilton introduced me to him, his burros were in hock and so were his blankets and his very cooking utensils and even his "gun," and he was longing for the means to redeem them that he might get

out of the bitter cold of the mountains and down into the balmy Indian summer of the Salt River Valley which was "God's country" to him.

No more ideal opportunity could have presented itself to me. It was late in November and the problem of going alone westward through the thinly settled country was a difficult one, and here, as by miracle, was its perfect solution. Moreover, as it proved, Price was a good fellow with a truly Irish sense of humor and a perfect adaptability born of long habit. And withal he was patient with my inexperience. He taught me the "diamond hitch," and how to make a fire from next to nothing, and tea out of water that was thick and green on the surface, how to cook "spuds" and fry bacon and make gravy and bake bread in a saucepan. He tried to make a burro puncher of me, but his patience gave out there, and he declared finally that I'd "never be worth my salt at that until I learned to swear." Then suiting the action to the word he would take a hand himself at this point, and fairly dancing in a frenzy of rage, would rip the air with uncouth, fluent curses, and the stubborn beasts would meekly take the ford or cease their aimless wandering and quicken their pace along the trail.

I had been working for two dollars and a half a day, the highest wages I had ever received; I soon got Price's animals and gun and camping outfit from the pawnshop, and, on the morning of November 20th, we set out together to cross some five or six hundred miles of the frontier from Créede to central Arizona.

Ours was rather a typical prospecting outfit, I thought, for Price had an old, gaunt Indian pony which he rode, and our blankets and cooking utensils and provisions were made fast (with the diamond hitch) to packing saddles on the backs of two burros, one of which was called California and the other, Beecher. I was free to ride, when I chose, another burro, an uncommonly big one, which Price called Sacramento; but I generally preferred to walk, for the pace was slow, and, besides the three which I have named, there were two little burros, California's foals, and punching five, I soon found, was best accomplished on foot.

We camped that night far up among the

head waters of the Rio Grande, and next day with much difficulty we began the toilsome journey of the Winnemonche Pass. It was hard work crossing the "divide." For many miles the trail lay through nearly three feet of snow. There was no driving the animals ahead; we were obliged to take turns in breaking a way ourselves, and then leading the animals through. Very soon we were drenched with sweat and with the snow that melted in the heat of our bodies, and all the while we were assailed by mountain winds which seemed to cut to the marrow in one's bones. But we always found a sheltered place in which to camp, where wood and water were plenty, and where, after a good supper, we slept gloriously, huddled close together on our bed of canvas and gunny sacks, our blankets drawn up snugly over our heads.

With what a sense of keen relief did we begin the descent and pass swiftly into warmer regions, where the snow became thinner and gradually disappeared, and the sun warmed us with mild rays, and we came upon a settler's cabin here and there and had speech once more with our fellow-men!

Price had promised me Indian summer when once we should get so far on our way as Durango, and most amply was his promise fulfilled, for we passed through the town on a day when the sun shone from clear, cloudless blue, and the horizon was a *sierra* in sharp lines, and the twigs of distant trees stood clean-cut against the sky, and the withering, dusty earth reflected the glory of the sun, and the cool, buoyant air seemed almost vocal of a solemn ecstasy.

We camped that night in a wilderness region to the south of Durango, where we could see the smoke rising from encampments of Ute Indians, many of whom we met on the next day's march with droves of fine Indian ponies, which they were raising for the market. Our course was southward now across the San Juan River and through a section of the Navajo reservation in northern New Mexico.

The trail led us then through a dreary desert, where at times it was with great difficulty that we got fodder for our burros and wood enough to cook our meals and water enough to drink. After days of such marching and camping, there

was immense delight in coming eventually to some cedar grove, where living water flowed and grass grew thick and we could build a huge camp-fire at night of well-seasoned cedar boughs.

The only sign of habitation that we saw for days together was an occasional trader's post, about which we usually found a considerable company of Navajos. Price could speak their language, and the young braves occasionally passed us on the march. Now and then one joined us in camp, shared a meal with us, and, after a long talk with Price, rolled himself in his blanket and slept beside our fire.

At last we came out upon the Santa Fé Railway, not far from Fort Wingate, and followed the line to Gallup, where, in a grove on the hill above the village, we went into camp for the night. As a matter of fact we remained there nearly a week. Quite buried under a soft, wet snow we awoke on the first morning to find ourselves lying in melting slush, and the trail so obstructed that we could not get on. Then a bitter cold set in, and, in a region where I imagined the whole winter like a balmy spring, the thermometer sank to ten and twelve degrees below zero every night until we had nearly perished from the cold.

But the wave passed over us at last, and on December 10th we set out again, really none the worse, for the touch of Arctic weather. Following the line of the Santa Fé Railway we crossed into Arizona, and, from a point due north of it, we cut down to the Petrified Forest and on down to a Mormon settlement called Woodruff on the Little Colorado River. It was two days' march thence to another Mormon settlement, Heber by name, among the Mogollon Mountains.

All this time Indian summer had utterly failed us, and had been succeeded by a season of lowering days wherein light snowfalls were frequent. Price hated snow as he hated nothing else in nature. It got upon his nerves and drove him to a species of madness. Frequently in the course of the journey from Gallup to Heber snow fell at night. Price was usually the first to stir in the morning. We had knowledge of a snow-fall in the added weight upon us when we woke, and it was something memorable to see Price throw back the blankets and the heavy tarpaulin which were

drawn over our heads, and lift himself on his elbow in the gray dawn, and gaze about with fierce anger in his black eyes upon a pure, white, flawless world, with soft snow clinging to every twig in the still morning air, and delicate crystal prisms beginning to form in the warmth of the coming sun, and hear him growl, in deep disgust,

"This is hell!"

But Heber marked nearly the last stage of that phase of our journey. We spent Sunday, the 18th December, there with an old Mormon elder and his son; worked for them on Monday for our keep and then renewed the march on Tuesday morning. It was a long, hard day's pull up the northern side of the mountain to the "rim-rock," in deep snow through a vast primeval forest of spruce and pine. Then a wonderful thing happened, for we made a sharp descent on the south side and, in the space of a little more than a day, reached a country where there was no snow, and the sun shone warm, and the cotton-wood was in full bloom along the water-courses, and the cedar and live oak stood green against the winter brown of the grass-grown hills.

We had Indian summer once more, and the softest, balmiest Indian summer has accompanied us thence all the way to Phoenix. We had hardships to endure, for the way was long and our provisions sometimes ran out. Once we lost our way for a time in a maze of "box cañons" and had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, until, late on Christmas afternoon, we came out upon the ranch of a Virginian settler, whom Price knew well, and whose wife gave us a royal dinner of "hog and hominy," which I have heard lightly spoken of as a dish, but which I shall always remember as a most satisfying delicacy.

On we went then over the mountains to the Tonto Basin and through the Reno Pass to the Verde River. We were encamped there over Sunday on January 1st in the former reservation of the now deserted Fort McDowell, and early on Monday morning we started for Phoenix. By a forced march of thirty miles we entered the city at ten o'clock the same evening and had a huge supper in a Chinese restaurant; then, while our animals were eating their fill of fresh alfalfa in a corral

attached to a livery-stable, we slept deeply near by on a heap of hay, glad to have reached the end of our six weeks' march across the narrowing frontier.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
February 1, 1893.

Not the most interesting nor profitable and certainly not the most adventurous of the many miles which I have walked in a slow progress across the continent has been this last stage of the journey up through California. And yet the remembrance of it will always have a place apart. Work was plenty, but I made no long stops, pressed on at the rate of thirty miles a day, impelled by the delight of walking in so glorious an air through the marvelous beauty of this Pacific slope.

Fresh from the dusty plains I was soon in the midst of the orange groves heavily laden with ripe fruit all about Colton and Riverside, where the hills were terraced as in the Riviera and the sky was the deep, unfathomable blue of Italy. It was January, and the first, fresh green of the new year was upon the fields and had touched with infinite delicacy the rugged sides of the mountains whose summits flashed white in places from melting snow. The early mornings were frosty, but midday warmed to a gentle glow, and the cool of the evening came with the declining sun.

Many a time, on the plains or in the mountains, in the presence of some Mexican Pueblo of adobe huts in a strangely foreign setting of cedar-trees, with threads of water apparently flowing up hill along the irrigation ditches to scant fields reclaimed from the desert, it had been difficult to realize that one was still in America. Here again was strongest suggestion of the foreign, in the houses which survive from the Spanish period, and especially the old Mission churches, where dwells the dignity of age and one can pass completely into the very atmosphere of Spain.

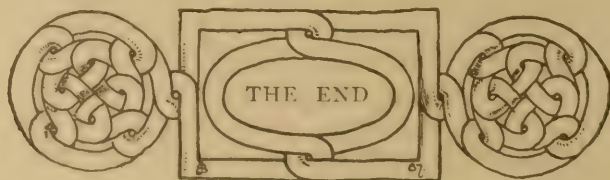
It was on the third day's march, I think, from Los Angeles that I found myself nearing San Buenaventura. It was late in the afternoon, and the road ahead was an easy upward slope for several miles. Just at sunset I reached the summit. The town of San Buenaventura lay below me, with its long main street curving through

rows of houses of widely various kind, and the Mission church standing on an elevation to the left, with its stucco walls bathed in sunset light, making a strange contrast with the modern town. And beyond, with the sun's red disc a half circle on the horizon line, lay the peaceful sea, with a tongue of living flame across it turning to black coals the islands in its wake. In a moment the sun was gone, the shadow of the evening was upon the ocean, and over the town had fallen the transfiguration light which rests after sunset in spring-time upon Naples.

Three thousand miles away, and a year and a half in point of time for me, was Long Island Sound. I recalled the last glimpse of it as I looked back from Greenfield Hill in the early morning of my start, and saw it radiant in the sunshine of a midsummer day. And here again, after many months and many leagues of land journey, was the sea. *Θάλαττα! Θάλαττα!* I called aloud, for there was no one near enough to hear.

It was a rare moment, worth living-for, that first unexpected glimpse of the Pacific. But strangely enough the feeling which it bred was no harbinger of an eager willingness to end my long experiment. Many a time when work was hard, and far more ardently when there was no work and the physical conditions of life seemed well-nigh unendurable, had I looked with longing to a return to normal living. And yet, as I neared my journey's end I found possessing me a strange indifference to the idea of return. I do not attempt to analyze the feeling, I simply note it as a fact; but in some degree I recognize in it a vague unwillingness to have done with a phase of experience which for me has opened avenues of useful knowledge. Among them

all there rises clearest at this moment the way of added knowledge of my country. I may have travelled it to little purpose, but I am conscious at least of a new-born sense of things which comes of actual contact with the soil and with the primal struggle for existence among men. One stands awestruck before the vastness of our great domain and its quick redemption from the wilderness. But most of all it is contact with the people which breeds in one the strongest patriotic feeling. Local conditions and the presence of large numbers of yet unassimilated foreign elements and rapid changes in economic relations and native weaknesses and vagaries are responsible for awful sores upon the body politic, while the power of aggregated wealth grows apace, and fierce antagonisms and sectional differences arise. Yet beneath the troubled surface of events one comes to know of the great body of a nation whose unity has been purchased and made sure by such a cost of blood and treasure as was never poured out upon the altar of a nation's life before, and one sees a people intelligent, resourceful, and hugely vital, having much to learn and surely learning much, assimilating foreign elements with miraculous swiftness and growing stronger thereby, living laborious days wherein the rewards are to thrift and energy and enterprising skill, knowing no defeat and unacquainted with the sense of fear, and awakening year by year to a fuller consciousness of national life and of the glorious mission of high destiny. And with increasing knowledge the love of country grows until all thought of worth in her is merged and lost in reverence, and love of her becomes a summons to live worthy of the name and calling of an American.

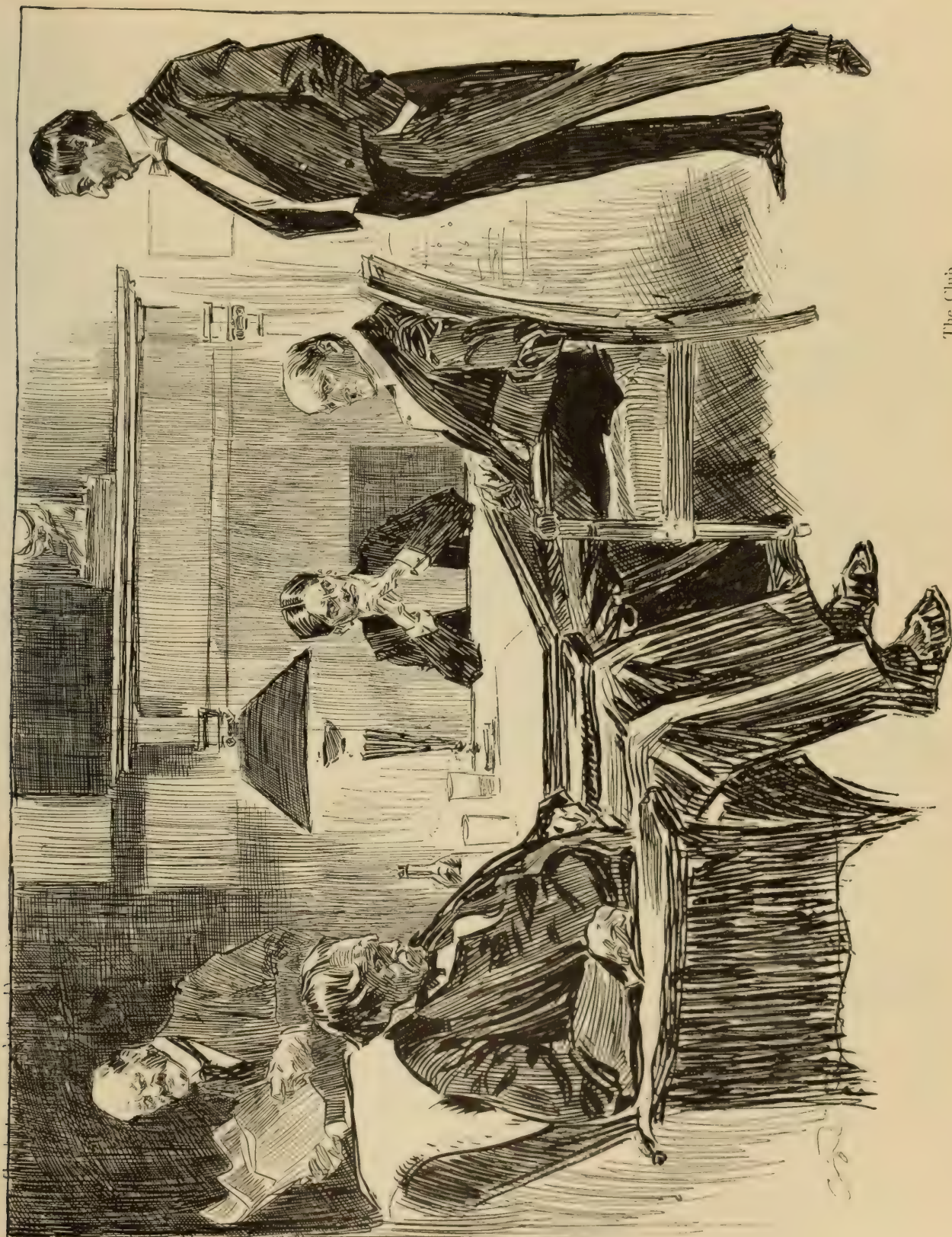


A NEW YORK DAY
BY C.D. GIBSON
"NIGHT"

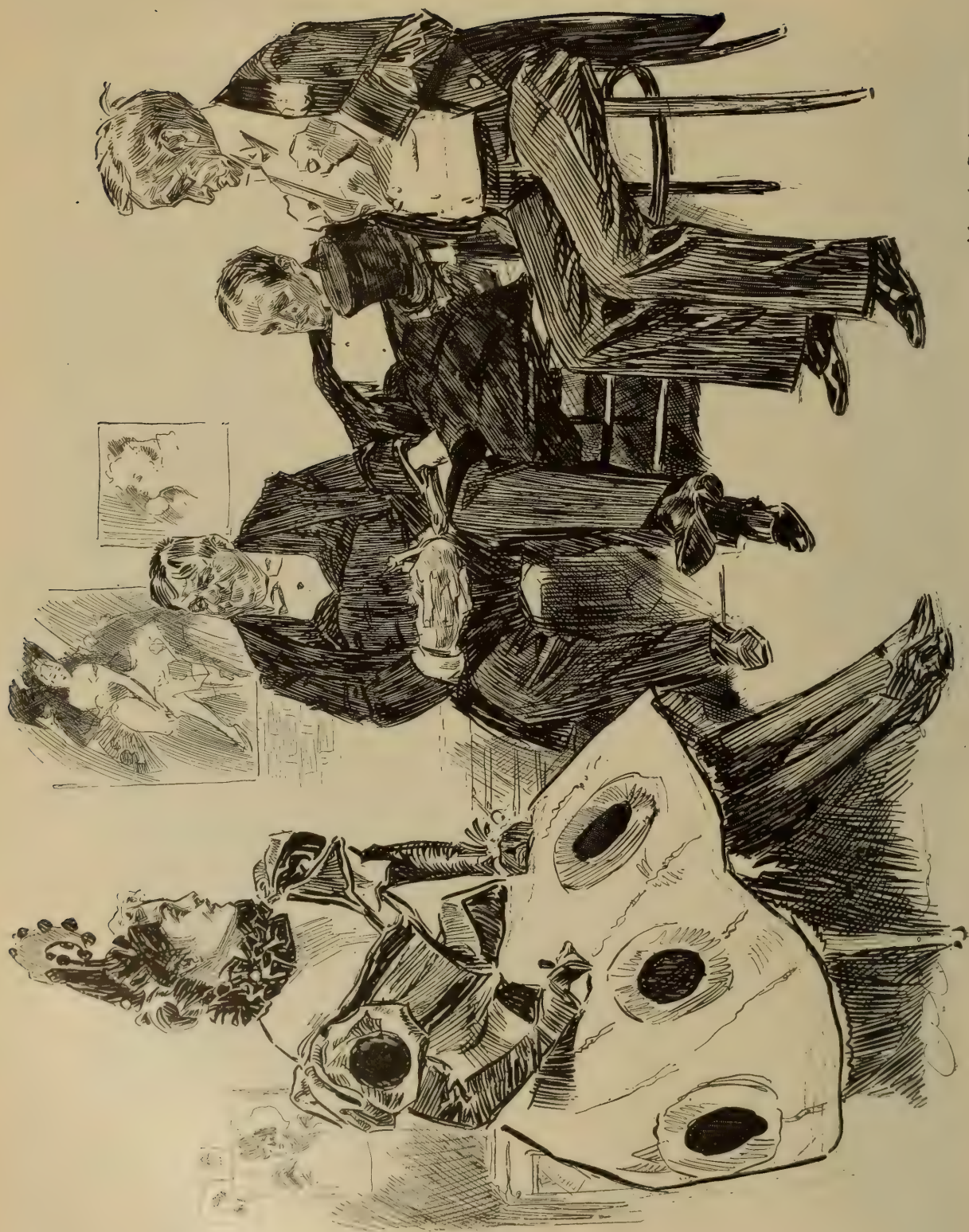




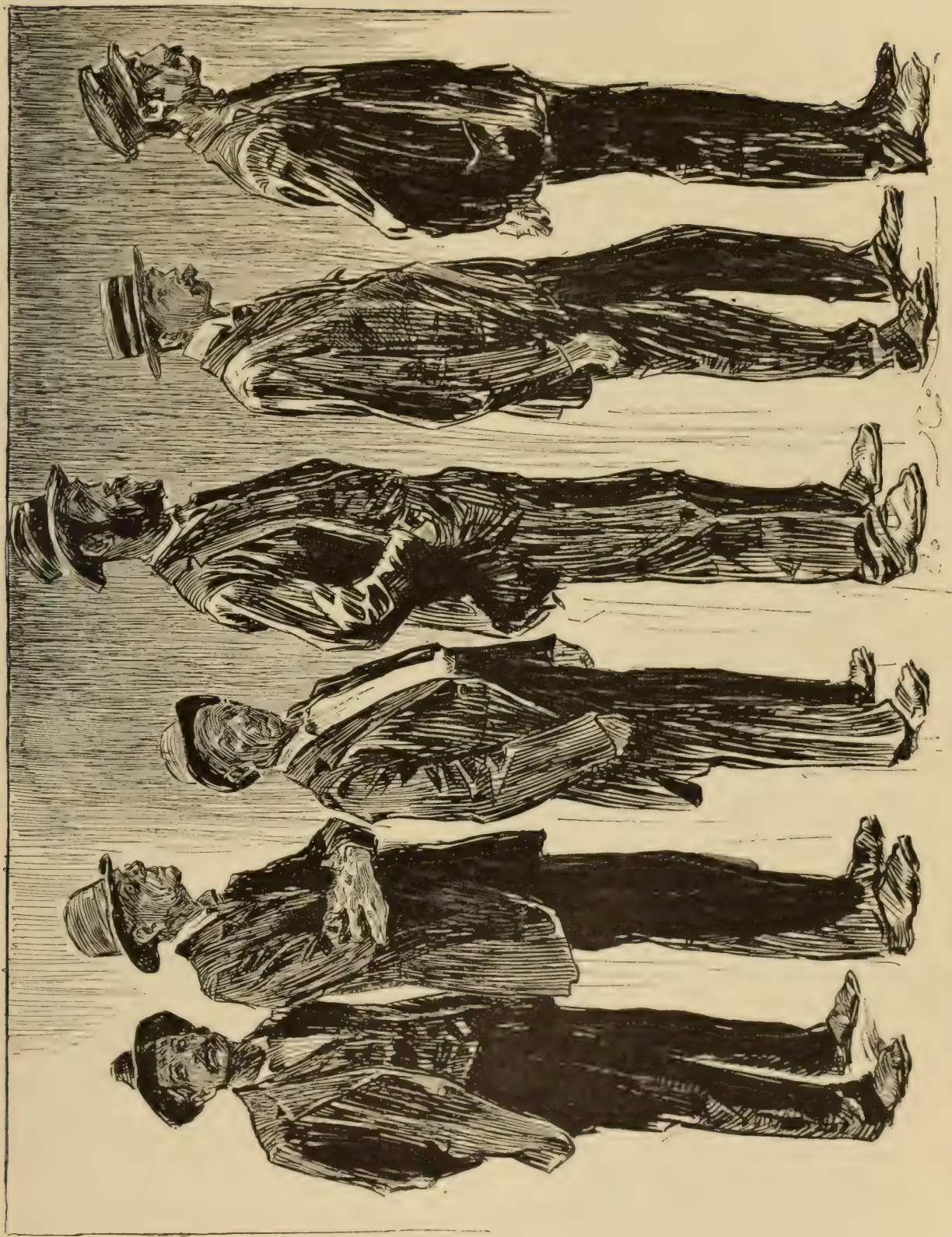
The Musician.



The Club.



After the Performance.



Outside Fleischmann's Bakery, Broadway—Waiting for Bread

RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XLI

LEECH no sooner found himself free and surrounded by a power strong enough to protect him than he forgot the oaths he had sworn so volubly to Andy Stamper that night when he stood in the darkness.

In a little while the prisoners were all indicted, and an early time was set for their trial. Dr. Cary was among them.

In this state of the case, it occurred to the Doctor that the time had come when he could no longer with propriety refrain from availing himself of the offer of his old friend, Senator Rockfield, and of applying to him for assistance. It was no longer a private matter. It was not himself alone that was concerned, but his nearest friends and neighbors.

So Dr. Cary wrote a letter to his old college mate, setting forth the situation in which he found himself and his friends, and asked that, if in his power, the Senator would help him.

He told him that unless some action were taken promptly he saw no escape, and that he seemed doomed to a felon's cell. He told his friend that while he had been present for a little while with the mob that broke into the jail, he had been so for the purpose of trying to dissuade them from any act of lawlessness, and the part he had taken could be proved by a hundred witnesses; but that all those who had been arrested were indicted with him, which would prevent their testifying for him, and if any others were to come forward to testify they would simply subject themselves to immediate arrest.

"I can give you no idea," he wrote, "of the condition of affairs here, and shall offer no proof except my word. Unless you and I have changed since we knew

each other man to man, in that old time so long ago, no other proof will be necessary, and if I should attempt to give you a true picture I should strain your credulity.

"If you wish to know the whole state of the case, I would ask you to come down and see for yourself.

"Lying in jail as I am, with the penitentiary staring me in the face, I should not, perhaps, sign myself as I do; yet when I call to mind the long line of men of virtue who have suffered the same fate, and reflect on my own consciousness of integrity, I believe you would not have me subscribe myself otherwise than as

"Your old friend, John Cary."

This letter reached Senator Rockfield at an auspicious time one evening after dinner, when the Senator was resting quietly at home, enjoying a good cigar, and when his heart was mellow. It happened that a number of measures of a very radical character had been lately proposed, and the Senator had gone somewhat deeply into the subject, with the result of discovering an appalling state of affairs in the section from which this letter came. Moreover, Captain Middleton, who happened to be a visitor at the Senator's house at the time, had added some details to those related that moved the Senator deeply.

The Senator read the letter all through twice and then lay back in his big chair and thought profoundly. The letter dropped from his hand to the floor and his cigar went out. His wife watched him anxiously. Suddenly he rose to his feet.

"He was the first gentleman of our class," he said.

He went out.

A half hour later, Senator Rockfield was admitted to the study or private office of the Secretary who had the direction of all

matters relating to the section we have been discussing, and who controlled everything which related to it.

It was a proof of the Senator's influence that he was admitted to see him at home. And at the instant he entered, the Secretary was busy writing a momentous document. As the Senator came in, however, the Secretary shot a swift, keen glance at him, and his face lit up.

"Ah, Senator. Glad to see you," he said, with a smile which he could make gracious; "I was just thinking of you. I hope I may consider your visit a token of peace—that you recognize the wisdom of our position." He motioned him to a seat.

"Far from it," said the Senator, grimly. Without noticing the chair, he took the letter from his pocket, and opening it laid it on the table. "Read that."

The Secretary's face clouded. He took up the letter and glanced at it.

"Well, what of this?" he asked, coldly.

The Senator's face flushed.

"Just this. That I say this thing has got to stop, by G—d!" He towered above the Secretary and looked him full in the eyes. He did not often show feeling. When he did he was impressive. A change passed over the other's face.

"And if it doesn't?"

"I shall rise in my seat to-morrow morning and denounce the whole Administration. I shall turn the whole influence of my paper against you, and shall fight you to the end."

"Oh, you won't be so foolish," sneered the Secretary.

"I will not? Wait and see." He leant over and took up the paper.

"I bid you good-evening." He put on his hat and turned to the door. Before he reached it, however, the other had reflected.

"Wait. Don't be so hasty."

The Senator paused and half turned back. The Secretary had risen and was following him.

"My dear Senator, let me reason with you. I think if you give me ten minutes I can show you the folly——"

Senator Rockfield stiffened.

"Good-evening, Mr. Secretary." He turned back to the door.

"Hold on, Senator, I beg of you," said

the Secretary. The Senator turned, this time impatiently.

"What guarantee have I that this letter is true?" asked the other, temporizing.

"My word. I was at college with the writer of that letter. He was my dearest friend."

"Oh! Of course, if you know yourself that those facts are correct. Why did you not say so before? Take a seat while I read the paper over again."

The Senator seated himself without a word while the Secretary read the letter a second time. Presently Senator Rockfield leant over and relit the cigar he had let go out an hour before, and which he had carried all this time without being aware of it. He knew he had won his game.

When the Secretary was through, he laid the letter down and, drawing a sheet of paper to him, began to write.

"When do you want the order issued?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Immediately. I am going South to-night."

"It will not be necessary. I will issue an order at once that the prisoners be admitted to bail. In fact, I had intended to do so in a few days anyhow." The Senator looked politely acquiescent.

The two men parted ceremoniously, and the Senator, after stopping by the office and sending a telegram South, returned to his home.

As he entered he found his wife anxiously awaiting him.

"I won," he said, and she threw herself into his arms.

The effect of this interview was immediately felt in the old county, and after a little Dr. Cary and the other prisoners confined with him were admitted to bail, and eventually the prosecutions were dismissed. But this was not until after the events about to be recorded.

CHAPTER XLII

THE effect of Leech's return to power was soon visible, and the gloom in the old county was never so deep as it became now. It appeared as if a complete overthrow had come at last.

Popular opinion veered suddenly, and whereas but a little while before all mouths



Drawn by B. West Canadinst.

"And there, in the little parlor, Steve and Ruth were married."—Page 592.

were full of wonder at Steve Allen's daring *coup*, now, that it had failed, many were inclined to blame him.

Steve was deeply offended by some of the things said about his act by certain members of the secret society, and he met them with fierce denunciation of the whole order. It was, he said, no longer the old organization that had acted for the public good and with a high purpose. This was a cowardly body of cutthroats, who rode about the country under cover of darkness, perpetrating all sorts of outrages and villainies for purposes of private vengeance. And he defied the whole gang. In this attitude he had many friends on his side. Yet even these were forced to admit that his carrying Leech off, as it turned out, was unfortunate. Steve even thought at times of leaving the State and going West.

But this idea passed away in the stress of the present crisis. He would not leave the State in the hour of her darkness.

In this contingency he took a step which no one had contemplated.

Ever since the escape of Leech, Steve had in a measure been a sort of refugee. Not that he was in actual hiding, for he went boldly about the upper part of the county; but he had to observe a certain prudence as to his movements: to absent himself from the county-seat, and was obliged to be constantly on the watch.

He had not seen Ruth Welch since the general arrest of his friends; but he had heard that her father openly reprobated the act, and that she had visited Mrs. Cary and Blair, and had expressed the greatest indignation about the outrage. He also knew, however, that Major Welch had warmly deplored the kidnapping of Leech, and had done all he could to aid in the discovery of the perpetrators of this act.

Another cause of anxiety began to make itself apparent to Captain Allen about the same time. He knew that Captain Aurelius Thurston had long been an ardent if a somewhat intermittent suitor of Miss Welch.

Captain Thurston, as has been seen, shortly after his arrival, went back to his old flame, Miss Elizabeth Dockett, and was soon as deeply immersed in that affair as he had ever been with Miss Welch. As

Miss Elizabeth, however, treated him with unexampled rigor, and Mrs. Dockett never for an instant permitted him to forget that he was occupying the position of a tyrant, the Captain found himself obliged to seek at times the aid of a friendly ally, and turned to Miss Welch for consolation, who cheerfully rendered him in another's behalf all the service she had declined in her own. Thus the little Captain was much more welcome at the Welch's home than he had ever been before. His duties at the court-house, as commandant of the county, were sufficient to account for all the time he spent there, including whatever hours he passed up at the old Dockett place among the trees and lilacs, while his presence at the Welch's could only be attributed to one cause. So everyone declared and Captain Allen believed.

Matters were in this condition when the news came that the next week had been set as the time for the trial of the Red Rock prisoners. Judge Bail had already arrived, the jury had been selected, and the witnesses were being summoned.

Captain Allen received the announcement of this one morning. That evening he rode down to the court-house, and, tying his horse, walked across to Captain Thurston's camp. He knocked at the door of the office in which was the Captain's headquarters, and on being bid to enter opened the door.

Thurston sprang to his feet as Steve entered, and stared at him in blank amazement.

"Good-evening, Captain Thurston." Having shaken hands, Steve flung himself into a seat.

"Give me a cigar. I have come to have a talk with you," he said, lightly.

Thurston handed him a cigar and lit one himself, his face perplexed and a little troubled. Steve saw his perplexity and smiled.

"I have come to see what terms I can make through you, Captain, before I give myself up."

"Wait. I am not authorized to make any terms. I must notify you——" Thurston was beginning very seriously. But Steve interrupted him.

"I did not say with you, but *through* you. I would not place you in such an embarrassing position. I suppose you would

not mind seeing what terms you could make with your friend, Colonel Leech?"

Thurston flushed.

"He is no friend of mine," he said, hotly.

"Oh, I thought you had made up," said Steve, maliciously. "Well, he will be if you give me up to him. But I thought you might make a little better terms for me than I could myself, as he seems to prefer the city to the county just now, and I fear a communication from me would not meet with the consideration at his hands that the closeness of our intimacy a short time since should secure for it."

"What in the d——l are you driving at, Allen?" asked Thurston. "You know what I think of Leech and how he regards me. But that does not alter the fact that I am sent here to catch—ah—to apprehend you; and if I do my duty, I should have you arrested."

"Of course, Captain Thurston, do your duty," said Steve, coolly, his face hardening a little and his upper lip curling slightly.

"No, no, Allen; I did not mean it that way. I am only trying to get at what you want. I am a little mystified."

His evident friendliness soothed Steve's ruffled feelings.

"I want to see whether I would not be accepted as a propitiatory offering in place of my friends—of others who have done nothing and deserve no punishment. I am the head and front of the whole business. I am responsible for all they are charged with, and they are not. And I want to get them released, and give myself up in their place."

Thurston looked deeply troubled.

"I do not want to arrest you. I must say that you are the last person in the world I wanted to see. But if you stay here I must arrest you. If, however, you came here with any idea that I would—I mean, that I could make terms with you, I do not wish to take advantage of your mistake. There is a door. You can walk out of it while I go and call the sergeant of the guard."

Steve shook his head.

"No, no; I am going to give myself up. It is the only thing I can do to help them. Perhaps if these scoundrels get me they may let the others off. I am the one they

are after. But I want you to help me. You are a gentleman."

Thurston looked at him a moment, and then reached out his hand.

"Allen, I promise you I will do all I can."

The two men shook hands across the table, and Steve, settling himself comfortably, gave Thurston an account of all that had taken place between himself and Leech the night of his capture, and between himself and the band of Ku Klux the night they had come to take Leech from the place where he had confined him. He had known of the plan to rescue Leech and had connived at it to save Leech from the Ku Klux.

"But why did you carry him off?" asked Thurston. "I can understand all the rest; but I do not see how a man of your sense could have supposed that you could accomplish anything by such an act."

"It was to gain time, Captain Thurston. You do not know how desperate we are. But for that Dr. John Cary and Jacquelin Gray would be to-day wearing convict suits; Leech had already appointed the time for that. I tided over that crisis."

He went on and gave Thurston an account of all that had taken place in the county under Leech's régime since Thurston had left. It opened the young officer's eyes, and when Steve was through Thurston's face was filled with a new sympathy.

"Allen, I will do all I can for you," he said again. And he did. He wrote to Middleton and his friends.

The news that Steve Allen had surrendered himself caused the greatest commotion, and not only there, but throughout the rest of the State.

When Leech heard that Steve Allen had surrendered himself, he could not at first believe it. But when the report was verified he was wild with joy. He told again and again, with many new embellishments, the story of his own seizure and incarceration, and the horrors of the midnight meeting, when in his hearing he was tried and condemned to death without a trial. (In his later relations there was an intimation of threats of torture having been used, and no mention of the mode of his escape.)

He had visited the national capital, and he redoubled his energies in pushing the prosecutions of the Red Rock prisoners. His fortunes were more promising than ever. His ambition had taken a higher leap, and he felt that now no power could keep him from the attainment of his wishes. His name had been mentioned in the United States Senate, and someone asked, "Who is Colonel Leech?"

"I will tell you who he is," said the Senator who was quoting him. "He is a man who in a short time will be your compeer on the floor of this body."

This retort was unction to Leech's soul.

Meantime the same state of affairs that gave Leech so much hope was destroying the last hope of the people of the old county. A black pall seemed to have covered them. The local press raved in impotent rage, and declared that open war would be better than that to which they were subjected.

Just at this juncture the order which Senator Rockfield had secured from the authorities had come down, and the prisoners were released on bail. The order, however, was issued before Captain Allen surrendered himself, and did not include his name or apply to him. So when Dr. Cary, General Legaie, Jacquelin Gray, Andy Stamper, and the other residents of Red Rock were released, Captain Allen was still held, and bail was refused in his case. This, at least, was some consolation to Leech.

The discharge of the other Red Rock prisoners inspired Leech to hurry up the prosecution of Captain Allen. If he could get Allen shut up within the walls of a Government prison for a term of years, he would be free to carry out his schemes, and of this he had no doubt. Bail was the judge who was to try the prisoner, and the witnesses were being gotten together. As his plans developed, Leech's ideas enlarged. He did not want to prosecute Steve for a minor offence. He wished to put him entirely out of the way. A long term only would now satisfy him. The offences with which Steve was charged were not grave enough, the penalties not heavy enough. The attack on the jail when Rupert was rescued had been thrown into the background by the more recent outrages committed by the Ku Klux.

Leech determined to drop the prosecution for the attack on the jail, and to prosecute Steve Allen for the Ku Klux outrages, as to which the Government was more particularly interested. The difficulty was to establish Allen's connection with the Ku Klux. Leech knew that Steve had left them, if he had ever belonged to their organization. So he was somewhat at a loss to prove his connection with them as an active member. Accident, however, suddenly threw in his way the means to accomplish his wish, and to punish two enemies at once.

Leech had been in the upper end of the county looking after witnesses, when he met Miss Welch. She gave him a cold bow and was passing on, but he stopped her with an inquiry after her father.

"He is very well," said the girl, coldly.

"I suppose he, like all loyal men, is rejoicing over the capture at last of the head of all the trouble that has been going on down here?" Leech's face wore a soft smile.

"I was not aware that he was captured. I thought he surrendered." Ruth's color deepened in spite of herself.

"Well, we have him safe at last, anyhow," smiled Leech, "and I think we'll keep him. It puts an end to the outrages down here, and your father, of all men, should rejoice. He is too good a citizen not to."

"My father is too good a man to rejoice in anyone's misfortune," said Ruth, warmly; "and Captain Allen has had nothing to do with the outrages you refer to. He never had anything to do with the Ku Klux—except once or twice. I have his own word for it."

Leech's eyes were resting on her face. "Ah! You have it on good authority." His tone was most polite, but Ruth fired up.

"I have. Captain Allen is a gentleman, and when he says that he never has had anything to do with the Ku Klux since the first or second time they acted in this county, I am sure it is so. What he has done since then he did alone." She could not resist this shot.

Leech did not appear to mind it. His mild eyes were glowing with a sudden light, almost of joy.

"No doubt, no doubt," he murmured; and, as Ruth was moving on:

"Please remember me kindly to your father and mother."

As she rode away, Leech actually slapped his thigh, and he smiled all the way home.

CHAPTER XLIII

RUTH had heard of Captain Allen's surrender the day after it took place. Mrs. Stamper, passing through from the railway on her way home from a visit to her husband in jail, had stopped and told her all about it. She was in great excitement over it.

When Mrs. Stamper had passed on, Ruth was on her way to her own room when she met her mother.

"What on earth is it, Ruth?"

"Oh, mamma!" Ruth began; but she was unable to finish and burst into tears. Mrs. Welch drew her into her chamber; and in there Ruth opened her heart to her.

"I know I ought to hate him, mamma," she wept; "but I do not. I have tried to hate him, and prayed—yes, prayed to hate him; but I like him better than any man I ever met or ever shall meet; and even when I cut him on the road I liked him. I hate myself; I am humiliated to think that I should care for a man who has never said he loved me."

"But he has said so, Ruth."

"What?" Her eyes opened wide with a vague awaking something.

"He has been to see your father, and has asked his consent to pay you his addresses."

Ruth sprang to her feet as if electrified.

"Mamma!" The blood rushed to her face and back again. She seized her mother and poured out question after question. Her whole person seemed to change. She looked like a different being. Mrs. Welch could not help enjoying her joy. For once she let herself go, and gave herself up to the delight of thorough and complete sympathy with her daughter. She told her everything that had occurred, and Ruth in return told her mother all that she knew and thought of Steve.

Just then Major Welch opened the door. He stopped and looked in on the scene in wonderment. Ruth rose and flung herself into his arms.

In the conference that ensued, Ruth, however, found ground for more distress. Her father had heard the whole story of Captain Allen's surrender of himself. He had gotten it from Thurston. He did not believe Steve's action would be effectual to obtain the release of his friends, and Allen had put himself in the power of those who would move heaven and earth to secure his conviction. The dispatches that had come from the city clearly indicated this.

Under the new revelation that Major Welch had received, his interest in Captain Allen had naturally increased. His only hope was, that proof as to Captain Allen's case might not be easy. It was at recent acts that the new laws under which the prosecutions were being pressed aimed, and it might not be possible to prove Captain Allen's participation in them.

His carrying Leech off could be proved, of course; but while Leech would naturally press the prosecution for this, since Leech had been released, the Government might not now take it so seriously.

As her father discussed Captain Allen's chances earnestly, Ruth sat and listened with bated breath, her eyes, wide with anxiety, fastened on his face, her hands tightly clasped, her color coming and going as hope and fear alternated. She had not spoken of her brief interview with Leech, and did not now attach any importance to it.

One afternoon, a few days later, an official rode up to the door and served a summons on Ruth to appear as a witness for the prosecution in the case of the Government against Stevenson Allen. With this notice he brought also a letter to Major Welch from Leech, who wrote the Major that for reasons of importance to the Government he had found it necessary to request his daughter's attendance at the trial. She was the only one, he said, who could prove certain facts material to the case for the Government.

As Major Welch read the letter his countenance fell. He saw at once that Ruth's knowledge of Captain Allen's part in the acts of the Ku Klux organization filled out Leech's case, and that Captain

Allen was in graver danger than he had apprehended.

The next day it was known in the county that Ruth had been summoned by Leech, and that the object of the summons was to have her prove Captain Allen's confession of his part in the acts of the Ku Klux. The excitement in the community was intense, and the feeling against the Welches was stronger than it had ever been, stronger even than before the trial of Jacquelin's case. It was said by some that Major Welch and his daughter had trapped Steve and were taking their revenge for his part in Jacquelin's suit. The neighbors they met on the road scowled at them as they passed. Even old Waverley, whom Ruth met one afternoon, was short in his replies to her inquiries. She asked after Miss Thomasia.

"I don't think she'll last long," said the old servant, significantly, and passed on.

Ruth had not heard she was ill. Ruth had always felt that Miss Thomasia and she had one thing in common. Ruth turned her horse and rode slowly back to the little cottage amid the vines. An air of oppressive stillness surrounded the place. For a few moments she thought of drawing back and going home. Then her courage returned. She sprang from her horse, and, tying him, walked up to the door and knocked. It was answered by old Peggy. She looked at Ruth so suspiciously that it went to the girl's heart. She did not know whether Ruth could see Miss Thomasia or not—she thought not. Ruth persisted, however. She took her seat quietly on the little veranda. The old woman looked puzzled and disappeared. Presently she returned and said Miss Thomasia would see her. Ruth went in. Miss Thomasia was sitting in a little rocking-chair. Ruth was astounded to see the difference since she saw her last. She looked years older. She received Ruth civilly but coldly and let her do the talking. Ruth kept well away from the one subject that was uppermost in both their minds. Presently Ruth could stand it no longer. She rose to go and bade her "Good-by."

"Good-by, my dear," said Miss Thomasia. They were the words with which she always said her adieus. Her voice was feeble and she spoke very low. There was

something in her tone, something of resignation and forgiveness, that went to Ruth's heart, and as she turned away a deep sigh caught her ear. She turned back; the old lady's thin hands were tightly clasped, her eyes were shut, and her lips were trembling. The next moment Ruth was down on her knees beside her, her head buried in her lap, pouring out her story.

"I must tell you," she sobbed. "I came to tell you and I cannot go away and not tell you. I know you love him, and I know you hate me—they all hate me and think I am hard and cruel. But I am not, and neither is my father."

She went on, and as she told her story, the old lady's hands came and rested on her head and lifted her up, and the two women wept together.

CHAPTER XLIV

MIDDLETON happened to be present in the gallery during the debate in which a Senator had asked, "Who is this man Leech?" and another had replied, "He is a man who will soon be your compeer on this floor." The speech had astounded Middleton. Could it be possible that Dr. Cary and Jacquelin Gray and General Legaie were in jail, and that Leech was about to become a Senator! It seemed incredible to him. It was that night that he had the conversation with Senator Rockfield about Dr. Cary.

A letter he got from Major Welch and Reely Thurston finally determined him to go South and see for himself, and he went.

His arrival at Brutusville was regarded differently by different people. The Welches were delighted to see him, and so was Reely Thurston. Leech met him with a show of much cordiality; extended his hand and greeted him with warmth. Middleton, however, could not for his life refrain from having his old feeling of repulsion. He was conscious of a change in Leech. Instead of the former half-apologetic manner that was almost obsequious, Leech now was bold and assertive.

The day after Middleton arrived, he met Moses, the trick-doctor, face to face.

After the arrival of the troops Moses had

returned, and had been much about the court-house and Leech.

He advanced to meet Middleton, his hat in his hand, grinning and showing his repulsive teeth and gums. It was almost a shock to Middleton to meet him.

"How's Mass Middleton—my young master? Glad to see you back, suh. Does you 'member Moses—ole Moses?"

"Yes, I remember you," said Middleton, almost grimly. The negro burst out into a loud guffaw.

"Yas, suh. I knows you 'members *him*. Yaw-yaw-yaw-ee. Done lay de whup on Mose' back too good not to 'member him. Yaw-yaw-yaw-ee. Dat wuz right. Now you gwine gi' me a quarter for dat." He held out his hand, his eyes oscillating in his peculiar way.

Middleton pitched a dollar into his hand and walked on hastily, followed by the thanks and protestations of gratitude of the negro. He did not see the look that Moses shot after him out of his small eyes as he followed him at a distance, till he went into Mrs. Dockett's. The trick-doctor, as he turned back, muttered, "Yas, done lay the whup 'pon Moses's back. Dollar don' pay for dat. Ain' Cap'n Middleton now—jes Marse Middleton. Ump!" He disappeared with his uneven gait around the rear of Leech's law-office.

Most of Middleton's other friends received him with even greater cordiality than he had expected. Mrs. Dockett invited him to come and occupy his old quarters, and made him understand distinctly that it was to be as her guest. She did not board any Yankees now—except Captain Thurston, of course. She had to take the Captain in for old times' sake; she could not let him be starved or poisoned at that hole of a hotel.

Middleton laughed as he thanked her. He knew which way the wind was setting with Thurston. He was staying with his cousins, he said. But he hoped Mrs. Dockett would be good enough to let him come to dinner sometimes and eat some of her fried chicken, which was the very best in all the world, as he knew by experience. Mrs. Dockett declared that he was flattering her; but this Middleton stoutly repudiated. He had said so in every country he had visited, and there was no reason why he should not say so now. In fact,

he so flattered Mrs. Dockett that the good lady declared at the table that evening, looking hard at Captain Thurston, that he was quite a model, now that he no longer wore that horrid blue coat but dressed like a *gentleman*.

"By Jove, Larry," said Thurston, "you've been acting on the lessons I gave you. You've captured the brigadier first charge. Keep on and you may capture the whole army, my boy."

"You blackguard!" said Middleton. "You yourself flatter and humbug every woman you meet, so that you think every one else must be playing the same game."

"Have you told the Senator's daughter about the chickens in this country?" drawled Thurston.

For reply, Middleton shied a pillow across at his friend. "Of course I have; and how about you?"

"Oh, I like Mrs. Dockett's chicken, too." To Middleton's surprise, Thurston actually flushed a little.

"Reely!"

Thurston's eyes twinkled, and he grew red.

"Well! And she?"

"Larry, how could any sensible woman resist my charms?" he laughed.

"Are you engaged?"

"Only in a military sense—as yet."

"But she likes you?"

"Larry, she's the most unaccountable creature."

"Of course."

"Such a vagabond as I am. And how charming she can be! She's about six girls in one—one minute one thing, the next another."

"That just suits you. You need just about that many to be in love with."

"She's the only girl in the world I ever was in love with."

Middleton whistled.

"Here! you are not talking to her now, but to me. Have you told Ruth Welch that?"

"She's my confidante."

"She is! That accounts for it," said Middleton.

"She likes Allen," said Thurston, explanatorily.

"Oh!"

"And Miss Cary likes Gray."

"Ah!" After a pause, "Who told you so?"

"I have it from the best authority."

"Miss Cary, or Gray?"

"Miss Elizabeth."

"Oh! excuse me."

A few mornings after Middleton's arrival he was driving to the county-seat, when he met Dr. Cary walking. It had rained the night before, and the road was muddy; but the Doctor was trudging along with his old black saddle-pockets over his shoulder. Middleton pulled up and sprang out and greeted him.

"Has your horse gotten away?" he asked.

The Doctor smiled, half grimly. "Yes, some time ago." The smile died slowly out. "I have no horse now," he said, gravely. "I lost my horse some time ago, and have not been able to get one since." Middleton looked so shocked that he added, "Usually my patients send a horse for me, but sometimes I have those who are no better off than myself." Once more the smile flitted across his worn face.

Middleton asked to be allowed to take him to his destination. The old gentleman at first demurred, but on Middleton's insisting, yielded. He indicated where he was going. How broken he looked! "It was a little warm," he said.

"Why don't you borrow the money to buy a horse?" asked Middleton, presently. "I wish you would let——" The Doctor interrupted him.

"Ah, sir, I have borrowed too much money already. I could never pay now. Steve Allen lent me his horse; but Leech claimed it under some writ. I don't know just what."

When they arrived at the place to which the Doctor was going, it was a negro cabin.

"I have to look after them, sir," said the old fellow, explanatorily. "I don't know what they will do when I am gone."

The deep sincerity in his face took away any suggestion of egotism.

Middleton drove on in deep meditation.

As he drove into the village, he was met by a carriage and pair in which sat Leech and a negro. They were both dressed in long black broadcloth coats, and the negro wore a shiny new beaver.

That very evening Middleton began to

negotiate for a horse that he thought would suit an old man. His plan was to buy the horse, and when he went away ask Dr. Cary to keep it for him and use it.

As he was looking at the horse, Leech came by. He stopped and looked on, a smile on his sallow face.

"If you want a good horse, don't buy that one. I've got a lot on my place, and I'll lend you one."

"Thank you; I prefer to buy," said Middleton, coldly, examining the horse.

"All right, I'll sell you one—cheap. I've got the finest lot you ever saw. Some of the old Cary stock," he added.

"I've no doubt you have," said Middleton, dryly, a frown gathering on his brow.

"You used to be a better judge of a horse than that," laughed Leech.

Middleton straightened up and turned on him so angrily that he stepped back involuntarily. The next instant, however, he recovered himself.

"Find a good many changes since you went away, I guess." His voice was full of insolence, and his face wore a provoking smile. Middleton was trying to control himself.

"Some of your friends sort of gone down the hill—and some in jail." He nodded his head in the direction of the court-green.

"Are you trying to be insolent to me?" asked Middleton, straightening up and taking a step nearer Leech. "If you are, you are making a mistake." His face abashed even Leech, and he changed his tone. He did not mean to offend him; he was only jesting when he called them his friends.

"I don't wish to be jested with," said Middleton, turning away.

As Leech went on he smiled to himself. "Ah, my young man, times are changed," he muttered to himself, softly, "and if you stay here long you'll find it out."

Middleton concluded his purchase, and that evening rode his new horse up to Dr. Cary's. Jacquelin Gray was there. Jacquelin was not glad to see Middleton and he did not pretend to be glad.

Middleton was unusually cordial to him; but this only grated on him. There was a smile in his eyes which Jacquelin, tortur-

ing himself as every fool under like circumstances does, interpreted as a glance of triumph. This was the more biting to him, because Blair was unusually gay that evening. She was excited, and her cheeks, that were sometimes pale, now were flushed, Jacquelin felt, with pleasure at Middleton's presence. She talked mainly to Middleton, to Jacquelin scarcely at all. And at length Jacquelin rose and said he must go.

"Why, aren't you going to stay to tea? I thought you were," Blair asked in genuine surprise. Her color had suddenly vanished and she looked at him with a vague trouble in her eyes.

"Thank you, no," said Jacquelin, shortly. "Good-evening, Captain Middleton." He bowed ceremoniously.

"I hoped to have had the pleasure of riding back with you," said Middleton.

"I am walking," said Jacquelin, grimly. He went out. Blair excused herself hurriedly to Middleton. "Oh, Jacquelin," she called, "will you take this letter for me, and mail it to-morrow morning?"

"Can't I take it?" asked Middleton. "I am going by the office."

"Oh, Jack will take it, thank you."

As she gave him the letter she glanced up in his face inquiringly. But Jacquelin's eyes avoided hers. He took the letter and stalked out. How he hated Middleton! And how he hated himself for doing it.

He strode down the road, full of bitterness, weaving himself a web of fancies that stung him at every step.

At a fork in the road, just on top of a hill some distance before him, he caught for a second the outlines of a man's figure clear against the sky in the cleft between the trees. It moved with a curious dip or limp that reminded him for a moment of Moses, the trick-doctor. The next second it disappeared. When Jacquelin reached the spot, he stopped and listened; but there was nothing but silence. Only a momentary crackle of a piece of bark as an opossum or something moved up a tree deep within the shadows. He could not go home, because he had told his aunt he would stay at Dr. Cary's to tea, and she would want to know why he had not done so. So he wandered on.

When he reached home Miss Thomasia

had retired, and he went silently to his room, cursing his fate and Middleton.

Early next morning, Jacquelin was awakened by voices in the yard. Someone was talking to Miss Thomasia. All Jacquelin heard was that Captain Middleton had been shot the night before, at the fork of the road that led to Dr. Cary's. Jacquelin lay still for a second, quite still, and listened. Could it be a dream? "The body had been found right at the fork by Dr. Cary, as he was going home from seeing Mrs. Stamper, and the Doctor had sent for Mr. Jacquelin."

Jacquelin's heart stopped still. He sprang from bed and threw open a window.

"What's that?" he asked.

Old Gideon repeated the story, with further details.

"Is he dead?"

"Nor, sir, he ain' dead yet; but de Doctor say he ain' got much show. Ef he hadn't happen to git dyah pretty soon after he was shot he'd been dead sho'."

"Thank God!"

Jacquelin had felt like a murderer. The thought of Blair stricken in the moment of her joy came to him like a stab in his heart.

Old Gideon was giving particulars.

"Some thinks 'twuz dem Ku Kluxes—some dat dee wuz after somebody else, whoever 'twuz. I don' know who 'twuz," he asserted, with manifest veracity. "But I sholy don' 'prove of folks shootin' 'roun' at folks dataway, dat I don't! Dee done sen' for Mr. Welch and de Capt'n at the cote-house."

When Jacquelin reached Dr. Cary's he was met by Blair, white-faced and tearful.

He walked straight up to her and held out his hand. "Blair." His voice had all the old tenderness. The lover had disappeared—it was only the old, old friend, the brother.

"Oh, Jacquelin!" and she burst into tears.

A night or two later, the Doctor had just come home from the court-house where he had paid Steve a visit. He was much depressed. He would write to Senator Rockfield and see if he could not help in some way. He looked so fagged and worn that

Mrs. Cary and Blair urged him to put off the letter. But he said it must be done at once. The day for the trial was approaching, and every hour was precious now; so he wrote the letter. Just as he finished, a messenger came for him. Jane, Sherwood's wife, was ill, and had asked him to come and see her. Mrs. Cary interposed; it was impossible—he ought to be in bed that moment. The Doctor then rose.

"I must go, my dear," he said, quietly. Mrs. Cary yielded. He tottered a little as he walked. She went out with him and saw him mount the horse the messenger had brought, and ride away in the darkness.

The sun was almost rising when they saw him come riding up through the orchard. As they went out to meet him he sat up very straight.

He almost fell as he dismounted, but recovered himself and sent the horse back by the boy who came with him.

"How is Jane?" asked Mrs. Cary; but it was not of Jane she was thinking.

"Very sick," he said, wearily. "I am glad I went. She would have died if I had not gone."

As he reached the door he sat down on the step and passed his hand over his brow. The next second he sank forward.

With a cry to Blair, Mrs. Cary caught him. She raised him up. His eyes opened once and rested on his wife's face, and a faint, weary smile came into them; his lips murmured his wife's name, and then Blair's, and then his eyes slowly closed, and with a sigh his head sank on Mrs. Cary's arm. And the long fight was done.

CHAPTER XLV

THE term of Court approached, and the trial of Captain Allen was set for the first day. The old county-seat was in a fever of expectation and apprehension. A dark cloud seemed to have settled like a pall over the place, that even the soft afterglow of a summer evening could not lighten. The sounds were subdued, and the faces of the people gloomy and grim. The Judge had arrived and had taken his room in the old hotel. Leech, solemn and self-assertive, with a quicker trip in his step and a gleam of joy in his pale blue eyes, had

come with him, and was also quartered in the hotel. Some said he was afraid to go to his house; some, that he wanted to be near the Judge, and keep his mind filled with devilment. The jury was assembled and kept together; the witnesses had been brought to town, and were also keeping together. The lawyers were consulting, with locked doors and closed windows, those who represented the Government in a room adjoining Leech's and not far from the Judge's, and those who were for the prisoner, in Steve Allen's office. Mr. Bagby and General Legaie were the leading counsel. The crowd in the village, sullen and almost awestruck, were discussing, in groups, about the streets or on the verandas, the points in the case with the intelligence of men trained by sharp experience to feel the gravity of such an occasion and to weigh the chances. It was known that the principal evidence against Captain Allen was his own confession. Leech could not prove any act of his without that. The lawyers could break down all the witnesses except one—the one whom Steve had been fool enough to talk to; her testimony they could not get around. Mr. Bagby and General Legaie had said so. Mr. Bagby said that a man was a fool ever to confess anything. That showed what a fool a man was, to go and tell a woman what he would not tell his nearest friend, just because he was in love with her.

Such were the views of a group assembled on one of the street-corners.

This gave the discussion another turn. Was Captain Allen really in love with Miss Welch? someone questioned. He had been in love with her, beyond doubt, but had stopped visiting her—they had fallen out. Some thought she had led him on to get out of him all she could; others, that he had stopped, and that she was taking her revenge. Many considered that it served him right.

Just then the sound of wheels was heard, and the next moment a close carriage with a good pair of horses drove by rapidly, leaving a trail of dust. It was Major Welch's carriage, and though the curtains were half drawn the group recognized the occupants as Major and Mrs. Welch and their daughter, and one other person; and a number of hoots followed them as they passed down the street toward the

hotel. Andy's countenance and stock both fell.

As Steve Allen lay in the darkened jail that night, his reflections were as bitter as death. Better a thousand times that he had died in battle and lain with his comrades who had left honorable names.

He was aware at times that this was a weakness, for he had moments when he recognized that an undeserved sentence could not degrade. But, in spite of himself, the horror of it would come back to him. And with it was another wound. The blow had been struck by Ruth Welch. The girl whom he had given his whole heart to, and to whom he had spoken as he would not have spoken to any other man or woman, had turned and betrayed him. But for her he would be free tomorrow. He knew it himself; and his lawyers, in their last interview with him, just over, had told him so. They had a single chance. The witness was in a condition of high excitement; they knew, and they might by severe cross-examination confuse her and destroy the force of her testimony. This Steve promptly vetoed. He would not have it done. The old lawyers gazed at him in dismay.

"My dear sir, it is your only chance."

"I do not care, I will not have it," said Steve, firmly. "I said it, and I will have no cross-examination on that point."

"That is Quixotic."

"Then I'll be Quixotic. I've been so before."

They left him, saying good-by with that mournful sympathy which showed how forlorn was their hope. As they reached the outer door and passed across the court-green, old Mr. Bagby said: "That is really a most extraordinary young man; and to think that such a man should be sentenced to a felon's cell."

The little General breathed a deep and fervent oath.

"What a pity that he could not have married that nice young lady, Miss Welch—such a nice young lady!" proceeded Mr. Bagby, half in soliloquy.

"Marry her! Marry that woman! The viper!" exploded the General; "I'd rather die!"

"Oh, a very nice young lady," pursued Mr. Bagby to himself as he walked on, feeling his way in the darkness. He

did not tell the General that he had lately had an interview with Ruth Welch which had raised her in his esteem and changed her in his mind from the viper which the General conceived her to be to the "nice young lady" of whom he muttered in the dusk of the summer night.

This interview with his lawyers had been over an hour ago now, and the high stand which Steve had taken with them had lost some of its loftiness, as the hardness of his position stood nakedly before him. After all, had Ruth Welch not betrayed him? Why should he sacrifice himself for her—for a mere sentiment about her? This thought flitted before him, but only for an instant. He put it away from him with a gesture of bitterness. At least, he would be a gentleman, whatever befell. He turned, and going across to a table opened a drawer, took up a pistol, and looked at it attentively, with a curious expression on his face. He was thinking deeply. Suddenly his expression changed. "Never! Cowardice!" he muttered, and flung the pistol over on the bed. It had come to him that it would be taken as a proof of fear as well as of guilt. Moreover, the thought had come that he might still be of use. The feeling that followed was one of mingled dread and thankfulness, and a sensation of almost content and peacefulness fell on him. He turned to the window and, looking out through the bars into the darkness, began to pray in thankfulness. It soothed him.

At that moment his door opened and a voice said:

"A visitor to see you, Capt'n. Will you come to the parlor?"

Steve did not stir for a moment, but after a little walked slowly through the corridor into the front room, which was dignified by that name. It was lighted by a small lamp, the rays of which hardly reached the walls, and was empty. But he could hear from the voices that there were two persons in the next room. Steve walked to the open window and waited, looking out, with his head resting on his arm against the bars. The same reverie that he had been in when he was interrupted continued.

The door opened and closed softly.

"Captain Allen," said a faint voice. Steve turned.

"Miss Welch!" He stood dumfounded. Before him, with her veil only half thrown back, was Ruth Welch. She stood just inside the door, as if rooted to the spot, and, as Steve did not move, the whole space of the room was between them.

"Captain Allen," she began, and then faltered. After a second, however, with an effort, she began again.

"I have come to see you—to see—see if there is nothing I can do to—to help you."

At the words Steve's heart hardened.

"No, thank you; there is nothing," he said. His voice was hard and unnatural. She made a movement almost as if she shrank back. But she began again, speaking very slowly:

"I do not know what to say. But I want—I want to see if there is nothing——" She broke off and began again: "You don't know how deeply—how terribly, I——" Her voice failed her. She stopped and wrung her hands. "Is there nothing—nothing I can do?"

Steve stood like a stone.

"No, nothing; thank you."

"I thought there was—there might be. You do not know how terribly I feel. I hoped there might be some way for me to help you—to atone for my folly. I did not know——"

Her voice failed again, and she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Steve up to this time had not said a word or stirred from where he stood. His heart began to relent.

"You need not reproach yourself," he said, but still coldly. "I have not done so. It was my folly, not yours."

"Oh, no, no! I will not let you say that," she broke out, suddenly. "You trusted me. You have been only brave and noble. But I did not know. I thought, when I told it, it would help you. You will believe that, will you not?"

She came a step or two nearer him in her earnestness, and gazed at him pleadingly.

"Yes, if you say so," said Steve.

"I do," she declared. "I thought that it would set you in the right light; but that dreadful man knew how to turn it against you. Oh! it all seems like a terrible nightmare! I have done everything I could. And my father has, too. Do you know of no way at all?" Her voice faltered so that Steve could scarcely hear her.

"No; none whatever."

"Yes, there is one way—I have heard—I have been told of one way in which my testimony could not be taken."

Suddenly she broke down.

"How can you be so hard on me—so cruel?" she sobbed.

Steve came a little nearer to her.

"Miss Welch, do not distress yourself," he said, quietly. "There is no way to help me; but it is not your fault. I believe what you have told me."

"There is one way," she said, not looking at him.

"And that is——?"

"To marry me," she said, faintly.

"What!" Steve almost tottered.

"To marry me. If I marry you I could not be made to testify against you. I have been told so." She had recovered her composure and was speaking quite calmly.

"I could not let you do that," said Steve, firmly, his face now as white as death.

"I have come to ask you to do it," she went on, speaking quite as if she were but finishing her first sentence. "And afterward you could get a—divorce." She broke off, but began again. "I would go away and hide myself, and never, never trouble you again." Her composure deserted her, and with a sob she buried her face in her hands. If she could have seen Steve's face at that moment. When Steve spoke his voice had quite changed.

"I could not do that," he said, gently. "I could not allow you to sacrifice yourself."

"It would not be—yes, you can."

"No," said Steve, almost sternly. "Do not—I beg you."

He turned away.

She stopped sobbing.

"Go," he said. "Leave me—please."

She turned without a word, and moved slowly toward the door. As she put out her hand to open it, she suddenly sank down in a heap on the floor. In a second Steve was at her side. He stooped and lifted her as if she were a child.

"Ruth!" he said. He caught the hem of her dress and crushed it against his lips. "I could not let you do that. I could not let you sacrifice yourself." Ruth opened her eyes, and closed them again.

"It is no sac— Do you not see— Oh, can you not see—that I love you?"

"What! Ruth!" Steve stood her up and held her at arm's length. "Ruth Welch, for God's sake do not tell me that unless it is true." His eyes were fastened on hers with a gaze that almost burnt her.

"It is true," she said, and tried to turn her face away. Steve did not stir.

"Wait," he said, hoarsely. "Does your mother know of this?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"In the next room."

Steve suddenly clasped her in his arms.

Steve had an interview with Mrs. Welch. He told her that while he had loved her daughter better than his life ever since the day he had met her, and while the knowledge that she cared for him had changed the world for him, that very fact would not let him permit her to take the step she proposed. He would not let her sacrifice herself by marrying him when under a criminal charge and with a sentence staring him in the face. Mrs. Welch met this, adriotly. It would prevent the horror of her daughter having to appear against him and give testimony in open court. She did not believe Ruth could stand the ordeal. She knew she would not testify, even if she should be sent to jail and kept there.

Steve raised the point that it was too late, as it was now midnight, and no license could be secured or clergyman found. But Mrs. Welch was prepared to meet this objection. Captain Thurston had authority under the law to issue the license, and a preacher could be secured. Mr. Langstaff had come down to the court-house with them, she explained.

So in a short time these preliminaries were settled; a number of friends were quietly brought in: General Legaie and Mr. Bagby, Reely Thurston and Jacqueline Gray and Andy Stamper, who had gotten wind of the matter and asked to be allowed to come; and there, in the little parlor, Steve and Ruth were married.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE next morning the case was called, and the whole village was astir. It had

been discussed in the little conclave held after the marriage, whether anything should be said about it until after the jury was impanelled. It was decided to announce the marriage before the beginning of the trial, and take the postponement that would almost inevitably occur. This was accordingly done.

The secret was well kept, and there was no suspicion on Leech's part of what had taken place. There was an air of triumph even in the folds of his loose coat and the stoop of his thin back.

But an idea got abroad that something unusual would happen. The lawyers for Captain Allen were still grave, but they wore a more confident air than they had worn yesterday. It was known that Major Welch had been to the railway station the night before and had gone there again at daybreak.

When Captain Allen walked across the green from the jail to the court-house, he wore a look of confidence which cheered the hearts of his friends. And the crowd pressed after him into the court-house that was already jammed.

Mrs. Welch, with her daughter, closely veiled, was already in the court-room, seated just behind Steve. The case was called, and the Court asked the usual question, if the counsel were ready. Leech replied that the Government was ready, and looked across at the array of counsel for the prisoner. After a moment's pause, old Mr. Bagby rose.

"If the Court please," he said, slowly, "we are ready for the defence. But before entering on the case, there is a statement which I feel—which we feel—it is proper we should make, as we do not wish to *surprise* the Court, or to take any advantage of a state of facts which may cause a *surprise* to the other side."

He turned to Leech, on whose face a look of wonder was beginning to appear.

"I believe—I see among the list of witnesses summoned for the prosecution—the name of a witness—" (He took up the book containing the list of witnesses and scanned it as if he had not seen it before) "of a young lady—a—Miss Welch—who I believe has been summoned—ah—whom I understand has been summoned to prove—ah—to testify to certain statements alleged to have been made by our

client which are deemed material?" He looked across at Leech, who was staring at him in vague wonder.

"Am I right in this, Colonel Leech?" His voice was never so unctuous and his manner so civil as when he was preparing a deadly thrust.

"Umph!—I don't know. I believe there is a witness of that name to prove some of the prisoner's confessions. There are a number of others. We are not dependent on her at all," said Leech, indifferently.

"Ah," said the old lawyer, drawlingly, and took his seat. "I was misinformed," he added, slowly, with a bow. "I understood she was a material witness—a very material witness. If she is not, of course——" He looked benignantly at the jury and shut his lips. He was apparently relieved. Leech cleared his throat nervously. He saw he had lost whatever advantage Mr. Bagby's disclosure would have given him.

"I did not mean that. I did not mean to say she is not a material witness."

The old lawyer turned his eyes on him. "A *very* material witness?"

"Oh, well, yes; I suppose you might say so."

Mr. Bagby rose again.

"Then I will continue my statement. I am informed that this young lady is summoned to prove certain admissions of my client respecting his supposed connection with the secret order for the suppression of which the law under which this prosecution is made was framed; that she is a very material witness—so material, indeed, that but for her it is possible this particular prosecution might not have taken place."

Leech cleared his throat ominously, and Mr. Bagby looked at him benignly.

"I am inclined to credit this statement, not only from facts within our knowledge, but because I understand that these admissions by our client, whatever they were, were made in the course of conversation of a kind peculiarly confidential, under seal of a friendship unusually close and intimate, and I cannot believe that the learned counsel would have wished to violate wantonly such a confidence. I can only think he considered that his duty required it. And I am glad

to say I have his own statement that such was his view of the case" (he took from his hat a paper) "in a letter which he wrote to the young lady's father.

"It is under these circumstances that I feel it is due to the Court, and may lead to a different disposition of the case, to say to the Court that the young lady in question is not an eligible witness in this case." (He here took from his hat another paper.) Leech threw back his head and laughed aloud in his contempt. "She has been united in the bonds of matrimony to my client, and is at present the wife of Captain Allen, and thus is not an eligible witness against him."

He turned and bowed low to Ruth and resumed his seat slowly and sedately amid the dead silence which had fallen on the court-room. The next moment the crowd took in the situation, and the old court-room rang with cheer after cheer. Even the jury were moved to grin and exchange looks and words of wonder and satisfaction.

During the tumult that went on, Leech's face was a study. Surprise, dismay, baffled revenge, rage, fear, doubt, craftiness, dissimulation, all had their place. He glanced about him at the shouting assembly, and gauged all the elements. He saw Major Welch hand Mr. Bagby a batch of telegrams, and he saw the other lawyers' faces light up as the telegrams were handed on to them. He calculated all the chances. And when the judge, with sharp reprimands and angry threats, had quelled the noise and restored order, he rose.

"It was true," he said, "that the testimony of the witness mentioned was material in the aspect of the case as it stood at present, and it was true that he had summoned Miss Welch as a witness only under the strictest sense of duty and at the greatest cost of pain to himself. He was glad that they at last recognized it. He had not known that the friendship had been carried so far. Had he known it the Court would have been spared some trouble and the Government considerable expense. As it was, while he was not prepared to say that the Government could not compel the witness to testify when the disability had arisen under such circumstances" (here he glanced at the Judge

and read on his countenance that this view was untenable), "or could not convict without the witness, his idea of his duty to the Government was so high that he was unwilling to risk going to trial under the circumstances until he had summoned one or two other witnesses who could prove the same facts, and he should therefore ask for an adjournment till next day."

Mr. Bagby urged that the case proceed or that the prosecution be dismissed. This Leech "could not consent to," and the Court refused it. Then the old lawyer more firmly insisted that his client be admitted to bail.

Leech was about to resist this also. At that moment, however, a dispatch was handed him. It was from his friends at the national capital and stated that Major Welch had secured an order to admit Captain Allen to bail. He turned the dispatch over carelessly, face downward, leant back, and said aloud to the man who had handed it to him: "I'll send an answer. Wait a little," and rose.

This motion, he said, he should be glad to assent to, and indeed was about to propose it himself, and he hoped he might add his congratulations to the young couple, and his friend Major Welch, if it was not too late.

The bail was quickly arranged and Captain Allen walked out amid the cheers of the crowd. The delight and enthusiasm of the people about the court-green, among whom the story had rapidly spread, knew no bounds. There are some things that strike chords in all hearts, and the happiness of a newly married couple is one of them. The negroes had responded to it as quickly as the whites, and when Captain Allen, who had immediately on the announcement been joined by his wife, walked from the court-room with her at his side, blushing and pale by turns, the enthusiasm of the crowd broke forth. White and black pressed up to congratulate him and to shake his hand and to say pleasant things to the bride.

Through this throng Colonel Leech had to push as he made his way from the court-house, his bundle of books and papers hugged to his chest. His sallow cheeks were deadly white and his face was drawn, but the look of baffled rage in his eyes was not seen, as he kept them turned to

the ground. Many whom he had deemed his closest followers were among those who congratulated Captain Allen, and he knew by these weathercocks that the wind had turned and the game was lost.

CHAPTER XLVII

IN the old stories the climax used to be considered attained when the young couple became engaged. Like the hero and heroine of the fairy tales of our youth, in that golden land of "Once upon a time," all that was to be told of them after they were engaged was that "they married and lived happily ever after." In the modern stories, however, this seems to be but the beginning of new adventures. Marriage, which used to be the entrance to bliss unalloyed, appears to be now but the "gate of the hundred sorrows," and the hero and heroine wed but to find that they loved someone else better and pine to be disunited. Nothing is so conventional as to love one's own husband or wife, and nothing so tame as to live pure and true to one's vows in spirit as well as in fact.

It must be said at once, that this is not a story of that kind. The people described in it knew nothing of that sort of existence. Still, when we have come so far together, it is necessary to go a little farther.

The temporary adjournment of the case against Captain Allen was but preliminary to a continuance, and finally the prosecution was altogether dismissed. The prosecution of Major Welch's son-in-law was a very different thing from that of a mere citizen of that section; but the investigation that followed triumphantly proved that Captain Allen's part in the movements that had taken place had been precisely what he asserted they were.

Not that this was the end of the troubles in the Red Rock County, and in the section of which it formed a part, or of the struggle that went on between the people of that section and Mr. Leech and the other vultures who were preying on them. The talons of those vultures were too firmly fixed to be easily dislodged. This struggle continued for some years longer, and Captain Allen came to be the recognized head on one side, as Leech re-

mained for some time the head of his side. But to narrate this would lead this history into altogether other lines.

The day after the events described in the last chapter, Ruth received a letter containing a deed, which had just been recorded, conveying to her the property which Major Welch had bought of Still and restored to Jacquelin. The letter asked her, as Steve's wife, to accept the place from Jacquelin and Rupert as a wedding-present. And it said things about Steve over which Ruth shed tears, though her radiant face showed how happy she was.

As to the "Doctor Moses," he had a somewhat curious career. Jacquelin's statement of what he saw the night of the attempted assassination of Middleton cast suspicion on Moses, and he was arrested. But Leech appeared as his counsel, and at least twenty witnesses testified to his having been at the Bend all night. So he was at once discharged, and the shooting of Middleton was in the public press generally charged to the bands of midnight assassins to whom it was the custom at that time to attribute all outrages that were committed, at least where the objects were Northern men. One paper, indeed, alleged that Jacquelin himself was concerned in it, and charged that his crowning infamy was in attempting to place the shooting on a colored physician in the county—one of the few men whose education had enabled him to enter one of the learned professions. The prophecies of Moses greatly increased his prestige, and he was perhaps the person most feared by his own race in the whole county. Finally, however, he became such a dread to them that they rose and he was run away from the Bend. Nothing more was heard of him in the county. But some years later, in one of the adjoining States, a negro was hanged by a mob, and from the accounts that were published in the papers there was good reason to believe that Moses had at length come to the end of his rope.

Did our limits permit, the marriage of several other couples besides Steve and Ruth might be chronicled. But the novelist cannot tell, at one time, all he knows. Be this known, however, that some citadels are captured by assault ; so others sur-

render after a siege, and this both Jacquelin and Captain Thurston discovered.

When the engagement of Captain Thurston and Miss Elizabeth Dockett was announced to Mrs. Dockett, it was by Miss Dockett herself. It must be left to the members of Mrs. Dockett's own sex to say whether Mrs. Dockett was surprised or not. But if Miss Elizabeth had struck her flag, Mrs. Dockett had not. Her first pronunciamento was that she had not a word to say against Captain Thurston, who "was a perfect gentleman," but that "she wanted him to understand that everyone who came into that house had to dance to the tune of 'Dixie.'" This the Captain professed he was prepared to do, and would only ask that he might sometimes be allowed to warble the "Star-Spangled Banner."

A little before the term of the court at which the Red Rock case was to come up again an offer of compromise was made to Jacquelin, and was accepted.

Under its terms the house and a part of the plantation became his and Rupert's, while the overseer's house, with something like half the estate, remained to Still.

Jacquelin was at first unwilling to make any terms with Still ; he was satisfied that with the evidence he now had he should win his case, and that Still could be sent to the penitentiary ; but Bail was to sit in the case again, and Steve and Jacquelin's other friends believed he would if possible fling Jacquelin out of court, and the upper court was just then composed of Leech's creatures, so that no one could be sure of winning his case, whatever its merits. Whilst, as to Still, he was reported to be so feeble that his death was expected at any time.

There were perhaps other reasons that moved Jacquelin. Miss Thomasia, when she heard of Still's offer, promptly urged its rejection ; she would never allow that wretch to be lawful owner of an acre of their old estate, though, she added, she would perhaps not live to set foot there again.

"Yes, you shall," said Jacquelin ; and he wrote that night and accepted the terms proposed. His first act was the fulfilment of his pledge to his mother on her death-bed, and she was laid beside her husband in the Red Rock burying-ground, in sight

of the old garden in which she had walked as a bride.

When Miss Thomasia entered the door, she stopped and clasped her hands tightly.

"Well, thank God for all His mercies!" she said, fervently, and, taking her seat in an arm-chair, she spent most of the afternoon knitting silently and looking around

her with softened eyes, and lips that moved constantly though they uttered no sound. Later she went out into the garden and looked at the remnants of the flowers that were left, and there Steve and his wife found her when they came to take tea with her that first evening, and there, still later, Jacquelin brought Blair to tell of his new happiness.

THE END.



THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

YORKTOWN

ANOTHER summer had gone. Another winter was to be faced. It was well for America that Arnold's plot had failed, but there was nothing inspiring in a baffled treason, and there had been no fighting and no victories to help people and army to bear the season of cold, of waiting, and of privation which lay before them. When Washington retreated through the Jerseys, in 1776, it looked as if the end had come, but at least there had been hard fighting and the end was to be met, if at all, in the open field with arms in hand, and all the chances that war and action and courage could give. Now, four years later, the Revolution seemed to be going down in mere inaction through the utter helplessness of what passed for the central Government. To those who looked beneath the surface the prospect was profoundly disheartening. It was a very dark hour, perhaps the darkest of the whole war. To Washington, keenly alive to the underlying causes of the situation, and laboring for union and better government, even while he bore the entire responsibility of the war, the outlook seemed black indeed. No matter how evil the military conditions, no matter how serious the defeats and checks in the field, he

never wavered so long as the difficulties could be met by fighting the enemy on any terms. But this ruinous, heart-breaking waiting, this creeping paralysis and dry rot which were upon the Government wore upon him and galled him, because he seemed so helpless in dealing with them. We catch a note in his letters at this time never to be found at any other, not even when he declared that, in the event of final British victory, he would cross the mountains to found a new state and begin a new struggle in the Western forests. It is not the note of despair, for he never despaired, but there is a ring of desperation and of anger in his words very rarely to be heard. In October, 1780, he wrote: "Our present distresses are so great and complicated that it is scarcely within the powers of description to give an adequate idea of them. With regard to our future prospects, unless there is a material change both in our civil and military policy, it will be in vain to contend much longer.

"We are without money, without provision and forage, except what is taken by impress; without clothing, and shortly shall be, in a manner, without men. In a word, we have lived upon expedients till



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Washington Firing the First Gun at the Siege of Yorktown.

The group of officers on the left of the picture, behind the gun, are Rochambeau, de Lauzun, Montmorency, and General Knox.

we can live no longer. The history of this war is a history of temporary devices instead of system, and economy which results from it."

Then follows the often and patiently reiterated advice as to the improvements and changes in government essential if the contest was to be continued. Congress read these letters and, as usual, did little or nothing. They passed a resolution for taxes to be distributed among the States, and that was all. Resolutions advising reluctant

pointed, with Sullivan at its head, and betook itself to Princeton together with Reed, the President of Pennsylvania, to meet the mutineers. Washington had started to come himself, but the suspicion born of Arnold's treason woke once more into life, men began to doubt about the other troops, and he decided to leave the matter with Congress. Reed and the committee promptly yielded to the demands of the mutineers, who gave up Clinton's emissaries to a deserved execution as spies. This



The Home of Chancellor Wythe at Williamsburg, where Washington Stopped on his Way to the Siege of Yorktown. Beyond is the old Bruton Parish Church, built about 1713.

and independent States to pay money were well-intentioned things after their kind, but wholly visionary, with no reality, no actual meaning to them. They were small comfort to the General of the hungry, half-clothed, dwindling armies who was dealing with things exactly as they were. Presently what Washington foresaw and dreaded came to pass. A portion of the Pennsylvania line in quarters at Morristown revolted, attacked their officers, and marched to Princeton. Here was something not to be avoided, not to be met by debate and resolutions. It was a hard, ugly fact, it looked Congress angrily in the face, and Congress was not so used to facts as their General. A committee was hastily ap-

was all very well, but the Congressional method of quelling mutiny soon bore its natural fruit. Part of the New Jersey line followed the evil example set and revolted, expecting to achieve the same results as their fellow-soldiers of Pennsylvania. But Washington, by this time, had had quite enough of the Congressional system; he came to the scene of disorder himself, crushed the mutiny with a strong hand, and that particular danger was over.

The mutiny in reality was but the expression, in rough, inarticulate fashion, of the hatred of wrong, injustice, and suffering inflicted on the army and on the Revolution by the imbecility of the Government. It said, in a rude, emphatic way, what Wash-

ington had been saying over and over again, by word of mouth and countless letters. It declared harshly that the Government of Congress was a failure, that the Confederation which had been formed, and at last agreed to, was no better, that American soldiers were ready to fight, but that they could not carry on war without arms, clothing, money, or recruits. The man with the musket was getting to the point where he meant to be fed even if others starved—a perilous point for inefficient rulers at all times. Better government was demanded, a government which could act and execute and do something, and Congress replied by futile efforts to obtain for itself power to levy a duty from customs, and had much talk and debate, but no other result. Very clearly the American Revolution was getting into sore straits. After having won in the field it was in imminent danger of going ingloriously to pieces because the thirteen States could not bring forth a government that would govern. It is an un-



The House of Governor Nelson at Yorktown.

Governor Nelson was in command of the Virginia troops at Yorktown, and ordered his own house to be heavily bombarded, as it was occupied by Cornwallis and his staff at the time.

pleasant picture of inefficiency to look back upon, due to local prejudices, State-rights, and an inability to rise to the heights of union and achievement. The worst of it was that nothing could be done. No new and efficient government could be created in time to work. The hard problem was how to win victory before chaos came, with the broken instruments which alone could be had. To young Laurens, going abroad, Washington wrote that our only hope was in financial aid from Europe; without it the next campaign would flicker out and the Revolution die. Money and superiority of sea-power, he cried, were what we must have. To the man who believed that the Revolution to be worth winning must be won by Americans, this con-



Hall in Carter's Grove, an Old Colonial Mansion on the James River.

The balustrade still bears deep cuts made by the sabres of Tarleton's troopers when the land was raided by them on their way to Yorktown.

fession must have brought exceeding great bitterness of soul. It casts a flood of light on the darkness and doubt and peril of that unhappy time when the new year of 1781 was just beginning and the American Revolution was dragging and grounding on the shoals of broken finances and a helpless Government.

Fortunately for America, the sole dependence of the Revolution was not upon Congress. Social efficiency, expressed in civil government, had broken down woefully under the long stress of war, waged by weak and incoherent States against a powerful and centralized empire. But when organized society failed the spirit of individual enterprise, so strong in this new land, stepped in and took up the burden as best it might, very manfully and energetically struggling with a task beyond its powers, but still capable of at least some partial solution. This was what happened now in Phila-

delphia. Robert Morris, born in England, and coming to this country as a boy, had raised himself from poverty to wealth, and was a rich merchant in the Quaker town. He had given himself to his adopted country. He was a patriotic, energetic man, with strong faith in the American cause, and great confidence in Washington. Congress had undertaken to establish certain executive departments with single heads to take the place of their own committees—a gleam of practical sense in the midst of much vain talk and resolving. In December, 1780, they made Morris Superintendent of Finances, a dreary office where there were demands to be met and constant outgo, with but little or nothing to come in, and no means of imposing taxes or enforcing their collection. Nevertheless Morris took the office and faced

the situation bravely. He at once organized a bank, to which he subscribed largely himself, and this gave the country some intelligent machinery for financial operations. With him in his heavy task was associated Gouverneur Morris, of the old New York family of that name, no relation in blood to Robert, but like him in patriotism and energy, possessed of high and indomitable courage and keen wit, with a good

deal of hearty contempt in his soul for the blundering and the ineffective people of this world, of whom at that moment, and in that place, he had examples enough before him. It was Gouverneur Morris who wrote "Finance. Ah, my friend, all that is left of the American Revolution grounds there." In this temper these two men took hold of what by courtesy was called the Treasury of the Confederation. They got some order out of the existing confusion. That in itself was much. But they

did even more. By straining their own credit, by the bank, by foreign loans, by one expedient after another they in part effected what the Government ought to have done, and they got some money. It was a mighty assistance to Washington, and one can imagine the relief it must have been to have men to deal with who were trying, however imperfectly, to get something real done instead of contenting themselves with debates and resolutions, and other well-meant nothings, when the times cried loudly and imperatively for deeds, not words. He was enabled at last, feeble as the relief was, to get something also, in a military way, and it was none too soon, for the war, which had died down to nothing in the North, was beginning to flame up in a new quarter.

When Greene made his great move, and



Charles Earl Cornwallis.

After an engraving by F. Haward, published in 1784.



Drawn by F. C. John.

The Siege of Yorktown.



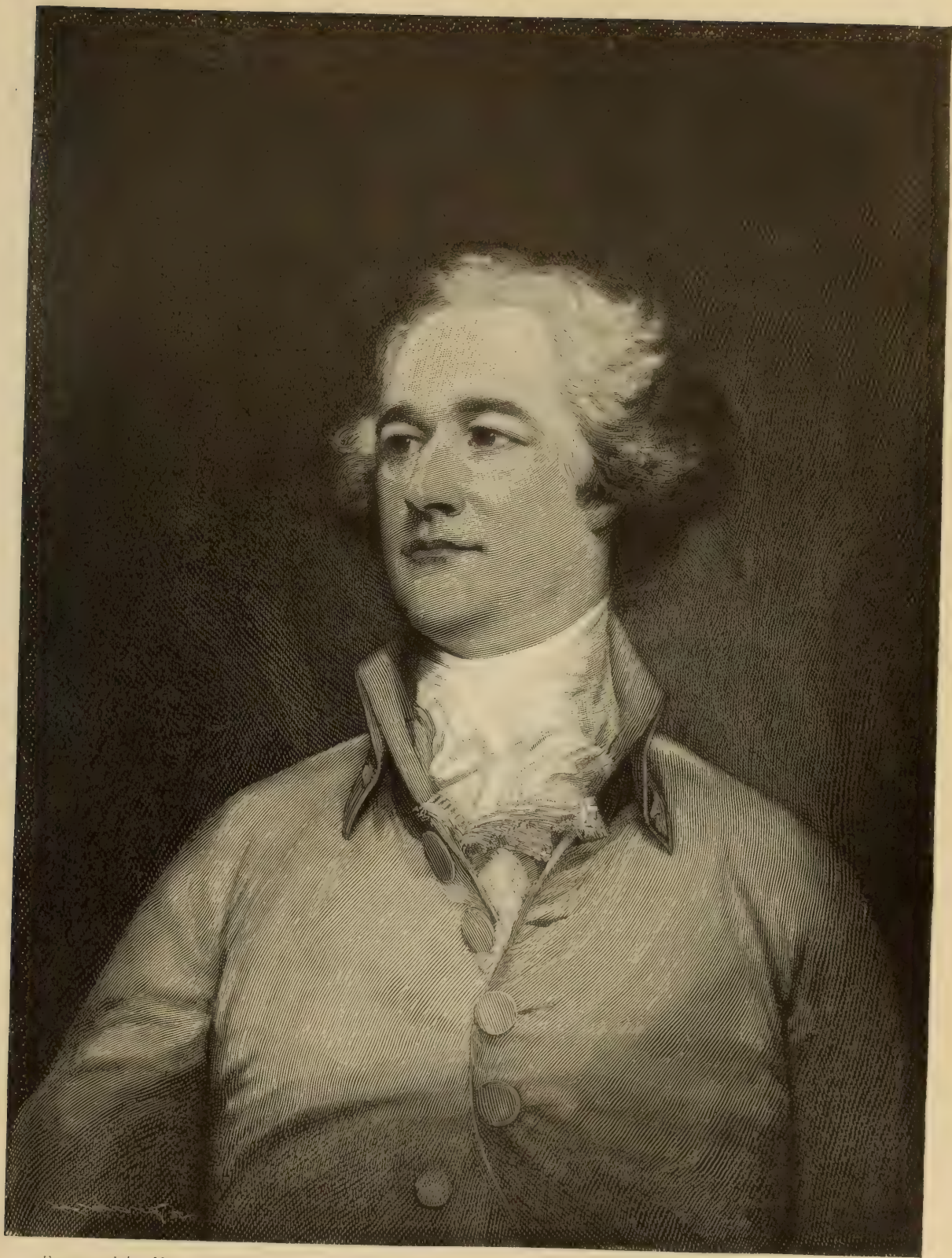
York River, Seen from the Inner British Works, and Looking toward Gloucester Point.

The map shows the position of the French and British ships at the time of the siege.

marched South, striking in between the forces under Rawdon and the main army under Cornwallis, he knew very well that one of two things must happen, and this choice, which he forced upon his antagonist, is one of his chief claims to distinction as a soldier. Cornwallis was obliged either to follow Greene, in which case his campaign was confined to the southern extremity of the American Colonies, was an obvious failure, and ceased at once to be formidable, or else he must leave Rawdon to his fate with Greene, and press on toward the North, as he originally intended. Neither course was pleasant, and it was not intended that either should be, but he chose, probably wisely, and as Greene anticipated, the latter alternative. By so doing he left Greene a free hand to redeem the Southern States, but he entered himself upon the populous and rich State of Virginia, which was quite undefended, and which, untouched, had been a strong resource and support to the general cause of the Revolution. It is true that every step of his advance brought him nearer, as Greene well knew, to the main continental army under Washington, but this seemed to Cornwallis a remote danger, if

he thought of it at all. He was encouraged by the plaudits and favor of the Ministry, who praised his work in the South, and held him up as the one thoroughly successful general. Clinton, of course, as Cornwallis thought, would hold Washington where he was, the Ministry would back him up, and he would pass from the disagreeable work of failing to catch or defeat Greene, to the agreeable business of sweeping through Virginia, and breaking the Confederation in twain at a vital point.

He was, however, not the first in the new field. Clinton, in his inert way, had already cast his eyes in that direction, and, in 1779, had sent one of his useless expeditions to raid and plunder, and return without results, which was apparently his permanent theory of the way in which a war of conquest should be conducted. The next year he sent Leslie, who was to cut off supplies from the American army in the South, make a strong diversion in this way, and thus co-operate with and help Cornwallis. Unfortunately, the men from across the mountains inconsiderately came over just at that time, fought the battle of King's Mountain, and compelled Leslie to withdraw at once with his fleet and army,



Engraved by Henry Wolf.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

From the Painting by John Trumbull, 1792.



Yorktown, 1833, from the Field of its Surrender by Lord Cornwallis (October 19, 1781). Residence of Governor Nelson on the extreme left of the picture.

From an old print, after the drawing by John G. Chapman, made in 1833; now in the possession of Senator Lodge.

and go directly to the support and reinforcement of Cornwallis. Now, again stung into action by the praises which the Ministry heaped on Cornwallis, and spurred by jealousy, he determined to be beforehand with his younger and more successful rival, and sent another of his pet expeditions, strong enough to rob and burn and to defeat small parties of militia, but too weak to conquer or hold the country. This third expedition was entrusted to Arnold, whose treason had in nowise diminished his activity, and who pushed rapidly on into the interior of Virginia. Steuben, left behind by Greene, wisely refused to sacrifice his little force against a

very superior enemy, and kept on the south side of the James River. Arnold pressed rapidly forward to Richmond. His march was practically unimpeded, for Virginia had been generously giving men and supplies to the Southern campaign, and there were no suitable preparations for her own defence. Jefferson, now Governor, on the arrival of the enemy did some violent ridings to and fro, tried, in a rather hysterical way, to do the work of weeks in a few hours, and quite naturally failed. Arnold, moving fast, offered, with his characteristic mercantile spirit, to spare Richmond if he could be allowed to take off the stores of tobacco. This was re-



The Principal Street in Yorktown.

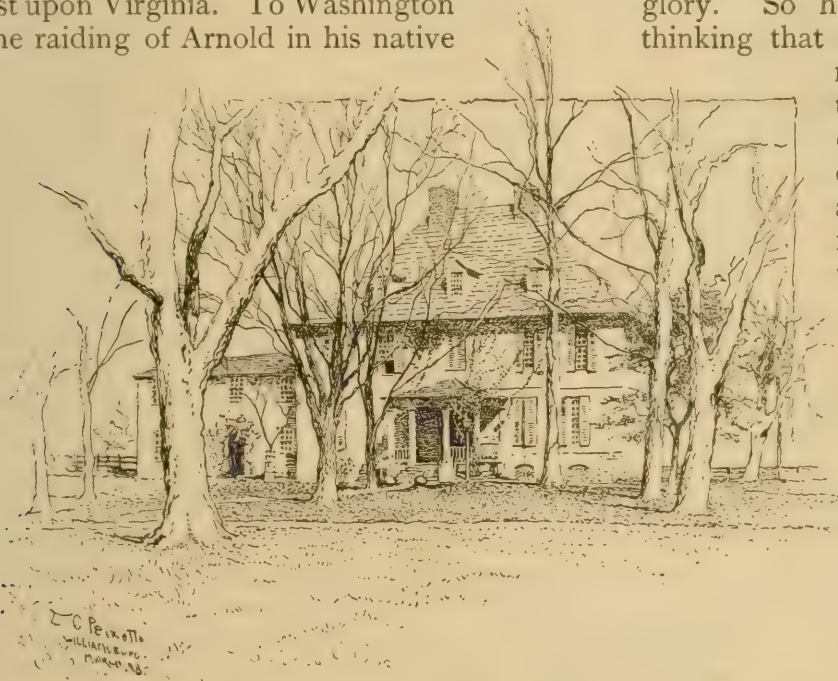
In the distance is the monument erected in 1881 to commemorate the surrender.

fused, and he then burnt houses, destroyed all the property he could, and after failing to capture the arms at Westham, returned down the river to Portsmouth. Clinton's third raid was over, with a net result of one unlucky Governor much disturbed, and some houses and tobacco burned ; but his zeal, now fired with emulation, was not as usual content with this performance as sufficient for a year's campaign. In March he sent a fresh and strong detachment of two thousand men to Virginia, and a month later, another. The first body was led by General Phillips, who joined Arnold and took command of the combined forces.

Meantime other eyes than those of Clinton had begun to look with interest upon Virginia. To Washington the raiding of Arnold in his native

nold, penned up at Portsmouth by the Virginia militia, would have fallen an easy prey to an enemy in control of both land and sea. But the French fleet fell in with that of the British, under Arbuthnot, off the capes of the Chesapeake. An action ensued. Both sides claimed the victory, and the result was what is usually described in polite historic phrase as indecisive, but the British won, for the French were obliged to return to Newport and Arbuthnot held the Chesapeake. No convoy therefore for Lafayette and his men ; no capturing of traitors this time ; all these things quite obvious and no doubt very disappointing and even grievous to the young Frenchman, always eager for fighting and glory. So he turned northward, thinking that he had marched many

miles in vain. When, at the head of Elk, however, he was met by orders to return South and act with Greene. Watching Virginia, Washington had detected signs of events which might be crucial in their developments and which called up visions of possible successes so large as to make the capture of an escaped traitor seem trivial indeed. The despatch of Phillips, with two thousand men, with a probability of more to follow, gave an importance to the



The Home of the President of William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Va.

Used by Cornwallis as his head-quarters in the campaign preceding Yorktown.

State was particularly odious, and he had moreover an intense desire to capture the traitor, upon whom he was profoundly anxious to execute justice, for he was a firm believer in the law of compensation and had no feeble tenderness about punishing criminals. With this purpose in view he detached Lafayette, with twelve hundred continentals, to go to Virginia in pursuit of Arnold. Lafayette slipped away with his men and got safely and quickly to Annapolis, where he was to be met by the French fleet from Newport and convoyed to Portsmouth. All had gone as Washington had planned it. Ar-

situation in Virginia which it had not before possessed. Washington knew Clinton too well to suppose that that gallant gentleman had any comprehensive or far-reaching plan in sending a series of detachments to the Chesapeake, or that there was, in the mind of the British general, any intention beyond many other similar expeditions previously projected into space apparently just for luck. But he also knew that these successive detachments meant, as a matter of course, the accumulation of a considerable mass of men in Virginia. Quite clear it was also that Cornwallis, to the southward,



Present Appearance of the British Intrenchment at Yorktown, with a Map Showing the Position of the French and American Troops.

The position of the works shown in the drawing extends from A to B on the map.

was not far from the Virginia line and was heading northward.

Hence, later further orders to Wayne to join Lafayette with some of the Pennsylvania line, and later still, much larger and more conclusive undertakings as the possibilities of the winter of 1781 ripened into certainty.

Lafayette was well chosen to do the work immediately in hand, for he was brave, generous, energetic, and quick in movement. By pledging his own credit he obtained shoes and clothes in Baltimore for his troops, and then making a forced march he reached Richmond and took possession of the city. He was only just in time, a mere twenty-four hours ahead of the enemy, but still he was in time. Phillips and Arnold, marching up the river, had forced Steuben to retreat from Blandford, and pressing on arrived at Richmond too late. Lafayette was there, too strongly posted to be attacked, and the British fell back down the river, ascending again and reoccupying Petersburg on the receipt of news that Cornwallis was coming. On May 13th Phillips died, and Arnold, being in command, undertook to open a correspondence with Lafayette. The young Frenchman refused to have anything to do with him on the unpleasant ground that he was a traitor, which exasperated Arnold, who began to threaten ugly reprisals, when Cornwallis appeared, and having no liking for the betrayer of West Point, sent him back to New York. Thence Arnold went on one more plundering, burning raid into Connecticut, which

Washington had not yet heard of the battle of Guildford, or of the bold movement by which Greene had thrust himself between the two British divisions and was carrying the war to the South. But it was plain to him that the chances all favored the advance of Cornwallis to the North, and his consequent junction with Clinton's detachments. That meant a strong army in Virginia. If Greene was at the heels of Cornwallis, then he must be strengthened. If he was not, then arrangements must be made to reach the latter from the North. An army of the enemy was gathering in Virginia so large as to not merely threaten the country at a central point, but to offer probably an opportunity, if rightly managed, to win a victory as decisive as that of Saratoga. There was a strong indication that the vital point in the war might suddenly shift to Virginia, and preparation therefore must be made so that either he himself or Greene might be in a position to take advantage of it. It was only a chance as yet, but it was a great possibility, and tentative movements must be begun in order to seize the opportunity if it really came. Hence the orders to Lafay-

ended with the capture and destruction of New London and the murder of Colonel Ledyard and seventy-three of his soldiers after they had surrendered. With this appropriate exploit performed by the troops under his command, Arnold disappeared for the rest of his life from the history which he had soiled and blackened, and served in obscurity the king who had bought him.

Cornwallis, rid of Arnold and with seven thousand men now under his command, set himself at once to cut off Lafayette and prevent his junction with Wayne, who, after many delays, was now coming to Virginia, in obedience to Washington's orders. Lafayette, however, had not been brought up in the school of Washington and Greene in vain. Holding his little army well in hand, he moved with such judgment and rapidity that he entirely evaded Cornwallis and effected his junction successfully with Wayne at a point on the Rapidan. While he was thus escaping, the British general, baffled in his main object, sent out two expeditions, one under Simcoe and one under Tarleton. The first forced Steuben, who thought the main army was upon him, to retire in haste and leave the stores which he was guarding at the Point of Fork to the enemy. The second was intended to capture the State officers of Virginia, who, warned in time, made good their escape. Jefferson had but short notice, only five minutes, tradition says, but enough to get upon his horse and gallop away to the woods and into the hills. Net result of all this again is easily stated, and consisted of some military stores and one runaway Governor. The two expeditions are quite Clintonian in conception, execution, and outcome, and show how far the inert dulness which thought to conquer a continent by raids had come to reign supreme in the British military mind.

While Cornwallis was thus idly beating the air with parties of horse and foot, scattering about the country to capture stores and catch civil officers, Lafayette, strengthened by the contingent under Wayne, marched down against the main British army. By a quick movement he got between Cornwallis and the stores at Richmond, and the former then began to retire down the river with the Americans following him. By the end of June the British were at Williamsburg. Then came an indecisive skirmish between detachments under Simcoe on the one side and Butler, sent out by Lafayette, on the other. As the enemy continued to fall back toward the coast Lafayette determined to give them battle at the crossing of the James and advanced to Green Spring. There Wayne attacked with his usual impetuosity, and also, as was likewise not unusual with him, a little too soon. He supposed that he had only a detachment to deal with, when, as a matter of fact, the main body of the enemy was still on the north side and in his immediate front. Once engaged, Wayne faced his difficulties and his very superior foe with his usual dash and daring. He charged the British line. Lafayette came gallantly to his support, and between them they checked the enemy and brought their army off in safety from a most perilous situation. The American

The 'MOORE HOUSE' in which the Capitulation was signed *****



loss was 118 in killed, wounded, and missing; the British lost in killed and wounded 75. It was a sharp and well-fought action, and despite the mistake at the beginning, the army was handled with skill and courage by the American generals. After the battle Lafayette withdrew to Malvern, destined to a much greater fame and much harder fighting in a then distant future, and there rested his men. Cornwallis, on his side, continued his retreat to the coast, sent out Tarleton on the conventional raid in Bedford County, which had the conventional results in fire and destruction, withdrew to Portsmouth, and thence betook himself, on August 1st, to Yorktown, where, by the 9th, he had all his army assembled about him, and where he began to intrench himself and build strong works of defence.

It was the first week in August when Cornwallis thus took possession of Yorktown and Gloucester. His northern movement had failed. He had left the Carolinas open to Greene and could not return thither. Clinton's jealousy and vacillation had weakened his force, and now had the solid result of preventing his reinforcement. That Cornwallis was uneasy is clear, although how fully he understood the perils of his own position cannot now be absolutely determined. But if he himself did not measure accurately his own conditions, there was an opponent far away to the North who perfectly apprehended both the situation and all its possibilities.

To Washington it had been perfectly clear for many months, that within the year now passing into summer a decisive blow must be struck or the Revolution, if it did not go hopelessly to pieces, would certainly fail of complete and true success. The conditions of his problem, from the military point of view, were plain. With the allied French and his own army he must strike the English and destroy one of their principal armies by bringing an overwhelming superiority of numbers to bear at the point of contact. To do this the command of the sea was vitally necessary, if only for a short time, and that command could be had only through the French fleet. As the year 1780 was closing Washington considered carefully a plan for combining with the Spaniards in the seizure of Florida, and thence advancing through Georgia

and taking the British forces, against which Greene was operating, in the rear. Rochambeau objected, and the plan is now of interest merely as showing how Washington was scanning the whole country and devising every possible plan to meet the emergency and deal the fatal blow. His time was limited, short even, and he knew it. If the Revolution was to be won, as he wanted to win it, it must be done within the twelvemonth, and he meant that it should be. For this reason every possible scheme was considered, so that no chance should slip by.

The Florida plan came to nothing. Then mutiny reared its head; ugly, threatening, but not without use in frightening Congress and in leading to some displays of energy. With the mutinies put down, Congress awakened and Robert Morris fighting the financial difficulties, the spring opened a little more brightly in matters domestic. Then in May came news of De Barras with a French squadron at Newport, six hundred more men for Rochambeau, and, what was far more important, sure tidings of the sailing of a powerful fleet under De Grasse to the West Indies. The factors in Washington's problem were getting nearer, the instruments he must use were coming within reach of his hand. How was it going to be possible to bring them all together and produce the great result?

The first real step was a consultation with Rochambeau at Wethersfield in Connecticut, on May 21st. There it was decided to move on New York if De Grasse would co-operate. There, too, was the plan of moving South against Cornwallis discussed. Hence a claim from Rochambeau that the Virginia campaign was his idea, and eagerness on the part of the modern antiquarian, to whom any view is distasteful if it is accepted, to prove that the French General thought of Virginia and not Washington. Very idle arguing and conjecturing all this. Washington had been thinking not only of Virginia long before Rochambeau knew aught about it, but of Florida too, and New York. He was thinking of every place where there was an English army, and of every combination which might result in the complete destruction of one of them. He was wedded to no plan, and to no one place. The point at which he could com-

bine land and sea power was the only point at which he aimed, and those conditions once fulfilled his campaign was made for him. Naturally he thought first of New York, which he had been watching so long, and where the principal hostile army was posted. Perhaps he could get the fleet there, and then the work would be done. Perhaps he could not, and then Clinton, threatened by the allied forces, would be at least debarred by his presence from helping Cornwallis.

So, on June 18th, the French left Rhode Island and joined Washington. On July 2d an attack was attempted on the forts on the upper end of Manhattan Island and failed. Then followed a reconnoissance in force with a distinct result of alarming Clinton to such extent that no more men were sent to Virginia, and orders went instead to recall troops already there.

So it was not in vain that the first movement had been made against New York, and the importance of the effect on Clinton soon became manifest, for a great alteration was at hand in the conditions of the campaign. The change came in a note from De Grasse stating that he would enter the Chesapeake with a view to a combination against Cornwallis, as suggested by Rochambeau. He said his time would be short; that he could not remain long on the coast. The great moment had come, brief, fleeting, to be seized at all hazards. Washington did not hesitate. New York was naturally the object first in his mind, evidently the most important place in America, that which he had hemmed in so long in order to prevent the movement up the Hudson. Clinton and New York were worth more than Cornwallis in a post of no value, but he could not get De Grasse to New York, the fleet was essential and Cornwallis would do.

The probable need of going South had been plain to Washington's mind some time before the decisive letter had come from De Grasse. On August 2d Washington had written that the arrival of troops made New York perhaps impracticable, and that it might be necessary to go South, thus preparing Congress for the contingency daily growing into a certainty. After it was known that De Grasse

had turned finally to the Chesapeake no time was lost. Then it was that Washington began to move, and that letters went to the New England governors pleading for troops with an earnestness beyond even that which he was wont to use. So too went demands for money to Robert Morris, who manfully did his best, which was but little, but still something. Slender funds, no proper means of transportation, apathetic States, and a central Government almost totally impotent, were harsh conditions for a general obliged to carry troops over three hundred miles to the southward, and very quickly, too, if he was to win his prize. Then, too, in another direction the weakness of human nature seemed likely to mortally wound the great scheme at its most vital point. De Barras, at Boston, with the French squadron assigned regularly to the American station, was an important factor in the situation. But De Barras, the senior in rank, was nettled by his junior, De Grasse, having command of the great fleet fresh from France. His orders gave him an independent command, and he made up his mind to sail away to the northward, and leave De Grasse unassisted. This was something to be prevented at all hazards, and a very skilfully drawn and urgent letter went on signed by both Washington and Rochambeau. The appeal was successful, De Barras relented, yielded personal feelings to the good of the cause, and sailed shortly after from Newport with a siege-train and tools, taking a wide sweep to avoid the British.

Thus one great peril was passed. De Barras mollified and secured, Washington turned his whole attention to making a rapid march to the South. His movements about New York, although not carried out to their original conclusion, were by no means wasted. They served admirably to annoy Clinton, fill him with alarm, and cause him to not only withhold reinforcements from Cornwallis, but aided by his personal jealousy led him to order more troops back from Virginia. Washington thus turned his attack on New York into a feint, and used it as the first step for the real movement on Virginia. So secretly did he do it that even his own army was in the dark, and Clinton was completely deceived. Washington gathered

provisions and forage as if for prolonged operations against New York, erected ovens even, and gave a perfect appearance of a protracted campaign. Heath was then left in command of the troops that were to remain and check the British in New York. Then, on August 19th, the allied forces started for the South. They began as if about to make an attack on Staten Island, fixed in this way the attention of the enemy, and drew the whole army safely and unopposed across the Hudson and into New Jersey. On September 2d the Americans were marching through Philadelphia, followed soon after by the French, and the deceived Clinton awoke at last to the fact that Washington had slipped by him and was away out of reach and going straight to Yorktown. On September 8th the allied armies were united at the Head of Elk waiting for the fleet.

In due time the fleet came, and with it mastership of the sea, but not without hindrances very happily overcome. The British this time made the mistake, unusual with them in naval campaigns, of not concentrating their fleet and holding control of the sea. Rodney, instead of pursuing De Grasse with his entire force, sent Hood to the North with only fourteen ships to join Admiral Graves at New York. Hood brought the first news of the arrival of De Grasse, and Clinton, convinced at last that the danger was really in Virginia, reluctantly allowed Graves to sail to the South. Missing De Barras, whom they had hoped to intercept, they kept on to the Chesapeake. De Grasse, who was then landing additional troops under St. Simon to go to the aid of Lafayette, although somewhat weakened, stood out as soon as the English appeared, and, on September 5th, gave them battle just as Washington and the allies were hurrying southward from Philadelphia. This action also was called indecisive, but the victory this time was with the French. The English burnt one disabled frigate, and in the course of five days sailed back to New York, while the French, returning to Lynnhaven Bay, found De Barras safe with his transports and siege-train. They were masters of the Chesapeake. At the supreme moment the sea-power was in the hands of the allies, and Washington's one

essential condition of complete triumph, so prayed and longed for in the weary years gone by, was at last fulfilled. The prize of victory had been won in the indecisive action by England's failure to concentrate her fleet, by Rodney's failure to rise to Nelson's level, and follow and fight the main force of the enemy wherever it went.

The really crucial moment had been passed, but there were still many trials, many obstacles to be overcome, and one great peril to be put aside and escaped. It was hard work to get transports, but in some fashion Washington gathered them and had assistance from the French fleet. Nowhere else did it seem possible to get help. Congress selected this particular moment, the eve of a great and decisive battle, to consider the question of reducing the army. One stands in silent amazement before such an exhibition of human fatuity, and the student gathers from it an impression of the utterly worn out and unnerved state of the central Government which nothing else could give. The army luckily was not reduced, but a legislative body which at such a time could even contemplate such a step was not likely to be of much help to a fighting soldier struggling manfully in a sea of troubles. Congress did not actually destroy its army in the presence of the foe, and that is all that can be said, and the statement is pitiful enough. The State Governments were little better, but they were not wholly negative; they made some efforts, slow and feeble, but still efforts to aid the General and his army. It is not easy to know just how the result was attained, but in some way or other Washington drove through his entanglements, gathered transports here, there, and everywhere, and especially from De Barras, whom he had himself brought to the Chesapeake, and finally got the allied forces afloat and on the way to Yorktown. Then he turned off with Rochambeau and went to Mount Vernon to see for a day the well-loved spot, to look out over the broad river after a separation of six years, to recall all that had passed, perhaps to dream for a moment of the final and complete victory which he saw at last within his grasp.

Whatever his thoughts, he did not linger long. In two days he was again on his

way, and on the 17th was on the *Ville de Paris* congratulating De Grasse on his victory and making plans for the siege. Now at the last moment came a great peril which threatened to wreck everything. Like D'Estaing at Savannah, De Grasse had a sudden cold fit because much alarmed at news of British reinforcements, and began to reflect on the advancing season, the gales coming from the West Indies, and other unpleasant possibilities. So he made up his mind that he could not fight in the bay, and announced firmly that he must depart at once with his fleet and would leave only two ships for the siege. All the hopeful plans began to totter, failure and ruin seemed drawing near. More diplomacy was needed; more of the appeals which had brought De Barras from Boston. So Washington wrote another of his strong letters of remonstrance and argument, and zealously supported by Lafayette, prevailed. "A great mind," wrote Washington to De Grasse, "knows how to make a personal sacrifice to secure an important general good," and the fine compliment had its effect. It may not have been wholly sincere as to the "great mind," but the gratitude it expressed came from the heart of the chief whose plans seemed about to fall in chaos and ruin.

So the last great danger-point was passed and, on September 26th, the troops landed at Williamsburg, and, on the 28th, marched on Yorktown. There they found Cornwallis occupying an intrenched camp outside the town. The next day Washington extended his lines with the Americans on the right, and Cornwallis, seeing that he was outflanked, withdrew to the town and the inner line of defences. The next day the allies marched in and took possession of the abandoned works. This shut Cornwallis in completely, as on the Gloucester side the neck was occupied by the Virginia militia under Weedon and the French cavalry under the Duc de Lauzun, a typical French noble, a man of camps and courts, of many adventures both in love and war, and altogether a very brilliant figure against the sober background of the American army. Here, when their troops were posted, a sally was attempted by Tarleton and his legion. Lauzun was out one morning with a small force and stopped at a house where, ac-

cording to his universal habit, he found the hostess a very pretty woman, a fact he had time to note before she told him that Tarleton had just been there and had expressed a strong desire "to shake hands with the French Duke." This was enough for Lauzun, who at once left his pretty woman and riding forward, ran in to the English cavalry. Tarleton, true to his word, made for the Duke at once, who was quite ready to receive him, but a lancer riding against Tarleton flung him to the ground and the French seeing their leader in danger, charged briskly and gayly upon the British, who had come up in some confusion, and scattered them in all directions. Tarleton lost his horse but managed to escape himself, and so passed off the American stage leaving a memory of some brilliant feats sullied by many cruelties and the massacre of prisoners.

It was not a very serious attempt, this wild dash of Tarleton, but it was the only sally really undertaken before affairs were desperate, and served to show how hopeless the British position had become. Nothing remained, indeed, but to draw the net which had been so skilfully and successfully thrown over Cornwallis. On October 6th the heavy guns arrived, De Grasse consented to stay until November 1st, and the siege was driven forward rapidly. On the same day the first parallel was opened within three hundred yards of the British lines. On the 7th and 8th the French opened fire on the left, and the Americans on the right, and the British were forced back from an outlying redoubt. The fire was continued on the 10th, and the earthworks of the enemy suffered severely. On the 10th more guns and a heavier fire, and some of the British ships were destroyed by the French fleet. On the 11th the second parallel was opened with slight loss and Cornwallis wrote to Clinton that his situation was desperate, that he was losing men fast, and that the enemy were closing in upon him. So the work went on for two days, more heavy firing on one side, crumbling defences and falling men on the other, a brave struggle against fate. On the 14th Washington decided that the two advanced redoubts on the British left were practicable and ordered an assault. The American light infantry under Lafayette were given the

redoubt nearest the river, while the other was assigned to the regiments of Auvergne and Deux Ponts and the Grenadiers of Gatinois, all under the Baron de Viomenil. Alexander Hamilton led the main attack for the Americans, while Laurens commanded on the flank. Hamilton dashed forward with his accustomed impetuosity leading his men, who had unloaded muskets and trusted wholly to the bayonet. On they went over the abattis, over the obstacles and up the parapet, and in ten minutes they had the redoubt. The Americans lost 42 in killed and wounded, the British, who surrendered as soon as their assailants poured over the parapet, 8 killed.

The French had a more serious task. The redoubt assigned to them contained more men and was more stubbornly defended. They removed the obstructions under fire, moved steadily forward, and after half an hour's hard fighting the redoubt was theirs. Count de Damas, Chevalier de Lameth, and the Count de Deux Ponts were all wounded; it was a well-delivered assault, not without serious loss, and the regiment of Auvergne, for its share in the day's work, recovered from the King its proud title of "Auvergne sans tache."

The redoubts taken in such prompt and brilliant fashion were at once included in the American line and Cornwallis saw the bitter end coming very near indeed. On the 16th he ordered a sortie under Colonel Abercrombie, which was made with great gallantry, but all in vain. The British forced their way into a redoubt held by the French only to be driven out again with heavy loss. Then Cornwallis moved part of his troops to Gloucester to try to escape by water. The attempt, hopeless in any event, was completely frustrated by a storm, and on the next day the men were brought back. All was over now, and Cornwallis, with his ammunition nearly exhausted, his works shattered, and his army exposed to a destructive fire, offered to surrender. On the 18th the articles were signed. They were the same as those imposed upon the Americans at Charleston when Lincoln surrendered and were complete. Between 8,000 and 9,000 men constituted the land forces, and these with their guns, standards, and military chests went to the Americans. Four ships, 30 transports, 15 gal-

leys, and some small craft, with between 800 and 900 officers and seamen went to the French. The besiegers had lost 75 killed and 199 wounded; the British 156 killed, 326 wounded, and 70 missing. It was a final and complete result, very characteristic of the man who had planned it. This time all his conditions had been fulfilled and the outcome was inevitable. The British had no chance from the beginning. They were outnumbered and held in an iron grasp, both by land and sea. Theirs was the gallant struggle against fate which brave men make, and they went down before a plan which left nothing to chance and a force which afforded no loophole for escape. Sir Henry Clinton arrived off the Capes on the 24th with a fleet and reinforcements, heard the news and returned to New York, a closing performance very characteristic of English generalship in the American war. He was too late, and he was trying to play the game with an opponent who was never too late and who never forgave or overlooked mistakes made by his enemies. Six years had taught Washington much and Sir Henry Clinton nothing, so the great soldier triumphed over the physically brave gentleman of good family, who, ignorant of the conditions with which he had to deal, had seen his men slaughtered at Bunker Hill, and still despising his opponents, had arrived too late to save a British army from surrender at Yorktown. There is much room for reflection here on the vast advantage possessed by the man of veracious mind and clear intelligence who looks facts steadily in the face and meets them unflinchingly, be they ugly or fair to see. This was perhaps the greatest among the many great qualities of George Washington, and in it we may find an explanation of the military career which began in the capture of Boston and closed in the trenches of Yorktown.

So it all ended, and nothing remained but the forms and ceremonies so dear to the heart of man on great and small occasions alike. The 19th of October was the day fixed for the performance of these functions so agreeable for one side, so painful to the other. At noon on that day the two redoubts on the left were surrendered, and the Americans marched into one and the French into the other. At

one o'clock the redoubts on the Gloucester side were given up. At two the garrison of Yorktown marched out; at three the cavalry and light troops from the Gloucester side. An hour later General O'Hara, in the absence of Lord Cornwallis, who kept his tent on the plea of illness, apologized to Washington for his chief's failure to appear and handed his sword to General Lincoln. Then the British troops, in new uniforms, moving steadily and finely, as if on parade, marched between the French and the American lines, piled their arms, and returned to their camps prisoners of war, to be dispersed and held in different States.

It was all very quietly done after the fashion of the men of English race, and with the good manners of the Frenchman. Yet it was a very memorable scene, full of meaning, not only to the actors, but to the world, and big with a future of which the men ranked there together in the fields of Virginia, their arms gleaming in the autumn sun, little dreamed.

It had been stipulated by the lovers of forms and ceremonies that when the great moment came the bands of the beaten army should play a British air. So on they marched between the silent ranks of the conquerors, the music sounding to the air well known then of "The World Turned Upside Down." The tune probably expressed very accurately the feelings of the men engaged in the unhappy business of laying down their arms that October afternoon. Their little world had indeed been turned upside down, and they were the helpless prisoners of men of their own race whom they had seen fit to ignore and despise. But that surrender at York-

town reached far beyond the little circle of those engaged in it. It meant that the American Revolution had come to success. On one side were ranked the men of the soil who had come out victors in the long fight. Over their heads fluttered a new flag which had earned its right to live, and was the emblem of a new nation born into the world. A very great event. But there was a still deeper meaning behind that flag and that nation. They were the outward and visible signs of the momentous fact that an armed people had won their fight, set aside old systems, and resolved to govern themselves. Over against the American line were ranked the ordered troops of Louis XVI. Above them floated the white flag and the lilies of France. They had helped a people in arms to cast out kingly rule, and in a few years they, too, would be themselves a people in arms against all Europe, and against all kings. The lilies would have withered, the white flag would be gone, and in its place the three colors of the American Republic would begin the march which was to end only at Moscow. Very significant was Yorktown to England, for it was the breaking of the British Empire. Very significant to the thirteen little States thus set forward on the hard road which was to lead them to a nation's place, and to possibilities most significant to all mankind, for it meant that the new force of democracy had won its first great battle. The movement which had begun at Philadelphia had marched to some purpose. The drum-beat, faintly heard at Concord, was sounding very loudly now to the ears of a still inattentive world upon the plains of Yorktown.



TORPEDO-BOATS IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN

By John R. Spears

BECAUSE public opinion regarding the value of torpedo-boats as vessels of war has vibrated through a wide arc within the past year, it may not be a waste of space to recount here just what these curious little modern ships have done in the war that has been waged for the expulsion of the Spanish Government from the American continent; for time was when the people believed that torpedoes of one kind or another were the chief bulwark of our defences against foreign aggression, and a time came when the officers of the navy were worried beyond measure by a belief that the Spaniards had brought a flotilla of superior torpedo-boats safely to this side of the Atlantic. And then, when at last the Spanish squadron, with its best torpedo-boats, was annihilated, we were told, by the press, with many similar expressions of confidence, that "one of the sharpest lessons of the war has been the dissipation into thin air of the torpedo-boat phantom, for, when once discovered, . . . such a construction is helplessly lost."

We used to hear about the active work of such torpedo-boats as were in commission long before the war began. A part of our squadron was stationed at the Dry Tortugas, and a part at Key West. There was neither telegraph cable nor regular ship communication between the Tortugas and Key West, but Admiral Sicard, who commanded the squadron, sent communications from his head-quarters in Key West to the Dry Tortugas ships, at will, by means of the ever-ready flotilla of torpedo-boats. It is about forty sea miles from one place to the other, and a torpedo-boat could, and did, jog over and back, regardless of weather, in from seven to eight hours, using only a part of its engine-power in the voyage, and it was apparent that in case of need the round trip might have been made in four hours.

As time passed on, and the threat of war was made ominous by the presence of two powerful Spanish cruisers in Havana harbor (the *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo*), the Admiral was obliged to establish a picket-line

out at sea for the protection of his Key West ships; for they were anchored in a roadstead off Sand Key light, the open sea stretched away to Havana, and there was nothing to prevent aggressive Spanish officers coming over in a night to attack our ships as they lay there.

By this time we had brought all our available torpedo-boats to Key West, and the flotilla included the *Foote*, Lieutenant William L. Rodgers; the *Cushing*, Lieutenant Albert Gleaves; the *Ericsson*, Lieutenant N. R. Usher; the *Winslow*, Lieutenant J. B. Bernadou; the *Porter*, Lieutenant John C. Fremont, and the *Dupont*, Lieutenant Spencer S. Wood, the whole flotilla being under Lieutenant-Commander W. W. Kimball.

Having such a flotilla, with each boat commanded by an enthusiastic member of his profession, the Admiral was no longer anxious about the safety of his big ships, for the torpedo-boats were sent, two every night, to patrol the sea outside of the anchored squadron.

And it should be said, too, that it was more important to send them there in foul weather than in fair, just as it had been necessary at times to send them through a gale on a mission to Dry Tortugas.

Just what this reference to the weather meant to the torpedo-boat crews can be fully appreciated only by one who knows the sea, but a landsman can get an idea of it. For instance, green brass buttons became known at Key West as badges of honor, and the mark of a torpedo-boat officer. For the brass buttons and the lace on their uniforms were turned green by the sea-water that was dashed over their boats, even when only an ordinary breeze prevailed. Every man on deck, when there was any breeze at all, was wet to the skin before the boat had passed the flag-ship on its way to patrol duty. Nor was that all, or the worst. Here were boats at largest 175 feet long by 17 broad, and drawing less than six feet of water. Half of a lead-pencil afloat in a tub of water will give an idea of the proportions of the boat. If the

pencil be tapered from the centre to both ends, the proportions will be accurate. Then agitate the water as violently as possible with a spoon, and see how the pencil is served !

Fortunately for us, not one great storm has come to worry our navy up to this writing, but the waves of the sea between Florida and Cuba, where the trade wind blows contrary to the current, are ugly enough in an ordinary breeze ; they were so ugly, in fact, that they swept solid across the rounded decks of these boats in a common blow.

So it happened that when it became necessary, one day, to send the Cushing as a despatch boat over to Havana Harbor a sea came over her low-lying bow, caught her executive officer, Ensign Joseph C. Breckenridge, hurled him against the light wire rail, and thence into the sea to his death.

That was sad enough. That the torpedo-boat service was really dangerous was made apparent, then, to the public, as it had been apparent all along to the men of the navy.

Until war was declared, of course, the services of the flotilla were confined to messenger work and picket duty. But beginning on that morning in April, when Sampson headed away for the Cuban coast to establish a blockade, they were not only to have new duties, but the old ones were to be increased in notable fashion.

As will be remembered, when the Nashville, Captain Maynard, fired the first shot of the war in capturing the Spanish merchant-ship Buena Ventura, the torpedo-boat Foote was sent to carry orders to Captain Maynard and bring back his report.

Then, too, when the Cuban coast was reached that afternoon, and the Pedro was captured, and a lot of other vessels had to be overhauled and officially notified that certain ports were blockaded, the torpedo-boats were the most active vessels of the squadron. It was a right hard day's work, in fact, for their crews, because there was a stiff breeze blowing, and they rolled and pitched and ploughed along through the smoking spray, and the solid rollers as well, until the unaccustomed spectators wondered whether quarter-inch plates could ever stand such a strain.

Then night came down and these, with the lighter cruisers, were stretched out as a picket line across the harbor mouth. Just what the torpedo-boats did that night has never been told officially and never will be, but a rumor reached the newspaper men that three of these boats went inside of Havana Harbor.

It was alleged that Captain John C. Fremont, of the Porter, went so close to the Alphonso XII. at anchor inside that he might have sunk her had he been permitted to do so. When these officers were asked about their venturesome trip they laughed and said something to the effect that they had "scouted a little."

Before telling further about the actual work of the torpedo-boats it seems best to give here an authoritative statement of the real work that the designers of such boats have always had in view when making them.

In "Notes on the Year's Naval Progress," issued by our Navy Department in 1896, wherein are described the British naval manœuvres of the previous years, it says (pp. 174-175) :

"The object of the torpedo-flotilla exercises was : First, ordinary exercises . . . to accustom officers and men to handle their vessels ; second, *deploying for lookout purposes* ; third, target practice ; fourth, torpedo practice ; fifth, to ascertain how nearly the best torpedo-boats can prevent modern ships of war from using a channel such as the English Channel, *at night*, in time of war ; also to what extent torpedo-vessels accompanying ships at sea *can protect the ships from torpedo-boat attacks* ; sixth, to what extent, *if at all*, it is desirable to use torpedo-vessels for sea-going purposes." (Italics not in the original.)

If to this we add that these boats were also expected to attack blockading ships *at night*, and *in time of battle* to make a dash from behind the ships of their own squadron, through the smoke, at a nearby enemy, the whole object of building a torpedo-boat is properly set forth.

With this in mind we find that while our boats had been in active service for months, the only work they had done that had been contemplated by their designers was that of picket duty.

The service as despatch boats was utterly foreign to their design, and it was

not fair to their crews and to the reputation of the torpedo-boat service. For a tug would have had sufficient speed for any ordinary despatch service, and it would have steamed over the waves where the torpedo-boat, because of its model, necessarily went through them. The men did not complain, but the relatives of Ensign Breckenridge had a right to do so, for he was lost because his boat was sent on duty for which she was never intended.

But now that the war was really begun the services of the torpedo-boats as messengers were rapidly extended, and their crews began to complain in private bitterly, though not for themselves. From the blockading squadron to Key West was a run of eighty miles through a rough sea. The English had experimented to see whether it was advisable to use torpedo-boats "at all" for the high seas, but we used them constantly. The rough work not only wore out the men; it brought such strains on the delicate machinery that constant repairs were needed. And that is to say it kept the boats out of tune—it unfitted them for the work they were designed to do in case the long-expected and hoped-for Spanish squadron should suddenly arrive. It was because of this that the crews complained.

This is not to carp at the Admiral or even at the authorities in Washington. At that time there were neither tugs nor any other craft than these torpedo-boats available as messengers. The fault lay in our having made no provision for such a service before the war began.

And then came another demand on the torpedo-boats. They were on blockade duty and they were the only vessels we had that could enter shoal water, so, their officers being utterly fearless, they were sent scouting along shore and in broad day at that. The bombardment of Matanzas, recently described in this Magazine, was brought on because the shore batteries there fired on the Foote when she was sent into the bay. The affair of the Winslow, at Cardenas, wherein Lieutenant Bernadou won promotion, was another case in which a torpedo-boat was used in broad daylight in an attack beneath the guns of well-located shore batteries. Never, in the history of naval warfare, was

there a more striking misuse of a war-vessel. The writer has heard naval officers call it murder. And yet, astounding as it must seem, the results of these misuses of torpedo-boats were taken up and paraded by the press, to show that torpedo-boats were "not likely to prove as useful as had been hoped."

Meantime an incident had occurred off Havana, during the first week of the blockade, that has no small bearing on the question of the usefulness of torpedo-boats—an incident of which the reporters did not then learn. On one of the breezy nights as the Porter was patrolling as a picket, and expecting the Spanish cruisers to come along at any time, the form of a big cruiser suddenly loomed out of the mists. Captain John C. Fremont at once displayed the fleet's night signal, but got no response. There could be but two conclusions from this: either the cruiser was an enemy or her lookouts had failed in their duty.

With feelings that are indescribable the captain headed his boat for a position near the cruiser and within a few moments had arrived so close to her that he had her absolutely in his power, for she was no more than 120 yards away, while the effective range of torpedoes is 800 yards.

Pointing all three of his torpedo tubes at her—even the one that must be fired across his own deck, Captain Fremont bade his men stand by and then once more displayed the signal that every American ship was bound to answer, and again there was no reply; yet to be absolutely certain that it was an enemy sneaking away from port he showed his signal a third time. As before no answer came.

At that the men at the tubes awaited, with firm hands, the order to fire, and in a fraction of a second they would have sent the unerring torpedoes on their flight, when Captain Fremont saw that the ship had three smoke-stacks, remembered that all the Spaniards had but two each, and sang out his discovery just in time to save the stranger from destruction. The cruiser was the New York, and the lookouts covering the space where the torpedo-boat lay had failed.

The people who had part in that incident are not among those who think that torpedo-boats are worthless.

From Matanzas and Cardenas we pass to the chase of Cervera, where the Porter, one lone torpedo-boat, accompanied the squadron that went to San Juan, Porto Rico. We expected to find the Spaniards in that harbor. It was believed that they had half-a-dozen torpedo-boats, and in fact, when located, they were found to have three torpedo-boat destroyers, which is another name for big torpedo-boats. We had one to meet their three. That was highly complimentary to the Porter from one point of view, but it was unfair to the torpedo-boat service. She fanned along under the shelter of the Iowa, as the squadron approached the forts, and had Cervera been within, and aggressive enough to come out, she would have been ready for a dash at him, but the whole literature of torpedo-boats shows, as the training at our Newport school has taught, that a torpedo-boat attack, to assure success, must be made by a group and not by one lone boat, even at night. And yet here was one lone boat for a battle in broad day and under the guns of shore batteries at that.

There was one feature of this expedition of a torpedo-boat to Porto Rico that has been entirely overlooked by the public. From Key West to San Juan and back was a journey of about 2,000 miles, and this boat, delicate as her machinery is necessarily, was as fit for action when she returned to Key West, as the famous Oregon was after her journey of 16,000 miles around the Horn. When we consider the difference between the two boats and their machinery the journey of the Porter is at least quite as remarkable as that of the battle-ship.

While the Porter was on the San Juan voyage the other torpedo-boats were scattered about, hither and yon off the Cuban coast and at Key West. At no time were they grouped for effective use against the enemy's squadron. Even when Schley went to Cienfuegos and thence to Santiago he had but one torpedo-boat.

A little later Cervera was located at Santiago, and a blockade of the port was established with results that as a whole set the nation wild with joy; and we had very good reason for joy. But there are details of the doings off that port that are not exactly joyful though very interesting.

For instance consider the blockading squadron in the days before the battle came. Night after night the picket line was maintained by the battle-ships and the armored cruisers New York and Brooklyn. These had to steam in until under the guns of the forts and there lie in wait for Cervera's torpedo-boats to come out. Battle-ships that towered like hills above the sea were set opposite a dark hole from which torpedo-boats with a freeboard of six feet were expected to come creeping through the murk. With these battle-ships were two converted yachts, the Gloucester and the Vixen, and one or two torpedo-boats on occasion.

The place of honor each night was occupied by two of the big ships, one of which kept her search-light on the harbor's mouth and the other with no light of any kind showing lay a little way off on one quarter. This darkened ship was called the guardship. The Indiana and the Texas took turns as guards because their search-lights had been put out of commission by the recoil of their own great guns.

Every man on those ships understood very well the peril in which they were placed. As the search-light swept to and fro along the beach line and across the mouth of the harbor their eyes followed the beams with eager glance or strove to pierce the gloom between. These men were eager to meet the enemy in open battle, but to search for an enemy that might come wholly unseen and with irresistible power—that was another matter. What was the effect of this strain on the men who stood on lookout for torpedo-boats night after night? They came to seeing the ghosts of torpedo-boats—they thought they saw an enemy where none existed. One night a cave in the rocky shore where the waves broke white with foam seemed to be the black hull of a torpedo-boat coming swiftly with its curl of spray under its bow. Instantly the crew sprang to their guns and opened fire. There was tremendous excitement, and then nothing more having been seen of the fearsome spectacle, after a few minutes had passed the boatswains piped down and the off watch turned in rejoicing to think that at least one of the enemy's torpedo-boats had been sunk.

Another night a long swell of the sea

with a breaking crest set the guns a roaring, and again there were thankful hearts because "a torpedo-boat had been sunk this time, anyway!"

On another night still a railway train—the regular one o'clock train from Siboney—hurrying along on the track near the sea was seen by the lookouts, and this time the gunners were sure of their game. For the black sneak did not disappear at the first shot! There it was moving along with smoke and lights showing. How the guns roared then! Pretty soon, however, someone observed that the fearsome thing was too high above the sea to be a torpedo-boat, and the facts in the case became apparent. There was no rejoicing after this bout with the ghosts, but on no less than four occasions was a Spanish torpedo-boat reported as having been destroyed off Santiago, when, in fact, none had been.

Nor is that all to be told, for every torpedo-boat in our flotilla was more than once fired on by our ships, the officers of which supposed, in spite of the well-arranged night-signals, that the enemy had come afloat, while coal transports, newspaper tugs, etc., that are not shaped like torpedo-boats, were also fired on for the same reason.

The captains of our big ships habitually slept on the bridge, when they slept at all, at night, in order to be ready for service instantly. The strain cannot be imagined by the unaccustomed, but the reader will recall that Captain Charles E. Clark, of the Oregon, after his magnificent work at Santiago, broke down at last.

In what has been said so far there is nothing regarding the use of torpedo-boats in actual battle between ships, because the story has been confined to the operations around Cuba where, until July 3d, there was no such battle. But at Manilla, and when Cervera made his dash from Santiago, it was squadron against squadron, and the Spaniards had a chance to use their torpedo-boats, though we, in these fights, had none really at hand.

At Manilla, according to the admirable report of former Lieutenant Stickney, the Spanish torpedo-boats "cut no figure at all." The Yankee fire was too hot for them, and they fled. At Santiago the Spaniards had two of the best torpedo-boats in the world, but what use did they

make of them? The craft that was designed for night use only, and on dark nights at that, was brought out to battle in the light of a beautiful summer day. But supposing it were necessary for the squadron to come out in broad daylight what would common-sense, not to mention naval training, suggest as the proper place for these boats? When Sampson went to San Juan he kept the Porter under the shelter of the thick-walled Iowa until close in, when he sent her off just to the east of the harbor entrance, where she could make a dash at the enemy's ship coming out, while its crew would be engaged by the battle-ships off the harbor's mouth.

Instead of keeping the Pluton and Furor under the shelter of his big cruisers whence, if they could be of any use in day-time, they might dash out to attack our nearest battle-ship, Cervera left them far in the rear of all. When they cleared the harbor our ships had had time to close in so near that these two unfortunate boats were obliged to face the fire of the Brooklyn, the Texas, the Iowa, the Oregon, the Gloucester and the Indiana. There were five big ships carrying an aggregate of one hundred and two guns in their secondary batteries (six-pounders and one-pounders) of which fifty-one at least would bear on these two torpedo-boats. The Gloucester kept at least two more six-pounders firing steadily after the torpedo-boats appeared. Nor is that all, for every one of the big ships aimed the larger guns as well as the small ones at the torpedo-boats.

In the face of such a battery as that came two Spanish torpedo-boats, having a clear space of at least two miles to cross before they could reach our nearest battle-ship. What does the reader think of that?

But suppose Cervera had massed his cruisers and with the torpedo-boats sheltered behind them had made a dash straight at our Texas and Iowa—suppose that he had determined to fight his way out man-fashion—with "uncircumspect gallantry," so to speak! Suppose the Spanish ships had been manned by the dominant race instead of Spaniards!

As for our one torpedo-boat, the Ericsson, present on that occasion, it had been taken with the New York to the eastward. That was hard luck for Captain Usher;

but he arrived back in time to carry his boat under the guns of the Vizcaya that were being fired by the heat of her burning decks and there serve gallantly as a life-saver instead of a life-taker.

The story of the services of torpedo-boats in this war may be summed up as follows: They had part in a few drills. They have seen months of service as despatch-boats. They have been constantly in use as pickets at sea as well as near port. They have served as scouts. They have blockaded ports. They have uncovered masked batteries around shoal water harbors. They have had part in one squadron battle in broad daylight.

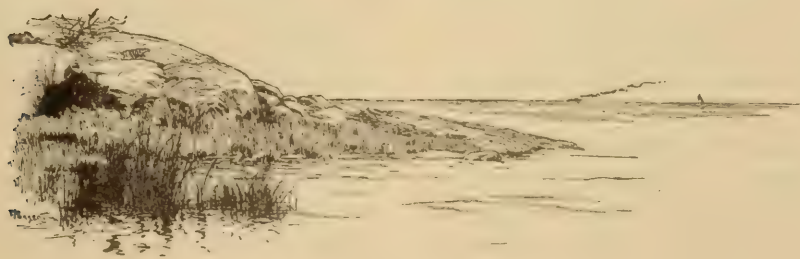
In their drills, though under conditions never likely to prevail in a night attack on a squadron, they scored more times than they failed. As despatch-boats in smooth water they were swift and serviceable, but on the high seas in foul weather they were found rather too frail. As pickets and scouts, whether at port or for a squadron at sea, they served admirably so long as small repairs and a machine-shop were not too far away. With a repair-ship in the squadron, they would have done still better. As blockading-vessels their coal capacity was deficient. For an attack on shore batteries their guns (one-pounders) were found to be of smaller calibre than was desirable, their torpedoes were not fitted for climbing the breastworks, and their armor-plate (three-eighths of an inch thick)

not equal to resisting modern rifle projectiles. In a daylight battle, squadron to squadron, they were found unable, in a group of two, to cross two miles of open sea under the fire of six well-armed ships manned by Yankee crews.

In all this it appears that their only services for which they were designed were picket duty and scouting. Save for the only occasion known to the writer, when the New York, with the Admiral and her five hundred men were at the mercy of one of his own torpedo-boats, we have had no service experience of the efficiency of torpedo-boats in night attacks.

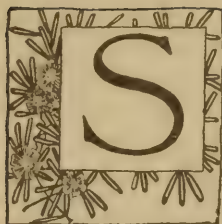
But in addition to all this we have learned that the torpedo-boat service has been the most dangerous afloat. More men have lost their lives on torpedo-boats than on all the other naval ships put together. We know that this service tries the men, in nerves and muscles, more than any other, while young officers have had the responsibility of independent commands. So this service has done more than all others to improve the *personnell* of the navy. And it is not unlikely that the most helpful part of the experience of the battle-ship crews was that had when they faced the black mouth of Santiago Harbor watching for an enemy that had not the nerve to come.

Now what does the reader think about it? Has the experience of this war proved that torpedo-boats are worthless?



THE PELICAN

By Edith Wharton



HE was very pretty when I first knew her, with the sweet straight nose and short upper lip of the cameo-brooch divinity, humanized by a dimple that flowered in her cheek whenever anything was said which possessed the outward attributes of humor without its intrinsic quality. For the dear lady was providentially deficient in humor: the least hint of the real thing clouded her lovely eye like the hovering shadow of an algebraic problem.

I do not think that nature had meant her to be "intellectual"; but what can a poor thing do, whose husband has died of drink when her baby is hardly six months old, and who finds that her coral necklace and her grandfather's edition of the British Dramatists are inadequate to the demands of the creditors?

Her mother, the celebrated Irene Astarte Pratt, had written a poem in blank verse on "The Fall of Man"; one of her aunts was dean of a girl's college; another had translated Euripides—with such a family, the poor child's fate was sealed in advance. The only way of paying her husband's debts and keeping the baby clothed was to be intellectual; and, after some hesitation as to the form that her mental activity was to take, it was unanimously decided that she was to give lectures.

They began by being drawing-room lectures. The first time I saw her she was standing by the piano, against a flip-pant background of Dresden china and photographs, telling a roomful of women preoccupied with their spring bonnets all that she thought she knew about Greek art. The ladies assembled to hear her had given me to understand that she was "doing it for the baby," and this fact, together with the shortness of her upper lip and the bewildering co-operation of her dimple, disposed me to listen leniently to her dissertation. Happily, at that time Greek art was still, if I may use the phrase,

easily handled; it was as simple as walking down a museum-gallery lined with pleasant familiar Venuses and Apollos. All the later complications—the archaic and archaistic conundrums; the influences of Assyria and Asia Minor; the conflicting attributions and the wrangles of the erudite—still slumbered in the bosom of the future "scientific critic." Greek art in those days began with Phidias and ended with the Apollo Belvedere; and a child could travel from one to the other without danger of losing its way.

Mrs. Amyot had two fatal gifts: a capacious but inaccurate memory, and an extraordinary fluency of speech. There was nothing that she did not remember—wrongly; but her halting facts were swathed in so many layers of cotton-wool eloquence that their infirmities were imperceptible to her friendly critics. Besides, she had been taught Greek by the aunt who had translated Euripides; and the mere sound of the *aïs* and *oïs* which she now and then not unskilfully let slip (correcting herself, of course, with a start, and indulgently mistranslating the phrase), struck awe to the hearts of ladies whose only "accomplishment" was French—if you didn't speak too quickly.

I had then but a momentary glimpse of Mrs. Amyot, but a few months later I came upon her again in the New England university town where the celebrated Irene Astarte Pratt lived on the summit of a local Parnassus, with lesser muses and college professors respectfully grouped on the lower ledges of the sacred declivity. Mrs. Amyot, who, after her husband's death, had returned to the maternal roof (even during her father's lifetime the roof had been distinctively maternal), Mrs. Amyot, thanks to her upper lip, her dimple and her Greek, was already ensconced in a snug hollow of the Parnassian slope.

After the lecture was over it happened that I walked home with Mrs. Amyot. Judging from the incensed glances of two or three learned gentlemen who were hov-

ering on the door-step when we emerged, I inferred that Mrs. Amyot, at that period, did not often walk home alone; but I doubt whether any of my discomfited rivals, whatever his claims to favor, was ever treated to so ravishing a mixture of shyness and self-abandonment, of sham erudition and real teeth and hair, as it was my privilege to enjoy. Even at the incipience of her public career Mrs. Amyot had a tender eye for strangers, as possible links with successive centres of culture to which in due course the torch of Greek art might be handed on.

She began by telling me that she had never been so frightened in her life. She knew, of course, how dreadfully learned I was, and when, just as she was going to begin, her hostess had whispered to her that I was in the room, she had felt ready to sink through the floor. Then (with a flying dimple) she had remembered Emerson's line—wasn't it Emerson's?—that beauty is its own excuse for *seeing*, and that had made her feel a little more confident, since she was sure that no one *saw* beauty more vividly than she—as a child she used to sit for hours gazing at an Etruscan vase on the bookcase in the library while her sisters played with their dolls—and if *seeing* beauty was the only excuse one needed for talking about it, why, she was sure I would make allowances and not be *too* critical and sarcastic, especially if, as she thought probable, I had heard of her having lost her poor husband, and how she had to do it for the baby.

Being over-abundantly assured of my sympathy on these points, she went on to say that she had always wanted so much to consult me about her lectures. Of course, one subject wasn't enough (this view of the limitations of Greek art as a "subject" gave me a startling idea of the rate at which a successful lecturer might exhaust the universe); she must find others; she had not ventured on any as yet, but she had thought of Tennyson—didn't I *love* Tennyson? She *worshipped* him so that she was sure she could help others to understand him; or what did I think of a "course" on Raphael or Michelangelo—or on the heroines of Shakespeare? There were some fine steel-engravings of Raphael's Madonnas and of the Sistine ceiling in her mother's library, and she had seen Miss Cushman

in several Shakespearian *rôles*, so that on these subjects also she felt qualified to speak with authority.

When we reached her mother's door she begged me to come in and talk the matter over; she wanted me to see the baby—she felt as though I should understand her better if I saw the baby—and the dimple flashed through a tear.

The fear of encountering the author of "The Fall of Man," combined with the opportune recollection of a dinner engagement, made me evade this appeal with the promise of returning on the morrow. On the morrow, I left too early to redeem my promise; and for several years afterward I saw no more of Mrs. Amyot.

My calling at that time took me at irregular intervals from one to another of our larger cities, and as Mrs. Amyot was also peripatetic it was inevitable that sooner or later we should cross each other's path. It was therefore without surprise that, one snowy afternoon in Boston, I learned from the lady with whom I chanced to be lunching that, as soon as the meal was over, I was to be taken to hear Mrs. Amyot lecture.

"On Greek art?" I suggested.

"Oh, you've heard her then? No, this is one of the series called 'Homes and Haunts of the Poets.' Last week we had Wordsworth and the Lake Poets, to-day we are to have Goethe and Weimar. She is a wonderful creature—all the women of her family are geniuses. You know, of course, that her mother was Irene Astarte Pratt, who wrote a poem on 'The Fall of Man'; N. P. Willis called her the female Milton of America. One of Mrs. Amyot's aunts has translated Eurip—"

"And is she as pretty as ever?" I irrelevantly interposed.

My hostess stared. "She is excessively modest and retiring. She says it is actual suffering for her to speak in public. You know she only does it for the baby."

Punctually at the hour appointed, we took our seats in a lecture-hall full of strenuous females in ulsters. Mrs. Amyot was evidently a favorite with these austere sisters, for every corner was crowded, and as we entered a pale usher with an educated mispronunciation was setting forth to several dejected applicants the impossibility of supplying them with seats.

Our own were happily so near the front that when the curtains at the back of the platform parted, and Mrs. Amyot appeared, I was at once able to establish a rapid comparison between the lady placidly dimpling to the applause of her public and the shrinking drawing-room orator of my earlier recollections.

Mrs. Amyot was as pretty as ever, and there was the same curious discrepancy between the freshness of her aspect and the staleness of her theme, but something was gone of the blushing unsteadiness with which she had fired her first random shots at Greek art. It was not that the shots were less uncertain, but that she now had an air of assuming that, for her purpose, the bull's-eye was everywhere, so that there was no need to be flustered in taking aim. This assurance had so facilitated the flow of her circumlocutious diction that, as I listened, I had a curious sense that she was performing a trick analogous to that of the conjuror who pulls hundreds of yards of white paper out of his mouth. From a large assortment of stock adjectives she chose, with unerring deftness and rapidity, the one which taste and discrimination would most surely have rejected, fitting out her subject, as it were, with a whole wardrobe of slop-shot epithets irrelevant in cut and size. To the invaluable knack of not disturbing the association of ideas in her audience, she added the gift of what may be called a confidential manner—so that her fluent generalizations about Goethe and his place in literature (the lecture was, of course, manufactured out of Lewes's book) had the flavor of personal experience, of views sympathetically exchanged with her audience on the best way of knitting children's socks, or of putting up preserves for the winter. It was, I am sure, to this personal accent—the moral equivalent of her dimple—that Mrs. Amyot owed her prodigious, her irrational success. It was her art of transposing second-hand ideas into first-hand emotions that so endeared her to her feminine listeners.

To anyone not in search of "documents" Mrs. Amyot's success was hardly of a kind to make her more interesting, and my curiosity flagged with the growing conviction that the "suffering" entailed upon her by public speaking was at most

a retrospective pang. I was sure that, as a matter of fact, she had reached the point of measuring and enjoying her effects, of deliberately manipulating her public; and there must indeed have been a certain exhilaration in attaining results so considerable by means involving so little conscious effort. Mrs. Amyot's art was simply an extension of coquetry: she flirted with her audience.

In this mood of enlightened skepticism I responded but languidly to my hostess's suggestion that I should go with her that evening to see Mrs. Amyot. The aunt who had translated Euripides was at home on Saturday evenings, and one met "thoughtful" people there, my hostess explained: it was one of the intellectual centres of Boston. My mood remained distinctly resentful of any connection between Mrs. Amyot and intellectuality, and I declined to go; but the next day I met Mrs. Amyot in the street.

She stopped me reproachfully. She had heard that I was in Boston; why had I not come last night? She had been told that I was at her lecture; and it had frightened her—yes, really, almost as much as years ago in Hillbridge. She never *could* get over that stupid shyness, and the whole business was as distasteful to her as ever; but what could she do? There was the baby—he was a big boy now, and boys were *so* expensive! But did I really think she had improved the least little bit? And why wouldn't I come home with her now, and see the boy, and tell her frankly what I had thought of the lecture? She had plenty of flattery—people were *so* kind, and every one knew that she did it for the baby—but what she felt the need of was criticism, severe, discriminating criticism like mine—oh, she knew that I was dreadfully discriminating!

I went home with her and saw the boy. In the early heat of her Tennyson-worship Mrs. Amyot had christened him Lancelot, and he looked it. Perhaps, however, it was his black velvet dress and the exasperating length of his yellow curls, together with the fact of his having been taught to recite Browning to visitors, that raised to fever heat the itching of my palms in his Infant-Samuel-like presence. I have since had reason to think that he would

have preferred to be called Billy, and to hunt cats with the other boys in the block: his curls and his poetry were simply another outlet for Mrs. Amyot's irrepressible coquetry.

But if Lancelot was not genuine, his mother's love for him was. It justified every thing—the lectures *were* for the baby, after all. I had not been ten minutes in the room before I was pledged to help Mrs. Amyot to carry out her triumphant fraud. If she wanted to lecture on Plato she should—Plato must take his chance like the rest of us! There was no use, of course, in being “discriminating.” I preserved sufficient reason to avoid that pitfall, but I suggested “subjects” and made lists of books for her with a fatuity that became more obvious as time attenuated the remembrance of her smile; I even remember thinking that some men might have cut the knot by marrying her, but I handed over Plato as a hostage, and escaped by the afternoon train.

The next time I saw her was in New York, when she had become so fashionable that it was a part of the whole duty of woman to be seen at her lectures. The lady who suggested that of course I ought to go and hear Mrs. Amyot, was not very clear about anything except that she was perfectly lovely, and had had a horrid husband, and was doing it to support her boy. The subject of the discourse (I think it proved to be on Ruskin) was clearly of minor importance, not only to my friend, but to the throng of well-dressed and absent-minded ladies who rustled in late, dropped their muffs and pocket-books, and undisguisedly lost themselves in the study of each other's apparel. They received Mrs. Amyot with warmth, but she evidently represented a social obligation like going to church, rather than any more personal interest; in fact, I suspect that every one of the ladies would have remained away, had it been ascertainable that none of the others were coming.

Whether Mrs. Amyot was disheartened by the lack of sympathy between herself and her hearers, or whether the sport of arousing it had become a task, she certainly imparted her platitudes with less convincing warmth than of old. Her voice had the same confidential inflections, but it was like a voice reproduced by a

gramophone: the real woman seemed far away. She had grown stouter without losing her dewy freshness, and her smart gown might have been taken to indicate either the potentialities of a settled income, or a politic concession to the taste of her hearers. As I listened I reproached myself for ever having suspected her of self-deception in declaring that she took no pleasure in her work. I was sure now that she did it only for Lancelot, and judging from the size of her audience and the price of the tickets I concluded that Lancelot must be receiving a liberal education.

I was living in New York that winter, and in the rotation of dinners I found myself one evening at Mrs. Amyot's side. The dimple came out at my greeting as punctually as a cuckoo in a Swiss clock and I detected the same automatic quality in the tone in which she made her usual pretty demand for advice. She was like a musical-box charged with popular airs. They succeeded one another with breathless rapidity, but there was a moment after each when the cylinders scraped and whizzed.

Mrs. Amyot, as I found when I called upon her, was living in a pleasant flat, with a sunny sitting-room full of flowers and a tea-table that had the air of expecting visitors. She owned that she had been ridiculously successful. It was delightful, of course, on Lancelot's account. Lancelot had been sent to the best school in the country, and if things went well and people didn't tire of his silly mother he was to go to Harvard afterward. During the next two or three years Mrs. Amyot kept her flat in New York, and radiated art and literature upon the suburbs. I saw her now and then, always stouter, better dressed, more successful and more automatic: she had become a lecturing-machine.

I went abroad for a year or two and when I came back she had disappeared. I asked several people about her, but life had closed over her. She had been last heard of as lecturing—still lecturing—but no one seemed to know when or where.

It was in Boston that I found her at last, forlornly swaying to the oscillations of an overhead strap in a crowded trolley-car. Her face had so changed that I lost myself in a startled reckoning of the time that

had elapsed since our parting. She spoke to me shyly, as though aware of my hurried calculation, and conscious that in five years she ought not to have altered so much as to upset my notion of time. Then she seemed to set it down to her dress, for she nervously gathered her cloak over a gown that asked only to be concealed, and shrank into a vacant seat behind the line of prehensile bipeds blocking the aisle of the car.

It was perhaps because she so obviously avoided me that I felt for the first time that I might be of use to her; and when she left the car I made no excuse for following her.

She said nothing of needing advice and did not ask me to walk home with her, concealing, as we talked, her transparent preoccupations under the mask of a sudden interest in all that I had been doing since she had last seen me. Of what concerned her, I learned only that Lancelot was well and that for the present she was not lecturing—she was tired and her doctor had ordered her to rest. On the doorstep of a shabby house she paused and held out her hand. She had been so glad to see me and perhaps if I were in Boston again—the tired dimple, as it were, bowed me out and closed the door upon the conclusion of the phrase.

Two or three weeks later, at my club in New York, I found a letter from her. In it she owned that she was troubled, that of late she had been unsuccessful, and that, if I chanced to be coming back to Boston, and could spare her a little of that invaluable advice which—. A few days later the advice was at her disposal.

She told me frankly what had happened. Her public had grown tired of her. She had seen it coming on for some time, and was shrewd enough in detecting the causes. She had more rivals than formerly—younger women, she admitted, with a smile which could still afford to be generous—and then her audiences had grown more critical and consequently more exacting. Lecturing—as she understood it—used to be simple enough. You chose your topic—Raphael, Shakespeare, Gothic Architecture, or some such big familiar “subject”—and read up about it for a week or so at the Athenæum or the Astor Library, and then told your audience what you had

read. Now, it appeared, that simple process was no longer adequate. People had tired of familiar “subjects”; it was the fashion to be interested in things that one hadn’t always known about—natural selection, animal magnetism, sociology and comparative folk-lore; while, in literature, the demand had become equally difficult to meet, since Matthew Arnold had introduced the habit of studying the “influence” of one author on another. She had tried lecturing on influences, and had done very well as long as the public was satisfied with the tracing of such obvious influences as that of Turner on Ruskin, of Schiller on Goethe, of Shakespeare on the English drama; but such investigations had soon lost all charm for her too-sophisticated audiences, who now demanded either that the influence or the influenced should be absolutely unknown, or that there should be no perceptible connection between the two. The zest of the performance lay in the measure of ingenuity with which the lecturer established a relation between two people who had probably never heard of each other, much less read each other’s works. A pretty Miss Williams with red hair had, for instance, been lecturing with great success on the influence of the Rosicrucians upon the poetry of Keats, while somebody else had given a “course” on the influence of St. Thomas Aquinas upon Professor Huxley.

Mrs. Amyot, warmed by my evident participation in her distress, went on to say that the growing demand for evolution was what most troubled her. Her grandfather had been a pillar of the Presbyterian ministry, and the idea of her lecturing on Darwin or Herbert Spencer was deeply shocking to her mother and aunts. In one sense the family had staked its literary as well as its spiritual hopes on the literal inspiration of Genesis: what became of “The Fall of Man” in the light of modern exegesis?

The upshot of it was that she had ceased to lecture because she could no longer sell tickets enough to pay for the hire of a lecture-hall; and as for the managers, they wouldn’t look at her. She had tried her luck all through the Eastern States and as far South as Washington; but it was of no use, and unless she could get hold of some new subjects—or, better still, of

some new audiences—she must simply go out of the business. That would mean the failure of all she had worked for, since Lancelot would have to leave Harvard. She paused, and wept some of the unbecoming tears that spring from real grief. Lancelot, it appeared, was to be a genius. He had passed his opening examinations brilliantly; he had “literary gifts”; he had written beautiful poetry, much of which his mother had copied out in reverentially slanting characters upon the pages of a velvet-bound volume which she drew from a locked drawer.

Lancelot’s verse struck me as nothing more alarming than growing-pains; but it was not to learn this that she had summoned me. What she wanted was to be assured that he was worth working for, an assurance which I managed to convey by the simple strategy of remarking that the poems reminded me of Swinburne—and so they did, as well as of Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti, William Morris, and all the other poets who supply young authors with original inspirations.

This point being satisfactorily established, it remained to be decided by what means his mother was, in the French phrase, to pay herself the luxury of a poet. It was obvious that this indulgence could be bought only with counterfeit coin, and that the one way of helping Mrs. Amyot was to become a party to the circulation of such currency. My fetish of intellectual integrity went down like a ninepin before the appeal of a woman no longer young and distinctly foolish, but full of those dear contradictions and irrelevances that will always make flesh and blood prevail against a syllogism. When I took leave of Mrs. Amyot I had promised her a dozen letters to Western universities and had half-pledged myself to sketch out for her a lecture on the reconciliation of science and religion.

In the West she achieved a success which for a year or more embittered my perusal of the morning papers. The fascination which lures the murderer back to the scene of his crime drew my eye to every paragraph celebrating Mrs. Amyot’s last brilliant lecture on the influence of something upon somebody; and her own letters—she overwhelmed me with them—spared

me no detail of the entertainment given in her honor by the Palimpsest Club of Omaha or of her reception at the University of Leadville. The college professors were especially kind: she assured me that she had never before met with such discriminating sympathy. I winced under the adjective, which cast a sudden light upon the vast machinery of fraud that I had set in motion. All over my native land, men of hitherto unblemished integrity were conniving with me in urging their friends to go and hear Mrs. Amyot lecture on the reconciliation of science and religion! My only hope was that, somewhere among the number of my accomplices, Mrs. Amyot might find one who would marry her in the defense of his literary convictions.

None, apparently, resorted to such heroic measures; for about two years later I was startled by the announcement that Mrs. Amyot was lecturing in Trenton, N. J., on modern theosophy in the light of the Vedas. The following week she was at Newark, discussing Schopenhauer in the light of recent psychology. The week after that I was on the deck of an ocean steamer, reconsidering my share in Mrs. Amyot’s triumphs with the impartiality with which one views an episode that is being left behind at the rate of twenty knots an hour. After all, I had been helping a mother to educate her son.

The next decade of my life was spent in Europe, and when I came home the recollection of Mrs. Amyot had become as inoffensive as one of those pathetic ghosts who are said to strive in vain to make themselves visible to the living. I did not even notice the fact that I no longer heard her spoken of; she had dropped like a dead leaf from the bough of memory.

A year or two after my return I was condemned to one of the worst punishments that a worker can undergo—an enforced holiday. The doctors who pronounced the inhuman sentence decreed that it should be worked out in the South, and for a whole winter I carried my cough, my thermometer and my idleness from one fashionable orange-grove to another. In the vast and melancholy sea of my disoccupation I clutched like a drowning man at any human driftwood within reach. I took a critical and depreciatory interest

in the coughs, the thermometers and the idleness of my fellow-sufferers ; but to the healthy, the occupied, the transient I clung with indiscriminating enthusiasm.

In no other way can I explain, as I look back upon it, the importance which I attached to the leisurely confidences of a new arrival with a brown beard who, tilted back at my side on a hotel veranda hung with roses, imparted to me one afternoon the simple annals of his past. There was nothing in the tale to kindle the most inflammable imagination, and though the man had a pleasant frank face and a voice differing agreeably from the shrill inflections of our fellow-lodgers, it is probable that under different conditions his discursive history of successful business ventures in a Western city would have affected me somewhat in the manner of a lullaby.

Even at the time I was not sure that I liked his agreeable voice. It had a sonorous assertiveness out of keeping with the humdrum character of his recital, as though a breeze engaged in shaking out a table-cloth should have fancied itself inflating a banner. But this criticism may have been a mere mark of my own fastidious humor, for the man seemed a simple fellow, satisfied with his middling fortunes, and already (he was not much past thirty) deep-sunk in conjugal content.

He had just entered upon an anecdote connected with the cutting of his eldest boy's teeth, when a lady whom I knew, returning from her late drive, paused before us for a moment in the twilight, with the smile which is the feminine equivalent of beads to savages.

"Won't you take a ticket?" she said, sweetly.

Of course I would take a ticket—but for what? I ventured to inquire.

"Oh, that's so good of you—for the lecture this evening. You needn't go, you know ; we are none of us going ; most of us have been through it already at Aiken and at Saint Augustine and at Palm Beach. I've given away my tickets to some new people who've just come from the North, and some of us are going to send our maids, just to fill up the room."

"And may I ask to whom you are going to pay this delicate attention?"

"Oh, I thought you knew—to poor Mrs.

Amyot. She's been lecturing all over the South this winter ; she's simply *haunted* me ever since I left New York—and we had six weeks of her at Bar Harbor last summer ! One has to take tickets, you know, because she's a widow and does it for her son—to pay for his education. She's so plucky and nice about it, and talks about him in such a touching unaffected way, that everybody is sorry for her, and we all simply ruin ourselves in tickets. I do hope that boy's nearly educated !"

"Mrs. Amyot? Mrs. Amyot?" I repeated. "Is she *still* educating her son?"

"Oh, do you know about her? Has she been at it long? There's some comfort in that, for I suppose when the boy's provided for the poor thing will be able to take a rest—and give us one !"

She laughed and extended her hand. "Here's your ticket. Did you say *tickets*—two? Oh, thanks. Of course you needn't go."

"But I mean to go. Mrs. Amyot is an old friend of mine."

"Do you really? That's awfully good of you. Perhaps I'll go too if I can persuade Charlie and the others to come. And I wonder"—in a well-directed aside—"if your friend ——?"

I telegraphed her under cover of the dusk that my friend was of too recent standing to be drawn into her charitable toils, and she masked her mistake under a rattle of friendly adjurations not to be late, and to be sure to keep a seat for her, as she had quite made up her mind to go even if Charlie and the others wouldn't.

The flutter of her skirts subsided in the distance, and my neighbor, who had half turned away to light a cigar, made no effort to reopen the conversation. At length, fearing that he might have overheard the allusion to himself, I ventured to ask if he were going to the lecture that evening.

"Much obliged—I have a ticket," he said, abruptly.

This struck me as in such bad taste that I made no answer ; and it was he who spoke next.

"Did I understand you to say that you were an old friend of Mrs. Amyot's?"

"I think I may claim to be, if it is the same Mrs. Amyot whom I had the pleasure of knowing many years ago. My Mrs. Amyot used to lecture too——"

"To pay for her son's education?"

"I believe so."

"Well—see you later."

He got up and walked into the house.

In the hotel drawing-room that evening there was but a meagre sprinkling of guests, among whom I discovered my brown-bearded friend sitting alone on a sofa, with his head against the wall. It was certainly not curiosity to see Mrs. Amyot which had impelled him to attend the performance, for it would have been impossible for him, without shifting his position, to command the improvised platform at the end of the room. When I looked at him he seemed lost in contemplation of the chandelier.

The lady from whom I had purchased my tickets fluttered in late, unattended by Charlie and the others, and assuring me that she should *scream* if we had the lecture on Ibsen—she had heard it three times already that winter. A glance at the programme reassured her: it informed us (in the lecturer's own slanting hand) that Mrs. Amyot was to lecture on the Cosmogony.

After a long pause, during which the small audience coughed and moved its chairs and showed signs of regretting that it had come, the door opened, and Mrs. Amyot stepped upon the platform. Ah, poor lady!

Someone said "Hush!" the coughing and chair-shifting subsided, and she began.

It was like looking at one's self early in the morning in a cracked mirror. I had no idea that I had grown so old. As for Lancelot, he must have a beard. A beard? The word struck me, and without knowing why I glanced across the room at my bearded friend on the sofa. Oddly enough he was looking at me, with a half-defiant, half-sullen expression; and as our glances crossed, and his fell, the conviction came to me that *he was Lancelot*.

I don't remember a word of the lecture; and yet there were enough of them to have filled a good-sized dictionary. The stream of Mrs. Amyot's eloquence had become a flood: one had the despairing sense that she had sprung a leak, and that until the plumber came there was nothing to be done about it.

The plumber came at length, in the shape of a clock striking ten; my compan-

ion, with a sigh of relief, drifted away in search of Charlie and the others; the audience scattered with the precipitation of people who had discharged a duty; and, without surprise, I found my brown-bearded acquaintance at my elbow.

We stood alone in the big bare-floored room, under the flaring chandelier.

"I think you told me this afternoon that you were an old friend of Mrs. Amyot's?" he began awkwardly.

I assented.

"Will you come in and see her?"

"Now? I shall be very glad to, if——"

"She's ready; she's expecting you," he interposed.

He offered no further explanation, and I followed him in silence. He led me down the long corridor, and pushed open the door of a sitting-room.

"Mother," he said, closing the door after we had entered, "here's the gentleman who says he used to know you."

Mrs. Amyot, who sat in an easy-chair stirring a cup of bouillon, looked up with a start. She had evidently not seen me in the audience, and her son's description had failed to convey my identity. I saw a frightened look in her eyes; then, like a frost flower on a window-pane, the dimple expanded on her wrinkled cheek, and she held out her hand to me.

"I'm so glad," she said, "so glad!"

She turned to her son, who stood watching us. "You must have told Lancelot all about me—you've known me so long!"

"I haven't had time to talk to your son—since I knew he was your son," I explained.

Her brow cleared. "Then you haven't had time to say anything very dreadful?" she said, with a laugh.

"It is he who has been saying dreadful things," I returned, trying to fall in with her tone.

I saw my mistake. "What things?" she faltered.

"Making me feel how old I am by telling me about his children."

"My grandchildren!" she exclaimed, with a blush.

"Well, if you choose to put it so."

She laughed again, vaguely, and was silent. I hesitated a moment, and then put out my hand.

"I see that you are tired. I shouldn't

have ventured to come in at this hour if your son——”

The son stepped between us. “Yes, I asked him to come,” he said to his mother, in his clear self-assertive voice. “I haven’t told him anything yet ; but you’ve got to—now. That’s what I brought him for.”

His mother straightened herself, but I saw her eye waver.

“Lancelot——” she began.

“Mr. Amyot,” I said, turning to the young man, “if your mother will allow me to come back to-morrow, I shall be very glad——”

He struck his hand hard against the table on which he was leaning.

“No, sir ! It won’t take long, but it’s got to be said now.”

He moved nearer to his mother, and I saw his lip twitch under his beard. After all, he was younger and less sure of himself than I had fancied.

“See here, mother,” he went on, “there’s something here that’s got to be cleared up, and as you say this gentleman is an old friend of yours it had better be cleared up in his presence. Maybe he can help explain it—and if he can’t, it’s got to be explained to *him*.”

Mrs. Amyot’s lips moved, but she made no sound. She glanced at me helplessly and reseated herself. My early inclination to thrash Lancelot was beginning to reassert itself. I took up my hat and moved toward the door.

“Mrs. Amyot is certainly under no obligation to explain anything whatever to me,” I said, curtly.

“Well ! She’s under an obligation to me, then—to explain something in your presence.” He turned to her again. “Do you know what the people in this hotel are saying ? Do you know what he thinks—what they all think ? That you’re doing this lecturing to support me—to pay for my education ! They say you go round telling them so. That’s what they buy the tickets for—they do it out of charity. Ask him if it isn’t what they say—ask him if they weren’t joking about it on the piazza before dinner. The others think I’m a little boy, but he’s known you for years, and he must have known how old I was. *He* must have known it wasn’t to pay for my education !”

He stood before her with his hands clenched, the veins beating in his temples. She had grown very pale, and her cheeks looked hollow. When she spoke her voice had an odd click in it.

“If—if these ladies and gentlemen have been coming to my lectures out of charity, I see nothing to be ashamed of in that——” she faltered.

“If they’ve been coming out of charity to *me*,” he retorted, “don’t you see you’ve been making me a party to a fraud ? Isn’t there any shame in that ?” His forehead reddened. “Mother ! Can’t you see the shame of letting people think that I was a d—— beat, who sponged on you for my keep ? Let alone making us both the laughing-stock of every place you go to !”

“I never did that, Lancelot !”

“Did what ?”

“Made you a laughing-stock——”

He stepped close to her and caught her wrist.

“Will you look me in the face and swear you never told people that you were doing this lecturing business to support me ?”

There was a long silence. He dropped her wrist, and she lifted a limp handkerchief to her frightened eyes. “I did do it—to support you—to educate you”—— she sobbed.

“We’re not talking about what you did when I was a boy. Everybody who knows me knows I’ve been a grateful son. Have I ever taken a penny from you since I left college ten years ago ?”

“I never said you had ! How can you accuse your mother of such wickedness, Lancelot ?”

“Have you never told anybody in this hotel—or anywhere else in the last ten years—that you were lecturing to support me ? Answer me that !”

“How can you,” she wept, “before a stranger ?”

“Haven’t you said such things about me to strangers ?” he retorted.

“Lancelot !”

“Well—answer me, then. Say you haven’t, mother !” His voice broke unexpectedly and he took her hand with a gentler touch. “I’ll believe anything you tell me,” he said, almost humbly.

She mistook his tone and raised her head with a rash clutch at dignity.

"I think you had better ask this gentleman to excuse you first."

"No, by God, I won't!" he shouted. "This gentleman says he knows all about you and I mean him to know all about me too. I don't mean that he or anybody else under this roof shall go on thinking for another twenty-four hours that a cent of their money has ever gone into my pockets since I was old enough to shift for myself. And he sha'n't leave this room till you've made that clear to him."

He stepped back as he spoke and put his shoulders against the door.

"My dear young gentleman," I said, politely, "I shall leave this room exactly when I see fit to do so—and that is now. I have already told you that Mrs. Amyot owes me no explanation of her conduct."

"But I owe you an explanation of mine—you and every one who has bought a single one of her lecture tickets. Do you suppose a man who's been through what I went through while that woman was talking to you in the porch before dinner is going to hold his tongue, and not attempt to justify himself? No decent man is going to sit down under that sort of thing. It's enough to ruin his character. If you're my mother's friend, you owe it to me to hear what I've got to say."

He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Good God, mother!" he burst out suddenly, "what did you do it for? Haven't you had every thing you wanted ever since I was able to pay for it? Haven't I paid you back every cent you spent on me when I was in college? Have I ever gone back on you since I was big enough to work?" He turned to me with a laugh. "I thought she did it to amuse herself—and because there was such a demand for her lectures. *Such a demand!* That's what she always told me. When we asked her to come out and spend this winter with us in Minneapolis, she wrote back that she couldn't because she had engagements all through the South, and her manager wouldn't let her off. That's the reason why I came all the way on here

to see her. We thought she was the most popular lecturer in the United States, my wife and I did! We were awfully proud of it too, I can tell you." He dropped into a chair, still laughing.

"How can you, Lancelot, how can you!" His mother, forgetful of my presence, was clinging to him with tentative caresses. "When you didn't need the money any longer I spent it all on the children—you know I did."

"Yes, on lace christening dresses and life-size rocking-horses with real manes! The kind of thing that children can't do without."

"Oh, Lancelot, Lancelot—I loved them so! How can you believe such falsehoods about me?"

"What falsehoods about you?"

"That I ever told anybody such dreadful things?"

He put her back gently, keeping his eyes on hers. "Did you never tell anybody in this house that you were lecturing to support your son?"

Her hands dropped from his shoulders, and she flashed round upon me in sudden anger.

"I know what I think of people who call themselves friends and who come between a mother and her son!"

"Oh, mother, mother!" he groaned.

I went up to him and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"My dear man," I said, "don't you see the uselessness of prolonging this?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, abruptly, and before I could forestall his movement he rose and walked out of the room.

There was a long silence, measured by the decreasing reverberations of his footsteps down the wooden floor of the corridor.

When they ceased I approached Mrs. Amyot, who had sunk into her chair. I held out my hand and she took it without a trace of resentment on her ravaged face.

"I sent his wife a seal-skin jacket at Christmas!" she said, with the tears running down her cheeks.

A NIGHT ESCAPE

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR

By Stevens Vail

IT is not the actual fact of being under fire and fighting back that gives the supreme thrill of war; it is not the mad outward rush of a forlorn hope that claims the utmost courage, but rather is it the moment when you know yourself to be unexpectedly hemmed in and surrounded by an overwhelming force of the enemy, as yet unperceived, but discovery almost inevitable with the sequence of certain destruction, swift and terrible—and you determine to get out.

Such a moment as this entered the souls of every man Jack aboard the auxiliary cruiser Yankee on the night of Thursday, June 9th, and from the captain to Jack-o'-the-Dust, there is not one of that ship's company whose memory will let slip a single detail of that midnight hour when the Yankee, unseen and unheard, slipped stealthily through the centre of an unknown fleet, and emerging triumphantly, fled ahead to our waiting ships at Santiago with the warning of the unknown's approach.

During the day of June 9th the Yankee, manned by the New York Naval Reserves, swung lazily at anchor in the beautiful Haytien bay which encases Mole St. Nicholas. She awaited a cablegram from Washington in answer to dispatches brought that morning from Admiral Sampson at Santiago.

The crew sprawled lazily about the decks, admiringly criticising, by turn, the crescent-shaped harbor and its wonderfully blue crystal water, the abrupt mountains fissured and cleft, the pathetically battered old fort guarding the entrance and the little straggled town along the beach which seemed to have been built with a view to taking its collective self off to the mountains at the first warning note of one of those oft-recurring revolutions which have made Hayti so sensitive to newspaper mention.

A week would have passed easily to the New Yorkers there in that harbor, so different from the one at home, but shortly

before dusk, the captain's gig came skipping out from the palm-fringed shore, and a few minutes later the Yankee was slipping out of the bay.

At the entrance a collier was met coming in. The collier's captain hailed the Yankee, and after stating that he was fresh from New York, anxiously inquired if anything had been seen of the Spanish fleet. Upon a negative reply, he continued that an English tramp steamer had spoken him the day before and had reported the sighting of a supposed Spanish fleet off the northern coast of Cuba; and then the two ships passed out of sight and hailing, the collier to her anchorage in the bay, and the Yankee toward Santiago and the fleet.

The pleasant relaxation of the dog watch came, and the men gave themselves up to their brief period of recreation. The after-guards joined their shipmates on the forecastle, and mingling their voices chanted the songs the ship's poets had put together recounting the multifold adventures of the "Gentlemen Jackies," as the Reserves are playfully dubbed by their friends the Regulars. Guitars and mandolins added to the sweet deep harmony of the men's voices; the officers gathered upon the bridge to listen, and the scene made hard the realization that it was war-time, and that the ridge of blue on the starboard quarter marked the enemy's country. Surely never before was a ship's company composed of such material. A little group of four chatting together in the eyes of the ship had made a cruise in these same waters a year before in a yacht belonging to the father of one. The red-cheeked young boatswain's mate who saluted the officer of the deck and walked forward to execute a harshly given order, happened to be that particular officer's brother-in-law. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Annapolis, and West Point, all had their quota in that conglomerate crowd, and enough professions were repre-

sented to furnish a good-sized town in any branch it needed. And they were all there to work, and to fight, and to serve their country to the best of their God-given bent in any way they could.

The dusk deepened with tropical swift-ness into night; at eight bells "all the port watch" was called, and the "watch below" resolved itself into fragments which drifted to their hammocks to get every precious minute of the four sleeping hours allowed them.

The lookouts were posted; two in the bow, two at the waist, and two aft; in addition were also the three signal men on the bridge. The guns' crews dropped on the deck at their posts beside their grim charges, and by half past eight the ship had settled itself in quietness and darkness for the night's run up the coast. Not a light was shown, not even the twinkling end of a cigar.

Until 9.40 no incident disturbed the monotony of the run; then came a cry from the starboard bow lookout:

"Light, O!"

"Where away?" quickly interrogated the officer of the deck, from the bridge.

"About two points on the starboard bow—looks like a port light, sir," replied the lookout.

Mild confusion reigned on the deck for an instant, the dozing ones roused themselves to speculate on the blinking point of light, now plainly visible; the officer of the deck looked long and steadily at it through his night-glasses, and turning to the orderly, said: "Orderly, report to the captain that we have a steamer on our starboard bow."

The captain was soon by the side of the watch officer, levelling his glass with that of his junior. A quick command was called to the quartermaster at the wheel, the steam steering-gear clanked and groaned dolefully and the ship's bow swung around toward the chase. Chase it was, for the dense smoke pouring from the funnel told of the Yankee's increased speed, and the shadowy figures at the bow guns—the emergency guns—marked the temper of the pursuit.

Suddenly the glint of light disappeared. "Keep her on the same course," said the captain, laconically.

There was a silence then for five min-

utes which was suddenly broken by a howl from the port-bow lookout.

"Light O! broad on the port bow!" he cried, without waiting for the bridge interrogatory.

"Light O! one point abaft the starboard beam, sir!" yelled the starboard waist lookout in startling sequence.

"Get the men to their quarters," softly said the captain to the executive officer, who was already at his side, at the same time calling by the indicator for half speed. No drum or bugle sounded the alarm. With three unknown ships at hand the situation was too grave to risk the alarm being shared by the enemy—for in war-times all ships are enemies until they are proved otherwise—and so, instead, the division officers, already alert, threaded their way through the maze of hammocks on the gun-deck, and, shaking the sleeping occupants, hoarsely whispered:

"Turn out! turn out! Get to your quarters—softly now, but on the jump!"

A tremor of life seemed to run through the ship as her decks were suddenly filled with scurrying figures running in all directions through the inky blackness. It all seemed the climax of chaos, in reality it was the perfection of discipline and all that that means. In three minutes the men were at their posts, yawning and rubbing their eyes, not yet enough awake to be in the least interested as to the purpose of their muster.

"Cast loose and provide!" came the low order cutting through the darkness like a knife.

Blocks whined, tackle strained, the tramp of many feet resounded, as the ammunition hoists dumped with a heavy thud the five-inch shells at the guns; the breech-blocks sprang open, in went the shells with a snap, the breech locked sharply and the men stood alert at their stations—there was no doubt about their wakefulness now.

The night-glasses made out two steamers on the port side and one on the starboard, far ahead. The intervening distance was too great to determine their character, but peaceful travellers of the seas at that time were not wandering in trios in those waters. The careless display of an undeadened port light seemed to speak more for the laxity of watch

aboard a Spanish cruiser than an American, and so the Yankee's head swung inland as she forged stealthily on. She had particular business with that steamer between her and the land—the ones far to port could wait.

But the chase was not continued. At the end of five minutes going a quarter-master, who had been on lookout in the fore-top, came slipping down the shrouds and saluting the captain, said: "Sir, I have to report two more steamers broad on the starboard beam, they show no lights but appear to have ram-shape bows."

Once more the Yankee's nose swung round, this time seaward. The two unknowns so far out were to be dodged, and then the course for Santiago taken up, a spurt made, and the fleet notified of the strangers' approach. The men were somewhat disappointed at the lost chance of so evident a "mix-up"; but the philosophy of resignation was easily achieved with the accompanying realization that even the bellicose Yankee was no match in a night fight for five war-ships of unknown quantity.

It was decreed, however, that the Yankee, living up to her gender, should again change her mind and course, for hardly had the screw made a dozen revolutions in the new direction toward the open sea when dead ahead a great beam of light suddenly cut a broad path in the murky heavens.

It was a search-light, and a powerful one at that, apparently about nine or ten miles distant. To and fro high in the sky swept the broad silver beam, always maintaining the same arc of sweep with no attempt toward picking up anything on the sea. It looked for all the world like a great evil eye trying to obtain a peep into the mysteries behind the clouds. It was most puzzling, this erratic search-light, and the people on the Yankee, now halted in the trough of the uneasy waves, put their thinking-caps on to solve the problem. The answer was nearer than they knew or wished, and it came in the shape of a similar light as suddenly appearing about six miles abaft the first one. And the cream of the ghastly joke lay in the fact that as the two beams met and fell slowly, until lost in the sea, they disclosed the sharp outlines of two more ships in the outward path of the Yankee. She

stopped with a jerkiness peculiar to ships whose engines are suddenly reversed. The brains of the Yankee were very busy just then, as well they might be, for the situation was interesting, to say the least. Here was a converted cruiser of fourteen knots with a main battery of only ten five-inch guns in the midst of an unknown fleet, the likelihood of discovery and subsequently being blown out of water a more than possibility, and the nearest help eight hours away. True, the fleet might be American, but the Yankee had left Santiago the morning before, and knew then the disposition of all our ships—and here were eleven unaccounted for. Transports they might be, but none had been known to have left the States at that time. Granting that the fleet was friendly, in those nervous times it was sometimes a question of shoot first and inquire afterward, and the Yankee wasn't built with many watertight compartments. On the other hand, the hypothesis that the fleet might be Spanish, was a most reasonable one. The nightly search-lights had not yet been turned on the entrance of Santiago Bay, and it was a question each night whether Cervera's fleet would be found inside at daylight—for even then it was known that the Merrimac had not entirely blocked the exit. Cervera's ships had left Spain two weeks before—and those off Santiago had had no news since; hardly a day had passed without some report of suspicious vessels, hovering about the Cuban coast, reaching the fleet.

There was no turning to the right or turning to the left now for the Yankee; both those avenues of escape were effectually blocked; to turn back was equally out of the question for unnecessary reasons. There was but one road open, that was the one dead ahead which led to Santiago and the American fleet.

The gauntlet to be run was from six to eight miles in width, and apparently twice the distance in length. Slowly at first she forged ahead, almost feeling her way, and then like an arrow from the bow she spurted. Dense smoke poured from her funnel, and this the officers regarded anxiously as the distant search-light fell across the sky far ahead and travelled slowly toward her. A minute more and the beam would have picked up the heavy

column, when suddenly a God-given gust flattened the thick smoke down to the decks into a long, broad trail astern.

The second light astern now began its journey forward, and again came the tense expectancy. But it travelled quickly, passing high over the Yankee, though it disclosed, for a brief second, the six unwelcome travelling companions to port—and the Yankee breathed a great human sigh of relief. A young gun captain beat a light finger tattoo upon the long gray monster beside him, and tentatively sighed:

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in thy flight,
And make me a child again, *just* for to-night!

The gun's crew snickered, and three deep-voiced youngsters softly droned, "Be it ever so humble there's no place like h-o-o-o-me!"

"Silence! you bally idiots—are you all so anxious to be blown to kingdom come that you're kicking up such a row?" inquired the division officer with savage sarcasm. And the next minute the rebuked crew was laughing softly to itself at its chief, who, on taking an extra long squint at the oft-revealed fleet sauntered across to the opposite port, humming: "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night!"

Absolute silence was out of the question. The strain was altogether too great for that. In various ways the men relieved their pent-up feelings. There was the always obnoxious jester who, to hide perhaps his real emotion, made a general buffoon of himself; the quiet chaps who looked hard, and thought the same way; the careless ones, who regarded the whole thing as a joke intended for their special benefit; the nervous ones who kept wiggling some part of their anatomy continually—all the types were there save one, the type of cowardice.

Meanwhile, the Yankee was plunging ahead at her utmost bent; the exposed deadlights of the strangers, which had first shown their whereabouts, were now extinguished, and, save for the search-lights which now and then flashed their location, nothing of them could be seen. These brief glimpses, however, seemed to show that the Yankee was drawing ahead. The five ships to starboard had not been seen for half an hour; whether their course had

been changed, whether they had dropped astern, whether fresh ships lay in the Yankee's path were questions often asked in vain. All was darkness, deep and impenetrable. The Yankee was being run by fatalists just then. If it was written that she should escape detection only to be run down, or to run down one of the enemy—all right, it was a case of Kismet.

The thrills that came and went with those awful search-lights were most exquisite, but very, very wearing after a time.

The tactics of sweeping the sky were abandoned a few minutes before midnight, and then the endeavor began to pick up separately each charge; for the owners of the search-lights were undoubtedly battle-ships, as were the smaller vessels, cruisers, or transports. They were all astern now, yet the radiance of day fell upon each ship as the great beams flashed across them for an instant. Suddenly the beams began to waver and then to sweep anxiously first the sea and then the sky, the movements becoming swifter and more impatient with every slash of light.

"Lordy! we're gone now *surely*," dejectedly whispered a super-nervous yeoman. "They're hunting for us or they've missed one of their own steamers and are trying to pick her up."

His opinion was evidently shared, in a measure, by the captain, for, in response to a hurried call, the chief engineer, all grimy with coal and sweat, and carrying a long swan-necked oil-can, ran to the bridge.

"Give her all she'll carry," said the captain, "and perhaps a little more—try some oil on the coal."

The engines pounded and thumped, the very plates of the fire-room deck jumped and creaked, and the Yankee seemed to have achieved her second wind.

The search-lights swung round and round, perilously near, but never quite on the spot. The distance was now too great for the necessary depression of the lights, though they tried hard indeed to get down. Once the topmasts were just tipped with silver, and the light seemed to waver and hesitate, but then it passed on unheeding. Suddenly from the funnel burst a long fierce pennant of flame. The oil had overdone its work.

"Smother that flame for God's sake!" cried out the captain. And the flame was

smothered. But was it too late? Was the mischief done? Was the Yankee near enough for the flame to be seen? Well, no time was lost in waiting to find out, as she started in for her final spurt. It was life or death now and no mistake.

The great oily seas rushed by her side as she had never felt them before, and she trembled in every nerve and fibre. A dozen firemen lay along the gun-deck where they had been brought from the seething fire-room, but they counted for nought against the stake the Yankee was racing for.

Faint streaks in the east proclaimed approaching day. Eyes strained astern for the first glimpse of the pursuers—not one was in sight, not even a smudge of smoke against the horizon—the Yankee had won! The sun glared on wan and drawn faces,

tired, oh so tired, but yet so triumphantly elated.

Ahead was the Morro and at its feet the great war-ships lay patiently waiting the prey so soon to be theirs.

The Yankee threaded her way among them, and as she slowed down to a mere drift, the captain's gig fled out from her side to the flag-ship with the news so portentous.

And then came the greatest disappointment in the Yankee's history, for, five minutes after she had seen two swift yachts hurry off in the direction of her night's adventure, she was chivied up the coast to distant Cienfuegos, and it was over three weeks before she learned that the unknown fleet was composed of American transports convoyed by two of our own battle-ships!

THE PASSING OF AUTUMN

By Archibald Lampman

THE wizard has woven his ancient scheme ;
A day and a starlit night ;
And the world is a shadowy-pencilled dream
Of color, haze, and light.

Like something an angel wrought, maybe,
To answer a fairy's whim,
A fold of an ancient tapestry,
A phantom rare and dim.

Silent and smooth as the crystal stone
The rivers lie serene,
And the fading hills are a jewelled throne
For the Fall and the Mist, his Queen.

Slim as out of aërial seas,
The elms and poplars fair
Float like the dainty spirits of trees
In the mellow dream-like air.

Silvery-soft by the forest side—
Wine-red, yellow, rose—
The wizard of Autumn, faint, blue-eyed—
Swinging his censer, goes.

THE POINT OF VIEW

OUR "Imperialism," it is pretty well agreed among sober and sensible Americans, is not a pretty or a promising phenomenon. But, however much we may lament it, and however much we may succeed in limiting it, we must all also agree that the war cannot leave us as it found us; that it has thrust upon us something that, in comparison with our past policy, may be called Imperial; that for a time at least we must administer the affairs of alien races in distant lands. It is consoling to recognize any compensation that this prospect involves; to assure ourselves that if it be evil, it is not of an unmixed evil.

Imperialism and
Industrialism.

The imperial spirit is at least an effective set-off against the mercantile spirit, against which the philosophic essayists and the commencement orators have been warning us for half a century. In spite of the admonitions, it has been steadily growing, until the ambition of riches is the only form of distinction which appeals to the common American. Literature and art do not take hold of him. Half a century ago public life offered a distinct set-off to the tyranny of "the business man." A boy might propose to himself to be rich or to be a Senator. Now the two aspirations are fused. The readiest, and perhaps the cleanest road, to the Senate is through riches.

It is in favor of war, it is in favor even of imperialism, that it does set up an effective counterbalance to the one American ambition; that it substitutes in the successful soldier or sailor, afterward possibly even in the successful administrator, a figure more susceptible of statuesque presentation than that of the business man. When the business man gets himself a statue, even if it be not at his own expense or that of his posterity, it is seen that he is not available for that kind of commemoration. The irreverent populace which envied him living, jeers at his effigy, and walks around the corner to consider much more seriously the statue of a general or an admiral—*Inter arma negotia silent*. It must have been a distinct surprise and grief to many a millionaire after his down-sittings and his up-risings had been for many a year chron-

icled by a faithful press, to find himself suddenly relegated to the second plane, or even to the wings. Fancy the feeling of a Napoleon of the Wheat Pit, or of a Street Railroad Baron, or of a Hog Products King, upon discovering that people were no longer talking about him; that a mere commodore, whose income was only \$5,000 a year, had dislodged him and his millions from the centre of the stage. It must have been of a bewilderment bordering on stupefaction.

Nobody but the millionaire will be apt to dispute that this transfer of public admiration, of public attention, is wholesome. It would be wholesome, without reference to the comparative ethical merits of a commodore and an "operator," merely because it was a transfer. The tendency to admire and envy the millionaire has surely been "overloaded."

Without much doubt, British Imperialism has been the most effective countercheck to British mercantilism, though the mere survival of the British aristocracy as a social force has done something in the same way. Whether British snobbery be a more rational and improving sentiment than American worship of mercantile success, we need not argue, especially as, in fact, the two sentiments are not so distinguishable, British snobbery being the worship of rank plus money. But it is British Imperialism which has done most to render obsolete and absurd the eighteenth-century French characterization of the British as a nation of shopkeepers. And this in spite of the fact that British Imperialism has been at bottom a commercial expansion, a hunt for new markets. William Henry Hurlbert's delightful averment that the Romans overran the world with their conquering standards inscribed S. P. Q. R., "Small Profits and Quick Returns," would have been as accurate an account of British Imperialism as it was an absurd account of Roman. But it is not by commercial qualities that the commercial expansion has been managed. The admirals and the generals, and the pro-consuls were not "business men." Millionairolatry is "the canker of the calm world and a long peace."

It is good to read over again the jeremiad of Goldsmith in his sounding heroics, and to remember that his protest against the sway of the mercantile spirit was filed at the very time when Chatham and Wolfe and Clive were administering the effectual antidote to that spirit. The time may come when, stripped of all her charms,

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,

One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

A century later, Tennyson, quite in the same spirit, hailed the coming of the Crimean War as the harbinger of a time when something else than wealth should appeal to his countrymen,

Nor Britain's one sole god be the millionaire.

For I trust, if an enemy's fleet came yonder round
by the hill,

And the rushing battle bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,

That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would
leap from his counter and till,

And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating
yard-wand, home.

It is quite true that the business man has generally found his account in war. The expansion of England under Chatham was attended by "the sudden glories of paymasters and contractors, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations." But the point is, that the business man is no longer the popular hero. In war there is a new scale, according to which he takes his new place. In military and naval operations, the most diligent of business men takes a place in which he is in no danger either of a violent death or of excessive admiration. The sutler does not threaten the national standards of success in life, no matter what "profits may accrue."

Of course we have very modern instances to show how much mischief the purely military ideal may do, when that tendency in its turn is "overloaded." With a social pressure constraining an officer of one great army to murder, and the high officers of another to perjury, we may well go in dread of the ethical standards set up by military influence, even as compared with those of an unmitigated industrialism. "But that is another story."

HOW soon one gets to the end of the usefulness of the average bilingual dictionary—"as she is edited!" I have been struck with this more than once of late. Admitted that such dictionaries may

be expected to be rather weak—perhaps, pardonably so, all things considered—in what are known as "technicalities," it still seems as if they might profitably pay more attention than they often do to the common technicalities of every-day life, especially to those which are most apt to bother the visitor in a foreign country: the technicalities of shopping.

Defective
Dictionaries.

I take an (unabridged) French and English dictionary to hand; a standard work, much used, a perfectly fair specimen of its class. After looking carefully under all pertinent headings, I have found not the faintest hint at the fact that "muslin" (called "cotton" in New England) is currently known as *toile* in retail shops in France, and "linen" as *fil*. On the contrary, the first two renderings under the heading TOILE are: "1. *cloth* (texture of flax, hemp, cotton, horse-hair); 2. *linen*." I defy any man to find out from this dictionary that the regular shopping French to-day for "a cotton shirt, with linen bosom, collar and cuffs," is *une chemise de toile, avec plastron, col et manchettes en fil*. There is nothing about *plastron* under BOSOM, FRONT, nor SHIRT. Under this last-mentioned heading I find: "linen—, *de toile*;" which may be good classical French enough, but is very bad shopping French, A.D. 1898. Again under TOILE I find: "—peinte (a. & m.) *printed calico, cotton*." Looking out "a. & m." in the Explanation of Abbreviations, I find that it means "arts and manufactures"; a lucky qualification, but I doubt if, even with this qualification, the given rendering of the phrase would throw much light for the average American upon the horror expressed in French newspapers, some years ago, at the duty levied in our Custom-house on *toiles peintes*—that is, on oil paintings!

Under "WEAR, v. n." the only rendering of "to—well" is: *être d'un bon user*; whereas the first question a Frenchwoman asks about a piece of dry-goods she thinks of buying is: *Est-ce que cela résiste bien?* To which the counter-jumper usually replies: *Oh, madam, je vous assure que ceci est très-résistant!* Not strictly true, perhaps, but idiomatic.

I find, too, that the dictionary in question affords no help whatever to the uninitiated Englishman or American in Paris toward understanding the placard, common enough in shop windows, which announces: *1 franc le litre, y compris le verre*; which is to be

interpreted: "One franc a litre"—not *glass*, but—"bottle included." Which reminds me, talking of stimulants, that the only rendering given of *cannette* is: "faucet, tap;" whereas *cannette* is the current term for the patent bottle (with spring stopper) in which beer is retailed for home consumption.

These are but a few instances of dictionary insufficiency; I have taken them quite at random, but could probably multiply them almost indefinitely by pulling my thinking-cap a thought tighter over my ears. Yet they seem to me enough to suggest that there may still be work to do in the matter of editing bilingual dictionaries. Neither have I any doubt that German, Italian, and Spanish dictionaries are quite as defective as the French one from which I have quoted—what there was to quote.

TO the average American the Spanish manner—the Spanish manner as it shows itself alike in the most critical and in the most trivial affairs of life—is, as a rule, profoundly and bafflingly mysterious. When one speaks of the Spanish manner one means the Spanish-American also, albeit there are certain well-marked differences in detail between the two. Contemptuous impatience with alien characteristics is rather

The Spanish
Manner.

an American failing, and is probably caused in part by our system of common-school education, which tends to give the whole body of the people, in all walks of existence, more or less the same order of ideas, and therefore lessens the powers of sympathy and insight where traits present themselves, whether individual or national, that are unlike those to which we are used. Such impatience, however, offers greater obstacles to the successful accomplishment of the destinies dear to the heart of imperialists and expansionists than the latter appear commonly to be aware. And one of the first means of correcting it, in some measure, is to open the eyes to the fact that the manner, or manners, of different peoples are natural and logical products of their peculiar "sociality," and that, whether they be approved of or not, it is unintelligent to regard them as mysterious—which, read by the light of such "socialities," they clearly are not;—and rather frivolous not to make some attempt to understand the inner ideas which explain them, and upon which the civilization that has gone to form them has been built up.

What appears to the American to be most

startling about the demeanor of the Spaniard is its habitual *insouciance*. It is not merely a light-hearted way of throwing off the crosses and punishments and responsibilities of life that is implied in the word. We have no actual warrant for assuming that such things do not go as hard with the Spaniard as with us; that he does not feel them as much as would one of our own stock. That is indeed, an assumption that to those who have any intimate knowledge of Spanish people must seem unnecessarily fatuous. Spanish sensibility is a complicated product that reveals unexplored depths at unexpected moments. The literature of the people abounds in characters of delicate sensibility; what type more compounded of sensitiveness and feeling than Cervantes's immortal hero? In truth, individuals in whom the deeper and graver aspects of life awaken a sensitive and sympathetic response, and individuals over whom the waves break without any answering vibration whatever, are scattered in equal numbers the world over. There are as many examples of this *insouciant* class in the United States as in Spain, in Norway as in Greece. The *insouciance* of the Spaniard does not come under this general head.

No; it becomes clear, on a closer analysis, that it springs, not from a faculty for taking matters easily, but from a less keen perception of public opinion than exists with us. The Spanish behavior seems to convey always an intimation that the individual is sufficiently content with his own reading of his own conduct, not to be over-deeply concerned with what others may be thinking of it. Not that a Spaniard is usually egotistical in his pose toward his fellow-men. He exhales none of that aggressive indifference as to the judgments of the rest of the world which has come to be recognized as particularly British. One can best express his general attitude by saying that he does not "realize" the outside world. And this is precisely what can be said, to an of course immeasurably greater extent, of a Hindu, a North American Indian, a Bedouin Arab; and it is a fruit of all the more primitive social conditions.

Nothing so affects manner as such an attitude. Most Orientals have a special sort of personal dignity that is rarely found among the advanced peoples of the West; and it was observed during the visit, a few years ago, of a famous Indian chief at Washington, that the impassive composure of his mien decid-

edly vulgarized by comparison, the prominent men of the "ruling race" with whom he came into contact. Something of the same sort of composure and poised stodes with a Spaniard at the most difficult pass; does not forsake him in the face of the uttermost disaster, misfortune, disgrace. It is not that he is impassive as the Indian, nor that he has the somnolent self-control of the Oriental. He manifests often, on the contrary, a child-like abandon. Many incidents of the late war, many of the men whom it brought prominently to the attention of Americans, illustrated abundantly this peculiar ingenuousness and almost infantile simplicity of behavior. But why? Because these Spanish officers and men had a clear image of themselves as they looked in the eyes of their adversaries, and because they were weakened and unnerved, and thrown off their normal axis by the sense that they were regarded by us as failures, retrograde survivals of a nationality that had seen its day, and been unable to keep up with the march of civilization? Not at all. No Spaniard ever saw that image of himself reflected in anybody's eyes! Our Spaniard was merely as sure of himself in defeat as at any other time. Sure enough of himself to be natural and simple, and sufficiently indifferent to the ideas that we might be cherishing about him as not to "compose an attitude" for our benefit.

The problem is frequently mooted whether manners must not necessarily tend to deteriorate more and more with the advance of western civilization. Manners probably grow better, on the whole, as the democratic perception of society increases, as men recognize each other as being of the same stuff, with equal capacity for pleasure and pain. With manner it is different. Manner is essentially dependent upon the individual being able to find his centre of gravity within himself. If the chief of a savage tribe is quite likely to have more weight and nobleness of

bearing than an eminent personage in a highly civilized society, it is not alone because, as Mr. Spencer has told us, such a bearing is cultivated for the influence which it exerts over rude followers, but because the chief takes no account of those followers, and is himself in an isolation that the highly civilized man, in touch with the myriad currents of an intricately organized social life, has lost forever.

Instead of declaring that the Spanish manner, more especially at a crisis, is unexcusable, we should do it the justice to understand that it is, aesthetically, very good; much better than ours, presumably, would be if the circumstances were reversed. We Americans live with one hand on the pulse of public opinion. Even when we are least conscious of it, we are ruled, in our whole personal attitude toward the world, by the voices of the majority. This certainly saves us from some of those amazing blunders into which the Spaniard walks with a light foot and an awared eye. On the other hand, it robs us of any personal, self-evolved secret for not looking abject if by chance we do fall into a pit. Many open channels of communication with the outside world enlighten us, but take from us that fine and majestic obtuseness out of which grows the grand, the easy, the felicitous, manner. It is essential to any nonchalant dignity of carriage that we may achieve to be supported by our surroundings; hence, we do not well conceive how a Spaniard, bereft of all, may still be much what he was before. Ethically such a discrepancy between condition and manner seems to us all wrong. Aesthetically, it has great value. For there is something in the heart of every creature who is however little an artist, and there always will be, that warms appreciatively to any outward and physical evidence that the man's the man for a' that and a' that.

THE FIELD OF ART

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE STAGE

DOES its function as keepsake or, perchance, a complacent vanity when we ourselves figure among the dramatic personæ, mask the hideousness of the photographic group? For no one of even primitive taste can fail to be shocked by the ugliness of these pictures when the personal element is wanting. Mere curiosity alone can scarcely digest the tableaux vivants that are usually served to us as an accompaniment to the Sunday breakfast by the more enterprising "dailies." These souvenirs of the stage are so grotesque that one may pardonably ask why they should leave so unpleasant an impression, if they are faithful reproductions of the objects photographed. Let it be assumed for the sake of the homily that they are faithful reproductions, though much might be written against the photographic lie—the lie, for instance, that gives porcelain or wax for flesh (even though the negative be not doctored), till the present generation has almost come to the conclusion that the human epidermis is a failure and has accepted as its ideals the immaculate, "lovely" lay-figures that pose in the windows of the department stores.

It has already been shown in the Field of Art that the photograph has great documentary value. Moreover, as a handmaid to art, provided it always remains ancillary, it has its use, saving much time and perfunctory labor. If abused, it may atrophy both the limning and observing faculties—not to mention the imagination. Heaven forbid that any attempt should be made here to delimit Art. Let it suffice to observe that photography deals with the science of facts, while art deals with the science of *appearances*, and that appearances often hide many unsightly realities.

There lie before me three or four groups culled at random from the current plays and taken presumably by flashlight, inasmuch as the shadowless objects have no relief, clinging to the background as tenaciously as though cut from card-board and glued to it—another exemplification of the photographic falsehood. Let us discuss these pictures indirectly, and account for their ugliness by way of a personal experience. The illustrative method often carries conviction to doubting

Thomases when other means fail. Many years ago it was the writer's task, in conjunction with a now eminent sculptor, to arrange a series of classic tableaux at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the prototypes being the statues or bas-reliefs in the galleries, and the models the choice of the young people studying in the schools. The costumes were prepared with taste and a scrupulous archaeological accuracy. It is needless to add that these well-looking young men and women entered into the spirit of the performance with intelligence and enthusiasm. In fact, nothing was wanting, not even the "great success"—as success goes. Yet how impossible it all was! There was the question of drapery, the rock on which the photographer *must* founder from the artistic point of view. Reader, did you ever see an artist fuss over his draperies; how he flings and throws, re-flings and rethrows, until he catches the favorable fold? Even then it is only relatively favorable, a mere suggestion to work on. Do you suppose any cast of whatever material would give such elegance of arrangement as the consummate drapery of the Victory of Samothrace? How futile, then, the attempt during the few minutes between the curtain-drops to perfect the flow of a tunic, or to make a toga or himation fall into statuesque lines. If, for a single figure, the task was difficult, fancy what it must have been for a group of two; then add two more and conjure up the impossibilities, the net-work of lines, each of which depends for its beauty on its relativity. You might suggest that it would have been wisdom to renounce the performance. So it would have been had not our purpose been didactic. At best tableaux are, and must needs be, ugly unless reduced to their simplest form of expression and masked with art. Yes, that is it: masked with art! An artist can veil the inadequacies by a double black gauze combined with crafty illumination. The rationale of the veil is to conceal the failures; that of a studied light to cajole the audience into a disregard of the inherent defects. But on the theatrical stage there is no gauze to soften asperities. There are no rays casting shadows of mystery to mitigate the drawbacks. On the contrary there is glare from the foot-

lights at an unbecoming angle, reinforced during the spectacular climaxes by electric flashes which bring out in all its hideousness the extravagant *maquillage* of the performers—a *maquillage* that may have been well enough in tallow-dip times, but horrible in all its naked evidence in these days of brilliant artificial light. If an harmonious relativity of line be impossible of attainment in groups of three or four by artists, fancy what linear discords must ensue in groups of from five or six to fifty when there is no artist to superintend them! If a linear harmony be impossible in a small but stationary group, imagine the multiplication of dissonances in a moving assemblage of many performers. It cannot be denied that photography has occasionally given us a beautiful nude or a beautiful landscape, because a happy and fortuitous conjunction of conditions will invariably occur at times, but the very fact that these conditions are rare and fortuitous precludes their consideration. Moreover, such a conjunction in a group is humanly impossible.

Granted that these linear discords do exist, why is it that they strike us so forcibly in the photograph while annoying us but comparatively little in reality? By *us* is meant the average theatre-goer; for they do trouble the trained eye, and added to the imbecilities of the spoken word keep many sensitive people permanently from the playhouse. Their existence on the stage, however, is much less obvious even to the disciplined eye, because they are whitewashed, if I may be permitted the term, by the glamour of prevailing conditions. The audience is distracted by the dramatic situation, by the personality of the actor, by the music, perhaps, to the oblivion of everything else. In other words, these things are the double gauze that discreetly veils the discords. Nor has any reference been made to color that is non-existent in the photographic group, which can only give us black and white values, and false at that. (Here again is still another instance of the photographic lie.) The harmonious relativity of color is almost of as much importance in the picture as the relativity of line. Some would hold it of greater importance. It certainly gives greater pleasure to the untrained. In the photograph it is *nil* and worse than *nil*. On the stage the colors are discordant in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. In the hundredth, when well studied, they may be harmonious, and, should they remain sta-

tionary, would be agreeable. In a fixed position a certain shade of blue worn by the hero, let us say, might give us an agreeable "harmony by analogy" with a certain tint of violet worn by the heroine. Dramatic action, unfortunately, does not permit fixed positions, and our heroine in violet might find herself at any moment in close proximity to Mephistopheles in antagonistic vermilion. Such color-shiftings are in the very nature of the drama, and it is doubtful if even a great genius could prevent inevitable discords, though he could unquestionably mitigate them. Taking things as they are, however, neither a chromatic nor a linear harmony is attainable in the moving scene, yet, in spite of false notes, color unquestionably helps to distract us from inadequacies. Its mere barbaric splendor under the glossing influence of light obliterates those obvious defects that jump at us from the photograph. There is a blinding sheen in nature that neither pigment nor chemical can possibly reproduce. Painter and photographer work with a comparatively restricted palette, and their gamut is a narrow one compared with that of the sun or electricity. The artist, while accepting this limitation, can compensate and even conceal it by other and nobler qualities. The photographer has no such resources. It would be unjust to the scene-painter did we not give him full credit for helping out many an otherwise ugly combination. A background of charming, glowing landscape frequently distracts us from the unpleasant things in the foreground—a background that loses both glow and charm in the photographic reproduction.

There is yet another reason for the ugliness of the instantaneous group which may be attributed to the arrested expression of the performers. Many expressions are permanently beautiful. Others depend on continuity for their beauty. The former would obviously be comparatively tranquil. The more violent expressions are fleeting. Any one arrested instant of such expressions would probably appear a mere grimace. When preceded and followed by its physiological antecedents and sequences it becomes a logical and agreeable expression. We sometimes find an instantaneous photograph of a laugh, or one of a running horse that is expressive, rational, and adequate. These instances are exceptional, however, and cannot affect the rule to any great extent.

FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

DAILY BREAD.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV

DECEMBER, 1898

NO. 6

DAILY BREAD

By Josephine Preston Peabody

WHEN the long gray day is done,
Spent at weary seams,
Homeward comes my Heart to me
With the flock of dreams.

“And what tidings, ruddy Heart?
Shall we ever share,
Hand in hand, the sun and wind,
Seeking all that's fair?”

“Not to-morrow, Dear-to-me!
Ours are parted ways;
Thine the spinning, mine to seek
Fortune of the days.”

O, and it is cold without
My own Heart to sing;
O, and it's a lonely way
My Heart goes wandering!

But I fold the web, at dusk,
As a maid beseems;
And my sun-burned Heart comes home,
With the flock of dreams.



United States Troops in the Trenches Before Santiago.

IN THE RIFLE-PITS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE position of the regulars immediately after they had taken the San Juan hills was painfully suggestive of Humpty-Dumpty on the wall. They did not suggest Humpty-Dumpty at the time, but now one sees that their attitude then was quite as precarious as his and almost as absurd.

Along the top of each hill were tiny groups of not more than from a dozen to fifteen soldiers. They were sprawling on their backs, panting for breath, or sitting with their elbows on their knees and panting for breath. By some miracle they had arrived at this supreme elevation, and they found themselves suddenly in complete possession of several block-houses and rows and rows of abandoned rifle-pits. Three hundred yards below them, in the valley that stretched between Santiago and the hills

on which they crouched, thousands of Spanish rifles were spluttering furiously and shrieking with rage and disappointment, making the crest of hills behind which our men lay absolutely untenable. At their feet were the sunny slopes up which they had just climbed, and which were still swept by fierce and sudden showers of falling bullets. They could neither retreat nor advance, and they were so few that to one coming up the hill they suggested Sunday groups of workmen picnicking on the hills of a city park. They were so few in number, so utterly inadequate to the extent of hills they had captured and were supposed to hold, that their position was like that of a man clinging to a church steeple and unable, without breaking his neck, to slip down on any side; but who still proclaimed to the air about him, "See how I

hold this steeple!" Their own point of view and sense of relief and surprise were thus best expressed in the words of Stephen Crane's trooper, who sank upon the crest of the hill, panting, bleeding, and sweating, and cried: "Well, hell, here we are!"

I watched the cavalry take the hills they captured from a place on the trail about three hundred yards behind them, near a ford of the San Juan stream, which was later picturesquely called the Bloody Bend, because so many men were hurt there, and because it was used as a dressing station for the wounded. General Wheeler was seated at this ford at the foot of a great tree, and gathered about him were different members of his staff—his son, and Captain William Astor Chanler, and Captain Hardie, who was, much to his disgust, in command of the General's body-guard, and so could not storm the hill with his regiment. I told General Wheeler that the cavalry had just reached the top of the hill, and I think from his answer that this was the first information that he had received of the fact that the hills were captured. At the same moment an aide rode up



Making Observations while Under Heavy Spanish Fire.

and said, "General Wheeler, we have taken the San Juan block-house. It is now possible for you to come up to the front." General Wheeler at once rose and walked on up the three hundred yards of trail to the hill; but about half an hour before he reached it I saw General Sumner riding over the hills with his aides, Captain Howse, Lieutenant Harmon, who was wounded, but who still sat in his saddle, and Lieutenant Andrews of Troop G, Third Cavalry, who had lost his horse, but who trotted along beside Sumner on foot. I mention this, because in General Shafter's general order congratulating the troops on the victory of San Juan, he gave the entire credit for the



General Hospital of the First Division.



Generals Wheeler, Chaffee, and Lawton in Consultation.

work of the cavalry division to General Wheeler, speaking of him as leading the dismounted cavalry at the front. He did not mention General Sumner at all. As a matter of history, General Sumner bore the heat and brunt of the day, and was in command of the cavalry division long after the hills were taken, until about four o'clock, when General Wheeler reassumed command. General Wheeler has won so many laurels in the Civil War, and again in this last war, that he does not need honors which belong to another. General Kent, who was also mentioned in the same general order for the good work of his infantry, was most magnanimous, and at the time of the fight gave the credit of the advance to his brigade commander, General Hawkins. In the minds of the army of the rifle-pits this disclaimer on his part did not so much help General Haw-

kins, who had distinguished himself before the eyes of all, as it added to the great popularity of General Kent. Later General Shafter corrected his original error, and in his final report states that Sumner, and not Wheeler, commanded the cavalry at the battle of San Juan.

During the days while the armies camped in the rifle-pits it was necessary to pass frequently over the trail from the Bloody Bend to the foot of the hill on which stood the San Juan block-house, and I now know that the distance between those two points is not over three hundred yards. But on the morning of the first of July, when Mr. Campbell, the *Her-*

ald artist, and I followed on the footsteps of the regulars it seemed to stretch for many weary miles. It was so long that morning that at about every fifty feet we found it necessary to sit down and rest. We were generally overcome with fatigue wherever there was a tree. There were few trees large enough for our purpose, and they were all occupied.

Everyone had been under fire for five hours; but at no place or time dur-



Artillery Entrenched.



Looking Toward Santiago from the Trenches of the Colored Troops.

ing the entire war did the fire of the enemy seem so unpleasant as it was that morning along that trail. Bullets passed without giving a moment's respite at several different heights, and while doing so made a most demoralizing amount of noise. They struck the trees overhead, the ground underfoot, and cut holes in the air on every side. Sometimes a shrapnel shell burst and tore the men it hit into ribbons of flesh. Dead horses and the bodies of the regulars lay all along the trail, and no one who was not wounded, or supporting wounded, passed down it from the front. It was interesting to observe the pressure which men put upon their nerves suddenly slip from them, and to see them flying panic-stricken for a tree, or dropping on their knees and sliding along the ground. It showed that a man when he is alone can only bear a certain amount of danger, as he can only stand a certain amount of physical fatigue. You would see a soldier walking along the trail quite boldly for a little way, and then a bullet would come too close to his head, or too many of them would whistle by at the same moment, and his nerves would refuse to support the strain any longer, and he would jump for the bushes and

would sit there breathing heavily until he mustered up sufficient will-power to carry him farther on. It was hardest for the wounded who had just fallen during the charge up the hill. They had paid their dues, and felt that they deserved a respite; but the bullets pursued them cruelly all the way down the trail, following them like live things, and driving them as with whips to efforts far beyond their strength. There was one big tree which everyone who was at San Juan will remember, and which stood on the left of the trail just between the two streams. It was the rest-house for many men that morning, and it apparently served them well, for a few days later we counted forty-two bullet holes in its trunk. Two officers who were making maps on little boards which hung from their shoulders like a pedler's tray made for this tree, and three regulars and Campbell and I joined them. It was as though we were seeking shelter from a hailstorm. One of the regulars was crowded out to one side, and he suddenly rolled over on top of us, crying, "I've got it, I've got it," in such a cheerful tone of delight that we did not believe him, and told him to sit still and not spoil our formation. But he showed us where the bullet



Trench to Right of San Juan Block-house Occupied by American Troops. These troops are under a constant fire but reserving their ammunition.

had entered his shoulder. We might have been under that tree yet had not General Kent ridden by at a gallop, sitting up very stiff in his saddle and, as it were, looking the bullets straight in the eye. He made the group behind the tree feel uncomfortable, so the officers with the drawing-boards and the rest of us scrambled to our feet and went up after them. We found our men lying on their backs along the hills just below the crest. They were still panting after their climb, and were not at that time making any effort to return the fire of the enemy. To have done



Outside Trenches of the Second Infantry.

so would have been inviting death, for bullets from machine-guns and Mausers were clipping the crest of the hills unceasingly.

I believe Campbell and myself were the first of the correspondents to climb the hills, and we only did so after they had been taken. About an hour later Stephen Crane and John Hare, of *Collier's*, came up, and later John Fox, of *Harpers'*, and James Whigham, the golf champion, who was acting as the correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, and Sir Bryan Leighton, a correspondent of the *New York Journal*. These were the only correspondents I saw that far up on that day, although several others who had been in the Caney fight arrived later.

To reach the crest of the hill I had to pass through a company of infantry which had been sent up in skirmish order to support the artillery during the three minutes in which it was engaged. These men were lying on their faces about fifty feet below the crest, and as I passed among them on my way back I noticed that they wore in their hats the silver badge of the Seventy-first New York and I suppose the regiment below in the block-house from which I had just seen these men detached was the remainder of the Seventy-first. In my despatch to the *Herald*, which I wrote immediately, I mentioned the fact that the Seventy-first was at that writing holding the crest of the San Juan hill. In this I was mistaken, for the company I had seen, with one other, were the only companies of the regiment that took part in the charge. I believe the one on the hill was Company F, under the command of Captain Rafferty. When the newspapers arrived from New York, it appeared from their accounts of the battle that the hills of San Juan had been taken by the Rough Riders and the Seventy-first New York. One paper even said, "Inspired by the example of the Rough Riders, the Sixth and Ninth Regulars charged the hill with undaunted courage." This injudicious praise was as distasteful to the Rough Riders as it was unfair to the regulars. The Rough Riders were no better than the regulars, although they behaved just as well; but when Colonel Roosevelt, in his letter to the Secretary of War, boasted that they were five times as good as any other regiment of

volunteers, he was in my opinion far too modest. They were many times as good as any other volunteer regiment that I ever saw in action and out of action, which is also the same as saying that any regiment of regulars is many times better than any other regiment of volunteers.

After the withdrawal of the artillery General Wheeler came up and established head-quarters in a cut between two of the hills. He remained there, and never left the rifle-pits until Santiago fell.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and our men were by this time greatly in need of food, and especially of water, for a battle is the most thirst-creating of all experiences. About the same hour the ammunition wagons came up and halted above General Wheeler's head-quarters, and men from the hills were sent to bring back cartridges. The colored regulars of the Tenth were the first to come down after the ammunition, and seemed overjoyed at the fact that the wagons held cartridges and not, as some supposed, rations. The negro soldiers established themselves as fighting men that morning, and chuckled as they shoved the cartridges into their belts. About five o'clock the Spaniards rallied and poured in a furious fire, which it is now believed was intended to cover the retreat of a large number of their comrades in the direction of Santiago. Only a few of our troops replied to this outburst of bullets, the remainder retiring lower down the hill, and allowing them to expend themselves in the wood below. When the sun sank that night the situation was not encouraging. The enemy was still firing with unabated enthusiasm, and our men were returning his fire with equal desperation. They were seldom more than a company at any one spot; and there were bare spaces from 100 to 200 yards apart held by only a dozen men. There was no sleep that night for any of the soldiers, and many were kept at work digging fresh defences. This work was inspired by General Wheeler, who sent to the rear for entrenching tools, and encouraged the brigade generals to make every effort to strengthen the position already won. In the morning Lawton's division, after a cruel night march from beyond El Caney, arrived at the rifle-pits and capped those

hills farthest to the right. The firing continued viciously all that day; but our losses were small, while, as we learned later, the enemy's losses were exceedingly heavy. One of the Spanish prisoners said they amounted to over 1,000 in killed and wounded. When our men advanced up the trail on the morning of the battle they had been ordered to put their blanket rolls and haversacks in different places along the line of march, and details were left behind to guard these belongings. But a few hours later, when the wounded came straggling to the rear, the surgeons ordered these men who were on guard to help carry the wounded to the field hospitals, and so the two miles of ponchos and blankets and rations were abandoned along the trail, and every one who passed up and down it helped himself to whatever he happened to need, and the Cubans to as much as they could carry. The result was that on the 2d of July the greater number of the men were still without shelter of any sort, and with almost nothing to eat.

That evening the now celebrated conference of the Generals was held at El Poso. The moonlight and the random firing which punctuated the silence of the night gave the meeting a dramatic and picturesque interest. Shafter lay on a door which had been taken from the El Poso farmhouse, and the other Generals stood around him whispering together. At some distance from them were their aides, and still farther removed were the men of General Shafter's cavalry escort, leaning with their elbows on their saddles, and wondering, as we all did, as to what the conference might bring forth. Those who took a part in it now say that the question of retreating from the position on the hills was discussed that night, but not seriously considered; but if it was not considered then, it was the one topic of the following morning.

After a tour of the rifle-pits, where I learned what the different commanding officers thought of the situation, I wrote a long despatch to the *Herald* in which was set forth the serious nature of our position. This despatch was criticised later, on the ground that it had given information of our condition to the enemy. It was stated that the despatch which appeared on July

7th in the New York *Herald* had been recabled to the Paris *Herald*, that from Paris it was forwarded to Madrid, and that the next day, on July 8th, the authorities in Madrid communicated its contents to General Toral—so giving the garrison in Santiago increased confidence and hope, and encouraging it to hold out longer against us. It was even suggested that the writer should be shot for treason. It is most unpleasant to be accused of treason, and perhaps I may be allowed to point out now that on July 8th the garrison at Santiago offered to surrender the territory which they occupied. So if the despatch ever reached Santiago, so far from giving the garrison hope and confidence and inspiring it with a desire to hold out longer, it either had no result whatsoever or a result exactly opposite from the one it was suggested it would produce.

After Cervera's fleet was destroyed on the 3d the strain was perceptibly relaxed, the firing ceased, and we entered into a more cheerful state of existence under the white flag of truce. The rifle-pits from this time on were divided against themselves into two parties, one of which, without meaning to reflect upon it in any way, might be called the faction of the Alarmists. These gentlemen were peace-at-any-price men, and at one time their anxiety to finish off the campaign was so great that they seriously threatened the honor of the army and of the country by wishing to accept the original terms of General Toral's offer of evacuation. President McKinley's message, ordering them to accept nothing less than unconditional surrender, came to them like a sharp slap in the face, and filled the hearts of the younger officers and men with the greatest possible amusement and relief.

The days that followed July 3d were filled with innumerable visits to the Spanish lines under flags of truce. To the men in the pits, who knew nothing of the exigencies of diplomacy, these virgin flags were as offensive as those of red are to the bull. The men had placed their own flags along the entire line of trenches; and though they afforded the enemy a perfect target and fixed our position as clearly as buoys mark out a race-course, the men wanted the flags there, and felt better at seeing them there, and so there they re-

mained. The trenches formed a horse-shoe curve five miles in length, and the entire line was defiantly decorated with our flags. When they fluttered in the wind at full length and the sun kissed their colors, they made one of the most inspiring and beautiful pictures of the war. The men would crouch for hours in the pits with these flags rustling above them, and felt well repaid for their service; but when they saw crawling across the valley below the long white flag of truce, their watchfulness seemed wasted, their vigilance became a farce, and they mocked and scoffed at the white flag bitterly. These flags were sent in so frequently that the men compared them to the different war extras of a daily paper, and would ask, "Has that ten o'clock edition gone in yet?" and, "Is this the base-ball edition coming out now, or is it an extry?"

One of the regulars said to me in great perplexity, "I can't make out this flag of truce gag. It reminds me of two kids in a street fight, stopping after every punch to ask the other fellow if he's had enough. Why don't we keep at it until somebody gets hurt?"

One of the cowboys of the Rough Riders expressed the same idea in professional phraseology: "Now that we got those Mexicans corralled," he said, "why don't we brand them?"

We extended Toral's time so frequently that it reminded Major-General Breckinridge of a story. General Breckenridge as Inspector-General, who represented the Commander-in-Chief at Washington, was never ruffled or bored or indignant, but, instead, was always politely amused and content. He told many stories, and told them exceedingly well. The stories were good in themselves, and it was invariably the case that you discovered later that they had summed up the situation in a line.

"A drunken man," so General Breckinridge related, "once considered himself insulted by John L. Sullivan, and, without recognizing who Sullivan was, gave him three minutes in which to apologize. Sullivan appreciated his opponent's condition and said, 'I don't need three minutes, I apologize now. What more will you have to drink?' and departed. When he had gone the barkeeper said to the man, 'Do

you know who that was you wanted to fight just now?'

"The drunken man said he did not know, nor did he care.

" 'Well, that was John L. Sullivan,' said the barkeeper, 'the champion pugilist of the world. Now what would you have done if he hadn't apologized in three minutes?'

"The drunken man gave the question a few moments' brief consideration. 'I guess I would have extended his time,' he said."

I lived in the rifle-pits from July 3d to 15th, after both sides had appointed Peace Commissioners and the surrender was a fact. Mr. Akers, of the *London Times*, and Mr. Roberts, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, for a part of that time also lived on the San Juan hills. The remaining sixty correspondents lived at El Poso, or at Shafter's head-quarters, three miles in the rear, or at Siboney, thirteen miles in the rear. At head-quarters they were just as uncomfortable as we were in the trenches and in much greater danger, as it was much easier to keep out of range on the hills than when approaching or leaving them along the trail. But the life in the rifle-pits was much more interesting than was that at head-quarters. You were in constant sight of the enemy who was not more than three hundred yards distant; you could keep in better touch with our own men, and the different parleys and peace negotiations took place under your eyes.

The most interesting event which passed in view of the rifle-pits was the return of Lieutenant Hobson. Hobson had been a prisoner for six weeks. On some days we were told he was dead, but at last we were assured he was alive. We could see the walls of his jail from our pits; and he could see our five miles of fluttering flags crowding closer and closer to him every evening, and signalling him silent messages of hope and encouragement. Between his iron bars he could watch our men moving along the yellow trenches or peering toward him through a field-glass, and the sentries—those tall gaunt regulars who had taken the hills with their blood and who were now creeping up on him by night nearer and nearer, winning the ground between him and themselves, by the sweat of their brows. And late

one afternoon, in the sight of thousands of the enemy and of his own countrymen, he rode out a free man and into his inheritance. Few men, certainly very few young men, have ever tasted such a triumph. The men who had made it possible for him to leave his cell and to breathe free air again had waited for his coming for many hours, crouched by the hundreds along the high banks of the narrow trail through which he must come. They were not of his branch of the service, they were not even brother officers, their attitude toward him was one of attention and salute, they were the men who had been gathered from every point of the Union to be drilled and hammered and fashioned into the thing called a regular. They were without local or political friends or conditions, they had no staff of artists and reporters at their heels to make them heroes in spite of themselves; but they were the backbone of the war—the professional fighting-machines, the grumbling, self-respecting, working regulars. Hobson rode down into this mob in fresh white duck, pale with the pallor of the prison, and touching his cap with grave gratitude. And they dashed at him with a roar of ecstasy, with a wild welcome of friendly cheers. As brave men they honored a brave man; and this sun-tanned, dirty, half-starved, fever-racked mob of regulars danced about the educated, clever engineer as though the moment was his, and forgot that at the risk of their lives they had set him free, that the ground he rode over had been splashed with their blood.

The kind and the degree of discomfort which our men endured in the rifle-pits was variously understood by those at home. These latter appreciated the conditions which existed on the San Juan hills according to whether they themselves had ever roughed it on hunting trips or in camp. Some said, airily, that such hardships were the lot of every soldier; others, with less experience and with hearts more tender, regarded the life on the hills as a month of torture. One mother in Richmond refused to leave that city during the heat of the summer because she could not bear to think that she was cool and comfortable while her son was sweating in the tropics; and you hear of others who fasted from the good things of the table because

some relative before Santiago was without them. In Philadelphia a group of wealthy young women, each with a husband or brother at the front, stoically gave each other luncheons composed of bacon and hardtack, forgetting that the sauce of appetite and life in the open air makes bacon and hardtack as palatable as White Mountain cake. As was developed later, when the fever raged in every regiment, the life on the hills was not a healthy one; but the constant excitement and the unusual nature of our surroundings at the time made up for many things. The men themselves grumbled at this but little; and when they did grumble, it was not that their condition was so hard, but at the fact that so many of the evils of that condition were quite unnecessary. Of the necessities of life, or what seemed necessities when at home, both officers and men were quite destitute. They were like so many Robinson Crusoes on a desert island. The Spanish rifle-pits in front and the devastated country in the rear afforded them as few comforts as a stretch of ocean. For three years the land back of us toward Siboney had been successively swept by Cuban insurgents and Spanish columns. There was, in consequence, not a cow to give milk, or even a stray hen to give eggs. The village of Sevilla, which one of the Boston papers described as having been taken by our troops with no loss of life, consisted of the two ruined walls of one house. The rest of the village was on the ground, buried under trailing branches and vines. There was not even a forgotten patch of potatoes or of corn. Mangocs (which the men fried, or ate raw, and by so doing made themselves very ill), limes, and running water was all that the country itself contributed to our support. Money had no significance whatsoever. For a Cuban pony, which in time of peace one can buy for \$15 gold, I offered \$150 a week rent, promising to return the pony when the campaign was finished, and to throw in a McClellan saddle as well; and though this offer was made many times to many Cubans, I could not get the pony. Later, when everybody began to steal everything that the owner was not sitting upon at the time and guarding with a gun, it was possible to buy a horse for less money. In the trenches a match was so precious a possession that, when you



A Detachment of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers just Before Going into Action.

saw a man light his pipe with one instead of at the cooks' fire, you felt as though you had seen him strike a child. Postage stamps were, of course, unknown; and those who could not write "soldier's letter" on their envelopes had to give up corresponding. Writing-paper at one time became so scarce that orders and requisition papers were made out on the margins of newspapers and on scraps torn from note-books and on the insides of old envelopes.

The comic paragraphers found much to delight them in my cabled suggestions that the officers and men were suffering from want of a place to bathe and for clean clothes. Of course, bathing is an effeminate and unmanly practice, and the American paragrapher is right to discourage cleanliness wherever he finds it; but cleanliness is an evil, nevertheless, which obtains in our army, and those of the officers who were forced to wear the same clothes by night and by day for three weeks were so weak as to complain. One officer said, "I do not at all mind other men's clothes being offensive to me, but when I cannot go to sleep on account of my own it grows serious." This is not a pleasant

detail, but it describes a condition which existed. The personal belongings of the officers had been left behind on the transports, and, as the pack-trains were sorely needed to bring up the rations, they never saw razors and fresh linen again until they purchased them in Santiago. A tooth-brush was the only article of toilet to which all seemed to cling, and each of the men carried one stuck in his hat-band until they appeared to be a part of the uniform. Nothing seemed so much to impress the foreign attachés as the passing of company after company of regulars, each with a tooth-brush twisted in his hat band.

I lost my saddle-bags for three days, but they were found and returned to me by one of the Rough Riders. "There was nothing in the saddle-bags to identify you as the owner," he said, "but somebody told me you had lost yours, so I brought these over." His blue shirt happened to be unbuttoned as he spoke, and on the undershirt he wore I read "R. H. Davis." I pointed out this strange fact. "Davis," he cried, beseechingly, "there was fifty dollars of yours in those saddle-bags, and bacon and quinine, and we never



San Juan Block-house—American Troops in Trenches.

touched them. We gave them all back, but that clean undershirt I had to have. I'm only human. I will part with my life before I give you back that shirt." There was another story which illustrates the value of tobacco when it has ceased to exist. General Sumner owned a box of very bad Jamaica cigars. He was the only man in the Fifth Army Corps, except young Wheeler, who had any, so he was a marked man. In those days no one wore much insignia of rank; one of General Wheeler's stars was cut out of a tin cup, and Roosevelt's acorns were hammered from a leadenspoon. On the 30th of June, Sumner was sitting by the trail without his blouse, in a blue shirt, and with no sign of rank about him, but he was smoking. He spoke rather sharply to a line of regulars who were hurrying forward.

"Who was that man spoke to you?" one of

them asked the other over his shoulder.

"I dunno," said the regular. "But he's a general for sure. He was smoking a cigar."

During those days there was constant danger that a storm might set in and drive the transports out to sea and destroy the trails and cause the streams to overflow their banks and so cut off the army from its base of supplies. There was a bridge

across each of the two streams near the hills, but one was only an old gate which some one had found and thrown across the stream from bank to bank, and the other bridge was made of bamboo. The story was that when the Thirty-fourth Michigan arrived at this stream on their way to the front one of them who was a lumberman offered to throw a bridge across it in order to save the regiment from the wetting which would ensue if the



Looking to the Left Down the Trench of the Second Infantry.



Looking Toward Santiago from the Trenches in Front of the San Juan Block-house.



The Trenches of the Fourth Infantry.

men waded across it as every one else had been doing for a week. This bridge of the lumberman was considered to be rather a joke on the Engineers, but they denied the truth of the story and claimed that they had built the bridge themselves. But as for seven days they had neglected to build any bridge over this stream, which was not more than ten feet wide, it does not much matter who did bridge it eventually.

The absence of a bridge at this stream was very important, because fording it kept the men in a constant state of dampness which helped bring on the fevers which followed later. The heavy storm on the morning of the 13th swept away the gate and the bamboo bridge, and the swollen stream overflowed its banks, delaying the pack-train with the rations, and Captain Treat's artillery, and cutting off all direct communication with the transports. I am positive that there was no bridge until the 7th

of July, for it was being built late on the afternoon of the 6th when we rode with Hobson to Siboney. The men working on it then told him it was not yet strong enough to bear the weight of his horse.

I wish to speak of one of the Rough Riders whom I knew but slightly, but whom I saw constantly about the camp and on the march, and whom I admired more as a soldier than almost any other man in the regiment. This was Sergeant Tiffany, who, by tradition and previous environment, was apparently the least suited of men to perform the work he was ordered to do. But he played the part given him as well as it could have been played. He was the ideal sergeant, strict in discipline to himself and to others, doing

more than his share of the day's work sooner than leave the work ill-done, never stooping to curry favor from his men, but winning it by force of example and smiling with the same cheerful indifference when an intrenching tool made his hands run with blood, or a Spanish bullet passed through his hat, as one did when he charged the block-house at San Juan. He

stood at salute and took his orders from men with whom for many years he had been a college-mate and a club-mate, recognizing in them only his superior officers, and there was not a mule-skinner or cow-puncher in the regiment that did not recognize in him something of himself and something finer and better than himself. When Roosevelt promoted him to a lieutenancy for bravery at the battle of San Juan, I heard him say:

"Tiffany, I am especially glad to give you this step, because you are about the only man who has never by

sign or word acted as though he thought he deserved promotion. There are some who are always very busy whenever I pass, and who look at me as though they meant to say, 'See how humble I am, and how strictly I attend to my duties. You who know how important a person I am at home will surely recognize this and make me an officer.' But you have never acted as though you expected to be anything but a sergeant all your life, and you have done your work as though you had been a sergeant all your life, and so I am glad of this chance to make you a lieutenant."

Death, which had so often stepped back to let Tiffany pass forward with his men, touched him when it came with that same courtesy which he had always shown to



Lieutenant William Tiffany.

others, taking him when those nearest to him in heart were near him in person. But his life was given to his country as much as though he had lost it in the cactus of Guasimas or on the hill of San Juan, or in the rifle-pits when he stood for hours behind his quick-firing gun. He was a gentle and brave man, an obedient sergeant and a masterful officer, a soldier who never "shirked a duty, nor sought an honor."



Trenches of the First Cavalry Before Santiago.

I did not see the ceremony of the raising of our flag over Santiago. The surrender itself had become an accomplished fact, and as the campaign in Porto Rico promised better things, I left the rifle-pits when General Miles sailed for Juanica. In consequence I missed the entrance into Santiago, but I was so fortunate as to be one of the only two correspondents who landed with the army in Porto Rico.

The life in the rifle-pits was a most interesting and curious experience, and one

full of sad and fine and humorous moments, but on looking back at it now the moments, which one remembers best and which one will remember the longest are, I think, those which came at sunset when the band played the national anthem. The men would be bending over the fires cooking supper or lying at length under the bomb proofs stretching limbs cramped with two hours' watch in the pits, the officers would be seated together on a row of wooden boxes, and beyond the moun-

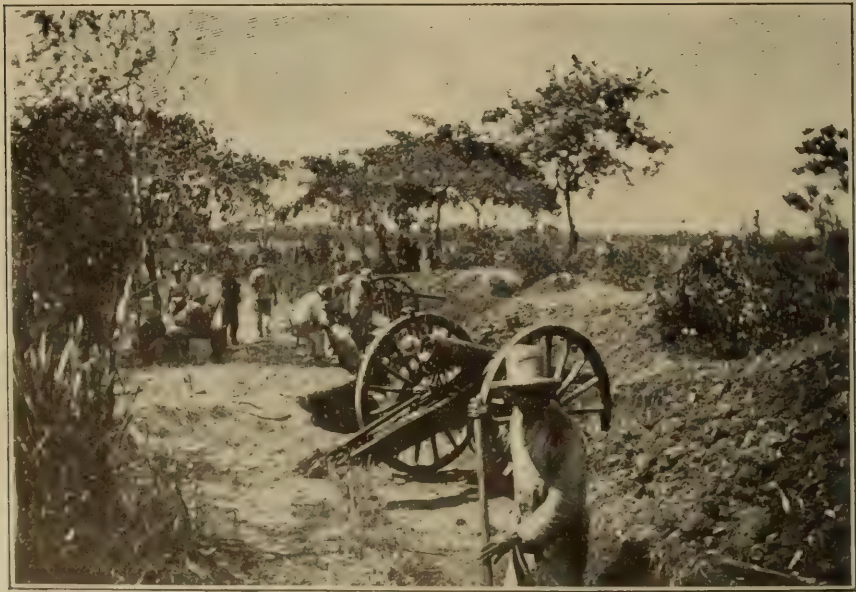


Seventy-first New York Volunteers Digging Trenches Before Santiago, about July 10, 1898.

tains the setting sun lit the sky with a broad red curtain of flame, and then to these tired, harassed, and hungry men would come the notes of the Star-Spangled Banner which bore with it something of a call to arms and something of a call to prayer. Those who have heard it and who have cheered it in the hot crowded theatres, in the noisy city streets, cannot really know or understand it. They must hear it very far away from home with great palm-trees giving it an unfamiliar background, with a listening enemy a few hundred yards distant, with the sense of how few of your own people are about you, and of how cut off they are, and how dependant upon one another. As the instruments beat out the notes each night the little discomforts of the day cease to exist, the murmurs of the rifle-pits, which were like the hum of a great bazaar, were

suddenly silent, and the men before the fires rose stiffly from their knees, and those in the gravelike trenches stood upright, and the officers stepped from their tents into the sight of the regiment. On every hill as far as one could see, rows and rows of motionless figures stood facing the direction from which the music came, with heads uncovered and with eyes fixed on the flags that rose above the hills where their hands had placed them.

When the music had ceased, the men pulled on their hats again and once more began to fry a piece of hardtack in a layer of grease and fat, but for a moment they had seen the meaning of it all, they had been taken outside of themselves and carried back many miles to the country for which they fought, and they were inspired with fresh courage and with fresh resolve.



Cubans Working in Artillery Trench.



John Ruskin.

From a copyright photograph taken by Mr. J. McClelland, July 17, 1897, and here published for the first time.

JOHN RUSKIN AS AN ARTIST

ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS PAINTINGS AND SKETCHES (MANY
UNPUBLISHED)

By M. H. Spielmann

WHEN, in the course of a lecture upon Michael Angelo, Sir Edward Poynter turned fiercely upon John Ruskin and rent him for failing to appreciate the great Florentine, he impatiently dismissed the critic as one "ignorant of the practical side of art." Now "amateur" is the word which the artist who adopts painting as a profession

flings at him who does not sell his work. He rarely stops to ask himself whether or not the amateur has had a training as severe and thorough as his own, or whether it may not be due to a sense of modesty, or, generally, to his abstention from the usual exhibitions, and not from incompetence, that the outsider has failed to conquer public recognition. That recognition it

was never Ruskin's ambition to obtain; his love of art was too passionately disinterested to draw public approval upon his own performances. His mission in life, he held, was to proclaim the beauties in the works of others—not his own. He had, according to his lights, to make reputation for some painters and upset that of others who were in unjustifiable enjoyment of it; and to equip himself for the task—but in nowise to exalt himself—he placed himself under the best masters of the day, and, by dint of hard work and intense application, he became a draughtsman of extremely high accomplishment. His limitations as an artist are clear and well-defined, but his merits are not less obvious, striking with astonishment every visitor to the University Gallery of Oxford, and silencing every hostile critic, who, as at the Turner Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery (London, 1878), could see his drawings hanging, not unworthily, beside those of the mighty landscape-painter himself.



Rapid Sketch—for "Placing" Subject on Paper. (To be compared with early precise work.) January 1, 1877.

By permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn.

I do not mean to claim too much for Ruskin as an artist, for his limitations were not only those of temperament, but equally of material. Oil-color he never worked in. His experiments in that medium convinced him that he did not care for it in his own practice, and that for his purpose in art—whether as exercises in pure and subtle color or as a means of record—aquarelle came more naturally to his hand and to his taste. His temperament was not one to be bound by "the oily medium;" its

daintiness required a method more delicate in handling and more rapid in effect, and what Alfred Hunt used to call the "witchery of water-color" suited alike his pleasure and his needs. I have always thought that Ruskin, who was too much of an artist to be a complete philosopher, was too much of a philosopher to be a complete artist. Yet, though not an oil-painter, Ruskin has proved his ability at once as a painter in water-color, as a sketcher, a draughtsman with the point, and an etcher, and in all but the last has shown a proficiency of which it may be said that, in certain respects, he has rarely been excelled.

It was by no late study in life that John Ruskin became an artist; through no tardy determination to reinforce his art-writing and base it upon a practical knowledge of his subject. From his early youth, his four great accomplishments were exercised and acquired simultaneously, and, as he grew, his knowledge of drawing, literature, architecture, and mineralogy grew also, the study of any one being always reflected in or influenced by the other three. A glance at his course of study—somewhat irregular though it may seem—will prove better than any argument how far Ruskin's education fitted him to be an artist, and how far his claim, advanced in "Modern Painters" (Preface, first edition) may stand, that "the writer is no mere theorist, but has been devoted from his youth to the laborious study of practical art."



Casa Contarini, Venice. (Traces of Prout-like manner in details. Pencil touched with sepia.)

By permission of the University of Oxford.

When a boy, still in frocks, is asked by an artist what the background of his portrait shall be, and answers "blue hills" (instead of "gooseberry bushes," as, with humorous pride, Ruskin himself expresses it), it may certainly be deduced that, in the baby breast, there is implanted a love of landscape little common among our infant population; and when the child, besides loving to hearken to descriptive passages from Walter Scott, devotes himself to the copying of prints and of the most beauti-

ful forms of typography on which he can set his hands, he may fairly be credited with a taste for nature and art, with strong leanings toward execution. Such was the case with Ruskin. He was no more than eleven when, with a success hardly less surprising than his patience, he copied with a pen, line for line and dot for dot, the wonderful etched illustrations to "Grimm's Fairy Tales" by "the immortal George" Cruikshank. By such study and application he even thus early began to learn the



Study of Wood and Sky. (Winter scene. Study in sepia and pencil.)

By permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn.

value of line, both for its own sake and as an expression of form, and to appreciate the relative qualities and characteristics of the pen and the etching-needle, and, furthermore, to acquire that insistence on the use of the point, as means for early training, as against that of the brush, which, in accordance with the theory of Mr. Herbert Spencer, the School Board for London preferred to adopt. In the following year, 1831, he was rewarded by being placed under Mr. Runciman, the drawing-master, who taught him the "Harding manner;" that is to say, the soft pencil used boldly, conventionally rich and showy in general effect—a method not at all agreeable to the boy, who was even at that early time opinionated on matters of art. Perspective was more to his taste, for it enabled him to gain an insight into the representation of architecture, and he forthwith set about drawing cottages and working out the elevations and masses of the castles of Dover and Battle. He was already topographical and diagrammatic in his artistic treatment of buildings.

A posting-journey to the Alps, undertaken in 1832, did much to develop the artistic faculties of the boy, who devoted

himself to making sketches in the manner of Samuel Prout, to please his father; but the love of Turner, whose illustrations to Rogers's "Italy" had set him all aflame, now filled his youthful heart. Indeed, he tried to make a book of the kind for himself, reproducing what he saw, in picture, prose, and verse. The practice was excellent, and he was not deterred in the self-imposed task by his very lively sense of the humorous aspect of undertaking such a monumental task at such an interval of ability and age. Turner and Prout were now his models; sometimes he imitated the one, sometimes the other, occasionally both together, until he developed into Ruskin the artist, with the stupendous aims of the one, and the precision, accuracy, and local truth of the other. By both these great men was fed his love of architecture, not only in its artistic but in its constructional character; and how thoroughly he understood it, and how earnestly he had practised the rendering of it, may be seen in the remarkable drawing of the Scala Monument, executed in 1835—a really wonderful achievement, in its complexity of drawing and perspective, which he afterward repeated in color. In the



Vesuvius, 1841.

Reproduced from "Studies in Both Arts," by permission of Mr. George Allen.

same year he obtained special leave (for he was not yet a boy of fifteen) to study in the Louvre, and he applied himself to copying Rembrandt, attracted by his tremendous mastery of light and shade, and not yet repelled by the æsthetical considerations which led him, years afterward,

ing analysis than another turn was given to young Ruskin's mind by his love of mineralogy and botany, and landscape now absorbed his whole attention and stamped his character and future career.

After partial recovery from an attack of pleurisy, Ruskin once more went

abroad, taking with him, among his art materials, a "cyanometer," a device which he invented to test the scale and depth of blues of the Rhone and of Alpine skies. In his pencil-work, in drawing and sketching alike, he again adopted the manner of Prout as being more easy of reproduction. He generally outlined his work on gray paper, in pen or pencil, and touched it with body-color in avowed imitation of the lithographs by Prout, Nash, Haghe, and others who, popular already, were to found a new era not only in the decoration of books but in the art-education of the day. He could now draw thoroughly well, all but the figure; and his father, a water-color amateur of the Girtin school—an example of whose clever, formal work Mr. Ruskin to this day accords an honored place in the very midst of the superb collection of Turner's works, in his bedroom at Brantwood—determined to place the youth in the hands



Turrets of Castle—Sketched in Lucerne.

From the collection of Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

to denounce the great master of the Netherlands.

But Ruskin was never an artist, pure and simple. He was in fact a Nature-worshipper; and the complete student of Nature must needs be at once an artist, a man of science, and a thinker; that is to say, a humanitarian. Ruskin was all three, and probably paid his tribute to Rembrandt chiefly for his lessons in light and color, just as he loved a rocky foreground partly for the sake of its geology, and architecture for its perspective and, generally, for its demonstration of the laws of construction and of optics. Indeed, no sooner was Rembrandt copied with search-

of Copley Fielding for "finishing." Fielding was at that time the President of the Water-Color Society, and his talent and teaching-power were appraised as second only to those of Turner himself. But he was of little use to one of Ruskin's individuality and strength of character; and when the young student, whose application to his art was so earnest and sustained that his health was more than once on the point of breaking down, visited the Royal Academy and saw that the works of Turner echoed the sentiments in his heart, with enough of poetry and science to satisfy his double passion, the seed that germinated into "Modern Painters" was planted then and there.



The Matterhorn, August 7, 1849. (Ruskin Museum.)
The central portion of this is engraved in "Modern Painters."

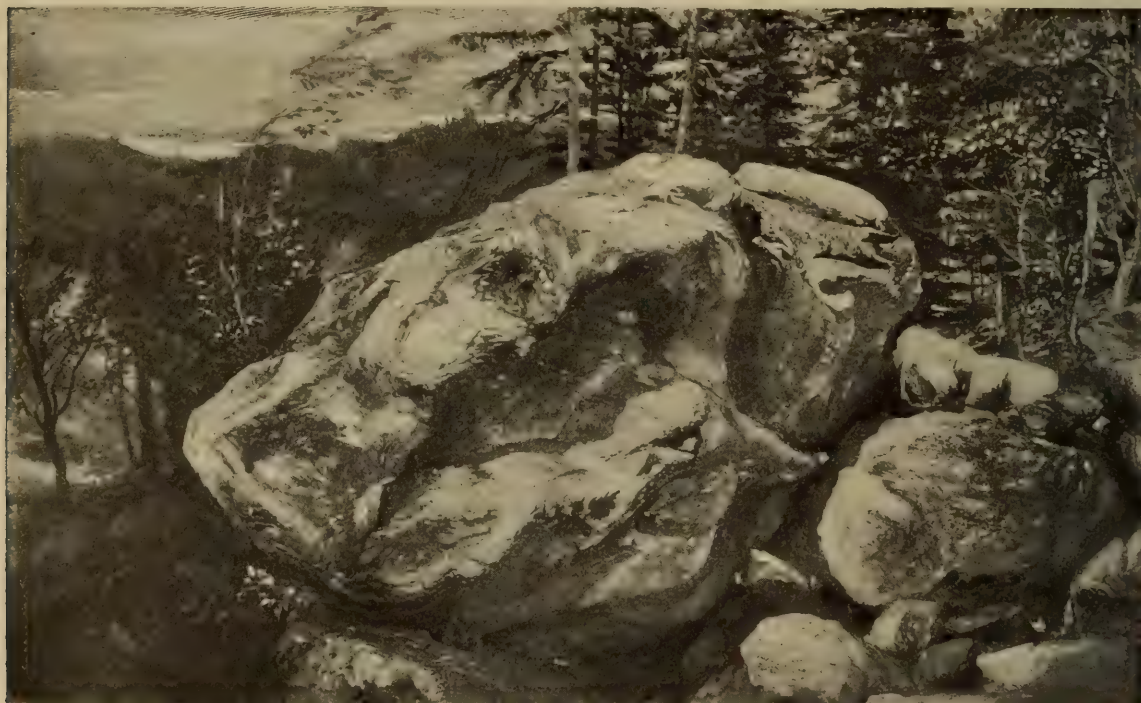
But he did not take the new direction all at once. The drawings of the following year (1837), the result of a tour in the north of England, are extremely Proutesque in method, although they lean as much toward the feeling and execution of Turner. Even when he studied in Rome, sketching there in 1840 and 1841, his work was still "partly in imitation of Prout, partly of David Roberts"—that Scottish painter of cathedrals whose art in later years he was so severely to criticise. Ruskin admitted that his own work was at this time full of weaknesses and vulgarities; but he had not yet made the little drawing of an ivy branch—his first drawing of leafage in actual growth—that changed the course of his whole art-life and emancipated from conventionalism his whole art-thought.

This event occurred in 1842. He had been taking lessons from J. D. Harding, whose spiritual view of art and nature corresponded with his own, but whose general principles formed an efficient antidote to the exaggerated admiration for the tricks as well as for the art of Turner which, after first enlightening, now began to disturb

Ruskin's artistic outlook. Harding had taught him to generalize leafage; but one day, as Mr. Collingwood has recorded, sitting down to draw a tree-stem with its clinging ivy, Ruskin saw, while studying it, how he obtained a perception of its beauty—inherent, and of arrangement of design—by following it with reverent accuracy—instead of losing it by the broad generalizations that were in vogue. Thenceforward unflinching thoroughness was the young man's guiding principle in art, the cause of his championship of the Pre-Raphaelite School, that was to follow six years later, and the origin of his famous behest ("selecting nothing") that has since been so misapplied, misunderstood, and misquoted against him. But Ruskin employed the services of Harding still, for the sake of the sympathy that was between them; but while the master was swiftly brushing in his brilliant drawing of a whole countryside, bathed in the sidelong rays of a sun half obscured by threatening storm-clouds (or some such fervent artificial subject of his), he would laugh at the rebellious pupil who, devout in his new art-religion, would "pore into foreground

weeds" and find his subject there. His drawings of the Alps were no longer attempts at effects; they were careful studies of rock-formation; his street-drawings were less for architectural picturesqueness than for accurate free-hand rendering of the structure and enrichments of the houses. Yet he did not give up his painter's study of the Old Masters; but in 1844, after another visit to the Louvre, he finally realized which was the road that destiny had point-

Mary of the Thorn, at Pisa, soon to be torn to ruins—a work that would be notable coming from the hand of any man; and now, to illustrate "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," he turned his attention to etching, which he practised with more success than might have been expected from one of his mercurial temperament. During the next year, 1850, he made drawings for "The Stones of Venice," as exquisite and delicate as the plates that were engraved



Rock and Trees.

From the collection of Charles Eliot Norton.

ed out to him, for he could not walk on two at once; and he thenceforward gave up geology, so far as æsthetic study was concerned (though not at all as a subject for general cultivation, and for the special purposes which are so brilliantly displayed in "Modern Painters"), and threw himself into the study of the history and criticism of art. He studied the works of the Old Masters, from the emotional side, as earnestly as Morelli did later from the material; for man's, rather than the technician's, interest in art was his guide, at this time, in his attitude toward his subject.

Meanwhile, Ruskin proceeded with the education of his hand and eye, but not with the brush alone. He had shown a command of the point and of water-color in scores of drawings, notably in his exquisite representation of the Chapel of St.

from them. Thus, for twenty years—to carry the examination no farther—we find Ruskin an enthusiastic, continuous, and indefatigable worker in the arts; and yet men who do not share his artistic views, but who on matters of fact should be better informed, seek habitually to dismiss his theories and set aside his conclusions on the ground that "Ruskin is an amateur," because, forsooth, he never painted for money.

I come now to one of Professor Ruskin's principal limitations and its effect. This defect was concisely formulated by my friend Professor Herkomer when he said that "Ruskin never finishes his work to the edges." There is deeper and wider truth in the assertion than Mr. Herkomer, at the moment, had probably any immediate notion of. It is not in art alone that



At the Falls of Glenfinlas. Water color—study of rock and flora—(when Millais was painting his portrait beside the Falls, 1854).

By permission of Mrs. Arthur Severn.

Ruskin has not finished his work "to the edges." We see it in the books he has left incomplete—in the synthetic schemes and series, literary and social, that have been left half done. As an artist, like the philosopher he is, he is profound and analytical rather than complete, having spread himself over everything, interested himself in everything, and always been anxious to deal with a next subject as soon as it has cropped up. There are among his drawings exceptions, of course, numerous and

notable, to this unfortunate characteristic of "unfinishedness ;" but they are not numerous enough to destroy the rule. And this rule, it must be confessed, is the stranger, inasmuch as to Ruskin the complete artist represents the complete Man—perfect in his sense-functions, in his mentality, and his morality in its broadest signification, in his refinement and culture, self-restraint, and industry ; in short, in all the virtues and the majority of the graces.

Now, this tendency to incompleteness

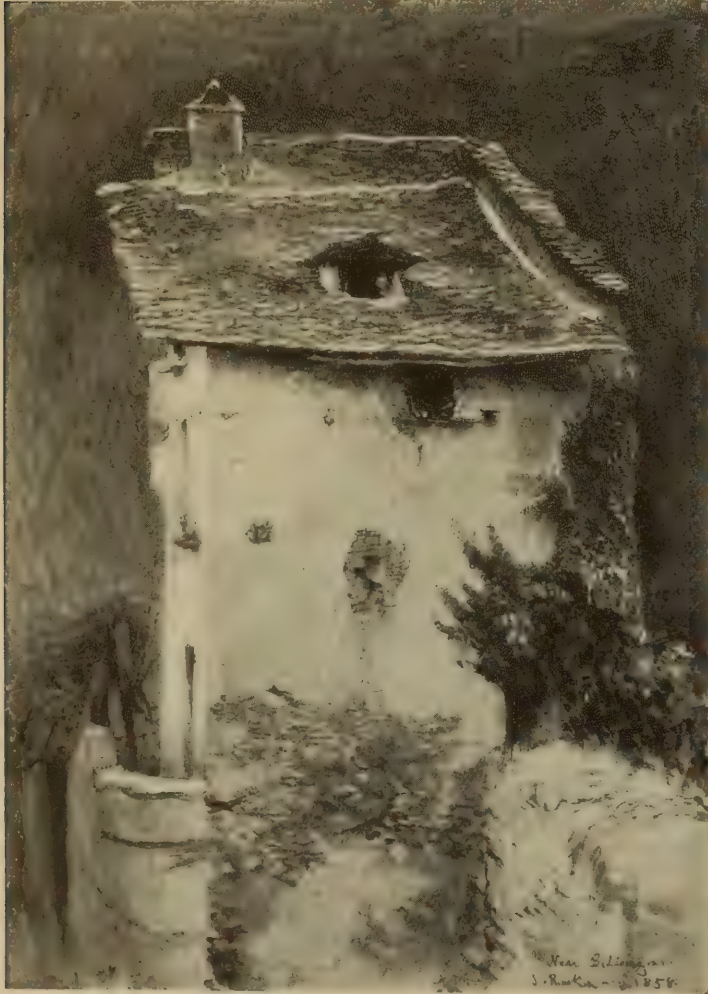
arises from two causes: the first, the natural impatience of temperament, and the second, the scientific basis on which the main tenets of his artistic creed are founded, colored though they may be by ethics, poetry, or romance.

Indeed, although he would recoil before no trouble, before no expenditure of

heard as an "aside" when he was delivering his lecture, "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century," that for many years he had kept an illustrated diary of the sky as seen from Brantwood—"bottled," as he himself expressed it, "as my father bottled his sherries." But there were other things that interested him more; and

when he was not making drawings of cloud-forms for a distinct practical purpose—such as his chapter in "Modern Painters"—he cared less for them when considered only for their purely pictorial effect.

In truth, although Ruskin admitted that "art was not meant to teach science," Nature, the scientific phenomenon that involves the whole world, absorbed his faculties even when, if half unconscious of it, he reared upon it his theories of morality. His art is record rather than creation, and his aim, broadly speaking, scientific in its essence rather than artistic. He has declared, in one of those moments of clear introspection which illumine his character with so bright and exquisite a light, "I am no poet—I have no imagination." A poet he was and is; but imagination or invention of the higher pictorial sort he had not. He did not realize the truth at first, but sought to restrain much play of imagination in others as harmful. To Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who loved to realize his invention



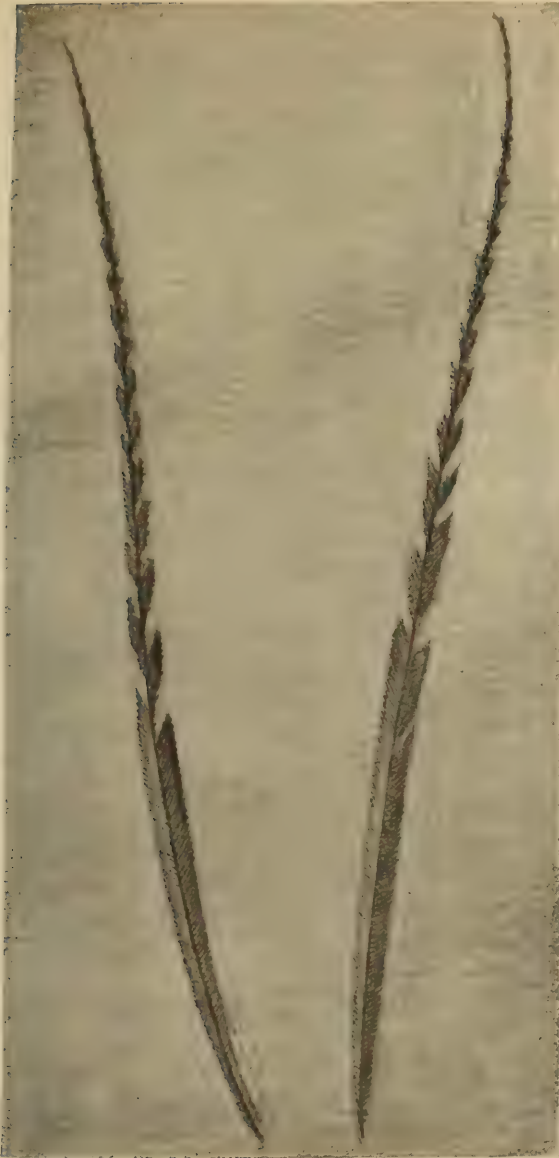
Old House near Bellinzona, 1858. Unpublished.

Original in possession of M. H. Spielmann.

pains or care, once he obtained the main object of this work Ruskin would be content to leave the rest unfinished. To a friend who asked him why he did not complete a landscape of which only the middle was elaborated, he quickly replied: "Oh, I've no time to do the tailoring." He had command of infinite patience for the working out of the details that interested him in the scene before him, but rarely, if ever, had he sufficient, once those details were secured, to draw in the complementary skies or what not. Not that skies lacked interest for him. On the contrary, we

and ideals, not only in the figures in his pictures, but in every sort of accessory, he would say, "Ned, Ned, go to Nature;" and only in later days did he regretfully recognize his limitation, as conveyed in the pathetic words spoken to me years ago—"I might have made such charming records of things!"

From the first, with an interval given to a somewhat morbid leaning to fanciful exaggeration, he preferred "records of things," often making even his most exquisite drawings savor somewhat of the diagrammatic. There is always some



Study of Two Rays of a Peacock's Feather, Magnified Five Times. (Ruskin Museum.)

object beyond the beauty of the drawing to be produced, the drawing itself never being the finality in the painter's eyes. If it be of a mountain, it is to show the beauty of that mountain, but not the beauty of his own handiwork; and if color, to show the beauty of the color which God has given us. This is Ruskin's humility throughout—not his skill, but the loveliness of creation, it is his object to display. The artist in him will present a perfect suggestion of a scene, but the scientist insists on working out the details of that in it which interests him most (not necessarily the most delightful position), and he leaves the rest in remonstrance of the spectator's unapproved interest in the other parts. Whether in his studies

of banks and mosses, in the manner of William Hunt, of plants or ferns, of glaciers or clouds or mountain forms, deliberate accuracy has been the main inspiration—manifest testimony to the belief that science is at the root of nature, and reverential nature, with the love and praise of God, at the root of all true art. Thence Ruskin deduced his final axiom, "All great art is praise;" textually repudiating, however, the saying forced upon him, that none but good men can



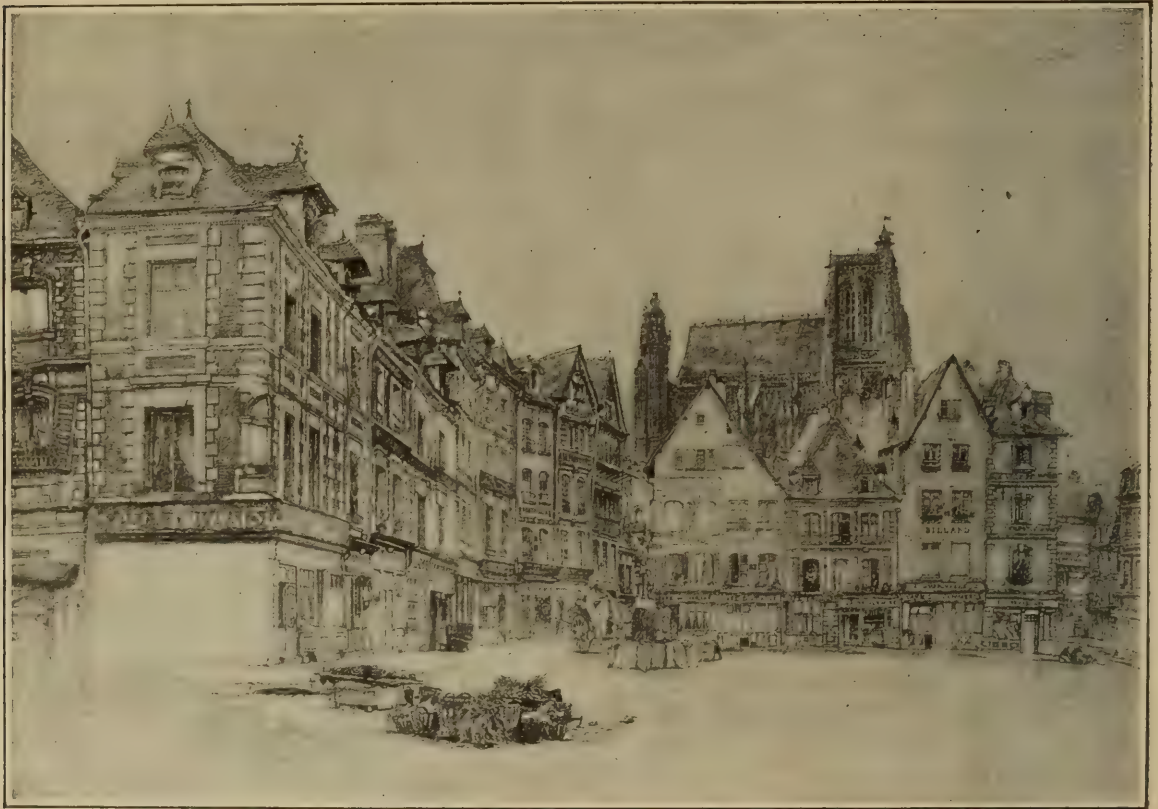
Two Studies of a Dorsal Plume of a Peacock—One for Anatomy.

Engraved in "Laws of Fesole." Ruskin Museum.

produce good art. And so, despising the finishing of a drawing for the sake of effect, of mere sensual enjoyment, or what he calls "amusement," he has always preferred to devote himself to the bit that best illustrated a theory, that offered the greatest difficulty and severest self-discipline, or that presented some delight apart from "objectless" artistic display.

How much this scientific aspect lost him artistic power others can judge as well

as imaginative or poetical essays begin to take precedence over the historical or imitative. But middle age is too late to change a long-fixed habit of thought and practice, and although Ruskin in later years made rapid artistic sketches no longer "tight" (of which one is reproduced on page 656), which would have been impossible to him in his earlier years, the neat and careful hand may be traced in them down to the very end.



Market Place of Abbeville. (Pure pencil.)

By permission of the University of Oxford.

as Ruskin, or better. A rigid self-training in botany, geology, tree and cloud and mountain forms, all reproduced with equal degree of accuracy, for their own sake, led him to accord equal and unvaried importance to a seaweed and a sunset, to a bit of quartz and to Mont Blanc, to a dead leaf and a forest, or a sculptured fragment and a cathedral, to a coin or a ruined capital and a statue or a Gothic tomb; and not until 1858, when studying the noblest works of Titian and Veronese, did he learn the full relation between line and color. After that time his "topography," whether simple or Turnerian, is as far as possible laid aside, and the im-

This respect for fact often betrayed Ruskin into the Nature-mirror theory of art; the belief that because a thing "was there" in a landscape, therefore it must be shown there in the drawing too. The duty of the artist, if something "is there" that militates against the composition, is to remove it or to modify it. That Ruskin did not do so, but preferred sometimes to throw upon Nature the responsibility of some discordant element in his picture, is all the stranger, inasmuch as no one was more appreciative of composition in the works of others—"the quality above all others," he says somewhere, "which gives me delight in pictures." And so for many years



Diagrammatic Enlargement of a Silver Penny of William the Conqueror. (Ruskin Museum.)

this desire to regard drawing as a means to an end, and that end *record*, or the realization of a well-defined sentiment, reduced his Art from the position of Mistress of the Imagination to that of Handmaiden to Fact. It will, I think, be recognized that his flowers are poetic botany, his skies poetic meteorology, his rocks poetic geology, and his architectural arabesque forms poetical geometry, the love of science underlying all his exquisite handling of the point, the wonderful delicacy of elaboration, the purity and vivid color of his transparent washes, and the de-

lightful though rather peculiar quality of his body-color. It is all poetic fact arbitrarily and exquisitely set down.

Ruskin's other chief limitation as an artist is dependent on his having failed to study the human figure, which gave Sir Edward Poynter the opportunity of declaring "Of beauty of form he seems to have no perception whatever." This appears to me to overstate the case completely, for Ruskin's knowledge and keen appreciation of architecture and architectural and sculptural forms, as well as of nearly all forms of animal life, is based upon

the liveliest sensitiveness to "the round" and particularly to "style." But Ruskin's view of art was always less Greek than Christian, and less Latin than Gothic; and the study of the nude—that is, the *human* form—had no place in his artistic ambitions. The human figure, indeed, was the one form of nature which he did not worship. He both spoke and wrote against the study of the nude, objecting to "the undressedness of it" in modern hands and in northern lands. But the result on his own art, while leaving him all his elegance, daintiness, refinement, and grace, with all his other merits, is to rob it of the vigor which one feels it lacks. One recog-



Rapid Sketch of Dead Oak Spray (1879). (Ruskin Museum.)



Monochrome Study (Sepia) of Carpaccio's "St. George and the Dragon." (Ruskin Museum.)

nizes the truth of the German professor's reply to an English student who came to him to learn landscape-painting: "You must draw nothing but the skeleton and the figure; there is no other way of painting landscape." Yet Ruskin could *copy* the figure admirably, with full intelligence of its construction, and his portrait of himself shows what he might have done in this section of his art. So much it was needful to say for the full understanding of Ruskin's artistic achievement, of his extraordinary excellence in some directions, and of his weakness in another. These delimitations made clear, there is still left enough warmly to applaud in his work, and to justify the claim that when that work comes to be more widely known a place will be found for the artist among the most brilliant executants with the pencil, the most sensitive and delicate of sketchers, and most dainty and exquisite of colorists.

Taking, then, the view that the visible beauty of the world is the beauty of nature, that nature is mainly represented by the landscape, and that the beauty of landscape is therefore the demonstration of God, Ruskin devoted himself mainly to this section of art alike with pencil, brush, and etching-needle. With the pencil he for some time followed Prout, his neighbor at Denmark Hill, whose work appealed to him as a link between the sister arts of architecture and water-color; of this, examples may be seen in drawings here published. Later on, greater delicacy and less elementariness refined his pencil in the direction of Turner's most delicate architectural manner; and later, as in the "Market Place of Abbeville" (page 666), or the views on the Grand Canal of Venice (page 657)—in which, however, there are still

some reminiscences of Prout), there are elegance, firmness, and exquisiteness of which Maxime Lalanne might have been proud. Of these drawings a very considerable number are in existence, some of those among the hundred and more at Oxford, measuring between two and three feet wide, a number in pure pencil, and others heightened by, or drawn entirely in, color. These are remarkable for the success with which texture, material, and reflected lights are rendered. Not Mr. Alma-Tadema himself could surpass Mr. Ruskin in this direction, in this medium. And at the same time in this work there is usually a breadth which those who only know the microscopic power of Ruskin's eye—which Madame Rosa Bonheur once referred to as "*son œil d'oiseau*"—would be unprepared for. And all the while his color is pure, clear, vivid, and delicate. In this section of his art he studied William Hunt, the figure, fruit, and flower painter of his adoration, but his work was more refined and less robust, in exact proportion as Ruskin was more intellectual and cultivated and less vigorous than the other. When he was a boy twelve years old, Ruskin said he "saw nature" with the eyes of Turner, who was then sixty years of age; but in his "forty years of happy work between 1830 and 1870" his precocious and individual talent "found itself" in due and early course.

In the first place he lost his "drawing-master method"—the method acquired by studying other men's styles—and evolved a manner of his own. At one time this seems to have had some affinity with the process of Rossetti, as is shown by some of his unfinished water-colors. When not aiming at pure transparent tints, he would lay in flat colors, and then work

them up with body-color to the characteristic tones and degree of opacity he desired. But although he sometimes used it, and even praised J. F. Lewis's employment of body-color in the famous "Frank Encampment in the Desert," Ruskin feared it for its loss of transparency, just as Sir Edward Poynter denounces it for the opportunities it offers for "dodging" that accuracy at the first touch, such as is absolutely necessary with pure wash. For that reason, too, Ruskin protested against Fred Walker's "semi-miniature fresco, quarter-wash manner," in spite of the beauty of the completed work. Even in his most successful architectural drawings, in which he showed such appreciation of the strength of material, of mass and construction, and a thorough knowledge of the art-science, both as to ornament, shadow, texture, and light and shade, he obtained all his effects simply and without effort by simple wash.

Following out these drawings, and bearing in mind that, roughly speaking, up to 1863 chiaroscuro was the basis of Ruskin's study, and after 1868 the truth of local color (as, I think, is also affirmed by Mr. Collingwood), we see how in due order Ruskin studied color, drawing, perspective, curvature, light and shade, and the quality and play of sunlight; we observe how breadth of effect is destroyed by his fullness of detail; how he gradually learned the "placing" of his subject on the paper; how he refined the work until his rendering of natural objects became so delicate and dainty as to be almost inimitable, and for nineteen artists out of twenty, even of the skilfullest, unattainable.

In his etchings, whether original or translations of Turner's drawings, Ruskin is somewhat elementary; nevertheless, he succeeded in suggesting both light and shade and color. They show a delicate but not a firm or confident hand; the touch is often scratchy, and the biting unequal and inadequate, yet Turnerian still. But in beauty of mountain-drawing upon the plate Ruskin is nearly, if not quite, unsurpassed. His soft-ground etchings to the first edition of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" were far better than he was willing to admit. No one, moreover, knew better than Ruskin how to work for the engraver, not even Turner himself. Some of

the exquisite plates in "Modern Painters" and in "The Stones of Venice" were made by the skilful engravers whom he had trained, from sketches as summary and skilful as artistic short-hand can be, though later on he provided drawings for the purpose as delicate and exquisite as the subsequent plates themselves.

To the drawings here reproduced from those in the collections of the Ruskin Museum at Meersbrook Park (by consent of Mr. William White, curator), the Oxford University Gallery, Mrs. Arthur Severn, Mr. Ruskin, and my own, I need not refer in detail, but I may say that they have been chosen in not a few instances with a view to illustrating frankly not only the strength but the limitations of the artist's powers. We have here examples of his brush, pen, and pencil, from the sketches of withered oak-leaves (page 667), which he was fond of drawing as studies for his Oxford pupils—[when I was in his old nursery (1897) at Herne Hill—the little top room, in which he would sleep when he came to town from Coniston—there was hanging up just such a dead oak-branch, which had been on its nail since it was placed there years before]—to the drawing of "Vesuvius" (page 659) reproduced from "Studies in Both Arts." Not only in them, but in the silver penny (page 667) and a peacock's dorsal plume (page 665), we see the equal strenuousness of the painter and his equal respect for artistic beauty and scientific fact. But it must be remembered that Ruskin's greatest characteristic is his color, and that main charm printers' ink is, unfortunately, powerless to present. Nevertheless, we have Ruskin the artist here, and the reader can judge him as a draughtsman as completely and dispassionately as we can estimate the economist and the man of letters. The man himself helps us to form the judgment, for self-revelation, involving all his virtues and all his foibles, is as much a passion with him as it was with Jean Jacques Rousseau. That judgment cannot fail to place him high among the draughtsmen and natural colorists of his time as a man of extremely great accomplishments, who cared more for his subject and for honest labor than for effect, who sacrificed æsthetic emotion to the poetry of fact, and his own reputation for his country's good.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS OF POLICY IN THE UNITED STATES

AND THEIR RELATION TO AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE

By the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain

British Colonial Secretary

IN the course of the last few months a great and noteworthy change has come over the relations between the United States and Great Britain. It is not due to the action of Governments, and does not follow from any formal treaty or from any change of policy on either side.

It is a quickening of popular sentiment and a growth of mutual appreciation, which, in suddenness and strength, may, without exaggeration, be compared to an explosion.

No great gift of imagination is required to foresee the far-reaching and beneficent consequences that may result in the future from a cordial understanding between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is, therefore, with something more than curiosity that the civilized world is asking whether this change will be lasting, whether it will be fruitful, whether it will lead to common action for common ends; or whether it is a mere evanescent burst of emotion which will die away as soon as the cause which has excited it has been forgotten in some new sensation.

There is no doubt as to the answer which the people of the United Kingdom would wish to be given to these questions. The sense of kinship and the desire for closer union has been steadily growing throughout the last thirty years, and during the whole of that time the sympathy of the vast majority of our people has been given to the United States in all the developments of their national growth and prosperity; while we have steadily refused to believe in the possibility of a breach in these good relations, on the maintenance of which we are convinced that the inter-

ests of civilization depend. Even the occasional harshness of despatches from the State department, or the rejection of Treaties of Reciprocity or Arbitration by the Senate, have failed to disturb our confidence, or to shake our permanent goodwill. At no time in this generation have Englishmen consented to speak of Americans as foreigners, nor has it been to the interest of any English newspaper or politician to use unfriendly or disparaging language about American institutions or the American people.

It cannot be said that this attitude has been always reciprocated. It is true that in private life an Englishman in the United States has never failed to find the greatest courtesy and the most lavish hospitality; but the press has, in the past, given frequent expression to scornful criticism and unfavorable judgment of all things English, while politicians in search of a cry have been too ready to court popularity by twisting the lion's tail.

England, as painted by American artists—themselves, in most cases, the descendants of Englishmen, and inheriting the failings as well as the virtues of the race—has been represented as tyrannical, selfish, blustering, and cowardly. In Ireland, India, and Egypt she has been depicted as the oppressor of subject races rightly struggling to be free, while at home her people have been caricatured as tamely submitting to all the abuses of aristocratic and privileged government.

It is instructive to recall all this in order to mark the greatness of the transformation. No complaint can justly be made now of either press or politician. Our ef-

forts are appreciated, our difficulties are fairly recognized, even our faults and our failures are regarded with a friendly eye. It is seen that the two nations are inspired by the same general ideas of policy and legislation, and that more than a hundred years of separation have left both of them still dominated in all essentials by the same guiding and fundamental principles.

The quickness with which this new attitude of mind has been adopted suggests a conclusion which, if confirmed, will go far to dispel any doubts as to the permanence of the change. May it not be that the tone of the past, which sometimes seemed so bitter and unfriendly, was not the expression of permanent aversion, but the pride and coyness of the maiden waiting to be wooed? The conviction of the depth and sincerity of English feeling has at last struck root in the American mind. The old suspicions have been dispelled, and room is left for the display of a sentiment all the deeper because it has long been suppressed. "Can this be true?" says Beatrice in the play,

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! . . .
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.

It is to be noted that even when the misrepresentation and unkindly criticism to which reference has been made was most prevalent some of the greatest American statesmen looked forward hopefully to the removal of all misunderstanding, and to the growth of a sense of unity based on community of interest and sentiment. The last state paper written by President Lincoln before his assassination was the reply drafted by him, and subsequently read by President Johnson to the British minister on his presentation, and it contained these words: "The interest of civilization and humanity require that the two Nations should be friends. I have always known and accepted it as a fact, honorable to both countries, that the Queen of England is a sincere and honest well-wisher of the United States; and have been equally frank and explicit in the opinion that the friendship of the United States toward Great Britain is enjoined by all the considerations of interest and of sentiment affecting the character of both."

And similarly General Grant, writing from his death-bed the concluding passages of his Memoirs, leaves as a legacy to his countrymen this expression of his opinion. "England and the United States are natural allies and should be the best of friends. They speak one language and are related by blood and other ties. We together, or even either separately, are better qualified than any other people to establish commerce between all the nationalities of the world." And then he goes on to say, in words that have a special interest and application at the present time, "England governs her own colonies, and particularly those embracing the people of different races from her own, better than any other nation. She is just to the conquered but rigid. She makes them self-supporting, but gives the benefit of labor to the laborer. She does not seem to look upon the Colonies as outside possessions which she is at liberty to work for the support and aggrandizement of the Home Government."

If these and many similar utterances from leading statesmen and public writers did not bear immediate fruit, it was because there existed, unfortunately, in the minds of the American people, a deep-rooted conviction that England was unsympathetic and even hostile to the ideals of the United States; and it required the unmistakable evidence afforded by the attitude of Great Britain during the recent war to convince them that this suspicion was unfounded, and that whatever may have been the sentiments of our ancestors after the Revolutionary War—or even of the generation which watched, with mingled feelings, the gigantic struggle that threatened the existence of the Union—the England of to-day is almost unanimously proud of the spirit which has been shown by the American people, of the successes of the navy and the courage and endurance of the soldiers, and, not least, of the humanity of the victors. While approving the neutrality imposed upon their Government, so long as the conflict was confined to Spain and the United States, it has been impossible for the British people to conceal their sympathy with the objects for which the war had been waged, and their satisfaction at the promptness and the completeness of the results. The

old saying that blood is thicker than water has not been a platitude of after-dinner oratory ; but the expression of the settled and unchangeable belief that the complete agreement of the two kindred nations will make for the advantage of both, and be a potent and even an irresistible factor in promoting the peace and the civilization of the world.

If the sincerity of these sentiments has now been clearly recognized by the United States we may look forward, with some confidence, to our future relations ; and it may be that the most momentous and beneficent, as well as the most unexpected, result of the war for the liberation of Cuba will be the new understanding between the two great English-speaking nations.

Doubtless there will be in the future, as there have been in the past, conflicts of interest and divergences of opinion ; but when they arise we are entitled to expect that they will be approached in a different and more conciliatory spirit, and that even if a settlement is not always arrived at, we shall find it possible henceforth to agree to differ. It will be an immense gain if, in all such cases, each nation should approach the consideration of the action of the other with an inclination to think well, and not ill, of the motives by which it has been prompted.

Having arrived at this point is it unreasonable to allow our imagination to carry us still onward ? How far will this development of international feeling lead us ? What are the limits which the traditional policy of the two countries will necessarily impose ? Is it visionary to speak of our ultimate alliance, or has the dream of a league of the English-speaking people been suddenly brought within the region of sober and practical statesmanship ?

So far as the United Kingdom is concerned, it may be taken as a fact that the British nation would welcome any approach to this conclusion—that there is hardly any length to which they would not go in response to American advances—and that they would not shrink even from an alliance *contra mundum*, if the need should ever arise, in defence of the ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race—of humanity, justice, freedom, and equality of opportunity.

It must not be supposed, however, that in accepting an alliance as a possible and welcome contingency, anything in the nature of a permanent or general alliance is either desirable or practicable.

The warnings of Washington's Farewell Address are still applicable to any such proposal. "It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world;" and again, "it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her (Europe's) politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities." *Mutatis mutandis*, the advice is as sound for Great Britain as it was and is for the United States. It would be impossible to foresee and to define the innumerable cases to which a general alliance would apply, and in regard to many of which the obligations of such an alliance would be onerous, unnecessary, or unpopular. There are, for instance, the cases in which neither of the contracting Powers would need or desire the aid of the other ; the cases in which one Power alone is seriously or directly interested ; and last, not least, there are the cases in which the interests of the two Powers might differ.

Any attempt to pledge the two nations beforehand to combined defensive and offensive action in all circumstances must inevitably break down and be a source of danger instead of strength. All therefore that the most sanguine advocate of an alliance can contemplate is that the United States and Great Britain should keep in close touch with each other, and that, whenever their policy and their interests are identical, they should be prepared to concert together the necessary measures for their defence.

It is to such a course of action that Washington seems to point when he says, "Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, in a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies."

Since Washington's day the States of the Union have increased from thirteen to forty-five. The Government has acquired Louisiana and Alaska by purchase, it has absorbed a large part of Mexico by right of conquest ; it has annexed Hawaii,

and now it is in a position to decide the destinies of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

Its population has increased from four to seventy millions, and its wealth in still greater proportions. Meanwhile, the immense improvement in communication has brought the country into close contact with all portions of the habitable globe; and the United States stands in the very first rank among civilized nations, in touch and active competition with every one of them. It is probable, to say the least, that the extraordinary emergencies of which Washington spoke will be more numerous, and the need of temporary alliances more urgent in the future history of the United States than in the past; and if the good feeling, the sympathy and the friendship, which now happily exist between Great Britain and the United States, continue, it may safely be predicted that these occasions will arise more frequently in the relations between the two kindred nations than in any other.

The situation is well summarized in the recent speech of Mr. Davis, the Chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Foreign Relations, in which he said: "The conviction heretofore only imperfectly felt, and only partially, infrequently, and fitfully acknowledged, is now clearly operative, and is openly and spontaneously expressed, that one hundred and twenty-five millions of English-speaking people, who have established representative government and secured personal liberty in all parts of the world, whose civilization is still progressive, who have taken no step backward in an expansion of influence and empire without comparison in history, are amicably approaching each other under the pressure of a great human evolution."

The influences which are working to bring us together are not merely those of kinship, language, literature, law, and history, although these are powerful factors which exist in our case and in that of no other two great nations of the world. But there is another element, in part resulting from all these and more potent than any, which is, that in the consideration of every subject, whether political or religious, social or moral, we start from the same standpoint; and although we may not always come to the same conclusion, our processes

of reasoning and the root principles from which we proceed are identical. It is only necessary to study the comments which are made by the press, the politicians, and the ministers of religion of the two countries on any great public event, such, for instance, as the massacres in Armenia, the Dreyfus trial, the struggle for influence in China, or the attempts of governments to deal with the greater questions of social reform, to be conscious of the gulf which separates the ethics and logic of the English-speaking people from those of the rest of the civilized world.

Another illustration is to be found in connection with the recent war. When the people of the United States decided that the condition of things in Cuba was shocking to humanity and could no longer be tolerated by a liberty-loving nation in close proximity to the scene of so many outrages and of such terrible misery, the great Powers of the Continent of Europe were alarmed and suspicious. They imputed to the United States motives of selfish aggression, only transparently cloaked by a hypocritical pretence of humanity and disinterestedness.

Great Britain alone, basing her judgment on her own feelings and experience, sympathized with the national sentiment in America, and, believing with Mrs. Browning, that

—a nation may act
Unselfishly—shiver a lance
(As the least of her sons may, in fact),
And not for a cause of finance,—

sought for the springs of action, not in the excesses of jingoes or the greed of interested individuals, but in the great moral forces which move a free people in the presence of injustice and wrong, perpetrated against helpless men and innocent women and children.

The natural sympathies which have thus been proved to exist must tend to bring about that close union which, if accomplished, will be the most important event that the coming century has in store for us.

Although, however, sympathy and sentiment are among the strongest forces that move the world, considerations of interest must not be forgotten. Those who wish well to this movement are bound to discourage everything in the nature of mere hysterical and transient emotion. If, when

the present excitement should pass away, it were found that the expression of feeling on either side had no solid basis of mutual advantage, no sensible man would be able to anticipate any lasting or practical result.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the comments of the foreign press when the sympathy of England with the United States was first manifested, and the possibility of an alliance was in the air. These disinterested friends of both parties warned us that, on the one hand, the love of America for England would come to an end with the war, and on the other, that England would expect to be paid for her good-will, and would strive to draw America into her personal quarrels.

It is to be hoped that there is as little foundation for the first statement as there is for the second. England does not ask the aid of anyone in difficulties which may result where her own interests alone are concerned. She is not a weak power, obliged to sue for protection "with whispering breath and bated humbleness." Never before in her history, and in time of peace, has her strength on the sea been so predominant, and if the need should arise once more to defend her existence against a world in arms her sons throughout the Empire would show themselves not unworthy of their ancestors.

Neither is England—any more than the United States—a wantonly aggressive nation, likely to seek for causes of war in order to gratify a military ambition. If she enters upon alliances, it will be to secure peace and not to provoke war.

Yet it is easy to imagine cases in which the co-operation of the two English-speaking nations might be the only means of obtaining peacefully results equally desired by both.

When, three years ago, the Armenian massacres aroused intense indignation in the United Kingdom, the English Government found that active intervention would place them in a position of complete isolation, even if it did not arouse the active hostility of Europe. The risk of interference was too great and the probability of success too small. But if, at that time, the United States, whose moral support was assured, had been prepared to join in serious representations to the Porte and, if

necessary, to allow her fleet to co-operate with the British navy, it is almost certain that the other Powers would have held aloof, in presence of such a combination, and a great and bloodless service might have been rendered to humanity.

In this instance there would have been no material interest to serve, but we may easily suppose a case of a different kind. The recent collapse of China has opened up one of the greatest questions of our time. Is this vast country, with untold mineral and other resources, and with a population of four hundred millions of frugal, industrious people, to be partitioned among European nations? Is the greatest potential market of the world to be permanently closed to general trade, or is it to remain open, with its incalculable possibilities, to all nations on equal terms? The interest of the United States in the decision is the same as that of Great Britain. If it should ever be necessary to enter into negotiations, in order to secure to all the world an equal opportunity in regard to this commerce, it cannot be doubted that they would be infinitely more influential if backed by the joint action of the United States and Great Britain, than if either of these Powers held aloof.

It is under the influence of these and similar considerations that we are now called upon to contemplate the possibility of new developments in the policy of the United States, leading to an expansion of territory and the creation of responsibilities and interests outside the present limits of the Republic.

Hawaii has been annexed, and in adding a tropical colony, unsuited to permanent occupation by white men, and already inhabited by a large native population, to the territories of the United States, the first step has been taken toward the establishment of a colonial empire. At the same time the recent war has made the American people the arbiters of the destiny of some of the richest tropical islands in the world. The fate of these territories is still undecided, and it would be presumptuous and indiscreet for an outsider to offer any opinion on the subject. There may well be considerations affecting it which can only

be properly estimated by an American, and which may determine the special issue without, in any way, prejudging the abstract question of territorial expansion.

There are, however, influences at work which make it doubtful whether the United States will be able permanently to hold aloof from that struggle for the control of the tropics in which other nations are actively engaged; and it may therefore be allowable for an Englishman to offer some general considerations on the subject of colonial expansion which are the result of English experiences, and which are entirely independent of the immediate situation.

In a recent essay on "The Control of the Tropics," by Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the well-known author of a work on "Social Evolution," the conditions of the problem now presented to the English-speaking peoples are stated with great force and lucidity, and the whole essay may be studied with advantage by all who, either in the United Kingdom or the United States, are interested in the subject.

Mr. Kidd reminds us that the temperate regions of the earth are now practically appropriated, and that, owing to the improvement of transport and communication and to the diffusion of technical knowledge, the competing nations in these countries already possess little advantage one over the other, and are likely in the future to possess still less. The one great sphere of commercial activity which remains lies in the interchange of products between the tropics and the temperate regions; and it is this inheritance which is now the subject of the rivalry of nations.

Even at the present time the total trade of Great Britain with the tropics is thirty-eight per cent. of its whole trade with the rest of the world, excluding the English-speaking peoples; and the tropical commerce of the United States is forty-four per cent. of its trade with the rest of the world, with the same exception. Yet the larger portion of tropical territory has not been touched at all, or only superficially, and there is practically no limit to the potential results of the effective opening up of these countries to the white man's energy and enterprise. It is evident from this that the interest of all countries in this prospective commerce is very great, but,

unfortunately, of the present competitors for it, Great Britain alone undertakes responsibility, as a trust for civilization at large, and opens all the markets which it controls to the citizens of other nations on exactly the same terms as it offers to its own subjects. Wherever other states have hitherto gained a footing they have made it their business, as soon as possible, to secure special and preferential advantages for their own citizens, and have endeavored to exclude all other trade. If England, therefore, had refused to pursue a policy of expansion, both she and the United States would have ultimately been shut out from participation in the vast and constantly increasing trade of the tropics; while if England, resenting this unequal competition, were ever to alter her own policy and to adopt preferential rates, the United States would be isolated, and her manufacturers would have to be content with the crumbs from other men's tables.

It is the conviction that such a state of things is not impossible that has, in recent times, materially altered the colonial policy of the United Kingdom, and has silenced the voices which, thirty years or more ago, were loud in favor of strictly confining the Empire to the limits it had then reached, and were even raised occasionally to urge their reduction.

It appears to be the belief of most foreigners that the British Empire, as we know it to-day, is the product of the Machiavellian astuteness and unscrupulousness of British statesmen, accompanied by an almost unparalleled tenacity of purpose.

Nothing can be further from the real facts, and it would be much more true to say that we have simply blundered into most of the desirable places of the earth. While our Governments have held back, oppressed with "the craven fear of being great," and have discouraged colonial extension in every way, individual explorers, traders, and missionaries, pressing forward under every difficulty, have forced their hands and made them, unwillingly, the rulers of the greatest empire the world has ever seen. It is only in the present and last stage of a shifting policy that either government or people have clearly recognized the character of the forces by which they have been unconsciously driven for-

ward, or the true nature and value of the work which they have thus been impelled to undertake.

In the first period of this eventful history the territories acquired by conquest or discovery were treated as possessions to be exploited entirely for the advantage of the occupying nation, and little or no thought was given to the rights or the interests either of the original inhabitants, or of the colonists who had dispossessed them. This view of the relations between a state and its outlying territories continued more or less throughout the eighteenth century, although the War of Independence in America did much to modify and dispel it. The success of the Revolution not only destroyed the hope that colonies could be made tributary to the mother-country but led ultimately to the conclusion that, since they would never be a source of direct revenue, we should be better without colonies at all. Assuming that an entirely independent and separate existence was the ultimate destiny of all our possessions abroad, and believing that this consummation would relieve us of burdensome obligations, we readily conceded self-government to the colonies in the temperate zones, in the hope that this would hasten the inevitable and desirable result. We found, not without surprise, that in spite of hints to this effect, our kinsfolk and fellow-subjects resented the idea of separation and, fortunately for us, preferred to remain, each "daughter in her mother's house and mistress in her own." Influenced by the same idea, we elaborated constitutions by the score for every kind of tropical dependency, in the vain expectation that the native population would appreciate forms of government evolved in our own civilization, and would learn quickly to be self-supporting and to develop for themselves the territories in which we began to think we had only a temporary interest. We were disappointed, and we have had to recognize the fact that, for an indefinite period of time, the ideas and the standards of our social and political order cannot be intelligently accepted or applied by races which are centuries behind us in the process of national evolution. The experience of Hayti and Liberia under inde-

pendent native government, of many of the South American Republics, of Egypt and of India, and the stagnation of all tropical countries, in regard to matters dependent on local effort, make it evident that wherever the white man cannot be permanently or advantageously acclimatized, and wherever, therefore, the great majority of the population must always be natives, the only security for good government and for the effective development of the resources of the country consists in providing this native population with white superintendence, and with rulers and administrators who will bring to their task the knowledge derived from the experience of a higher civilization; and, constantly changing, will be always under the influence of the standards and ideals which they have been brought up to respect.

This is the root idea of British administration in the tropics. At the same time we have abandoned forever any desire to secure tribute from these possessions, and we no longer seek any direct or exclusive advantage.

We find our profit in the increased prosperity of the people for whose interest we have made ourselves responsible, and in the development of, and access to, markets which we open at the same time to the rest of the world. Our primary obligation is to maintain peace, the safety of life and property, and equal justice for all irrespective of race or class. Subject to these conditions, we interfere as little as possible with native religions, customs, or laws; and under this system we are successfully administering the affairs of hundreds of millions of people of almost every race under the sun, with trifling cost to the British taxpayer, and with the smallest army of white soldiers of any of the powers of Europe. In India, where three hundred millions of people acknowledge the Queen as Empress, the total white garrison is only 70,000 men; in Egypt, with a population of nine millions, the normal white garrison is 3,500 men; while in Ceylon, the Straits Settlements and protected States, the West Indies, and West Africa not a single white regiment is stationed for the maintenance of our rule, which is secured entirely by colored soldiers and police under British officers.

Our experience should at least go far to satisfy the objections of those Americans who anticipate that the occupation of tropical countries would involve the retention of vast numbers of American soldiers in an unhealthy climate, and would lay an intolerable burden on the American treasury.

An Englishman, accustomed all his life to the idea of a vast empire enjoying peace and prosperity under British rule, but who has seen the great machinery working so silently and smoothly that he is only occasionally made aware of his obligations—when, for instance, a cyclone devastates some West Indian island, or a famine, such as in former times, depopulated whole districts in India, has to be fought and conquered by the energy and devotion of British officials; or when a savage tribe in Africa rises against the restraint imposed on barbarous practices; or disturbances break out in the mountain fastnesses of the wild people of the North West frontier—finds it difficult to understand the fear excited in the minds of many distinguished and patriotic Americans by even so small an expansion of the national mission as the recent occupation of the Hawaiian Islands. He knows the comparative ease with which his own gigantic task has been fulfilled, and he is unwilling to believe that the American, with greater resources, equal intelligence, and equal energy, will fail where he has succeeded.

The objections which are urged from the American standpoint are, in many instances, the same as those which have already been refuted by the results of his own experience. Thus, it is said that such a development of American policy will involve responsibilities which the country is unfitted to undertake, and will divert the attention of the nation from its domestic affairs and from the pursuit of its own material and moral interests; and especially that it will interfere with its special mission as the type and example of republican institutions. The Englishman believes, on the contrary, that nations, like individuals, cannot remain isolated without deterioration. The man who pleads the claims of his family as a reason for refusing all public work and repudiating all charitable obligations is not usually a better husband or a

better father than the good citizen whose purse is open and whose leisure is freely given to the service of the community in which he lives; and the nation which elevates selfishness into a virtue and shirks its responsibility to the other members of the human race is wanting in one of the principal elements of greatness. The absolute devotion of any people to its domestic politics narrows the issues of public life, gives to them a partisan and personal character, and tends to a provincialism of sentiment and aspiration. Greatness does not consist in growing rich and prosperous, and it is only by incurring responsibilities, by struggling with obstacles, by confronting dangers and by conquering difficulties that men or nations justly win respect.

But we are told that the Constitution of the United States and the practice of its politics make it certain that any extension of its rule over inferior races, to whom it would be impossible, for an indefinite time, to come to apply its own institutions in their completeness, would, in the words of Mr. Carl Schurz, "result in a fearful increase of profligacy and corruption." Mr. Schurz's authority is so great and so widely established that it may appear presumptuous to plead against it; and, indeed, if his forecast be accurate, and if the acquisition of new territory by the United States is to be followed by an immigration of bosses and caucuses with all their consequences, *cadit questio*, the United States would be well advised to leave these countries strictly alone, for their last state would be worse than the first. But a true friend to America may be excused for hoping that the prediction is too pessimistic, and that it is not altogether impossible that a colonial service may be developed as single-minded, as pure, and as free from party bias and personal greed, as is the similar service in the United Kingdom, or the naval and military service in the United States. There was a time in English history when corruption was rife in politics and in the public service; but, with the extension of empire and the increased sense of responsibility, the conscience of the nation was stirred against the scandal, and both at home and abroad public life has been freed from this blighting pest. For many years past there has been no instance in which a public servant of any standing has misused

his position to his own advantage, or in which the little patronage which still remains to Ministers has been used corruptly or to the injury of public interests. A Secretary of State in the present day would be puzzled to tell the political opinions of five per cent. of the gentlemen in his office, or of those in the public service abroad. The former are appointed after examination, through the Civil Service Commission, and the latter rise from the lower ranks by merit to the highest posts.

It is not unimportant, perhaps, to add in this connection that the occupants of positions of great responsibility, such as the Governors of Colonies and Dependencies, have salaries which would be considered very high according to the American scale. Thus the Governor of Ceylon has 80,000 rupees per annum; of the Straits Settlements 38,800 rupees and entertainment allowance; of Jamaica, £6,000; of the Gold Coast, £4,000; and of Lagos, £3,500 and allowances; while in all cases long service entitles to a proportionate pension on retirement. It would be the worst economy to fix these salaries so low that good men would be unwilling to accept them, while bad men would be tempted to make them up by illicit gains at the expense of the people governed.

It has been already pointed out that these general considerations are not directed to the special problem which now immediately confronts the United States; and that there may be reasons, arising out of the circumstances under which the war was undertaken, or connected with the peculiar conditions of the territories concerned, or derived from the actual political situation in the United States, which may properly influence the American Government, and which it is beyond the province of the present article to discuss. The object of the writer has been to point out the general nature of the forces which are at work and which tend to draw the United States, sooner or later, into a share of the great work of controlling and civilizing the Tropics; and to state the grounds for the belief that, when that time comes, they

will perform the duty worthily and with honor and advantage to themselves.

It only remains to consider how far such a development would affect the relations between the United States and Great Britain, and especially in what way it may influence the prospects of a closer union between the English-speaking countries.

It can hardly be necessary to say that the British nation will cordially welcome the entrance of the United States into the field of colonial enterprise, so long and so successfully occupied by themselves. There would be no jealousy of the expansion of American enterprise and influence; on the contrary, every Englishman would heartily rejoice in the co-operation of the United States in the great work of tropical civilization. From the nations of the Continent of Europe he has nothing to learn except what to avoid. Their system, their objects, and their ideals are entirely different from his; and, as he thinks, inferior. Their success from any point of view has not been apparent, and it is not likely that England will be tempted to imitate them. But we are confident that the aims and aspirations of the American people will be the same as our own, and we shall watch their efforts with sympathy and interest, hoping to learn something from their example, as well as to teach much from our experience.

We think it probable that in the course of this great experiment, the United States will be brought to appreciate more correctly the difficulties of the task that we have undertaken, and the character of the motives that have guided us. The pursuit of a common mission will gradually bind us together and lead to a better understanding. We shall find that our interests are identical and, while we shall prosecute them separately, we shall inevitably be drawn into closer union if they are threatened or endangered. And in this way may yet be fulfilled the aspiration of the poet:

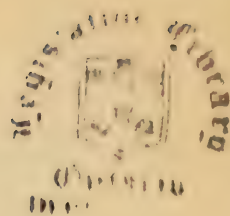
When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, between saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain-crag,
The lion of our Motherland!

THE FALL OF MANILA

[August 13, 1898]

By Captain T. Bentley Mott, U.S.A.

Aide to General Merritt



A FEW days before the beginning of the operations which ended in the fall of Manila, General Merritt detached me from his staff, and directed me to act as aide-de-camp to General F. V. Greene, as the latter was very short of staff officers and the heaviest work of the campaign was falling upon his brigade. It was while acting in this capacity that I saw the events which I am about to describe.

When I joined General Greene, toward the end of July, his brigade was encamped along the Calle Real, the main road from Cavité to Manila, between the road and the beach, and about two and one-half miles from the Spanish Fort Malate. Up to this time our outposts were thrown forward merely as a protection to the camp, the insurgent lines being between us and Manila; but on July 28th General Merritt directed General Greene to take possession of a line from the road to the beach, just in front of the insurgents' advanced position, in order that the operations for the reduction of the place might begin. This was done at once.

For three days our men worked away at their trenches with almost no molestation from the Spaniards, though they had a strong line of breastworks not more than 1,000 yards in front. Occasionally a bullet would whistle over the work; but no one was hurt, and the troops soon paid no attention to these noises.

About eleven o'clock on the night of July 31st, however, things took a different turn. The Spaniards opened a furious infantry and artillery fire upon our line, which they kept up for about two hours. Fort Malate, with five guns, Block House No. 14, with two guns, and the infantry trenches connecting them brought a concentrated fire upon our short line of breastworks which was extremely trying. The night was as black as pitch, the rain was descending in torrents, and the trenches knee-deep in mud and water; for the ground is so flat and the soil such as to make drainage impossible.

The Tenth Pennsylvania and four guns of the Utah batteries occupied the line, with two batteries of the Third (foot) Artillery in reserve. The latter, without waiting for orders, were brought up with great gallantry under a galling fire, and, taking position on the right, replied so effectually to the flanking fire which the Spaniards were able to deliver as to subdue it entirely.

Meantime calls for ammunition and reinforcements came to General Greene. The whole camp was already under arms, the regiments standing expectantly in the pouring rain. The First California was ordered forward by battalion; and when I delivered the order to Colonel Smith and the bugle sounded the advance, the whole camp sent up a tremendous cheer, showing that neither rain, the darkness of the night, nor the unseen foe could dampen the involuntary delight of the men at the idea of at last getting at their enemy.

The ground over which these troops had to advance was perfectly flat, open, and unprotected, and it was swept by shell and the long-range fire of the Mauser rifle; but the men advanced with perfect steadiness, reinforced their comrades, and checked the Spanish fire.

Having sent up reinforcements and ammunition, General Greene went forward to the trenches. It is impossible to picture the dreariness of those lines. It was so dark that no man could distinguish the comrade at his elbow, and officers had to announce themselves by name that their men might know who they were. The ground was trodden into deep mire, alternating with pools into which one sank to the waist; cold gusts of wind came from the bay, chilling our wet bodies to the bone; many of the men were going through the setting-up exercises or the bar-bell exercises with their rifles, in order to get up circulation; the wounded were being carried back in *caramettas*, an abominable species of native cart, not much bigger than a baby carriage, and drawn by the most wretched little beasts that ever wore

bridles; every condition was present which can chill the ardor of soldiers in a fight; but our men were calm and even cheerful, complaining only of the impossibility of getting at the enemy through the intervening swamps and bamboo jungle. Our loss this night was ten men killed and about thirty wounded. We learned later that the Spanish loss was much heavier.

Most of the men killed were shot in the head; in other parts of the body the Mauer bullet makes a small wound which does not seem to bleed at all. Captain Hobbs, Third Artillery, was shot through the thigh about midnight; the blow knocked him down; but, getting up, he rubbed his leg, said it was nothing, and went on. He remained in the trenches all night; and it was not until eleven o'clock the next day, while undressing, that he discovered the nature of his wound.

During the week succeeding this fight the Spaniards made three more of these night attacks, killing and wounding eight or ten of our men, and the soldiers in camp began to grumble a good deal. General Merritt had given most positive orders that the Spanish fire should not be returned, unless the men could see something to shoot at, or the Spaniards were plainly advancing in the open to take our works. The fleet lay quietly at anchor up at Cavité, except the Raleigh, which was anchored off our camp.

Why did not the Admiral send ships up to shell the works that gave us so much annoyance? Why would not General Merritt let the men reply to a fire that was killing them nightly? The average soldier could see no sense in it. But even before Manila was taken with so little loss, the wisdom of the General's order became evident; for after our men had lain silent in the trenches for one or two nights, disdaining any reply to the Spanish fire, and wholly unharmed, the night attacks ceased; and even in the day the work of strengthening the line went on unmolested. It really looked as though it was agreed that both sides should make all their preparations without annoyance, until the day came when a final trial of strength would settle who was to hold Manila.

As a matter of fact, neither the fleet nor the army was at this time ready for a general engagement. The army did not

have, all told, enough ammunition for more than one day of hard fighting, and only a part of this was in camp. The terrific storm which had prevailed for more than a week made the landing of the ammunition impossible; while only a small portion of General McArthur's brigade had gotten ashore from their transports, and this with the greatest difficulty and at the sacrifice of most of their supplies in the heavy surf. As for the fleet, the Monterey, it is true, had arrived and was ready to match her 10- and 12-inch guns against the 9½-inch Krupps of the enemy; but the bay was so rough that our fleet would have fought at great disadvantage. It was none too well supplied with ammunition, and the Admiral very wisely desired to keep enough in reserve to use on the Germans in case of necessity. The German Admiral had acted with such insolence during this whole crisis that, had we attacked and failed to take Manila, there were good grounds for believing that he would have carried his interference to the point where Admiral Dewey's forbearance would cease and his guns be brought into play.

There was thus every good reason for delaying the decisive blow.

On August 11th, however, affairs assumed a more promising aspect. The storm had abated so that the troops on the transports could be landed, and the sea was smooth enough to insure good shooting by our ships; supplies of food and ammunition had been landed in the little creek at Parañaque, and were being transported to camp by every conceivable primitive conveyance.

The diplomatic preliminaries had also been attended to by Admiral Dewey and General Merritt. On the 7th they sent a joint note through the English Admiral and Consul to the Captain-General, announcing that he was given forty-eight hours in which to remove the women and children from Manila, and that at any time after the expiration of the said forty-eight hours the city was likely to be bombarded. This note was acknowledged in a letter of great politeness and some pathos by the Spanish commander. He said the position of his women and children was very hard, as he had no ships in which to send them out from the city, and to send them out by land was to put them into the hands



General Merritt and General Greene Taking a Look at a Spanish Field-gun on the Malate Fort.
[This gun had the range of our trenches to a yard during the night attacks, and caused us severe loss.—T. B. M.]



General Merritt and General Greene Climbing the Ramp of the Malate Fort.

[This glimpse of the interior of the Fort shows the work of the Navy 8-inch shells with their delay-action fuzes—which did not explode till they had nearly penetrated the wall.—T. B. M.]



Church in the Plaza Calderon de la Barca.

[In the foreground are several American officers mounted on ponies captured from the Spanish Cavalry.—T. B. M.]



In the Court of the Ayuntamiénto or Municipal Building, After the Surrender.

[The statue at the head of the noble staircase is of Sebastian Cabot. In the foreground are piled the muskets and ammunition delivered up by the Spaniards on the afternoon of the surrender.—T. B. M.]

of the insurgents. Nevertheless, he thanked the humane commanders for this notice, and in conclusion kissed their feet, etc. Upon the expiration of the forty-eight hours' notice—that is to say, at noon on August 9th—another joint note was sent by our General and Admiral, representing the hopelessness of resistance in view of our strength on land and sea, and formally demanding the surrender of the city, that the life and property of defenceless inhabitants might be spared the destruction which must inevitably ensue if we were obliged to bombard and storm the city. To this the Captain-General replied by requesting that the proposition might be referred to Madrid. This proposition was refused, and all correspondence thus ended.

On Thursday morning, the 11th, General Merritt called together Generals Anderson, McArthur, and Greene, and explained to them the plan of combined attack arranged by himself and the Admiral. These verbal instructions were supplemented with a written memorandum.

On the morning of the 13th the camp was astir at four o'clock. Breakfast being over, haversacks and canteens filled, the troops fell in, were inspected, and the march began to the front. Everybody was glad to leave the soggy camp, where we had spent weeks in the mud and rain; no one wanted to return, and no one expected to return. The rain soon began, and the road turned into a slough. It poured for two hours, and carrying orders along the line meant wading to the knees.

By the time the troops were in position, the rain ceased and the air cleared, and all felt elated that nothing was likely to postpone the attack. Presently the ships could be seen moving up the bay; and at a quarter before ten a shot from the Olympia went crashing toward the Malate fort, and we all knew that the ball had begun. The shots came very slowly at first, and it was evident the ships were trying for the range. Soon the rapid-fire and machine-guns began to speak out, and General Greene ordered our own artillery to fire a few rounds. Our gunners had the range down to a fine point—it was only 1,050 yards—and nearly every shell could be seen taking effect on the black walls of the old fort the men had stared at in silence so long.

The Olympia, the Raleigh, the Petrel, and the captured gun-boat Callao were the only ships that shelled the enemy's lines; the others lay farther north, ready to attack



the heavy land-batteries as soon as they should open. We all watched the Monterey, and listened for the deep boom of her 12-inch guns; for, as some man had said, he "bet there would be a new street in Manila every time she fired a shot." The Spaniards must have believed this, too, for they did not fire at the fleet; and the Admiral did not care to ruin the city with shells unless necessary to silence the fire of land-batteries.

Our field-guns continued very deliberately to clean off the crest of the Malate fort, but only one shell was fired in return.

It soon became quite evident that the Spaniards had left their works in our immediate front, where the shell-fire had fallen thickest, and General Greene ordered the First Colorado forward. Two companies jumped over the parapet and went in extended order across the swamp between the Calle Real and the beach. Two other companies advanced in column up the beach, through a path in the bamboo fringe they had cut the night before. These troops soon had to halt and lie down, for the ships either could not see our signal, "Cease firing," or the blue jackets were unable to restrain their desire to have a few more shots at the enemy. At last, however, the ships slackened their fire, the second battalion of the First Colorado went over the parapet to support their comrades, and both lines went forward rapidly, the line to the right firing volleys at the Spanish trenches to cover the column advancing along the beach. The latter column forded the creek in front of the Malate fort, advanced by rushes to the breast-works surrounding it, entered the fort, and swarmed to the top only to find it deserted. The Spanish had only gone as far as the little breast-work and house directly in rear of the fort, and from there kept up an annoying fire on the Colorado troops, killing one man and wounding others.

As soon as our men got possession of the fort, we could see someone (it proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy, of the First Colorado) climbing up the flag-pole and tearing down the Spanish flag, and then a moment later the Stars and Stripes floated out from the staff amid the cheers of the whole army and fleet. This flag had been given to Adjutant Brooks, of the First Colorado, by General Greene, with orders to raise it over Malate; and I saw him carrying it tied around his waist as the regiment went forward.

Meantime the four companies of the First Colorado, which had advanced across the fields, entered the Spanish trenches, crossed the bridge, and moved on up the road. The Spanish fire at this time was all coming at long range from the northeast, and did little or no damage. The third battalion of the First Colorado now came up. The whole regiment was formed in column, and advanced boldly along the Calle Real into the city. Their band had come

up with this regiment and, taking post in some old Spanish trenches, played for the regiments of the reserve, which were advancing in column up the beach with flags flying. From where we now stood under the walls of the old fort, this was a really beautiful sight; and after the exhausting work of the morning, the music, the sight of our colors in the Spanish lines, and the thought of victory were exhilarating.

When the left attack on the Malate fort was seen to be succeeding, General Greene ordered the Eighteenth Infantry and Third Artillery Battalion to move forward on the Spanish trenches in their front. This they did over most difficult ground, and in the face of a determined fire from the enemy. Why the fire did not take effect I cannot understand, for the bullets came in very thick; but not one of their men was hit. General McArthur's brigade extended through the woods and swamps to the right from the Third Artillery line, and this advance was much more severely contested.

The Astor Battery behaved in most gallant fashion at this end of the line, dragging their guns along with the infantry firing line and using them very effectively. They lost their first sergeant and two other men killed. The Twenty-third Regular Infantry and the Thirteenth Minnesota were also obliged to do their work under a very severe fire, which fortunately was not too well directed. This brigade reached the city some time after General Greene's brigade, and did not advance farther than the outskirts, where they received the news that the city had surrendered, and where they were ordered to halt and protect that part of the town from the entrance of insurgents. In the day's fighting we lost six men killed and forty-three wounded.

At this writing the Spanish loss is not known; but I saw four dead as I rode over the Spanish trenches—evidently all killed by one shell—and in the fort two more dead were lying in casemates. Their loss under the attacks of General McArthur's brigade in the vicinity of Block House No. 14 must have been considerable.

When our troops, advancing along the Calle Real, came out upon the Luneta, a white flag was seen flying from the western bastion of the walls, and word was at once brought to General Greene, who was a few blocks in the rear. He sent me to order

up immediately the rear regiments of the brigade to the Luneta; and when I returned to him after performing this duty, the sight which greeted me as I rode across this famous parade ground, execution ground, and pleasure ground—this Luneta—was a marvellous one to meet American eyes. The dark walls of the old seventeenth-century fort stood boldly up, surrounded by its girdle of moat and demi-lunes and covered way. Directly in front of the causeway, that leads with many a precautionary draw-bridge and face-cover through the main sally-port of the fort, was massed, in column of companies, one half of the American army, with their colors flying in the stiff breeze. Everything was expectantly still. Presently a handsome carriage with men in livery came over the bridge, bringing General Babcock, General Merritt's Chief-of-Staff, with the news that General Merritt was with the Governor-General arranging the preliminary terms of surrender.

While our troops were cautiously advancing under a desultory musketry fire through the streets of the city, the Belgian Consul had gone out in his launch to Admiral Dewey with the news that the Captain-General was ready to surrender the city. This was at once communicated to General Merritt, who, with two officers, went ashore with the Consul, the white flag having meantime been hoisted.

General Greene at last received information that he could move his troops on into the main city, which he did by following the broad boulevard along the moat, crossing the bridge, and entering the Plaza de Calderon de la Barca. Battalions were at once sent out to guard each of the main bridges and approaches to the city proper against the entrance of armed insurgents, many of whom had tried to come into the city on our heels for the purpose of looting. Such as got in were disarmed and sent back, and the others were kept out by our men. There was practically no looting by the native Filipinos of the city, for sentinels were posted in every quarter; and very few complaints have come in of such outrages, even in the far districts.

It was now six o'clock, and by seven our men were distributed at their new posts, for the most part occupying public

buildings or porticos. Most of them were too tired to do anything more than make a meal from their haversacks, and lie down on the deserted sidewalks to rest and sleep, knowing that their turn at sentry duty would soon come.

Every shop and house in the place was closed, and one noticeable thing was the prevalence of the British flag. Every Chinaman's house and every Chinaman's window displayed this emblem of protection, so that the business part of the city looked as if it were dressed for a British holiday. The Spanish inhabitants, the officers, and soldiers gave not the slightest token of hostility or displeasure. The prevailing feeling in the atmosphere on all sides was one of *relief*—relief that the strain of war, of hunger, of uncertainty was over. General Merritt sent for General Greene about eight o'clock, and I accompanied the latter to the Governor-General's palace in the old walled city, where we found General Merritt and his staff seated at a comfortable dinner, which the late Governor-General's people were serving. The entrance to the palace is a large marble-paved court, with a fine statue of Sebastian Cabot between the two broad flights of stairs which lead up to the state apartments. This court was piled head-high with captured muskets, equipments, and Mauser cartridges, while a company of soldiers were sleeping on the floor along the walls. Outside, strings of surrendered cavalry horses were tied to the trees of the garden, and the whole place suggested the picturesque side of war.

It is needless to say that everybody was in good humor and good appetite; but it seemed unutterably strange to see a group of officers in the uniform of the United States, stained with mud and belted with revolvers, sitting about and smoking their cigars with a comfortable air of proprietorship in these lofty rooms of vicereignty, hung with splendid old portraits of Spain's weak rulers and Spain's bold robbers. The weather-beaten face of one old fellow in a casque seemed to look upon us with a stern eye, and I said to myself, "If that old sixteenth-century buccaneer had been in command to-day, there would have been more American soldiers left dead upon the fields of Malate."

MANILA, August 16th.

MRS. H. HARRISON WELLS'S SHOES

By Jesse Lynch Williams

LINTON had written a very pretty accidental drowning story (a father and two young children), a half-column about a suicide-for-love, and part of the big story on the first page about the absconding-bank-cashier - Sunday - school - superintendent. So having done his full day's share of uplifting and moulding the public mind, he should have been well pleased with himself the next morning when the paper came out. But he was not.

He was up early this morning, on his way to the Seventh Judicial District Court, at Third Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, and he was very glum and discontented. It was bad enough to get out of bed at nine o'clock—for a morning-paper man. But he wasn't thinking about that; it was what he had to do when he arrived there: watch a woman—who happened to be a very nice woman—in a lawsuit with a shoemaker; have a talk with each of them, get both sides of the matter, and write a good story, with facetious, satirical touches in it, for New York to smile over the next morning at breakfast. He knew the woman. She knew him. She would see him there. She would know that he was watching her. She would know that he had written what *The Day* published about her and her shoes. He felt like resigning.

It had sounded like such a good story the afternoon before when the smiling City Editor was talking that he had jumped at it. But the moment he left the hot, excited atmosphere of the City Room, it all seemed a very different business. This morning he had cooled down still more; and he could not understand how he had agreed to take such an assignment.

He had been at this work long enough now not to mind going up into tenements and talking to people there about their souls or their family quarrels, or their daughters who had killed themselves, or the reason for it. But when it came to making unpleasant publicity for refined people, it seemed a different thing. And yet, as he

now reminded himself, it ought not to be considered a different thing. So he told himself it must be that he was afraid of being seen and known as a reporter by nice people, and this made him hurry up the Elevated steps, two at a time, to show that it was a mistake.

But whether it was foolish or not, he did not like the idea of being seen on this assignment, and he made up his mind on the train to keep out of her way; he could cover the story well enough without having a talk with her.

But you see there was no dodging the great fact that this woman was a first cousin to the girl uptown, who seemed to him to be what a girl ought to be, and who believed in him. That was what had kept him awake during the night.

Whether the girl ever knew it or not, yet he would always know that he had deliberately gone to work and made a near relative of hers the subject of a newspaper article for the town to talk and gossip about. It would not be a pleasant thing to remember about himself.

All the old repugnance and loathing for this thing of reporting came upon him worse than ever, and he pictured himself, as he often had before, going back to the office and telling the City Editor what he unreservedly thought about the whole dirty business.

"I'll go back and say, 'See here, White' (I won't call him 'mister'). 'What do you take me for? What do you take me for? Do you think I am going to do this sort of thing? Well, you're mistaken. I'll tell you, once for all, I'll be damned if I do.' " And he became quite hot and excited telling himself how little he would care at being discharged, and how much better offers he had had to do better things, etc., until the "L" guard called out his station.

Then he got out and wiped his brow, and reminded himself that he had no intention of making any such fool of himself as that. He had often felt like resigning before, and had always been glad he hadn't.

"All I'll have to do," he remarked to

himself, "is to fall down on this assignment and one or two more as badly as I did last week, and I'll be allowed to resign fast enough without any grand-stand remarks."

Meanwhile, he would have to get the facts of this story because he couldn't very well resign over the telephone, and, besides, there wasn't time to send up another man, and it wouldn't be square to let the paper get beaten on the story.

"But there are two chances," he said; "either the case has been settled out of court to avoid publicity—I should think it would be—or it will be adjourned; cases generally are. Very likely, Mrs. Wells won't be there, anyhow."

He entered the court-room and found he was mistaken in all these suppositions, and there sat Mrs. H. Harrison Wells in the front row, with a lot of beautiful tailor-made clothes on, looking refined and out of place in the stuffy little court-room, which was filled with bad air and hard faces.

"Well," thought Linton, backing out again, "I'll have to keep out of her sight some way," and just then somebody slapped him on the back.

It was a young man named Harry Lawrence. He was an old class-mate, so he greeted Linton cordially, wanted to know what in thunder he was doing up there, and seemed excited about something.

Linton said he was a reporter for *The Day*.

"That's so; I forgot," said the young lawyer. "Are you going to write an article up here? What about?"

"They want me to find out about Mrs. Wells's shoes or something."

"You don't say so! Why, I'm her counsel," Lawrence said, sententiously. "I'll be glad to give you all the help I can, Jim. I'll introduce you to her, if you like."

"Oh, no, you won't, though," thought Linton. "Is she going to stay during the trial?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. It's a civil suit, you know. She'll have to testify." The young lawyer hadn't tried very many cases before, and he was feeling important. "Excuse me a minute," he said. "You wait here, Jim."

But Linton did not. He went out of the door before Lawrence reached his client's side, and he meant to stay out until

he heard the clerk call out: "Hawkins against Wells." And then he was merely going to get the bare facts and go down to the office and resign. He was sick of this business.

A few minutes later the door opened and Mrs. Wells came out of the court-room, unaccompanied, and started for the stairs, her skirts rustling luxuriously.

"She's probably stifled by that air," thought Linton, "and Harry's busy with briefs and things. But she oughtn't to walk about here alone; I suppose I must ——" He had started to take off his hat, but stopped his hand midway and scratched his chin instead, for Mrs. Wells had looked into his face and out the other side, and then hurried on down the stairs, without knowing he was there.

"It wasn't necessary to do that," he said to himself. "Harry probably asked if she wanted to talk to me, and she probably decided that she did not. She had a right to, I suppose, but it wasn't at all necessary to do that."

He watched her stepping carefully down the dirty stairs, and said to her back, "You needn't think I want to talk to you." He had never experienced anything like this before and he tried to laugh, but it didn't seem very funny; so he stopped laughing and became normally angry instead, and cursed Harry Lawrence for a snob.

To be sure he had only seen Mrs. Wells twice since the commencement week when he had seen a good deal of her, and that was some time ago, and he was dressed in a flannel coat and duck trousers then. Besides, she was to be a defendant in a lawsuit in a few minutes, and that might have preoccupied her, but he did not stop to think of that. He was thinking of many other things. One of them was her cousin.

He was still standing by the window in the hall, hot with indignation at her and angry and sneering at himself for minding it, when Lawrence suddenly appeared and took him by the arm. "Come on, old man, you can talk to Mrs. Wells. Mr. Wells is here, too, now, and——"

"No, no," said Linton, backing off and bristling all over.

"Come on, man, what's the matter with you? Thought you'd quit being a woman-hater." Then he whispered, "Turn around; here they come."

Linton turned around and there they came. Mrs. H. Harrison Wells was smiling at him. It was her regular smile, the one she used every evening. Whether she had cut him before or not she meant to allow him to speak to her now. She held out her hand, condescendingly, it seemed to Linton, who was hating her, hating Lawrence, and hating himself.

The husband did not shake hands; he merely said "How do," and looked like a prosperous, self-satisfied New Yorker. Linton hated him, too, and took out his handkerchief to wipe his brow, which was wet; and Mrs. Wells said, "I did not know that you had taken up journalism. What paper do you write for? It must be very exciting. Do you like it?"

She was an interesting looking young New York chaperone, but she had the hard, sharp look about the eyes that is bound to come when a woman thinks a good deal about being "a leader;" and she was automatically putting the young man at his ease.

Linton did not like people to put him at his ease, but he answered that he enjoyed some things about his work, and that *he* called it reporting, and laughed foolishly and perspired some more because she thought he was embarrassed at talking to her.

But she was smiling vaguely now and not paying attention to what he said. He had a notion to make her, and at the same time show that he was not rattled, by telling her that he had already taken mental note of her dark green street-dress and the Paris hat with the dash of red in it which was becoming, and even of the small calf-skin shoes, a pair which surely were made expressly for her; but Lawrence had begun to talk.

"You see," he said, officiously, "Mrs. Wells is tired of having these shop-keepers bunco her all the time, and she thought she'd make an example of this shoemaker."

Mrs. Wells laughed and looked more womanly when she laughed than when she smiled. Linton wanted to say, "I don't care to hear about your old shoes."

Then her husband spoke up, looking at Linton in a way he did not fancy, "You may say she thought she owed it to our friends to expose these people's methods

—yes, you say that; say it wasn't the money, but she considers it her duty, as a matter of principle, you understand?"

Linton smiled.

The husband went on: "Now, my wife's very fond of shoes, and gets a great many of them. It's one of her hobbies."

"Well, I do know a ready-made boot when I see one," said Mrs. Wells, looking at her husband.

"Of course you do," said the husband, looking at her.

"You bet she does," said the young lawyer to Linton.

"That would make a good opening sentence," said the reporter to himself.

"At any rate," interrupted Mrs. Wells shutting her eyes and opening them again "those were *not* the boots I ordered, as they had done this same thing before and as I did not want to have so much space taken up with things I can't wear, why I returned them again. But they sent them back to me once more, and enclosed the bill, too, the aggravating things; so I returned them again, and again they sent them back to me, and—oh, we had a fine time sending them back and forth." She laughed and looked at her husband.

It occurred to Linton that if he had not made up his mind not to cover this story there was a good paragraph or two showing the bootmaker's boy whistling and carrying the innocent shoes to Mrs. Wells, and the Wells's servant marching straight back with them again—altogether the unworn shoes would travel several miles. "Why, here comes that confounded footman again!" the bootmaker would say, and "Oh, here's the boy with those boots again," the Wells's servants would exclaim. That is the way it could be put in the story which he was not to write.

"Now, dear," interrupted the husband, "Harry says we must go in and sign this thing." Then, in a different tone of voice, to the reporter, "Anything else you want?"

Linton said, "No, thanks." The three hurried off, leaving him putting away his handkerchief.

Some of the other reporters who had been hovering round at a distance now hurried over to Linton and asked, "What did you get out of them, old man?"

"Nothing," said Linton, as reporters nearly always do, and then he began to

tell them as much as he thought Mrs. Wells would not object to their knowing. Mrs. Wells was watching him from across the room.

Just then the clerk called "Hawkins vs. Wells," and the reporters hurried up to the Press-table in front of the judge's bench.

Linton hesitated a moment, looked across the room at the woman who had a cousin, then at the other reporters hurriedly sharpening their pencils, and took out some copy paper. First he tore off a corner and began to chew it. Then he said, "Oh, well, they think I'm writing it anyway," and walked up to the table.

The case did not last very long. Each side had brought shoes to court and held them up for the judge to examine. The defence first tried to show that the shoes brought were ready-made shoes, but the shoemaker had an employee to testify to make them himself by hand.

"At, your honor," young Lawrence claimed, getting worked up, "we do not care whether these shoes are made to order or not. Granted that they are. That is not the point at issue. Our contention is that they were not made for our client. The witness does not swear that they were. He cannot. He dares not. But, your honor, we will show conclusively that they are not the shoes we ordered. Now we have shown you by exhibit 'B' that Mrs. Wells always orders eight buttons, why should she on this occasion order seven buttons?" etc., all of which would make a good story, as Linton well knew, and the humorous values were arranging themselves in his head in spite of himself.

But the best part, of course, was when Mrs. H. Harrison Wells was called to the stand to testify and had to try on several pairs of shoes. This was one of the chief points in the story, and the head-line in a new journalism afternoon paper later on that day was, "MRS. WELLS'S FEET SOCIETY WOMAN TAKES OFF HER SHOES IN COURT."

Linton was fastidious about such things but he could not help admiring her for the way she carried it off. She knew that some of the papers (not his paper, thank Heavens!) had "artists" there making rapid sketches, but she kept her self-pos-

session all through the ordeal. She blushed and smiled, but she did not smile too much. He thought she was just about right. "This has to be done," she seemed to say, "so I may as well do it with dignity and grace." And she did.

Also, she won the case, and young Lawrence and Mr. and Mrs. H. Harrison Wells, with rustling skirts, hurried out of the room excited and delighted together, and the next case was called.

Linton waited until he heard their carriage-door slam and then he hurried to the office, sat down and dashed off the best story he had ever written.

He had the glow of creation and he felt reckless and brilliant. He had a good humorous story in his head—it had formed itself there automatically—and did not let himself stop to think whether he was giving anybody unpleasant publicity or not.

Besides, he had undertaken the job, so it was his duty to his paper to carry it through to the best of his ability, no matter who was the woman's cousin, was it not?

The story began, "Mrs. H. Harrison Wells knows a ready-made shoe when she sees it. Hereafter a certain fashionable bootmaker will remember this. He has reason to." Then he referred to her dainty demonstration, and ended his opening, as was then the vogue in *The Day* office, with a little short sentence. Like this.

After that he made a terse exposition of the facts of the trouble, and told about Mrs. Wells's interesting shoe habit, and described, in detail, the shoes the defence brought to court, and the shoes the serious-faced shoemaker brought also. He told where, as shown by the old shoes, the defendant was accustomed to wear them out first, and on which side she ran the heels down, which had nothing to do with the case, but would make interesting reading. He told how fine and soft the material was, and ended that paragraph with, "However, most New York women would not want these shoes. They could not use them;" which was true.

"What rot!" thought Linton as he wrote it, but it was the sort of thing *The Day* liked, just as *The Earth's* reporter's story was not; he said "Of course a number of the 400 could not wear ready-made

shoes. Mercy, no !” And things of that silly sort.

Then Linton showed, with interpolated dialogue, written in short paragraphs which are apt to look readable glancing down the column, how the earnest little shoemaker became easily tangled up in cross-examination by the young lawyer, whom Linton could not help patronizing a little by the way, then concluded with the carriage-door slamming and the horses clattering off, while the shoemaker went back to his shop, and “under his arm were the soft little shoes that caused all the trouble.”

Then he made a double X mark to show the copyreader that no more copy was to follow, and went out and took a drink all by himself.

When Linton came down to the office he found he had written the story of the day. He was congratulated by all the fellows who knew him, and by some who did not, and, best of all, he overheard Billy Woods say, in a loud voice, “Who wrote that shoe story? it’s good.” “Linton,” replied another older man, who the young reporter had supposed did not know his name.

Just then the City Editor called him up to the desk and after complimenting him on the way he had handled the story, told him that at the end of the week his salary would be increased. Linton thanked him, but said he was not sure that he was going to stay with the paper; he would let him know later. Now that the next morning

had come he did not feel so pleased over his story and what it might involve.

That evening he heard down-stairs that Mrs. H. Harrison Wells had ordered twenty extra copies of the paper from the counting-rooms. No one could tell, of course, how many others she had bought at the news-stands. She, at least, could not have been very indignant. So he concluded that she had not cut him purposely, and that she must have wanted to be interviewed all along, which was the fact. And she thought his writing very clever. Doubtless, her friends were pleased, too, for they smiled and said: “What won’t the woman do next to show off those feet?”

That night Linton saw Lawrence at a class smoker. The young lawyer thanked him sincerely for the kind mention of him as Mrs. Wells’s counsel, and asked if Linton did not think it ought to help bring in some more business from her set.

Even the shoemaker, Linton discovered, was rather pleased at seeing his name in the paper, even though it did show him in a bad light. “That will tell people what class of customers I have, anyway,” he said to himself.

“Well,” thought Linton, “everyone seems to be pleased, from the City Editor to Mrs. Wells. Now, I am the cause of it. So I think I may as well be pleased, too.” Then he added, after a pause, “I think I can become a good reporter now if I stop thinking about other things.” And that was what he decided to do.

SEPARATION

By Alice Learned Bunner

COULD she come back, who has been dead so long,
How could I tell her of these years of wrong,
To what wild discords has my life been set
Striving the olden love-song to forget?
How can she know in the abode of bliss
The utter loneliness of life in this,
The weariness that comes of nights unslept,
The hopeless agony of tears unwept?
Could she come back, between would lie those years
And I could only look at her—through tears.



[SCENE 1. PICTURE.—*The depths of the Rhine; green twilight, dark below, brighter above. The gulf is filled with waving waters, restless, streaming from right to left; toward the bottom they lose themselves in mist; everywhere steep crags rise from the deeps, giving no foothold, while on every side the rifts of darkness indicate yet deeper gulfs.*]

[*This is the silence of night,
This is the birth of time;
Under the waters primeval,
Deep in the womb of earth,
By the guarded gold,
Wakens the Will of the world.
Nibelungs reck not of gold,
Gods have forgotten the gold,
Rhine-daughters guard the gold,
Men are not born.*]

WOGLINDE. Weia! Waga! waver, ye waters! well to the world-wall!
Well to the world-wall! waver and well! wala, weia!

[*The waters are in full motion: WOGLINDE is circling gracefully about the lofty central reef; above, in the sky, one star. She calls to WELLGUNDE and FLOSSHILDE above.*]

WELLGUNDE. Watch you, Woglinde, alone?

WOGLINDE (*diving down*).

Not if my Wellgunde will!

WELLGUNDE. I will that thou watch—

WOGLINDE.

Watch an thou will!

FLOSSHILDE. Heiaha, weia, wanton and wilful!

WELLGUNDE. Flosshilde, swim! Woglinde wills to be wanton!

[*They play and chase one another.*]



FLOSSHILDE.

The sleep of the gold
Ill do ye hold!
Better ye brood by the treasure's hoard,
Else shall ye wantons repent!

*[See, where ill
The sisters still
Wanton and wilfully play!
From dark night
To the golden light
Alberich wends his way!
Tongue of thirst,
Lip of lust,
From womb of earth
To evil's birth
Fate draws the Nibelung fay!]*

ALBERICH.

Ho, ho, ye Nixies!
Neat-ankled Pixies!
Nimble and light ye seem after Nibelheim's
night—

Let me but get to you now!

WOGLINDE.

Hey! what is that?

FLOSSHILDE.

Some dark thing that cries—

WELLGUNDE.

Look there, who spies us—?

WOGLINDE, WELLGUNDE.

Fie, the foul imp!

FLOSSHILDE.

Look to the gold! Father warned us of
such a foe!

ALBERICH.

Ho, ho, up there?



ALL.

What want you, below there?

ALBERICH.

How do I spoil your sport,
I would but stay here to gloat—
Swim lower, my dears! with ye
Jesting and jigging the Nib'lung would
be!

WOGLINDE.

With us would he wanton?

WELLGUNDE.

Is it a jest?

ALBERICH.

How fine and fair in the shimmer ye
shine!

Gladly I'd slip on you, slim one, an arm
Would you but swim here!

FLOSSHILDE.

Now I'm not afraid—the fool is in love!

WELLGUNDE.

The lickerish lout!

WOGLINDE.

Let us but know him.

ALBERICH.

She dives to me now—

WELLGUNDE.

Come close to me, come!

[*Tongue of thirst,*

Lip of lust,

He climbs to the Rhine-gold hoard.]

ALBERICH.

Gods curse the gliddery gulf, how greenly
it gleams!

WOGLINDE.

Prettily prattles my brave—

ALBERICH.

Be my leman, thou woman-shaped elf!



WOGLINDE.

Wouldst thou win me, walk higher!

ALBERICH.

Ah, go not away!

Come back to me hither, on this rock I
must stay!

WOGLINDE.

Reach up thy hand—now then!

ALBERICH.

A plague on thee—ah!

I fall in dark waters!

WELLGUNDE, FLOSSHILDE.

Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

WELLGUNDE.

Now am I near thee?

ALBERICH.

Not quite enough!

WELLGUNDE.

Are you in love?

And longing for loving?

Let's see thee, my lover,

Let's see what thou art.

Ah, thou horrible, hatefullest imp—

Swarthy and stunted, a black-bearded
dwarf!

Seek thee a leman who likes thee, not me!

ALBERICH (*seeking to hold her*).

Win thee I cannot,

Wrong thee I will!

WELLGUNDE (*darting up to the middle reef*).

But quick!

Or I shall escape!

WOGLINDE, FLOSSHILDE.

Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

ALBERICH.

Do ye imps laugh at me?

[*Look, how he springeth,*

Starteth and springeth,

Now darting, now diving,

Straining and striving,

Death! I shall win thee for mine!

Thirst! as the lip for the wine!

Lust, as I thirst to be thine!

Make thee but mine!]

WOGLINDE, WELLGUNDE, FLOSSHILDE.

Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

[*Whelming waters, waver and welling,
Whelm to the world-wall in flood!*

See, where still,

Deep and still,

Dark the Rhine

Turns to wine,

Crimsons to light as blood!

From its hold,

Dark and old,

From the night

Breaks the night,

The might of the gloried gold!

Wakes the hoard,

Earth's last lord,

From its sleep,

From the deep,

Leaps as the blade of a sword!]

WOGLINDE.

Look, sisters!

It wakes—the might of the gold!

WELLGUNDE.

Where the green depths glow

It breaks! the light of the gold!

FLOSSHILDE.

Now does the Sleeper awake! Glory the
dawning!

WELLGUNDE.

See how it glows! the red gold wine!

WOGLINDE.

There—there shines the flood, O ruddy
gold of Rhine!

FLOSSHILDE, WELLGUNDE, WOGLINDE.

As fire, as blood—

We dance in the deep,

We sing to thy sleep,

We dance where the Rhine-waters flame,
waters flare!

[*Flames in the flood of the gold,
The might of the gloried gold!]*



[*With the glorious gleam of the gold the
Rhine-deeps are broken and burning ;
Deep in the night of the world are the
Rhine-daughters dancing and turning,
And Alberich, dwarf of the Nibelungs,
coveting, thirsting, and yearning,
Waking the woe of the world.*]

ALBERICH.

What is't that glitters,
That inly gleams and glows ?

WOGLINDE, WELLGUNDE.

Where is the boor at home
That of Rhine-gold he never hath heard ?

WELLGUNDE.

Knows not the imp of the gold's bright
eyes
That change and awaken and sleep ?

WOGLINDE.

Of the water darkness' wonderful star
That glorious glows in the wave ?

ALL.

See how gayly we glide in the glory !
Will'st thou, waverer, bathe in the wave
wake ?
Swim up and sport by our side !

[*Deep in the darkness old
Bursts forth the gleam of the gold.*]

[*The one star disappears ; the sky is black
above ; the water depths glow crimson.*]

ALBERICH.

Is the gold but a gleam for thy gambols ?
'Twere no good to me !

WOGLINDE.

The golden star far wouldst thou seek
If thou but knew'st of its power !
The world would one win for his own,
Who wrought of the Rhine-gold a ring
That made him of measureless might !

[*The world would one win for his own,
who wrought
A ring from the gold of the Rhine !*]

FLOSSHILDE.

The Father told us, and commanded
We should keep the golden hoard,
That no traitor should filch from the
flood.

So silence, ye prattling pair !

WELLGUNDE.

O clever sister ! Dost thou reproach us ?
And know'st thou not to whom alone the
gold may fall ?

WOGLINDE.

He who the might of love renounces
And its joys forswears for aye—
Only he the spell pronounces
Which shall steal the gold away !
Fear for the hoard this charm removeth,
Truly all that liveth, loveth,
No one can be free of love !
And he least of all,
The lickerish elf !
He's almost mad of love.

FLOSSHILDE.

I feared him not when I found
That his passion was almost a flame !

WELLGUNDE.

A sulphur-brand flung in the flood,
He hisses for very heat !

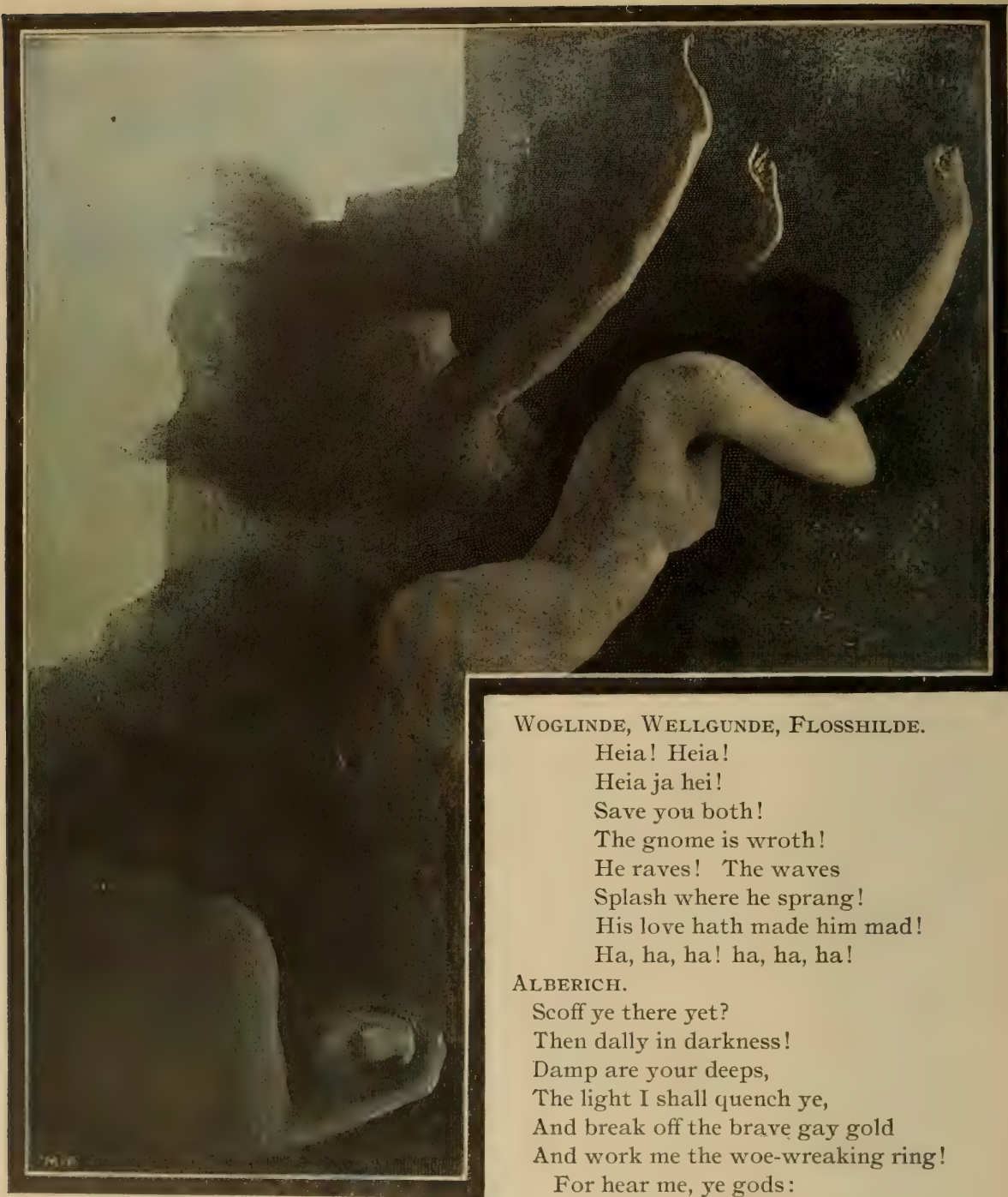
ALL.

Wallala ! walla leia la la !
Dearest of elfins,
Sport thou with us !

In the golden shining how bravely thou
show'st !

Come then, dearest one, sport thou too
with us !

[*Rhine-gold,
Rare gold,
Ever shall shine—
It gleams in the gulf of the Rhine,
Rhine-waters flow !
It gleams in the golden glow—
The world would one win for his own
Who wrought of the Rhine-gold a ring.*]



ALBERICH.

The realms of the world could I work to
my will with thee!
What though I lost loving? The pleasure
of power to win—

[*He who the might of love renounces
Shall make the will of the world his own.*]

Jest as ye will! The Nibelung neareth
your toy!

[*Tongue of thirst,
Lip of lust,
From womb of earth
To evil's birth*

The Nibelung darts to his prey!]

WOGLINDE, WELLGUNDE, FLOSSHILDE.

Heia! Heia!
Heia ja hei!
Save you both!
The gnome is wroth!
He raves! The waves
Splash where he sprang!
His love hath made him mad!
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

ALBERICH.

Scoff ye there yet?
Then dally in darkness!
Damp are your deeps,
The light I shall quench ye,
And break off the brave gay gold
And work me the woe-wreaking ring!
For hear me, ye gods:
LOVE I FORSWEAR FOREVER!

[*Now are men born.*

*In the rape of the gold
Waketh the will of the world.*]

FLOSSHILDE.

Hold to the robber!

WELLGUNDE.

Rescue the gold!

WOGLINDE.

Help us! Wotan! Woe!

ALL.

Woe!

[*Deep in the darkness falls the flood,
Falls the flow of the waving waters*



*Billowey black, and the three Rhine-
daughters*

*Sink in the gulf of the Rhine below,
And worlds of waters fail and fall—
Light is lost in the purple pall,
Gone the Rhine-gold's gleam and glow.
Wakes the woe of the wan world's will,
Laughs the Nibelung far and shrill—
He who the light of love renouncing
Wins the will of the world his own,
Works of the red Rhine-gold his ring !]*

*[End of first scene ; the Rhine is black ; the
stars come out in the sky]*

*[Worlds of waters fail and fall,
Rhine is veiled in purple pall,
Now the waters fall to cloud,
All is laid in the Rhine's gray shroud—]*

*[Love's might hath he forsworn,
Wotan's wile overborn—
Won of Rhine the gold,
Wrought of gold the ring ?]*

*[Clouds of night i' the mist are torn,
Now the earth gives place to dawn,
In the light the gods are born.]*

*[SCENE II. PICTURE.—The castle of Wal-
hall, bright marble in the rising sun,
flushed with dawn ; far behind is the val-
ley, full of mists where the Rhine-stream
lay.]*

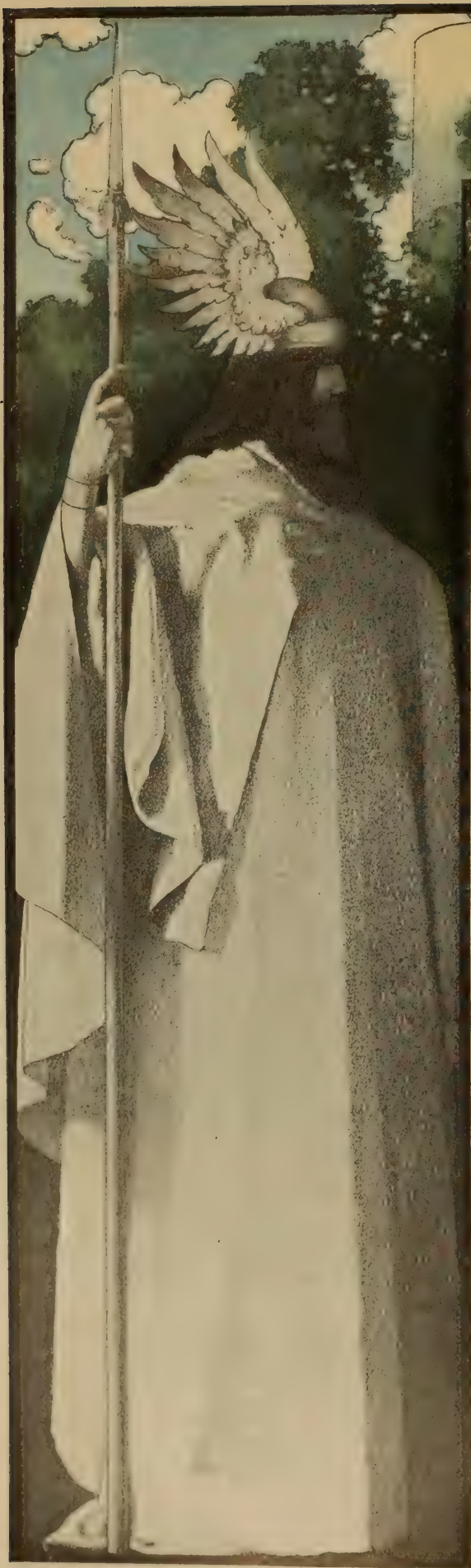
Walhall !

Walhalla slays the night.

Walhall !

Walhalla soars to sight ;

*Radiant it rises, burg of might,
Glorious it gleams to sun and sight.
Titans have reared the shining stone,
Wrought it of rustless rock alone,*



*Builded for Wotan, by whose rune
The gold was made of theft immune.
Hail now to Walhall! Walhalla's mystic
might!
Titans built Walhall! Walhalla soars to
sight—
Dream of the god made into stone,
Wrought by the giants for love alone.
See, where the sunlight strikes its walls
A rainbow bridge o'er the sky's moat falls.
Walhalla!]*

FRICKA (to WOTAN, asleep).

Wotan, my lord! awaken!

*[Wotan hath willed Walhalla his,
Won walls of stone for Freia's kiss,
Burg of the gods, the heaven-stone!
Titans wrought it for love alone—
To it the rainbow's radiant rampart rears
its walls!]*

WOTAN (wakes and raises himself a little;
his eyes are riveted by the vision of Wal-
halla).

The gate of heaven's hall
Is guarded with moat and wall;
Mortal honor,
Heaven's power
Blend in eternal fame!

FRICKA.

Out from the winsome wand of sleep
Awaken, husband, and dare!

*[Bound and banned,
Bridled by breakless bond,
Wakes Wotan Walhalla to view!]*

WOTAN.

Builded is heaven's holy hall!
[By Titans wrought of marble stone]
On mountains buttressed the great gods'
wall
[Built of the rustless rock alone]
Gleams to the sky, its towers done!
As in dreaming I knew
So my will made it true—
Mighty and bright
It standeth to sight—
Glorious burg of the gods!

FRICKA.

But a joy 'tis to thee—
To me, a fear—
The burg's thy delight,
Freya my care—
Thoughtless one, remember the promised
reward—

The castle finished,
The pledge falls due!

Hast thou forgot what was promised?

[*Bound, banned, and bridled by the break-
less bond thou gav'st.*]

WOTAN.

Well wit I what they demanded,
They who the burg there did build.
By treaty tamed I the fierce pair,
To labor my lofty fort!
There stands it, thanks to the giants!
Let the price concern thee not.

[*Bound his honor for the castle's boon,
Bound is Wotan by the spear-point's
rune!*]

FRICKA.

Woe for thy laughing light heart!
Woe for thy easy folly!
Had I known of thy bond
A way I had found!
So lightly abandon, ye men, us poor
women,

And, close and silent, without us
Alone with the giants deal ye!
So without shame, ye sinfully gave her,
Freia, my gentlest sister,
Gayly to shame have ye wed!

What to ye, savage,
Is holy and pure,

Seek ye men but for might!

[*Who works the gold to a ring
Shall win the world for his own!*]

WOTAN.

Such desire did Fricka find strange
When she herself begged me to build?

FRICKA.

For my husband's truth had I care
And sadly took I thought
How to bind him by the heart
Though his soul yearned still for war—
Lordliest castle,
Lovingest home





Should bind his soul best
To home-keeping rest!
But thou, in the building, still
Of wall and weapon will!
Lordship and might wouldst thou increase,
More restless ever of thy peace
When rose the haughty keep!
[*Walhall! Walhalla slays the night!*
Walhall! Walhalla soars to sight!]

WOTAN.

Wouldst thou, a woman, in castles confine me
Me, the god, thou must still grant me,
That, in my keep,
Awake while you sleep,
I win from my prison the world!
[*See, where the sunlight strikes its walls,*
A rainbow-bridge o'er the sky's moat falls!]
Roving, not resting,
Loves, who lives!
The world-will yet shall I keep me!
[*Builed by Wotan was Walhalla!*]

FRICKA.

Loveless thou!
O pitiful man,
For power and lordship's idle toys
Wouldst stake in a scornful hazard—
Woman and woman's worth?
[*He who the might of love renounces*
Wins the might of earth for his own!
Bound, banned is Wotan by the spear's true
oath he swore!]

WOTAN.

For thee as wife to win me
One of mine eyes
I played and lost for thee:
What folly then is thy blame!
Women I honor
Yet more than thou likest;
And Freia, my dear one,
I give up not!

FRICKA.

Nor ever was that my mind.
Then guard her now!
In fear, defenceless,
Hither she runs for help.
[*Fly, Freia! youngest, fairest;*
Fly, fly, the gods are waning;
Fly, fly! in fear for the doom!]

FREIA.

Help me, sister!
[*Hark! is that the giants' tread?*]
Thou, Wotan, saviour!
[*Hear the giants, hither led!*]



O'er cliff and crag comes
Fasolt, the giant!
As wife he cometh to claim me!

[*Over cliff and scaur,
Over tree and tor!*]

WOTAN.

Let them threat!
Saw you not Loki?

FRICKA.

Why so willingly always
To craft dost thou trust?
Much evil now hath he wrought—
More evil yet shall he work thee!

[*Where Wotan's will on his word shall wait
Gods heaven-born still his strength shall trust;
But Titans' passion and mortals' lust
Built Walhalla the great!*]

WOTAN.

Avails a free heart,
Such aid ask I of no one;
But the foe's desire
To bend to my will
Only craft still can teach—
That, Loki hath taught me to use!

[*Flame, fire!*

Fall, fire!

Flare, fire!

Fell fire!

Flies fire!

Loki, lies!

Loki, liar!

Lies in fire!]

That bad faith, be advised,
Promised, Freia, to free me!
On him I now must rely!

FRICKA.

And he leaves thee alone!
There stalk and stride
The giants hither.

Where lurks thy faithless ally?

[*From the Rhine depths must he come,
From the Nibelungen home!*]

FREIA.

Where tarry my brothers?
With help they should guard me
When the lord of my mother's house fails!
To help me, Donner!
Hither, hither.

Save thy Freia, my Froh!

[*Freia, fairest goddess, flying,
Fly, ye gods, the fruit is dying;
Golden apples' golden bloom—
Go, the gods go to their doom!*]



FRICKA.

Who to evil bond have betrayed thee
They all do hide from thee now!

*[Flight, now, foul flight for the gods !
Oh, woe, Walhalla !]*

*[Far over waste and wide
Hark to the giants' stride—
Stalk they from steppe to scaur,
Treading from tree to tor.*

*Fasolt hath a giant's heart ;
Fafner standeth dark apart,
Fell of wolf his shoulder-scarf,
A rooted pine-tree is his staff.*

*Over wold and weald,
Over fell and field,
Over crag and combe
The giants come.*

*Hear the dreadful giants tread—
Bonds of the oath, to Freia led ;
Fasolt for her face hath come—
Fafner, he shall lead her home !]*

FASOLT.

Soft sealed sleep thine eye
While both we builded, sleepless built thy fort

*[Builded it broad and brave,
Built it of stone and strong.
So shall it last thee long,
For the reward ye gave !
Freia ye promised the giants !
What if ye spend or save,
Spend or save,*





*Pay ye now them for their labor.
Walhalla is done !
And standeth sheer in stone.]*

FASOLT. Weary work wearied us not.
Strong our labor reared the stone—
Turret and tower,
Gate and guard.
It standeth, the keep thou hast willed !
There stands what we builded

[Walhalla is done !]
The day's light gilds it bright,
[From night was it won !]
Pay ye now us for our labor.

*[Far over tarn and tor,
Striding on stream and shore
Tramp and tread from Riesen-home
Fasolt, Fafner, far have come !]*

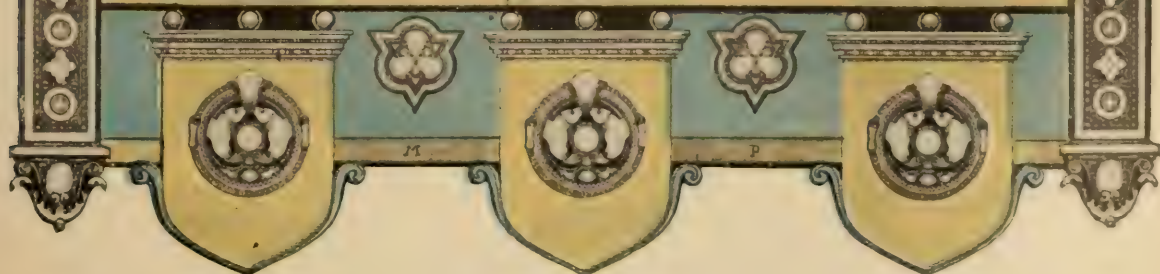
WOTAN. Name ye two your wage—
What thing will reward ye ?

FASOLT. 'Twas sworn by thee on thy mystic spear ;
Dost thou forget it now ?
Freia, the fairest,
Holda, the fleetest,
Thou promisedst us ; her take we home !

*[Freia, dream i' the cloud, face i' the fire,
Love of the sky ;
Lose they but Freia,
The gods, too, die !]*

WOTAN. Do ye insist on such a promise ? Take some other gift—
Freia's not free to give.

*[Titans are speechless,
Wotan is faithless !
Bound by the rune of the sacred spear he spoke ?]*





FASOLT.

What say'st thou, god?
Wouldst thou betray?
Be false to thy oath?
Thy spear-staff tells an idle tale,
Lies are the runes writ on the ashen staff?

*[Bound and banned,
Doomed or damned,
Though fail the race of gods, thy bond shall
stand !]*

FAFNER.

Most trustful brother,
Dost thou now smell falsehood?

FASOLT.

Son of light,
Light thy word is!
Fear thee now, and heed!
Hold thou thy treaty true!
All thou art
But by truth art thou also;
By Fate's still law
Is marked thee thy might!
More wise wert made
Than we are witty!
But we were free,
Till bound thy treaty!
Now, thy wisdom I curse thee!
All thy peace shall desert thee,
Keepst thou not that bond
We giants swore
On thy magic spear-head, Wotan!
A simple giant tells thee this,
Wise Wotan! be warned by him!

*[Bound, banned, he dare break not the rune
he wrote upon the ashen wand,
This the simple giants swore on thy spear-
head, wise Wotan !]*

WOTAN.

How sly thou took'st for earnest
What but in jest we promised!
Freia, my fair one,
Dainty and dear,
What to ye dolts is her charm?

FASOLT.

Thou scoffest!
Ha! injustice!
You who in radiance reign,
Lineage lofty and vain,
Doltish, you seek but a castle's tower!
Now thou hast thy fort—her love is our
dower.

*[Womanly, loving,—
World-hero, longing,
Gladly shall give his life for Freia's kiss !]*

*[The strong gods tendeth
Frail Freia alone ;
Her service endeth,
The Gods are done !]*

*[We have built it, stone on stone,
'Stablished it on rock alone,
Piled it from earth to sky.
Haughty it looms and high !]*

FASOLT.

We plumpheads plague us,
Toiling with sweat and hard hand,
A woman to win us
Who, graceful and gentle,
Shall live with us giants!
*[Freia, fairest of the gods,
Love's frail bloom in Walkhall guards ;
Who the world would win for his,
Freia's love his soul denies !]*

FASOLT.

Wouldst thou deny thy promise?

FAFNER.

Check thou thy idle chatter!
What good art thou getting?
Freia's self were no matter,
Were the gods but waning:
Golden apples
Grow in the garden that Freia guards;
She alone
Tendeth the fruit that feeds the gods!
The golden fruit
Giveth her brothers

Measureless youth,
 Altering never!
 Pale and old,
 Their bloom would leave them,
 Worn and wan,
 Vanished forever,
 The god-race done.
 Lost in doom
 Are blossom and bloom
 With the fruit but she can give them!
 [*Golden apples grow in the garden of Freia,
 Golden fruit to feed the gods' desire ;
 Golden apples' golden bloom—
 Goes, the gods go to their doom !*]

WOTAN. Loki lingers still?

FASOLT. What is thy last will?

WOTAN. Ask some other hire—

FASOLT. None other—only Freia!

FAFNER. You there—come away!

[*Striding over stick and stone,
 Freia's with the giants gone !
 Heavily the Titans tread ;
 And the gods stand still in dread !*]

FREIA. Help! help from the monsters!

[*Love of Freia ! love is thy face, seen of
 gods alone.*

*Eyes of Freia ! light that only in dreams
 men own.*

*Gods look in thine eyes, and live—
 Men dream of thine eyes, and die ;
 Lost to the world, i' the world they strive
 To win in death one look of thee !
 For one death-moment, eye to eye,
 Shall fight thy knights all joyously !*]

FROH.

Huzza! Freia! Giants, avaunt ye! Froh
 comes to save her!

[*Donner, the terrible,
 Lifting the hammer high,
 Riving the lightened sky,
 Hurleth the thunderbolt !*

*Under the whirr of the whirlwind he
 hurleth the thunder !*]

DONNER.

Fasolt and Fafner!

Felt ye before not my hammer's fall?

[*Ho ! ho !*

*In the lightning's light
 Shall the thunder strike !*

Ho ! ho !



*In the hammer's swathe
 Lies the lightning's path !*

*Mark ye the hurl of the hammer ? hear
 ye the thunder ?*]

FASOLT.

What wouldst thou do? Do we then use
 force,

When we but ask for our hire?

DONNER.

Ye pair of giants! what ye deserve
 Come here and ye shall have!
 Oft have I paid thee before!

[*Hammer rendeth rock*

And the lightning shock,

*Swung i' the whirr of the whirlwind,
 cleaves it asunder !*]

WOTAN.

Halt, thou wild one!

[*Wotan, mighty, bounden, may not break*]

Naught's done by force!

[*Bond of reckless rune these bade him take !*]

'Gainst fraud and craft

Pledged my spear's true shaft—

Spare thou the hammer's stroke!

[*Dim dread, doom of gods,*

Freia's face fades from heaven—

Lost is day in gloom of even !]

FREIA.

Woe! woe! Wotan forsakes me!

FRICKA.

Do I hear thee aright wretchedest man?

WOTAN. Loki, at last!

LOKI'S FIRE-CHARM.

*Fire lighting,
Fire blighting,
Flaming, burning,
Twisting, turning,
Ever springing,
Seething, singing.*

*Tongue of flamelet, leaping higher,
Flaming fountain, red desire,
Twisting, turning, tongue of fire
Flick'ring, flut'ring, leaping, licking,
Ever higher, ever higher,
Bidding living, bidding dying—
Fire of living that hath birth
In the secrets deep of earth,
Light and life it fostereth—
Bearing in its bosom death.
Glow and gleaming, bale and blaze.
Flaming, falling, pales and plays
Now destroying, now reviving,
Bringeth dying, bringeth living—*

Flame ! Loki's fire !

Flame fire ! Loki's ire !

Flame fire ! higher ! higher !

*Flaming higher, flaming nigher,
Running, rilling, turning, trilling,
Harms not, living ; killing, dies not ;
Stays not, living ; dying, flies not ;
Breaking from the underworld,
Burning, to the heaven hurled,
Rills of fire, leaping high,
Higher, higher to the sky.*

Flame, fire !

Loki, liar !

Loki, liar,

Lies in fire.

Fire ! Loki's flame !

Flame ! Loki's fire !

Flame, fire ! Fire ! fire !

*Turning, twisting, hissing, burning,
Lighting, blinding, blessing, blighting,
Flick'ring, flutt'ring, flare of fire,
Higher, at the god's desire !*

In the marrow of the rocks

Still the lurking spirit mocks—

Fire of Spirit, man's beginning,

Fire of Judgment for his sinning !

Spark primeval, final fire,

Endless to the Day of Ire—

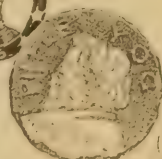
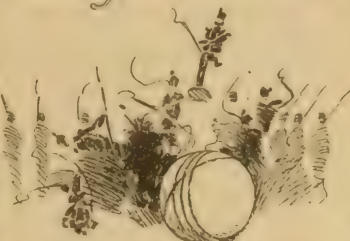
Loki's wand shall give ye birth,

Lurking in the endless Earth.

STEVENSON AT PLAY

With an Introduction

by Lloyd Osbourne



IN an old note-book, soiled and dog-eared by much travelling, yellow and musty with the long years it had lain hid in a Samoan chest, the present writer came across the mimic war correspondence here presented to the public. The stirring story of these tin-soldier campaigns occupies the greater share of the book, though interspersed with many pages of scattered verse, not a little Gaelic idiom and verb, a half-made will and the chaptering of a novel. This game of tin soldiers, an intricate "kriegspiel," involving rules innumerable, prolonged arithmetical calculations, constant measuring with foot-rules, and the throwing of dice, sprang from the humblest beginnings—a row of soldiers on either side and a deadly marble. From such a start it grew in size and complexity until it became mimic war indeed, modelled closely upon real conditions and actual warfare, requiring, on Mr. Stevenson's part, the use of text-books and long conversations with military invalids; on mine, all the pocket-money derived from my publishing ventures as well as a considerable part of my printing stock in trade.

The abiding spirit of the child in Stevenson was seldom shown in more lively fashion than during those days of exile at Davos, where he brought a boy's eagerness, a man's intellect, a novelist's imagination, into the varied business of my holiday hours; the printing press, the toy theatre, the tin soldiers, all engaged his attention.

Of these, however, the tin soldiers most took his fancy; and the war game was constantly improved and elaborated, until from a few hours a "war" took weeks to play, and the critical operations in the attic monopolized half our thoughts. This attic was a most chilly and dismal spot, reached by a crazy ladder, and unlit save for a single frosted window; so low at the eaves and so dark that we could seldom stand upright, nor see without a candle. Upon the attic floor a map was roughly drawn in chalks of different colors, with mountains, rivers, towns, bridges, and roads of two classes. Here we would play by the hour, with tingling fingers and stiffening knees, and an intentness, zest, and excitement that I shall never forget. The mimic battalions marched and counter-marched, changed by measured evolutions from column formation into line, with cavalry screens in front and massed supports behind, in the most approved military fashion of to-day. It was war in miniature, even to the making and destruction of bridges, the intrenching of camps, good and bad weather, with corresponding influence on the roads, siege and horse artillery proportionately slow, as compared to the speed of unimpeded foot and proportionately expensive in the up-keep; and an exacting commissariat added to the last touch of verisimilitude. Four men formed the regiment or unit, and our shots were in proportion to our units and amount of ammunition. The troops carried carts of printers' "ems"—twenty "ems" to each cart—and for

every shot taken an "em" had to be paid into the base, from which fresh supplies could be slowly drawn in empty carts returned for the purpose. As a large army often contained thirty regiments, consuming a cart and a half of ammunition in every engagement (not to speak of the heavy additional expense of artillery), it will be seen what an important part the commissariat played in the game, and how vital to success became the line of communication to the rear. A single cavalry brigade, if bold and lucky enough, could break the line at the weakest link, and by cutting off the sustenance of a vast army could force it to fall back in the full tide of success. A well-devised flank attack, the plucky destruction of a bridge, or the stubborn defence of a town, might each become a factor in changing the face of the war and materially alter the course of campaigns.

It must not be supposed that the enemy ever knew your precise strength, or that it could divine your intentions by the simple expedient of looking at your side of the attic and counting your regiments. Numerous numbered cards dotted the country wherever the eye might fall; one, perhaps, representing a whole army with supports, another a solitary horseman dragging some ammunition, another nothing but a dummy that might paralyze the efforts of a corps, and overawe it into a ruinous inactivity. To uncover these cards and unmask the forces for which they stood was the duty of the cavalry videttes, whose movements were governed by an elaborate and most vexatious set of rules. It was necessary to feel your way amongst these alarming pasteboards to obtain an inkling of your opponent's plans, and the first dozen moves were often spent in little less. But even if you were befriended by the dice and your cavalry broke the enemy's screen and uncovered his front, you would learn nothing more than could reasonably be gleaned with a field-glass. The only result of a daring and costly activity might be such meagre news as "the road is blocked with artillery and infantry in column," or "you can perceive light horse-artillery strongly supported." It was only when the enemy began to take his shots that you would begin to learn the number of his regiments, and even then he often fired less

than his entitled share in order to maintain the mystery of his strength.

If the game possessed a weakness, it was the unshaken courage of our troops, who faced the most terrific odds and endured defeat upon defeat with an intrepidity rarely seen on the actual field. An attempt was made to correct this with the dice, but the innovation was so heart-breaking to the loser, and so perpetual a menace to the best-laid plans, that it had perforce to be given up. After two or three dice-box panics our heroes were permitted to resume their normal and unprecedented devotion to their cause, and their generals breathed afresh. There was another defect in our "kriegspiel": I was so much the better shot that my marksmanship often frustrated the most admirable strategy and the most elaborate of military schemes. It was in vain that we—or rather my opponent—wrestled with the difficulty and tried to find a substitute for the deadly and discriminating pop-gun. It was all of no use. Whatever the missile—sleeve-link, marble or button, I was invariably the better shot, and that skill stood me in good stead on many an ensanguined plain, and helped to counteract the inequality between a boy of twelve and a man of mature years. A wise discretion ruled with regard to the *personnel* of the fighting line. Stevenson possessed a horde of particularly chubby cavalrymen, who, when marshalled in close formation at the head of the infantry, could bear unscathed the most accurate and overwhelming fire, and thus shelter their weaker brethren in the rear. This was offset by his "Old Guard," whose unfortunate peculiarity of carrying their weapons at the charge often involved whole regiments in a common ruin. On my side there was a multitude of flimsy Swiss, for whom I trembled whenever they were called to action. These Swiss were so weak upon their legs that the merest breath would mow them down in columns, and so deficient in stamina that they would often fall before they were hurt. Their ranks were burdened, too, with a number of egregious puppets with musical instruments, who never fell without entangling a few of their comrades.

Another improvement that was tried and soon again given up was an effort to match the sickness of actual war. Certain zones

were set apart as unwholesome, especially those near great rivers and lakes, and troops unfortunate enough to find themselves in these miasmatic plains had to undergo the ordeal of the dice-box. Swiss or Guards, musicians, Arabs, chubby cavalymen or thin, all had to pay Death's toll in a new and frightful form. But we rather overdid the miasma, so it was abolished by mutual consent.

The war which forms the subject of the present paper was unusual in no respect save that its operations were chronicled from day to day in a public press of Stevenson's imagination, and reported by daring correspondents on the field. Nothing is more eloquent of the man than the particularity and care with which this mimic war correspondence was compiled; the author of the "Child's Garden" had never outgrown his love for childish things, and it is typical of him that, though he mocks us at every turn and loses no occasion to deride the puppets in the play, he is everywhere faithful to the least detail of fact. It must not be supposed that I was privileged to hear these records daily read and thus draw my plans against the morrow; on the contrary, they were sometimes held back until the military news was staled by time or were guardedly communicated with blanks for names and the dead unnumbered. Potty, Pipes, and Piffle were very real to me, and lived like actual people in that dim garret. I can still see them through the mist of years; the formidable General Stevenson, corpulent with soldier, a detachable midget who could be mounted upon a fresh steed whenever his last had been trodden under foot, whose frame gave evidence of countless mendings; the emaciated Delafield, with the folded arms, originally a simple artilleryman, but destined to reach the highest honors; Napoleon, with the flaming clothes, whom fate had bound to a very fragile horse; Green, the simple patriot, who took his name from his coat, and the redoubtable Lafayette in blue, alas! with no Washington to help him.

The names of that attic country fall pleasantly upon the ear and brighten the dark and bloody page of war: Scarlet, Glendarule, Sandusky, Mar, Tahema, and Savannah; how sweetly they run. I must except my own (and solitary) contribution

to the map, Samuel City, which sounds out of key with these mouthfuls of melody, though none the less an important point. Yallobally I shall always recall with bitterness, for it was there I first felt the thorn of a vindictive press. The reader will see what little cause I had to love the *Yallobally Record*, a scurrilous sheet that often made my heart ache, for all I pretended to laugh and see the humor of its attacks. It was indeed a relief when I learned I might exert my authority and suppress its publication—and even hang the editor—which I did, I fear, with unseemly haste. It will be noticed that the story of the war begins on the tenth day, the earlier moves being without interest save to the combatants themselves, passed as they were in uncovering the cards on either side; and in learning, with more or less success, the forces for which they stood. This was an essential but scarcely stirring branch of tin-soldiering, and has been accordingly unreported as too tedious even for the columns of the *Yallobally Record*. When the veil had been somewhat lifted and the shadowy armies discerned with some precision, the historian takes his pen and awaits the clash of arms.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE FROM STEVENSON'S NOTE-BOOK.

GLENDARULE TIMES. 10th. *Scarlet*.—"The advance of the enemy continues along three lines, a light column moving from Tahema on Grierson, and the main body concentrating on Garrard from the Savannah and Yallobally roads. Garrard and Grierson have both been evacuated. A small force, without artillery, is alone in the neighborhood of Cinnabar, and some of that has fallen back on Glentower by the pass. The brave artillery remains in front of Scarlet, and was reinforced this morning with some ammunition. All day infantry has been moving eastward on Sandusky. The greatest depression prevails."

Editorial Comment.—General Stevenson may, or may not be, a capable commander. It would be unjust to pronounce in the meantime. Still, the attempt to seize Mar was disastrously miscalculated, and, as we all know, the column has fallen back on Sandusky with cruel loss. Nor is it possible to deny that the attempt to hold Grier-

son, and keep an army in the west, was idle. Our correspondent at Scarlet mentions the passage of troops moving eastward through that place, and the retreat of another column on Glentower. These are the last wrecks of that Army of the West, from which great things were once expected. With the exception of the Yolo column, which is without guns, all our forces are now concentrated in the province of Sandusky; Blue Mountain Province is particularly deserted, and nothing has been done to check, even for an hour, the advance of our numerous and well-appointed foes.

11th. *Scarlet*.—The horse artillery returned through Scarlet on the Glendarule Road; hideous confusion reigns; were the enemy to fall upon us now, the best opinions regard our position as hopeless. Authentic news has been received of the desertion of Cinnabar.

Sandusky.—The enemy has again appeared, threatening Mar, and the column moving to the relief of the Yolo column has stopped in its advance in consequence. General Stevenson moved out a column with artillery, and crushed a flanking party of the enemy's great centre army on Scarlet, Garrard, and Savannah road; no loss was sustained on our side; the enemy's loss is officially calculated at four hundred killed or wounded.

Scarlet.—At last the moment has arrived. The enemy, with a strong column of horse and horse-artillery, occupied Grierson this morning. This, with his Army of the Centre moving steadily forward upon Garrard, places all the troops in and around this place in imminent danger of being entirely cut off, or being forced to retreat before overwhelming forces across the Blue Mountains, a course, according to all military men, involving the total destruction of General Potty's force. Piffle's whole corps, with the heavy artillery, continued its descent on the left bank of the Sandusky River, while Potty, dashing through Scarlet at the hand-gallop, and among the cheers of the populace, moved off along the Grierson road, collecting infantry as he moved, and riding himself at the head of the horse-artillery.

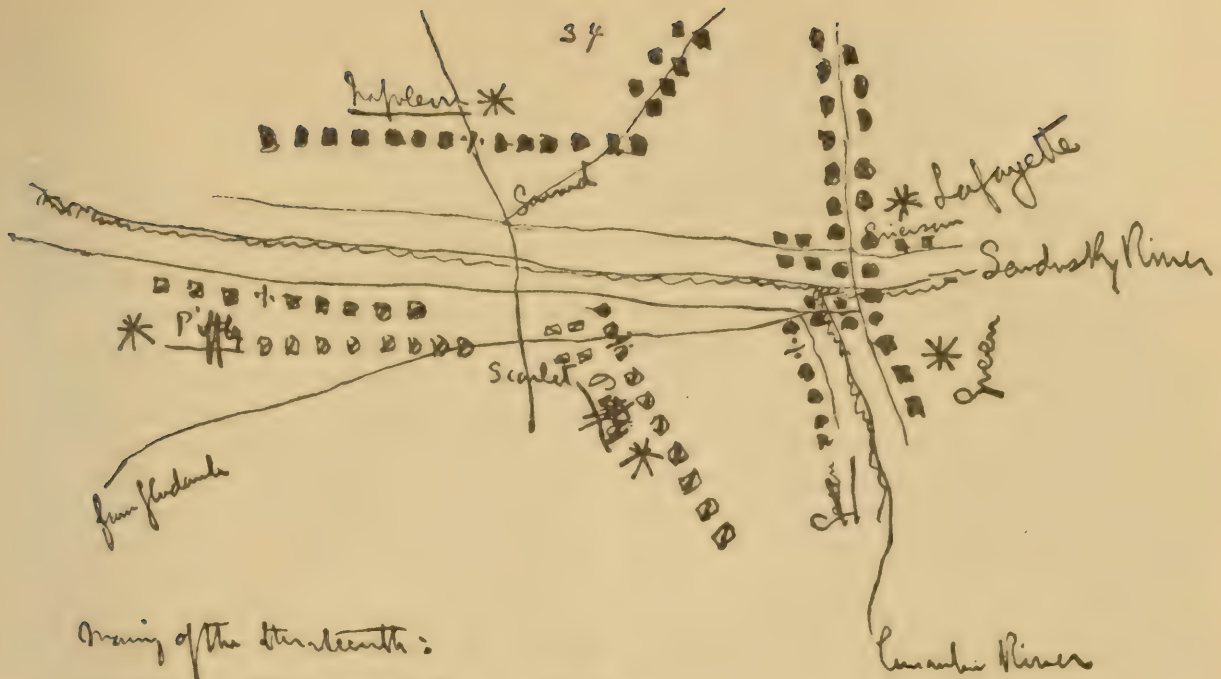
NOTE.—General Potty was an airy, amiable, affected creature, the very soul of bravery and levity. He had risen rapidly by virtue of his pleasing manners; but his

application was small, and he lacked self-reliance at the Council Board. Piffle called him a parrot; he returned the compliment by calling Piffle "the hundred-weight of bricks." They were scarce on speaking terms.

Half an hour after he had driven the fore-guard of the enemy out of Grierson without the loss of a trooper on our side; the enemy's loss is reckoned at 1,600 men. I telegraph at this juncture before returning to the field. So far the work is done; Potty has behaved nobly. But he remains isolated by the retreat of Piffle, with a large force in front, and another large force advancing on his unprotected flank.

Editorial Comment.—We have been successful in two skirmishes, but the situation is felt to be critical, and is by some supposed to be desperate. Stevenson's skirmish on the 11th did not check the advance of the Army of the Centre; it is impossible to predict the result of Potty's success before Grierson. The Yolo column appears to meet with no resistance; but it is terribly committed, and is, it must be remembered, quite helpless for offensive purposes, without the coöperation of Stevenson from Sandusky. How that can be managed, while the enemy hold the pass behind Mar, is more than we can see. Some shrewd, but, perhaps, too hopeful critics, perceive a deep policy in the inactivity of our troops about Sandusky, and believe that Stevenson is luring on the cautious Osbourne to his ruin. We will hope so; but this does not explain Piffle's senseless counter-marchings around Scarlet, nor the horribly outflanked and unsupported position of Potty on the line of the Cinnabar River. If General Osbourne were a child, we might hope for the best; there is no doubt that he has been careless about Mar and Yolo, and that he was yesterday only saved from a serious disaster by a fluke, and the imperfection of our scout system; but the situation to the West and centre wears a different complexion; there his steady, well-combined advance, carrying all before him, contrasts most favorably with the timid and divided counsels of our Stevensons, Piffles, and Pottys.

YALLOBALLY RECORD.—"That incompetent shuffler, General Osbourne, has again put his foot into it. Blundering into Grierson with a lot of unsupported horse,



Plan of the 13th:

critical situation of Potty and Piffle:

At contemporaneous battles of General Bridge + Grierson.

Plan of the 13th

From the original sketch in Mr. Stevenson's note-book.

he has got exactly what he deserved. The whole command was crushed by that wide-awake fellow, Potty, and a lot of guns and ammunition lie ignominiously deserted on our own side of the river. All this through mere chuckle-headed incompetence and the neglect of the most elementary precautions, within a day's march of two magnificent armies, either of which, under any sane, soldierly man, is capable of marching right through to Glendarule.

"This is the last scandal. Yesterday, it was a whole regiment cut off between the Garrard road and the Sandusky River, and cut off without firing or being able to fire a single shot in self-defence. It is an open secret that the men behind Mar are starving, and that the whole east and the city of Savannah were within a day of being deserted. How long is this disorganization to go on? How long is that bloated bond-holder to go prancing round on horse-back, wall-eyed and muddle-headed, while his men are starved and butchered, and the forces of this great

country are at the mercy of clever rogues like Potty, or respectable mediocrities like Stevenson?"

General Piffle's force was, I learn, attacked this morning from across the river by the whole weight of the enemy's centre. Supports were being hurried forward. Ammunition was scarce. A feeling of anxiety, not unmixed with hope, is the rule.

Noon.—I am now back in Scarlet, as being more central to both actions now raging, one along the line of the Sandusky between General Piffle and the Army of the Centre, the other toward Grierson between Potty and the corps of Generals Green and Lafayette. News has come from both quarters. Piffle, who was at one time thought to be overwhelmed, has held his ground on the Sandusky highroad; and by last advices his whole supports had come into line, and he hoped, by a last effort, to carry the day. His losses have been severe; they are estimated at 2,600 killed and wounded; but it appears from the reports of captives that the enemy's

losses must amount to 3,000 at least. The fate of the engagement still trembles in the balance. From the battle at Grierson, the news is both encouraging and melancholy. The enemy has once more been driven across the rivers, and even some distance behind the town of Grierson itself on the Tahema road; he has certainly lost 2,400 men, principally horse; but he has succeeded in carrying off his guns and ammunition in the face of our attack, and his immense reserves are close at hand. Both Green and Lafayette are sent wounded to the rear; it is unknown who now commands their column. These successes, necessary as they were felt to be, were somewhat dearly purchased. Two thousand-six hundred men are hors de combat; and the chivalrous Potty is himself seriously hurt. This has cast a shade of anxiety over our triumph; and though the light column is still pushing its advantage under Lieutenant-General Pipes, it is felt that nothing but a complete success of the main body under Piffle can secure us from the danger of complete investment.

14th. *Scarlet*.—The engagement ended last night by the complete evacuation of Grierson. Pipes cleared the whole country about that town in splendid style, and the army encamped on the field of battle; sadly reduced indeed, but victorious for the moment. The enemy, since their first appearance at Grierson, have lost 4,400 men, and have been beaten decisively back. There is now not a man on our side of the Sandusky; and our loss of 2,600 is serious indeed, but seeing how much has been accomplished, not excessive. The enemy's horse was cut to pieces.

Piffle slept on the ground that he had held all day. In the afternoon he had once more driven back the head of the enemy's columns, inflicting a further loss of 3,200 killed and wounded at the lowest computation; but the enemy's camp-fires can still be plainly made out with a field-glass, in the same position as the night before. This is scarcely to be called success, although it is certainly not failure.

Sandusky.—All quiet at Sandusky; the army has fallen back into the city, and large reserves are still massed behind.

Editorial Comment.—The battle of Grierson is a distinct success; the enemy, with a heavy loss, have been beaten back to

their own side. As to the vital engagement on the Sandusky and the heavy fighting before Yolo, it is plain that we must wait for further news of both. In neither case has any decided advantage crowned our arms, and if we are to judge by the expressions of the commander-in-chief to our Sandusky correspondent, the course of the former still leaves room for the most serious apprehensions. General Potty, we are glad to assure our readers, will be once more in the saddle before many days. It is an odd coincidence that all the principal commanders in the battle of Grierson were at one period or another of the day carried to the rear; and that none of the three is seriously hurt. Green and Lafayette were shot down, it appears, within a few moments of each other. It was reported that they had been having high words as to the reckless advance over the Sandusky, each charging the blame upon the other; but it seems certain that the fault was Lafayette's, who was in chief command, and was present in Grierson himself at the time of the fatal manœuvre. The result would have been crushing, had not General Potty been left for some hours utterly without ammunition; Commissary Scuttlebutt is loudly blamed. To-morrow's news is everywhere awaited with an eagerness approaching to agony.

15th. *Scarlet*.—Late last night, orders reached General Pipes to fall back on this place, where his reserves were diverted to support Piffle, hard-pressed on the Sandusky. This morning the manœuvre was effected in good order, the enemy following us through Grierson and capturing one hundred prisoners. The battle was resumed on the Sandusky with the same fury; and it is still raging as I write. The enemy's Army of the Centre is commanded, as we learn from stragglers, by General Napoleon; they boast of large supports arriving, both from Savannah and Tahema directions. The slaughter is something appalling; the whole of Potty's infantry corps has marched to support Piffle; and as we have now no more men within a day's ride, it is feared the enemy may yet manage to carry Garrard and command the line of the river.

Sandusky.—This morning, General Stevenson marched out of town to the southward on the Savannah and Sandusky road.

It was fully expected that he would have mounted the Sandusky River to support Piffle and engage the enemy's Army of the Centre on the flank; and the present manoeuvre is loudly criticised. Not only is the integrity of the line of the Sandusky ventured, but Stevenson's own force is now engaged in a most awkward country, with a difficult bridge in front. To add, if possible, to our anxiety, it is reported that General Delafield, in yesterday's engagement, lost 3,200 men, killed and wounded. He held his ground, however, and by the last advices had killed 800 and taken 1,400 prisoners, with which he had fallen back again on Yolo itself. This retrogression, it seems, is in accordance with his original orders: he was either to hold Yolo, or if possible advance on Savannah via Brierly. This last he judged unwise, so that he was obliged to cling to Yolo itself. This also is seriously criticised in the best-informed circles. Osbourne himself is reported to be in Savannah.

YALLOBALLY RECORD. — "We have never concealed our opinion that Osbourne was a bummer and a scallywag; but the entire collapse of his campaign beats the worst that we imagined possible. We have received, at the same moment, news of Green and Lafayette's column being beaten ignominiously back again across the Sandusky River and out of Grierson, a place on our own side; and next of the appearance of a large body of troops at Yolo, in the very heart of this great land, where they seem to have played the very devil, taking prisoners by the hundred and marching with arrogant footsteps on the sacred soil of the province of Savannah. General Napoleon, the only commander who has not yet disgraced himself, still fights an uphill battle in the centre, inflicting terrific losses and upholding the honor of his country single-handed. The infamous Osbourne is shaking in his spectacles at Savannah. He was roundly taken to task by a public-spirited reporter, and babbled meaningless excuses; he did not know, he said, that the force now falling in on us at Yolo was so large. It was his business to know. What is he paid for? That force has been ten days at least turning the east of the Mar Mountains, a week at least on our own side of the frontier. Where were Osbourne's wits? Will it be believed, the column at Lone

Bluff is again short of ammunition? This old man of the sea, whom all the world knows to be an ass and whom we can prove to be a coward, is apparently a peculator also. If we were to die to-morrow, the word Osbourne would be found engraven backside foremost on our hearts."

NOTE. *The Tergiversation of the Army of the West.*—The delay of the Army of the West, and the timorous counsels of Green and Lafayette, were the salvation of Potty, Pipes, and Piffle. This is the third time we hear of this great army crossing the river. It never should have left hold. Lafayette had an overwhelming force at his back; and with a little firmness, a little obstinacy even, he might have swallowed up the thin lines opposed to him. On this day, the 16th, when we hear of his leaving Grierson for the third time, his headquarters should have been in Scarlet, and his guns should have enfiladed the weak posts of Piffle.

Sandusky. Noon.—Great gloom here. As everyone predicted, Stevenson has already lost 600 men in the marshes at the mouth of the Sandusky, men simply sacrificed. His wilful conduct in not mounting the river, following on his melancholy defeat before Mar, and his long and fatal hesitation as to the Armies of the West and Centre, fill up the measure of his incapacity. His uncontrolled temper and undisguised incivility, not only to the press, but to fellow-soldiers of the stamp of Piffle, have alienated from him even the sympathy that sometimes improperly consoles demerit.

Editorial.—We leave our correspondents to speak for themselves, reserving our judgment with a heavy heart. Piffle has the sympathy of the nation.

Scarlet. 9 P.M.—The attack has ceased. Napoleon is moving off southward. Our fellows smartly pursued and cut off 1,600 men; in spreading along the other side of the Sandusky, they fell on a flanking column of the enemy's Army of the West and sent it to the rightabout, with a loss of 800 left upon the field. This shows how perilously near to a junction these two formidable armies were, and should increase our joy at Napoleon's retreat. That movement is variously explained, but many suppose it is due to some advance from Sandusky.

Sandusky. 8 P.M.—Stevenson this af-

ternoon occupied the angle between the Glendarule and the Sandusky; his guns command the Garrard and Savannah highroad, the only line of retreat for General Napoleon's guns, and he has already hopelessly defeated and scattered a strong body of supports advancing from Savannah to the aid of that commander. The enemy lost 1,600 men; it is thought that this success and Stevenson's present position involve the complete destruction or the surrender of the enemy's Army of the Centre. The enemy have retired from the passes behind Mar; but it is thought they have moved too late to save Savannah. Pleasant news from Colonel Delafield, who, with a loss of 600, has destroyed thrice that number of the enemy before Yolo.

17th. *Scarlet*.—The enemy turned last night, inflicting losses on the combined forces of Generals Pipes and Piffle, amounting together to 1,600 men. But his retreat still continues, harassed by our cavalry and guns. The rest of the troops out of Cinnabar have arrived, via Glentower, at the foot of the Blue Mountains. Everyone is in high spirits. Potty has resumed command of his division; I met him half an hour ago at lunch, when he expressed himself delighted with the campaign.

Sandusky.—A great victory must be announced. To-day Stevenson passed the Sandusky, and occupied the right bank of the Glendarule and the country in front of Savannah. General Napoleon, in full retreat upon that place, found himself cut off, and, after a desperate struggle, in which 2,600 fell, surrendered with 6,000 men. The wrecks of his army are scattered far and wide, and his guns are lying deserted on the Garrard road. At the very moment while Napoleon was surrendering his sword to General Stevenson, the head of our colors cut off 1,400 men before Savannah, which was under the fire of our guns, and destroyed a convoy on the Mar and Savannah highroad. This completes the picture; the enemy have now only one bridge over the Glendarule not swept by our artillery. Delafield has had another partial success; with a loss of 1,000 he has cut off 1,200 and made 400 prisoners, but a strong force is reported on the Yolo and Yallobally road, which, by placing him between two fires, may soon render his hold on Yolo untenable.

NOTE.—General Napoleon. His real name was Clamborough. The son of a well-known linen-draper in Yolo, he was educated at the military college of Savannah. His chief fault was an overwhelming vanity, which betrayed itself in his unfortunate assumption of a pseudonym, and in the gorgeous oriental costumes by which he rendered himself conspicuous and absurd. He received early warning of Stevenson's advance from Sandusky, but refused to be advised, and did not begin to retreat until his army was already circumvented. A characteristic anecdote is told of the surrender. "General," said Napoleon to his captor, "you have to-day immortalized your name." "Sir," returned Stevenson, whose brutality of manner was already proverbial, "if you had taken as much trouble to direct your army as your tailor to make your clothes, our positions might have been reversed."

Editorial Comment.—Unlike many others, we have never lost confidence in General Stevenson; indeed, as our readers may remember, we have always upheld him as a capable, even a great commander. Some little ruffle at Scarlet did occur, but it was, no doubt, chargeable to the hasty Potty; and now by one of the finest manoeuvres on record, the head general of our victorious armies has justified our most hopeful prophecies and aspirations. There is not, perhaps, an officer in the army who would not have chosen the obvious and indecisive move up the Sandusky, which even our correspondent, able as he is, referred to with apparent approval. Had Stevenson done that, the brave enemy who chooses to call himself Napoleon might have been defeated twelve hours earlier, and there would have been less sacrifice of life in the divisions of Potty and the ignorant Piffle. But the enemy's retreat would not have been cut off; his general would not now have been a prisoner in our camp, nor should our cannon, advanced boldly into the country of our foes, thunder against the gates of Savannah and cut off the supplies from the army behind Mar. A glance at the map will show the authority of our position; not a loaf of bread, not an ounce of powder can reach Savannah or the enemy's Army of the East, but it must run the gantlet of our guns. And this is the result produced by the turning

troops are quite steady, the inhabitants enthusiastic, and the loyal and indefatigable Osbourne multiplies his bodily presence. The events of yesterday were much exaggerated by some papers, and the publication of one rowdy sheet, suspected of receiving pay from the enemy, has been suspended by an order from head-quarters. Our Army of the West still advances triumphantly unresisted into the heart of the enemy's country; the force at Yolo, which is a mere handful and quite without artillery, will probably be rooted out tomorrow. Addresses and congratulations pour in to General Osbourne; subscriptions to the great testimonial Osbourne statue are received at the *Herald* office every day between the hours of 10 and 4."

ABSTRACT OF SIX DAYS' FIGHTING FROM THE 19TH TO THE 24TH, FROM THE GLENDARULE TIMES, SATURDAY SPECIAL.—"This week has been, on the whole, unimportant; there are few changes in the aspect of the field of war, and perhaps the most striking fact is the collapse of Colonel Delafield's Yolo column. Fourteen hundred killed and eighteen hundred prisoners is assuredly a serious consideration for our small army; yet the good done by that expedition is not wiped away by the present defeat; large reinforcements of troops and much ammunition have been directed into the far east; and the city of Savannah and the enemy's forces in the pass have thus been left without support. Delafield himself has reached Mar, now in our hands, and the cavalry and stores of the expedition, all safe, are close behind him. Yolo is a name that will never be forgotten. Our forces are now thus disposed: Potty, with the brave artillery, lies behind the southeast shoulder of the Blue Mountains, on the Sandusky and Samuel City road; Piffle, with the Army of the Centre, has fallen back into Sandusky itself; while Stevenson still holds the same position across the Sandusky River, his advance to which will constitute his chief claim to celebrity. Savannah was bombarded from the 18th to the 20th inclusive; 4,000 men fell in its defence. Osbourne himself, directing operations, was seriously wounded and sent to Yallobally; and on the evening of the 20th the city surrendered, only 600 men being found within its walls. A heavy contribution was raised; but the general

himself, fearing to expose his communications, remains in the same position and has not even occupied the fallen city.

"In the meantime the army from the pass has been slowly drawing down to the support of Savannah, suffering cruelly at every step. Yesterday (24th), Mar was occupied by a corps of our infantry, who fell on the rear of the retreating enemy, inflicting heavy loss."

NOTE.—Retreat of the Mar column. The army which so long and so usefully held the passes behind Mar, over the neck of Lone Bluff, did not begin to retreat until the enemy had already occupied Mar and begun to engage their outposts. Supplies had already been cut off by the advanced position of Stevenson. The men were short of bread. The roads were heavy; the horses starving. The rear of the column was continually and disastrously engaged with the enemy pouring after. It is perhaps the saddest chapter in the history of the war. My grandmother, Mrs. Hankey (*née* Pillworthy), then a young girl on a mountain farm on the line of the retreat, distinctly remembers giving a soda biscuit, which was greedily received, to Colonel Diggory Jacks, then in command of our division, and lending him an umbrella, which was never returned. This incident, trivial as it may be thought, emphatically depicts the destitution of our brave soldiers.

In the meantime, in the west, the enemy are slowly passing the rivers and advancing with their main body on Scarlet, and with a single corps on Glentower. Cinnabar was occupied on the 21st in the morning and a heavy contribution raised. The situation may thus be stated: In the centre we are the sole arbiters, commanding the roads and holding a position which can only be described as authoritative. In the east, Delafield's corps has been destroyed; but the enemy's army of the pass, on the other hand, is in a critical position and may, in the course of a few days or so, be forced to lay down its arms. In the west, nothing as yet is decided, and the movement through the Glentower Pass somewhat hampers General Potty's position.

The comparative losses during these days are very encouraging and compare pleasingly with the cost of the early part of the campaign. The enemy have lost 12,800

men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, as against 4,800 on our side.

YALLOBALLY HERALD. Interview from General Osbourne with a special reporter. —“I met the wounded hero some miles out of Yallobally, still working, even as he walked, and surrounded by messengers from every quarter. After the usual salutations, he inquired what paper I represented, and received the name of the *Herald* with satisfaction. ‘It is a decent paper,’ he said. ‘It does not seek to obstruct a general in the exercise of his discretion.’ He spoke hopefully of the west and east, and explained that the collapse of our centre was not so serious as might have been imagined. ‘It is unfortunate,’ he said, ‘but if Green succeeds in his double advance on Glendarule, and if our army can continue to keep up even the show of resistance in the province of Savannah, Stevenson dare not advance upon the capital; that would expose his communications too seriously for such a cautious and often cowardly commander. I call him cowardly,’ he added, ‘even in the face of the desperate Yolo expedition, for you see he is withdrawing all along the west, and Green, though now in the heart of his country, encounters no resistance.’ The General hopes soon to recover; his wound, though annoying, presents no character of gravity.”

NOTE.—General Osbourne’s perfect sincerity is doubtful. He must have known that Green was hopelessly short of

ammunition. “Unfortunate,” as an epithet describing the collapse of the Army of the Centre, is perhaps without parallel in military criticism. It was not unfortunate, it was ruinous. Stevenson was a man of uneven character, whom his own successes rendered timid; this timidity it was that delayed the end; but the war was really over when General Napoleon surrendered his sword on the afternoon of the 17th.

A MARTIAL ELEGY FOR SOME LEAD SOLDIERS

By R. L. S.

FOR certain soldiers lately dead
Our reverent dirge shall here be said.
Them, when their martial leader called,
No dread preparative appalled;
But leaden-hearted, leaden-heeled,
I marked them steadfast in the field.
Death grimly sided with the foe,
And smote each leaden hero low.
Proudly they perished, one by one:
The dread Pea-cannon’s work was done!
O not for them the tears we shed,
Consigned to their congenial lead;
But while unmoved their sleep they take,
We mourn for their dear Captain’s sake,
For their dear Captain, who shall smart
Both in his pocket and his heart,
Who saw his heroes shed their gore
And lacked a shilling to buy more!





THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

HOW PEACE WAS MADE

THE deeper meanings of Yorktown, shining out very plainly now after more than a century has come and gone, were quite hidden at the moment; but the immediate effects were sufficient even then to fill the minds of men both in the Old World and in the New. The tidings carried by Lauzun, the hard-fighting, amorous Duke, crossed the Atlantic in the surprisingly short time of twenty-two days, and were at Versailles on November 19, 1781, with great rejoicing thereupon in the brilliant Court and among the people. Great satisfaction, too, it all was to Vergennes and to the others who had planned the policy now culminating so gloriously. No doubt any longer that the blow had gone home, and that a very fine revenge had been taken upon the enemy who had wrested Canada from France. The splendid Empire of Great Britain had been broken. This fact Yorktown made clear to all men. Not seen at all, however, in the dust of defeat, was the other even more momentous fact that England would rise stronger than ever from her great disaster, and that the next fortification to crumble under the fire of the Yorktown guns would be the Bastille, symbol of the rule of one man which was to go down before the rule of all men.

From rejoicing Paris the news echoed through Europe, gratifying various kings and cabinets with the misfortune of a rival power, but giving to their complacent minds no hint of the coming overthrow of sundry well-established thrones and empires—something to be discerned only by those who listened very attentively to the deeper undertones sounding solemnly among the ominous voices of the time. By November 25th the Paris news was in London, with Clinton's official report fol-

lowing hard upon it. No doubt there, at least, as to its immediate meaning. Lord North, the clever, humorous, good-natured man, seeing the right clearly and pursuing the wrong half-heartedly in obedience to the will of a dull master, threw up his hands and cried, "It is all over." Quite plain to Parliament also, when they came together two days later, was the message of Yorktown. A troubled address from the throne and the majority for the Government reduced to eighty-seven were the first faint signs of the coming revolt. A fortnight later the majority was down to forty-one on the question of giving up all further attempts to reduce the Colonies. Then came a petition from London praying peace; for London saw her commerce broken and scattered by the American privateers ranging now even to the English Channel, while ruinous rates of insurance weighed heavily upon every cargo sent out by her merchants. The King alone, stupid, obstinate, with all his instincts for being a king and even a despot in angry revolt, declared that he would never assent to the separation of the Colonies. But poor George was beaten even if he had not the wit to know it, and events, relentless and irresistible, pushed him down and passed over him. The effort to revive a personal monarchy in England had miserably failed. It had been stricken down by the English people in America, as it would have been crushed by the English people at home if the hands of the Americans had not been those nearest to the work.

Rapidly now the supports about the King fell away. Lord George Germain, the heroic, who thought the Americans could not fight, departed from the Cabinet. Carleton succeeded Clinton at New York, and provision was made for nothing but



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Benjamin Franklin and Richard Oswald Discussing the Treaty of Peace at Paris.

defensive warfare, now reduced to holding New York and a few ports in South Carolina, to which pitiful dimensions the British Empire in America south of the Lakes had at last shrunk. Under these circumstances the decisive stroke in Parliament could not be long delayed, and on February 22d, the birthday of Washington, Conway's motion against continuing the American war failed by only one vote. This

was defeat; five days later the same motion had a majority of nineteen and the doom of the Ministry was sealed. A brief season of intrigue followed, the King trying to make terms with Rockingham, who was to come in as the head of the Whigs, and to shut out Fox. But the royal experiment, shot down at Bunker Hill and surrendered at Saratoga and Yorktown, had failed too completely for compromise. No terms could be made, and on March 20th Lord North announced that his Ministry was at an

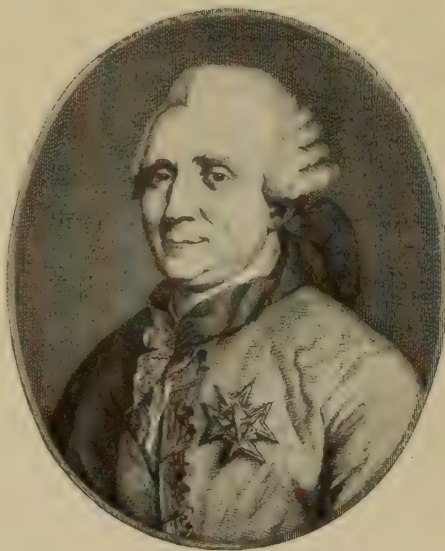
end. Rockingham, shattered in health, undertook the Government and called members of both wings of his party to the Cabinet. One faction was headed by Charles Fox, then in the first flush of his splendid eloquence—passionate in his sympathies, earnest in his beliefs, full of noble aspirations and deep emotions. The chief of the other faction was Lord Shelburne, liberal by cultivation, cool, ambitious, adroit, nicknamed *Malagrida* by his contemporaries, who thought his political methods Jesuitical. Agreement between two such men was impossible, and antagonism, enhanced by the offices they respectively received, broke out at once. Shelburne was made Secretary of State for the Home Department, which included the Colonies; Fox, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which included all the other belligerents. But if the independence of the Colonies was conceded in advance,

then the negotiations with them passed away from Shelburne and into the hands of Fox. Here was a very pretty situation created for the Americans by two Secretaries of State struggling with each other and severally seeking to make peace with them. Rightly handled, the two rivals of the British Cabinet could be used to bid against one another, if there chanced to be a diplomatist opposed to them able to take advantage of the cards thus forced into his hands.

Across the channel, as it happened, there was just the man for the conditions. Benjamin Franklin in Paris, watching every move in the game—as familiar with English politics as any statesman in London, more astute than Shelburne, and as single-minded in his devotion to his country and in his love of freedom as Fox—saw, at a glance, the opportunities opening before him. Divining the future, he began a correspondence with

Shelburne, whom he knew well, before the old Ministry had actually fallen or the new one had been formed. With words of genuine desire for peace and of subtle flattery for his correspondent, he opened the negotiations with Shelburne, for he characteristically felt that he could deal better with the cunning politician of cultivated liberality than with the eager and earnest nature of Fox, who would serve best as a check and foil to the man from whom he meant to get the peace he wanted for America. Franklin, as it soon appeared, had made his first step not only shrewdly but correctly, for in response to his letter Shelburne sent Richard Oswald over to Paris to begin the negotiations.

Congress had put the negotiations into the hands of Commissioners, Franklin, Jay, Adams, and Laurens. The last, captured on the high seas and now out of the Tower on parole, joined Adams at The



Charles Gravier Comte de Vergennes.

Hague, where the latter was just concluding a negotiation successful in loans and recognition, and, being without faith in the readiness of Great Britain to make peace, was in no hurry to move. Jay was in Spain, so Franklin, at the outset, was left alone with all the threads of the tangled web in

or not. Give her forty, and let us, in the meantime, mind our own business." Here was a great stroke. Spain was to be shut out from any share in the American negotiations, and Franklin had got rid of one great encumbrance.

Then Oswald came back from London.



Charles James Fox.

From mezzotint by John Gilbank, 1806.



Lord Shelburne.

From an engraving by Bartolozzi after Gainsborough, 1787.

his own hands. His first step was to take possession of Oswald, Lord Shelburne's envoy, as soon as that gentleman arrived in Paris. With a fine disregard for the differing jurisdictions of the English Secretaries of State, he took Oswald to see Vergennes and started the negotiations with France in this illicit manner. Then he sent Oswald back to London with some notes of a conversation in which he assured Shelburne that Oswald was, of all others, the agent to be employed, which, from Franklin's point of view, was no doubt true. He suggested, with pleasant audacity, that Canada should be ceded to the United States, and said it would assure "a durable peace and a sweet reconciliation." The old philosopher must have allowed himself to smile as he penned this sentence; but he nevertheless sent Oswald off with it, and then wrote to Jay begging him to come to Paris, and adding, significantly, "Spain has taken four years to consider whether she should treat with us

It appeared that Lord Shelburne did not intend to cede Canada even for "a sweet reconciliation;" but he was ready to grant complete independence, proposed the Penobscot as our Eastern boundary, and demanded security for British debts and for the loyalists. Then appeared on the scene Mr. Thomas Grenville, the representative of Mr. Fox, and the rebel Franklin introduced him to the French Minister. But Mr. Grenville came to misfortune at once. His proposition that the independence of America should be granted to France was rejected by both Vergennes and Franklin, and Mr. Grenville found himself in need of fresh instructions. When his new powers came they authorized him to treat only with France, and yet were filled with a discussion of American affairs. It appeared that these new powers would not do either. Vergennes insisted on the inclusion of France, while Franklin would not tell Mr. Fox's man anything about the American case. So Mr.

Grenville felt much chagrined and checked, and of no particular use or effect. Franklin, in fact, meant to keep the negotiations in Oswald's hands, and, although Grenville was valuable as a menace in the background, he was to have no real part in the serious business. Franklin evidently felt that he could get more from Lord Shelburne's necessities than he could from the theories of Fox, and events favored him.

Lord Rockingham died, Fox went out of office, and Shelburne became prime-minister. Franklin, with a clear field now, and knowing well how frail was Shelburne's tenure of office, proceeded to push his negotiations with Oswald as rapidly as possible. On July 10th he proposed the American conditions of peace. The essential irrevocable articles were full and complete independence, withdrawal of all British troops, the Mississippi as the Western boundary, the Northern and Eastern boundaries as they were before the Quebec Act of 1774, and freedom of fishing off Newfoundland. He refused all provisions for the security of the loyalists or of British debts, and suggested an article for reciprocity of trade. Back went Oswald to London, to return with full powers and an acceptance of all Franklin's terms, the privilege of drying fish in Newfoundland being alone withheld. The treaty was practically made, the great lines upon which it was finally concluded were all agreed, and thus far Franklin had acted alone. He had steered clear of France and thrown Spain over. A few days only were needed and the work would have been perfected; but now his colleagues appeared in Paris, and difficulties arose, delays came, and there were serious perils before the end was reached.

First came Jay, quite cured by his experience in Spain of his love for a triple alliance with that country and France, and very suspicious of all that had been done in Paris. He wanted various things—an acknowledgment by Parliament, and then a proclamation under the great seal, either of which if insisted upon might have wrecked the negotiations. But Jay, on being reasoned with, abandoned them and insisted only on having Oswald's commission recognize the United States of America, which was wise, but which also brought delay in getting the new commis-

sion, and all delays were dangerous. Dangerous because Shelburne's days of power were numbered, and still more perilous because it gave time for Spain to come upon the scene, and proceed to intrigue and draw France away from the United States and urge the abandonment of the Mississippi. Here Jay came out with great force, and his knowledge of Spain and Spanish treachery and falsehood stood him in good stead. On no account was the valley of the great river to be given up. Then it appeared that France was meddling with the fisheries; and now Jay turned to England, convinced that it was our interest to cut clear of the continental powers. So it came to pass that a month later he and Franklin were again at work with the newly commissioned Oswald on the treaty itself. Jay made the draft and did it well, but it was along the lines of Franklin's first scheme, and, while it added reciprocity of trade and free navigation of the Mississippi, the Americans still stood out on the debts and the loyalists. Over went the treaty to London, once more to come back with another commissioner, Henry Strachey, Oswald being thought too pliant and in need of reinforcement. The new commissioner was to stand out for the debts and loyalists and against drying fish on Newfoundland, and the Northeastern boundary was still open.

Nothing here was vital, and the treaty seemed again on the verge of completion when John Adams arrived, and, chancing to encounter Oswald and Strachey, let out that he was willing to yield on the loyalists and the debts, thus giving away Franklin's reserve, which he had been holding for a high price at the end. It was not a fortunate bit of frankness, but the negotiations had to go on, and John Adams proved himself a most valuable ally in the struggle now centring over the fisheries and the Maine boundary, where he was especially strong and peculiarly well informed. Anxious days followed, with much talking and proposing and counter-proposing. All of this, very intricate to follow out now, and confused still further by another journey of Strachey to London, with the Ministry tottering fast to its fall, and great fear that England, inspirited by Rodney's victory and the defence of Gibraltar, might throw the whole business overboard. A very



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Washington's Farewell to his Officers.

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."—Page 729.

ticklish, trying time this for all concerned, but Strachey came back, and then there were more anxious debates. The Americans yielded on the loyalists and the debts, but John Adams made an absolute stand for the equal rights of Americans in the fisheries. Thereupon another visit to London was proposed, but Franklin checked this by saying that in that case the claim about the loyalists and the debts would be reopened. Strachey gave way on this, and was followed by Fitzherbert, who had charge of the negotiations with Spain and France, and after Laurens had put the black man in by the provision that the British should carry off no slaves, the treaty was signed on November 30, 1782, subject to the further conclusion of a treaty between France and England.

So the great work was done. There has been much controversy since as to who did it—a controversy, on the whole, rather profitless, although no doubt consoling to the descendants of the eminent men who set their names to the treaty. To each may be given their full share of honor. Jay's stand on the Mississippi was admirable and strong, and he showed great capacity in dealing with the crooked Spanish side of the problem; but he made some unwise proposals, and came very near at one moment to upsetting everything by the delay which he helped to cause. John Adams was of the highest service—learned, determined, especially versed in the questions of the New England boundary and the fisheries, which he did more than anyone else to save unimpaired to America. But he made a dangerous admission on his arrival about loyalists and British debts, which came very near taking from us the powerful instrument which we then held fast in order to gain better terms in other directions. Nevertheless, after all deductions, both Adams and Jay rendered high and important service to America in this great negotiation, and a service which could not have been spared or dispensed with.

But there was one man about whom no deductions need be made, who guided the delicate and difficult work from the beginning, and who proved himself the great diplomatist of his day. This was Franklin, the maker of the French alliance, the great figure in the diplomacy which did so

much to establish and bring to success the American Revolution. Before his colleagues arrived on the scene he had grasped with a sure hand all the conditions of the task before him. He it was who committed Shelburne to the proposition of independence, played him off against Fox, and captured Oswald, the man into whose hands he determined to force the British case. He it was who shut out Spain and held France at arm's-length. Thus it came about that before his colleagues came the pieces in the great game were all in position, the campaign all laid out, and the lines drawn and fixed—the very lines upon which, after many weeks more of keen wrangling and argument, the treaty was finally made. In the words of Mr. Henry Adams, upon which it is impossible to improve, "Franklin, having overcome this last difficulty" (getting Shelburne to style us the United States of America), "had only to guide his impetuous colleagues and prevent discord from doing harm. How dexterously he profited and caused his country to profit by the very idiosyncrasies of those colleagues with which he had least sympathy; how skilfully he took advantage of accidents and smoothed difficulties away; how subtle and keen his instincts were; how delicate and yet how sure his touch; all this is a story to which Mr. Bancroft has done only partial justice. Sure of England, Franklin calmly ignored Spain, gently threw on his colleagues the responsibility of dispensing with the aid of France, boldly violated his instructions from Congress, and negotiated a triumphant peace."* Spain and France marvelled to find themselves left outside. England, in the hands of this master of politics, was led, before she realized it, into giving more than she ever intended. Adams and Jay played Franklin's game with the other powers without knowing that they did so, and rested in full belief that they made the peace, while the old philosopher walked out at the end with the treaty in his hands, entirely victorious and quite contented that others should have the glory so long as he had the result.

The American rebels convinced the world that they had statesmen in Congress who could argue their case as ably as any Ministers in Europe. After six long

* *North American Review*, April, 1875, p. 430.



The Home of George Washington at Mount Vernon, with
the Interior of his Room.



years they had demonstrated that they could fight, and fight hard, and bring forth a great soldier to lead their armies. Now, finally, they had shown that in the field of diplomacy, in a negotiation where a bitter and defeated opponent faced them, and where suspicious allies fast cooling in friendship stood by their side, they could produce diplomatists able to wring from these adverse and perilous conditions a most triumphant peace. All these performances in statecraft, war, and diplomacy came from a people whom England despised and therefore lost, and in this wise furnish forth one of the many great lessons which history loves to preserve and men delight to forget.

HOW THE WAR ENDED

GREAT effects came from the news of Yorktown when the tidings spread through Europe. Very different were its effects in America, and not altogether pleasant to contemplate. Washington, wholly unmoved in purpose by his great victory, turned from the field where Cornwallis had surrendered to do what came next in the work of completing the Revolution. He wanted De Grasse to go with him to Charleston in order to destroy the British there and finish the Southern campaign out of hand. But De Grasse would do

no more. He preferred to leave the coast, part from Washington, who had planned another sure victory, and take his way to Rodney and defeat. Having thus failed with the French admiral, Washington sent to Greene all the troops he could spare, and then started north to Philadelphia. Letters had preceded him urging the old advice for better administration and a more permanent army, just as if there had been no Yorktown; and, strange to say, Congress fell in with his wishes, filled the departments, and tried to increase the army. This time the opposition and the feebleness appeared in the States and among the people. Public sentiment was relaxed, and settled down easily to the comfortable belief that Yorktown had decided everything, and that all was over. The natural result followed in failure to get money or men. Washington believed that Yorktown had probably ended the struggle; but he lived in a world of facts, not probabilities, and he saw many possible perils. The war was not over, peace was not made, and, if England held off

and let the war drag on, American exhaustion and indifference might prove fatal and undo all that had been done. So when Washington heard that the Commons had asked the King to make peace, he wrote a letter to Congress warning them of danger and urging continued preparation. Again he wrote, pointing out that war was still going on; and even when he knew that negotiations had actually begun, he still sent words of warning and appeals for preparation to continue the war. He produced little effect; the States remained inert, the war smouldered along with petty affairs of outposts, and still peace did not come. Fortunately, the neglect of Washington's sound counsels bore no evil fruit, for England was more deeply hurt than he dared to think, and the treaty was really at hand.

But there was one subject upon which Congress failed to act where they could not be saved by the breaking down of their enemy. This was the treatment of their own army, and here there was no excuse to be made. A fear of standing armies was the avowed explanation of their inaction; but this fear, as they put it into practice, was unintelligent, while the deeper cause was their own feebleness, not untinged with jealousy of the men who had done the fighting. But, whatever the reasons, the fact remained that the soldiers were unpaid; that no provision of any sort was made for them; and that they seemed on the brink of being dismissed to their homes, in many cases to want and destitution, with no compensation but the memory of their hardships and their victories. Washington was profoundly moved by the attitude and policy of Congress. One of the deepest emotions of his strong nature was love for his soldiers, for those who had fought with him, and with this was coupled his passionate hatred of injustice. His letters to those in authority were not only full of hot indignation, but bitter in their denunciation of a policy which would reduce the army without providing for the men, as they were mustered out. He saw, too, what Congress failed to see, that here was not only injustice and ingratitude, flagrant and even cruel, but a great and menacing danger. ~~It is a perilous business to deal out injustice, suffering, and~~ want to the armed soldier. The moment

comes when the man with the musket says that, if anyone is to be wronged or starved, it shall not be himself. What Congress or legislatures refuse unjustly, human nature in the armed man will finally take by force. To this frame of mind the American army was fast coming. Congress and the States went cheerfully along, making a few indefinite promises and doing nothing. The mutterings and murmurs in camp began to grow louder, and at last they found expression in an able and adroitly written address, the work of John Armstrong. The voice of the armed man was rising clearly and distinctly now. It declared the sufferings and sorrows of the soldier and the ingratitude of Congress, and called the army to action and to the use of force. The appeal was made. Only one man could keep words from becoming deeds, and Washington came forward and took control of the whole movement. He censured the address in general orders, and then called, himself, a meeting of the officers. When they had assembled, Washington arose with a manuscript in his hand. As he took out his glasses he said: "You see, gentlemen, I have grown both blind and gray in your service." Very simple words, very touching, with a pathos which no rhetoric could give, a pathos possible only in a great nature deeply stirred. And then he read his speech—clear, vigorous, elevated in tone, an appeal to the past and to patriotism, an earnest prayer to leave that past unsullied and to show confidence in the Government and the civil power, the whole ending with a promise that the General would obtain justice for the army. Then he withdrew, and to that great leadership all men there yielded, and the meeting passed resolutions and adjourned. At last Congress listened. The proceedings at Newburg penetrated even their indifference, the half-pay was commuted, and with this and land warrants, and with the privilege of taking their arms home with them, the army was fain to be content. It was not much, but it saved the Congress from the reproach of leaving its soldiers destitute, and the country from a military revolution, for no less a peril lurked behind the movement which Washington controlled and checked. Underneath the Newburg addresses, and the murmurs of the troops, there ran a strong undercurrent of well-de-

fined feeling in favor of taking control of the Government. The army was the one organized efficient force in the country, their comrades in arms were scattered through all the towns and settlements, and they could appeal to the timid and the selfish everywhere in behalf of order and strength as against the feeble, impotent central government and the confused rule of thirteen States. All that they lacked was a leader, and the great leader was there at their head if he would only consent to serve. Openly, by letter, was the proposition made to Washington, and by him rejected with dignified and stern contempt. Secretly, the same whisper was ever in his ears. Nothing would have been easier than to have become a "Saviour of Society." The part was a fascinating one and easily converted into a conscientious duty. But Washington would have none of it. He saw this fact clearly, as he saw all facts. He knew what the condition of the times made possible, but the part of military dictator did not appeal to him. He was too great a man in character for that sort of work. It seemed to him that it would be a vulgar and sorry ending to the great task which had been performed, and the wide-open easy opportunity was never even a temptation. His one desire was to have the Revolution finish as it began, in purity and loftiness of purpose, unstained by any self-seeking, crowned with success, and undisfigured by usurpation. So he held his army in hand, prevented force and violence, stopped all attempts to make him the Cæsar or Cromwell of the new Republic, and longed in his simple fashion very ardently and very anxiously to get back to his farms and gardens at Mount Vernon.

Late in March, 1783, came the news of peace, the danger from the army disappeared, and the fighting was done. Still the General could not go to the beloved home; still Congress kept him employed in the public business, although they neither adopted nor perhaps understood the wide and far-reaching policies which he then urged upon them. Not until late in the autumn was he able to move his army down the Hudson to the city which he had held so long surrounded. At last, on November 25th, the British departed and Washington marched in at the head of his men.

It was the outward and visible sign that the war was over; and as Washington's entrance into Boston meant that New England had been freed from English rule, so his entrance into New York meant that the Thirteen States of North America were in very truth, as Congress seven years before had declared that they were and ought to be, "free and independent."

On December 4th the officers of the army met in Fraunces' tavern to bid their chief farewell. Washington, as he rose and faced them, could not control his voice. He lifted a glass of wine and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." They drank in silence, and Washington said, "I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be obliged if you will come and take me by the hand." Up they came, one by one; and one by one Washington, his eyes filled with tears, embraced them and said farewell. From the tavern they followed him to the ferry, where he entered his barge. As the boat moved away, he rose and lifted his hat. His officers returned the salute in silence, and all was over.

One great scene was still to be enacted, when at Annapolis Washington returned his commission to Congress. But let us leave the American Revolution here. Let us close it with this parting at the water's edge, when the man without whom the Revolution would have failed bade farewell to the officers and men without whom he could not have won. The fighting was done, the Continental Army was dissolved. That noble and gracious figure, standing up alone and bareheaded in the boat which was carrying him southward and away from his army, signified to all the world that the American Revolution had ended in complete victory. Perhaps its greatest triumph was that it had brought forth such a leader of men as the one now returning to his peaceful home at Mount Vernon, and that, thanks to him, whatever mistakes had been made or defeats encountered, the war of the people for a larger liberty closed unsullied by violence and with no stain of military despotism upon its record.

THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

So the end had come. The English-speaking people had divided, the British Empire had been broken, the American Revolution had been fought out, and a new nation was born. Here, surely, was a very great event, full of significance and meaning if rightly considered. What, then, did it really mean to the world at large, and especially to the people who had made the fight, and were henceforth to be two nations?

To the world it meant the beginning of the democratic movement, so little understood at the moment, so very plain to all now. It was the coming of a new force into the western world of Europe and America. A people had risen in arms, and, disregarding all traditions and all habits, had set forth the declaration that they were to govern themselves in their own way, and that government was no longer to be the privilege of one man called a king, or of any class of men by mere right of birth. To vindicate this claim they had fought, using the only method by which any people has ever been able to prove its right to anything; and thus the armed people in opposition to the disciplined soldiers of royalty had come into existence, and the armed people had won. Great facts these, ominous and portentous even, and yet so curiously little heeded in their deeper meanings at the moment. France thought only that she had crippled England and taken an ample revenge for the past. England knew that she had received a heavy blow, was troubled with uneasy forebodings, suspected that something was not altogether right in her system of administration, and began to stir a little with abortive projects of reform. Europe generally looked on stolidly, felt some satisfaction at England's misfortunes, and thought the affair well over, with much benefit to balances of power and other delights of the diplomatic mind. Even America herself thought only that her object had been obtained, that she was free from the control of a power over seas, and set to work to deal with her own concerns in a fashion by no means creditable at the outset. None of them saw the strong, deep current of change which had set in that April morning at Concord, and

which had flowed on to Yorktown. It sank out of sight, as rivers sometimes do in the bowels of the earth, so soon as peace was made, and men said contentedly that there was no river after all. Six years went by, and the stream had come to the surface once more, far away from America this time, and France was moving with a deep unrest. Now the current was flowing fiercely and swiftly, with a headlong rapidity which dazed all onlookers. Privileges and orders, customs and Bastiles went down before it, and presently other things too—men's lives and royal crowns and the heads that wore them. No doubt now of the meaning which had been obscured in America. "The rights of man," "Liberty, equality, fraternity," and other strange new cries were heard on every street-corner; and the old systems, which had fostered and played with the American Revolution, waked up and said, "This business must be stopped and this rabble put down." And then, behold, it could not be done—the rabble could not be put down; and the armed people, twenty-five millions strong, flung themselves on Europe, rolled back the royal armies, and carried their victories and their doctrines far beyond the borders of France.

In the armed people democracy had produced a force against which the old systems could not stand. It rushed forward with a fervor, an energy, and a wild faith which nothing could resist. A career was suddenly opened to talents, and from the inn and farm and tannery, from the petty attorney's office, the vineyard, and the shop, sprang up men who, by sheer ability, rose to command armies, govern nations, and fill thrones. Opportunity was no longer confined to those who had birth and rank, to the royal bastard or the Court favorite, and the old system, shattered by this unexpected and painful discovery, went down in ruins. Concentrated in the hands of one man, the new force swept away the wretched princelings who sold their subjects for soldiers, the little tyrants, the corrupt monarchies, and the holy inquisition, still powerful in Spain. To meet the despotism thus engendered, the people of Germany and the people of Spain had to be called forth to join England and Austria and Russia, in order to save the national existence which their kings had

been unable to protect. Popular force was met at last by popular force, and when Napoleon ended at Waterloo, Metternichs and Bourbons and Liverpools and other wise persons, who had forgotten a great deal and learned nothing, thought that all was over, that nothing remained but to return to the nice old systems of the previous century, and that everything would again be very quiet and comfortable. But it soon appeared that, although a man had been defeated, the force which made him possible and the movement which had borne him forward had not been defeated at all. The old system did not work well at all. There were outbreaks and unrest, and a Holy Alliance had to be made; and then an English statesman called in the New World which had started the whole movement to redress the balance of the Old, and the entire continental Empire of Spain in the Americas broke off and became democratic, causing great annoyance and perplexity to persons of the Metternich kind. In 1830 another revolution came in France, and the sorry revival of kings by divine right vanished. England had tried to meet her unrest by Peterloo and similar performances, and the answer had not proved satisfactory. Something different was clearly needed, and in 1832, with the splendid sense so characteristic of the English people, the Reform Bill was passed, the democratic movement was recognized, a revolution of arms was avoided, and a peaceful revolution consummated. Meantime Greece had escaped from Turkey, and the movement of the people to hold or share in the business of governing went steadily forward. There were years when it seemed wholly repressed and hopeless, and then years like 1848, when it rose in its might, crushed everything in its path, and took a long step ahead, with the inevitable reaction afterward, until a fresh wave gathered strength and rolled again a little higher up with the ever-rising tide. Italy broke away from Austria and gained her national unity; representative systems with more or less power came into being in every European country, except Russia and Turkey; the wretched little tyrants of the petty states of Germany and Italy, the temporal power of the Pope, have all been swept out of existence, and given place to a larger national life and to a recogni-

tion more or less complete of the power and rights of the people. Even to-day, in obedience to the same law, the colonial despotism of Spain has perished from the face of the earth because it was a hideous anachronism.

The democratic movement has gone so far and so fast that it is but little heeded now, and men have become almost entirely oblivious of its existence. Yet it is never still, it is always advancing. It has established itself in Japan, it cannot be disregarded even by the master of the German armies, and before many years it will be felt in Russia. So rapid has been its progress and so complete its victories that men forget what it has accomplished, turn their whole attention to the evils which it has left untouched, and are in some instances ready not merely to criticize it but to proclaim it a failure. The statesman who declared that gratitude was a lively sense of favors to come uttered not merely a brilliant epigram but a profound philosophic truth, which applies not only to human beings but to theories of life and to systems of government. When the democratic movement began, and for three-quarters of a century afterward, the men who were fighting for liberty and the rights of man believed, as all genuine reformers must believe, that if this vast change were carried out, if tyranny were abolished, if votes and a share in the government given to the people, all the evils flesh is heir to would disappear. The great political reform has been, in large measure, accomplished, and many evils yet remain. There are still poverty, suffering, ignorance, injustice, lack of opportunity, crime, and misery in the world in large abundance, and so some men hasten to say that democracy has failed. They forget what democracy has done, and see only what it has left undone. The great political reform in which men believed so passionately, and for which they fought and died and suffered, has come and is still growing and expanding; and yet the earth is not a Utopia, nor have sin and sorrow vanished. It is the old story; the universal remedy was not a panacea after all, and the fact is overlooked that there are no panaceas for human ills, and that the only fair way to judge a great reform or a sweeping social and political movement is

by its results, and not by fixing our eyes solely on those evils which it has left untouched and which it is powerless to cure. Tried in this way, by the only just standard, democracy has been a marvellous success—more helpful, more beneficial to the human race than any other political system yet devised by man. To it we owe the freedom of thought, the freedom of conscience, the freedom of speech, which exist to-day in their fulness among the English-speaking people, and more or less completely among all the great nations of western Europe. No longer can men be powerful solely by the accident of birth, or be endowed from the cradle with the right to torture, outrage, and imprison their fellow-beings less fortunately born.

The craving of this present time is for greater equality of opportunity, but it is to the democratic movement that we owe the vast enlargement to all men of the opportunity for happiness and success since 1776. We picture easily to ourselves the tyrannies and oppressions of the Old World which went down in the tempest of the French Revolution, and were so completely effaced that the average man in Europe neither knows nor realizes that they ever existed. But we are prone to think that in America, where government was always easy and light, the change wrought by democracy has been trifling and that we owe it little. Many men see defects and shortcomings in our municipal governments with great clearness, and some of them, while they shake their heads over the democracy which they believe guilty of these faults, are utterly blind to the great fact that democracy made slavery impossible and crushed it out only a generation ago—a deed for humanity which makes all other achievements look small. The same holds true in lesser things. We know, for example, how democracy has softened and reformed the awful criminal code of the England of Pitt and Fox, and the miseries of the debtors' prisons which Dickens described thirty years later; but we overlook the fact that we ourselves were but little better in these respects. Robert Morris, the patriot who upheld the breaking credit and failing treasury of the confederation in the last days of the Revolution, and gave to the American cause freely from his own purse, passed four years in prison in his old age

for the crime of having failed in business. Such a punishment inflicted by the law for such a cause would be impossible now, and yet this is but an illustration of the vast change effected by democracy in the relations of men one to another. The altruism which is so marked a feature of the century just closing is the outcome of democracy. To the man who shares in the government of his country, or who has political rights, sympathy must be given by his fellows, for in one great relation of life they all stand together. Nothing is more hardening, nothing tends more to cruelty, than the rigid separation of classes; and when all men have certain common political rights and an equality before the law the class line is shattered, and men cannot consider other men as creatures wholly apart, whose sufferings are a matter of indifference. The great work of democracy has been in widening sympathy, in softening and humanizing laws, customs, and manners. The debt due it in this way no man can estimate, for no man can now realize, in imagination, the sufferings, oppressions, cruelties, and heartless indifference of society a hundred years ago which democracy has swept away. Democracy is fallible and imperfect, because human nature is so; but it has come, it has brought untold good to mankind, it will bring yet more. It makes for humanity, civilization, and the uplifting of the whole race, and it will in greater and greater measure dominate the world and control governments. No man can stay its resistless march, and under various forms the principle that the people are to have their own governments, good or bad, no matter what the outward dress, and that the last word is with the people, is rising every day to more supreme dominion in the affairs of men. This great movement, which overthrew the world's equilibrium, brought new forces into being, and changed society and governments, began in America with the Continental Congress and the flash of the guns at Lexington and Concord. It ended at Yorktown, and by the treaty of Paris it was acknowledged that a people had won the right to rule themselves. A very momentous conclusion this, and it was the message of the American Revolution to mankind.

To those immediately concerned and most closely touched by the Revolution, it brought other meanings than that shared by the world at large. These, too, merit consideration. Let us inquire briefly what the effect was on the combatants themselves, upon the two divisions of the English-speaking people thus created by war. Hostile statesmen on the Continent were not slow to predict that the severance of her Empire and the loss of her North American colonies meant the downfall of Great Britain. Even in England prophecies were not lacking that the zenith of her fortunes had passed and her decline begun. These forebodings—the offspring of that common wisdom which is empty of hope, void of imagination, and sees only the past—were soon set at naught. In the great wars which followed the French Revolution, the indomitable spirit of England raised her to a higher pinnacle of power and splendor than she had ever attained before. The victories of war were followed by the wonderful career of colonial expansion and growing wealth of which this century has been the witness. Heavy as the loss of the North American Colonies was at the time, the American Revolution, although it divided the Empire of Great Britain, did not check its growth in other regions and in lands almost unknown to the eighteenth century. One great reason for the marvellous development of England, and for the success which has followed her arms and her commerce ever since the American Revolution, was the fact that by that bitter experience she learned well one great lesson. Never again did England make the mistakes or engage in the blundering policy which lost her all North America south of the Canadian frontier. No other English colonies were ever treated as those of the Atlantic seaboard had been; and the wise colonial policy which has enabled England, while giving to her colonies everywhere the largest liberty, at the same time, to grapple them to her with hooks of steel, was as much the result of the American Revolution as the Peace of Paris. In England's ability to learn this lesson we can see the secret of her wonderful success, and can contrast it with the history of Spain, whose barbarous colonial policy has cost her an

empire and taught her nothing in the process.

But although England learned this lesson and profited by it with results which have surpassed the most unbounded hopes of her statesmen and people, there was another lesson which she utterly failed to heed. She learned how to deal with her other colonies, and with those still greater ones which she was destined to win, but she learned nothing as to the proper way to treat the people whom she had driven into revolt and lost, and who differed in no essential respect from English-speaking people elsewhere. Toward them she maintained the same attitude which had driven them into rebellion, and which now could only alienate them still further. The Americans, on their side, after the war feeling had subsided, were only too ready to renew with the mother-country the closest and most friendly relations. It is easier to cut political bonds than it is to sever the ties of blood and speech, and, above all, habits of daily life and intercourse, which, impalpable as they are, outlast constitutions and governments. Every habit of thought and of business, every natural prejudice and interest, still bound the Americans to England. Had she so willed she could in a few years have had the growing trade, the expanding markets, and the political sympathy of America as completely in every practical way as if the States had remained her colonies. And it was all so simple. An evident desire to cultivate good relations with the United States, kind words, a declared policy of not interfering with the Western movement from the Atlantic States, a little generosity, and England would have made America her friend and kept her as her ally in the troublous years which were to follow. Instead of this, a course of conduct was adopted which seemed like a settled policy of injuring America in every possible way, of retarding her growth and alienating her people. Our early representatives in London were flouted and treated with rudeness and disdain. Everything possible was done to interfere with and break up our West Indian commerce, and Lord Dorchester openly incited the Indian tribes to attack our Western settlements, with a view to preventing their advance—a piece of savagery it is now diffi-

cult to conceive, and which America found it hard to forgive. Under the pressure of the struggle with France, England finally consented to make a treaty, and drove with Jay a hard bargain from our necessities. Then came the second period of Napoleonic wars. The most ordinary sense would seem to have dictated a policy which would have made the Americans, who were at that time a great seafaring people, the ally of England in the desperate conflict in which she was engaged. Even Jefferson, as we now know, with all his reputed and apparent hostility to England, tried to bring about close relations between the two countries. But England pursued a steady course of hostility. There was no injury or wrong which she failed to do us; no insult was spared us by her public men. English brutality surpassed even the cynical outrages heaped upon us by Napoleon, and brought at last the War of 1812, a righteous war of resistance and one bringing most valuable results to the United States. "The fir frigates, with a bit of bunting at the top," at which Canning had jeered in the House of Commons, whipped England's frigates in eleven actions out of thirteen, while Perry and McDonough crushed her flotillas on the lakes. British troops burned Washington, and Jackson, with six thousand men, routed ten thousand of Wellington's veterans at New Orleans. Ill-conducted as the war was on the American side, our naval victories and the fact that we had fought won us our place among nations, and relieved us finally from the insults and the attacks to which we had before been subjected. England suffered in her naval prestige, gained absolutely nothing by conquest, was forced to respect our flag on the seas, and had embittered feeling between the two continents. The utter fatuity of such a policy, fraught with such results, seems sufficiently obvious now, and it quite equalled in stupidity that which brought the Revolution and cost England her colonies.

Nevertheless, for a time, the War of 1812 improved our mutual relations. Americans were pleased by their successes on sea and by the victory of New Orleans, while England both felt and manifested a respect for a people who had fought her so hard. The result was seen in a better un-

derstanding and in the Monroe Doctrine, which was promulgated as much by George Canning as by the American President. So easy was it for the two nations to come together when the older country did not put obstacles in the way. But the prospect was soon overclouded. The English traveller and author came in as the century advanced, to widen the breach between the two countries more effectively, perhaps, than the statesmen had done. We had already enjoyed a taste of this criticism in the writings of Mr. Thomas Moore, who came to the United States at the beginning of the century and mourned over our decay in verses of trifling poetical merit and great smoothness of rhyme and metre. But thirty years later there arose a swarm of writers, of whom Mrs. Trollope and Dickens were, perhaps, the most conspicuous, who gratified their own feelings and met their home market with descriptions of the United States and its people which left nothing offensive unsaid. Our hospitality to our critics was no protection to us, and a sense of ingratitude added poison to the smart of wounded vanity. We were a young nation, beginning to grow very rapidly, engaged in the hard, rough work of subduing a continent. We had all the faults and shortcomings of a new and quickly growing community; and no doubt a great deal of what our critics said was perfectly true, which may have sharpened the sting. But the faults were largely superficial, and the nation was engaged in a great work and was sound at the core. This fact our English critics had not the generosity to admit, and their refusal to do so galled our pride.

We had one great defect of youth, as a matter of course. We were weakly and abnormally sensitive to outside and adverse criticism. Attacks or satire which no one would notice now except to laugh at them, which, for the most part, would not be heard of at all to-day, in the first half of the century cut us to the quick. That they should have done so was, no doubt, foolish and youthful; but that does not affect the question of whether it was wise in England through her newspapers, her authors, and her magazines to systematically, so far as we could see, treat the United States in a manner which, as Mr. Justice Maule said to Sir Richard Bethell,

"would have been an insult from God Almighty to a black beetle." Was it worth while to take so much pains to convert into enemies a great and growing people who spoke the same tongue, had the same aspirations, and were naturally inclined to be friends with the old home which their ancestors had left so many years before?

There was one criticism, however, which the English made, and which they had the right, even the duty, to make without mercy, and they did it unsparingly. No denunciation could be too severe of English-speaking people who in the nineteenth century boasted of their own freedom and maintained human slavery. To this righteous criticism there could be no answer, and there was none. The years went by and brought, in due time, the inevitable conflict between slavery and freedom. The North was fighting for Union, but its victory meant the downfall of slavery. The loyal North turned to England, which had denounced American slavery, and found the sympathy of her Government and ruling classes given wholly to the slave-holding South. Never was there a more painful, a more awful surprise. England went far enough in action to fill the North with bitterness, and not far enough to leave the South with anything but a sense of betrayal and the anger of the vanquished against a false friend. At last the Union emerged triumphant from its great life and death struggle. In those four dark years our youth had gone; and we came out not only with a conviction of our own strength, but with an utter indifference to foreign opinion, which was as right and wholesome as our former sensitiveness had been foolish and unwise. None the less, the memories of England's conduct in our hour of need rankled deeply—and we regarded Mr. Gladstone's wise and statesmanlike policy of arbitration as merely extorted by the respect which military power and success always produce.

Again the years went by, and the old animosities had begun to quiet down when the seal controversy arose, and America was utterly unable to understand why England should insist on a course of action which has resulted and could only result in the destruction of those valuable herds. Her action throughout this unlucky question seemed as if dictated by mere malice.

Then came Venezuela, and a few plain, rough words from Mr. Cleveland brought a just settlement of a question very momentous in its meanings to the United States, which twenty years of civil remonstrance and argument had failed to obtain. England, careless of the past, wondered at the sudden burst of hostility in the United States; while Americans were brought to believe that we could get neither justice nor civility from England, except by harsh words and by going even to the verge of war. It was not a very encouraging sight, this spectacle then presented by the two great English-speaking nations. Such a frame of mind, such an attitude, was something to wonder at, not to praise. Be it remembered, also, that the Americans are not ungrateful and have never been slow to recognize their friends in England. They have never forgotten that the Queen and Prince Albert, John Bright and Richard Cobden, and the workingmen of England were their friends and stood by them in the Civil War. They recall, not without a touch of pride, that the friends of America in England include not only those of the dark days of 1861, but the great names of Chatham and Burke and Camden, even when revolution tore the Empire asunder. But the friends of America thus far have never been the Government or the Ministry or the mass of the ruling classes in England.

Less than a year ago I should have stopped here, with words of regret that the lesson of the American Revolution, so far as the United States was concerned, had not yet been learned by England, and the expression of the earnest hope that this mastery of its meaning might not be much further delayed. Now it is no longer possible to stop here. Events have shown that the lesson of the Revolution has at last been learned, and that all that has just been said as to the ease with which the friendship of the United States could be obtained by England is more than justified. It could not well be otherwise, when right methods were pursued, for friendship between the two nations is natural, not only by the common speech and hopes, beliefs, and ideals, but by the much stronger ties of real interest, while enmity is unnatural and can be created only by effort.

The United States went to war with

Spain. It is now easily seen that the conflict was inevitable. "If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all." Spanish colonial despotism and the free government of the United States could not exist longer side by side. The conflict, which had been going on for a century, was as inexorable as that between freedom and slavery. The war happened to come now instead of later, that is all. Once engaged in war the United States neither desired nor needed aid from anyone. But nations as well as men like sympathy. From the people of Europe we met with neutrality, but with criticism, attack, and with every manifestation of dislike in greater or less degree, and from Germany, with a thinly veiled, mousing hostility which did not become overt, because, like the poor cat in the adage, it let "I dare not wait upon I would." From the English-speaking people everywhere came, on the other hand, spontaneous, heartfelt sympathy, and England's Government showed that the sympathy of the people was represented in her rulers. That was all that was needed, all that was ever needed. No matter what the reason, the fact was there. The lesson of the American Revolution was plain at last, and the attitude of sympathy, the policy which would have prevented that Revolution, finally was given to the great nation that has sprung from the Colonies which Washington led to independence. How America has responded to the sympathy of England all men know, better perhaps in the United States than anywhere else. Community of sympathy and interest will make a friendship between the nations far stronger than any treaties can create. The artificial barriers are down, and all right-thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic must earnestly strive to prove that it is not a facile optimism which now believes that the friendship so long postponed and so full of promise for humanity and civilization must long endure. The millions who speak the English tongue in all parts of the earth must surely see now that, once united in friendship, it can be said, even as Shakespeare said three hundred years ago :

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

To the victorious Americans the Revolution meant, at first, simply that they had freed themselves from England, and henceforth were to govern themselves. With the close of the war it seemed to them that all was completed, and that they had nothing to do but go on in the old way with their State governments. Washington and Hamilton and others who thought deeply and were charged with heavy responsibility saw very plainly that there must be a better central Government, or else America would degenerate into thirteen jarring and warring States, and the American Revolution would prove a more dire failure in its triumphant outcome than any defeat in battle could have brought. The earnest words of Washington fell on deaf ears, even while war was in progress; and when the pressure of war was withdrawn the feeble confederation dropped to pieces, disorder broke out in various quarters, new states began to spring up, and disintegration spread and became threatening. The American people had won in fight the right and opportunity to govern themselves, and the great question which now confronted them was whether they were able and fit to do it. It was soon apparent that the Revolution had for them not merely the message that they had freed themselves from England, but far deeper meanings. They had proved that they could fight. Could they also prove that they were worthy of the victory they had won, and that they had the right to live as a people? Could they make a nation, or were they incapable of that great achievement, and able only to go jarring on to nothingness, a wrangling collection of petty republics? Here was a task far heavier, infinitely more difficult, than that of armed revolution. They had shown that they were a fighting people, as was to have been expected. Could they also show that they were likewise a great people capable of building up a nation, capable of construction, with the ruling, conquering, imperial instinct of their race still vital and strong within them? The answer the American people gave to these questions of life and death, which all the peoples of the earth have to answer rightly or perish, is the history of the United States. They dragged themselves out of the disintegration and chaos of the confederation and formed the Constitution of the United

States. It was hard work, there were many narrow escapes, much bitter opposition, but the great step was taken and the instrument adopted which made a nation possible. The struggle then began in earnest, and lasted for three-quarters of a century, between the forces of separatism, which meant at bottom a return to chaos and to that disorder which is hateful to gods and men, and the forces of union, which meant order, strength, and power. It was a long and doubtful conflict. The Constitution was tried in its infancy by the Whiskey Rebellion, a little later it was threatened by Virginia and Kentucky, a little later still by New England, then by South Carolina and nullification; and yet through all and under all the national spirit was growing, and the Constitution was changing from a noble experiment into the charter of a nation. At last the supreme test came. Freedom and slavery, two hostile social and economic systems, were struggling for domination. They could not live side by side. One must go, and in their irrepressible conflict they brought civil war. It was the final trial. The national principle prevailed, and it was shown that democracy, though slow to enter upon war, could fight with relentless determination for a complete victory.

The Civil War ended the struggle between the principle of separatism and that of union and undivided empire. The national principle henceforth was to have unquestioned sway. But during all the seventy-five years of strife between the contending principles another great movement had been going forward, which was itself indeed a child of the national spirit and the outcome of the instinct of a governing race. We began to widen our borders and annex territory, and we carried on this appropriation of land upon a scale which, during the same period, has been surpassed by England alone. Jefferson made the Louisiana purchase in disregard of all suggestions of constitutional objections, thus more than doubling the national domain, and carrying our possessions to regions more remote and inaccessible to us then than any point on the earth's surface is to-day. Monroe took the Floridas. Then came Texas, then the great accessions of the Mexican War, and we had an empire in our hands stretching from ocean to

ocean. After the Civil War the American people turned all their energy to subduing and occupying the vast territory which they had bought with their money or conquered by their sword. It was an enormous task, and absorbed the strength and enterprise of the people for thirty years. Finally the work was done, the frontiers advancing from the East and the West, disappeared and melted together; even Alaska, the only large acquisition after the Civil War, was opened to settlement and to the in-rush of the miner and lumberman. The less than three millions of the Revolution had grown to be over seventy millions, masters of a continent rich beyond all the early dreams of wealth, with unlimited revenues, and still untamed in hope and energy. They had built up an industrial system which had far outrun all that Hamilton ever dared to imagine, and held at home the greatest market in the world. Such a nation could not be developed in this way and yet be kept fettered in its interests and activities by its own boundaries. Sooner or later it was bound to return to the ocean which it had abandoned temporarily for the easier opportunities of its own land. Sooner or later it was sure to become a world power; for it had grown too powerful, too rich, it had too many interests, it desired too many openings for its enterprise, to remain shut up even by the ocean borders of a continent. How and when this change would come no man could tell. Great movements which have long been ripening and making ready always start suddenly into active life at the last, and men look at them with wild surmise and think they are new when they are in reality very old. So the inevitable has happened, and the Spanish war has awakened the people of the United States to the fact that they have risen to be a world power, henceforth to be reckoned with among the very few great nations of the earth. The questions of the acquisition here and there of territory upon which markets rest are details. The great fact is the abandonment of isolation, and this can neither be escaped nor denied. There is no inconsistency here with the past. It is the logical result of our development as a nation. Our foreign policy has always been wise and simple. Washington laid down the proposition that we

should not meddle in the affairs of Europe, and, with France in his mind, warned us against entangling alliances. Monroe added the corollary that Europe should not be permitted to make any new acquisitions of territory in the Americas. To both doctrines we have held firmly, and that of Monroe we have extended and enforced, and shall always enforce it, now more than ever before. But neither Washington nor Monroe sought to limit us either in our own hemisphere or in parts of the world other than Europe. They were wise men with wise policies, but they could not read our unknown future nor deal with problems far beyond their ken. They marked the line so far as they could foresee the course then, and were too sagacious to lay down rules and limitations about the unknowable, such as the doubting and timid of a later generation would fain attribute to them. Isolation in the United States has been a habit, not a policy. It has been bred by circumstances and by them justified. When the

circumstances change, the habit perforce changes too, and new policies are born to suit new conditions.

The American people have made mistakes, as all people do who make anything. They have had their errors, failures, and shortcomings, and they have many grave problems to solve, many evils to mitigate, many difficulties to conquer. But after all deductions are made, the American democracy has achieved a marvellous success, moral and intellectual, as well as material. It has lifted up humanity; it has raised the standard of life; it has added to the well-being, freedom, and happiness of the average man; it has made strongly for justice, civilization, liberty, and peace. It has proved worthy of its heritage. Now, having made a great nation, it has become a world power, because it is too great and powerful to be aught else. A great self-governing nation and a world power; such has come to be the result and the meaning of the Revolution of 1776 to Americans and to mankind.

THE END.

THE MIRROR BROKEN

BECAUSE this Heart of mine can bear no more,
 Let break! (I said) at least I shall not see
 One, one, one image then, perpetually,
 Whichever way I turn; and as of yore
 Within my breast all things perchance shall be
 (Save only Life) when sea and sky and shore
 And dawn and twilight no reflection bore,
 And darkness had no face, and thought was free.

Since when, I know the error that I made,
 As he shall know, who, letting fall a glass,
 Stoops to the glittering shards, and sees the sun
 Selfsame in each, full-orbed and myriad-rayed,
 And stands at pause, beholding ruin has
 A thousand mirrors where before was one.

WHERE'S NORA?

By Sara Orne Jewett

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER

I

“**W**HERE'S NORA?”

The speaker was a small, serious-looking old Irishman, one of those Patricks who are almost never called Pat. He was well-dressed and formal, and wore an air of dignified authority.

“I don't know meself where's Nora then, so I don't,” answered his companion. “The shild wouldn't stop for a sup o' breakfast before she'd go out to see the town, an' nobody's seen the l'aste smitch of her since. I might sweep the streets wit' a broom and I couldn't find her.”

“Maybe she's strayed beyand and gone losing in the strange place,” suggested Mr. Quin, with an anxious glance. “Didn't none o' the folks go wit' her?”

“How would annybody be goin' an' she up an' away before there was a foot out o' bed in the house?” answered Mike Duffy, impatiently. “'Twas herself that caught sight of Nora stealin' out o' the door like a thief, an' meself getting me best sleep at the time. Herself had to sit up an' laugh in the bed and be plaguin' me wit' her tarkin'. ‘Look at Nora!’ says she. ‘Where's Nora?’ says I, wit' a great start. I thought something had happened the poor shild. ‘Oh, go to slape, you fool!’ says Mary Ann. ‘’Tis only four o'clock,’ says she, ‘an' that grasshopper greenhorn can't wait for broad day till she'll go out an' see the whole of Ameriky.’ So I wint off to sleep again; the first bell was bigin'in' on the mill, and I had an hour an' a piece, good, to mesilf after that before Mary Ann come scoldin'. I don't be sleepin' so well as some folks the first part of the night.”

Mr. Patrick Quin ignored the interest of this autobiographical statement, and with a contemptuous shake of the head began to feel in his pocket for a pipe. Everyone knew that Mike Duffy was a person much too fond of his ease, and that all the credit

of their prosperity belonged to his hard-worked wife. She had reared a family of respectable sons and daughters, who were all settled and doing well for themselves, and now she was helping to bring out some nephews and nieces from the old country. She was proud to have been born a Quin; Patrick Quin was her brother and a man of consequence.

“’Deed, I'd like well to see the poor shild,” said Patrick. “I'd no thought they'd land before the day or to-morrow mornin', or I'd have been over last night. I suppose she brought all the news from home?”

“The folks is all well, thanks be to God,” proclaimed Mr. Duffy, solemnly. “’Twas late when she come; ’twas on the quarter to nine she got here. There's been great deaths after the winther among the old folks. Old Peter Murphy's gone, she says, an' his brother that lived over by Ballycannon died the same week with him, and Dan Donahoe an' Corny Donahoe's lost their old aunt on the twelfth of March, that gave them her farm to take care of her before I came out. She was old then, too.”

“Faix, it was time for the old lady, so it was,” said Patrick Quin, with affectionate interest. “She'd be the oldest in the parish this tin years past.”

“Nora said ’twas a fine funeral; they'd three priests to her, and everything of the best. Nora was there herself and all our folks. The b'ys was very proud of her for being so old and respected.”

“Sure, Mary was an old woman, and I first coming out,” repeated Patrick, with feeling. “I went up to her that Monday night, and I sailing on a Wednesday, an' she gave me her blessing and a present of five shillings. She said then she'd see me no more; ’twas poor old Mary had the giving hand, God bless her and save her! I joked her that she'd soon be marrying and coming out to Ameriky like meself. ‘No,’ says she, ‘I'm too old. I'll die here where I was born; this old farm is me one home

o' the world, and I'll never be after l'avin' it; 'tis right enough for you young folks to go,' says she. I couldn't get my mouth open to answer her. 'Twas meself that was very homesick in me inside, coming away from the old place, but I had great boldness before everyone. 'Twas old Mary saw the tears in me eyes then. 'Don't mind, Patsy,' says she; 'if you don't do well there, come back to it an' I'll be glad to take your folks in till you'll be afther getting started again.' She hadn't the money then she got afterward, too, from her cousin in Dublin; 'twas the kind heart of her spoke, an' meself being but a boy that was young to maintain himself, let alone a family. Thanks be to God, I've done well, afther all, but for me crooked leg. I does be dr'amin' of going home sometimes; 'tis often yet I wake up wit' the smell o' the wet bushes in the mornin' when a man does be goin' to his work at home."

Mike Duffy looked at his brother-in-law with curiosity; the two men were sitting side by side before Mike's house on a bit of green bank between the sidewalk and the road. It was May, and the dandelions were blooming all about them, thick in the grass. Patrick Quin reached out and touched one of them with his stick. He was a lame man, and had worked as section hand for the railroad for many years, until the bad accident which forced him to retire on one of the company's rarely given pensions. He had prevented a great disaster on the road; those who knew him well always said that his position had never been equal to his ability, but the men who stood above him and the men who were below him held Patrick Quin at exactly the same estimate. He had limped along the road from the clean-looking little yellow house that he owned not far away on the river-bank, and his mind was upon his errand.

"I come over early to ask the shild wouldn't she come home wit' me an' ate her dinner," said Patrick. "Herself sent me; she's got a great wash the day, last week being so rainy, an' we niver got word of Nora being here till this morning, and then everybody had it that passed by, wondering what got us last night that we weren't there."

"'Twas on the quarter to nine she come," said Uncle Mike, taking up the nar-

ative with importance. "Herself an' me had blown out the light, going to bed, when there come a scuttlin' at the door and I heard a bit of a laugh like the first bird in the morning——"

"Stop where you are, Bridget," says I," continued Mr. Quin, without taking any notice, "'an' I'll take me third leg and walk over and bring Nora down to you.' Bridget's great for the news from home now, for all she was so sharp to be leaving it."

"She brought me a fine present, and the mate of it for yourself," said Mike Duffy. "Two good thorn sticks for the two of us. They're inside in the house."

"A thorn stick, indeed! Did she now?" exclaimed Patrick, with unusual delight. "The poor shild, did she do that now? I've thought manny's the time since I got me lameness how well I'd like one o' those old-fashioned thorn sticks. Me own is one o' them sticks a man'd carry tin years and toss it into a brock at the ind an' not miss it."

"They're good thorn sticks, the both of them," said Mike, complacently. "I don't know 'ill I bring 'em out before she comes."

"Is she a pritty slip of a gerrl, I'd know?" asked Patrick, with increased interest.

"She ain't, then," answered his companion, frankly. "She does be thin as a young grasshopper, and she's red-headed, and she's freckled, too, from the sea, like all them young things comin' over; but she's got a pritty voice, like all her mother's folks, and a quick eye like a bird's. The old-country talk's fresh in her mouth, too, so it is; you'd think you were coming out o' mass some spring morning at home and hearing all the girls whin they'd be chatting and funning at the boys. I do be thinking she's a smart little girl, annyway; look at her off to see the town so early and not back yet, bad manners to her! She'll be wantin' some clothes, I suppose; she's very old-fashioned looking; they does always be wantin' new clothes coming out," and Mike gave an ostentatious sigh and suggestive glance at his brother-in-law.

"Deed, I'm willing to help her get a good start; ain't she me own sister's child?" agreed Patrick Quin, cheerfully. "We've been young ourselves, too. Well, then,



"'Twas Old Mary saw the tears in me eyes then."—Page 740.

'tis bad news of old Mary Donahoe bein' gone at the farm. I always thought if I'd go home how I'd go along the fields to get the great welcome from her. She was one that always liked to hear folks had done well," and he looked down at his comfortable, clean old clothes as if they but reminded him how poor a young fellow he had come away. "I'm very sorry afther Mary; she was a good 'oman, God save her!"

"Faix, it was time for her," insisted

Mike, not without sympathy. "Were you afther wanting her to live forever, the poor soul? An' the shild said she'd the best funeral was ever in the parish of Dunkenny since she remimbered it. What could annyone ask more than that, and she r'aching such an age, the cr'atur'! Stop here awhile an' you'll hear all the tark from Nora; she told over to me all the folks that was there. Where has she gone wit' herself I don't know? Mary Ann!"

he turned his head toward the house and called in a loud, complaining tone ; "where's Nora, annyway?"

"Here's Nora, then," a sweet girlish voice made unexpected reply, and a light young figure flitted from the sidewalk behind him and stood lower down on the green bank.

"What's wanting wit' Nora?" and she stooped quickly like a child to pick some of the dandelions as if she had found gold. She had a sprig of wild-cherry blossom in her dress, which she must have found a good way out in the country.

"Come now, and speak to Patrick Quin, your mother's own brother, that's waiting here for you all this time you've been running over the place," commanded Mr. Duffy, with some severity.

"An' is it me own Uncle Patsy, dear?" exclaimed Nora, with the sweetest brogue and most affectionate sincerity. "Oh, that me mother could see him too!" and she dropped on her knees beside the lame little man and kissed him, and knelt there looking at him with delight, holding his willing hand in both her own.

"An' ain't you got me mother's own looks, too? Oh, Uncle Patsy, is it yourself, dear? I often heard about you, and I brought you me mother's heart's love, 'deed I did then! It's many a lovely present of a pound you've sent us. An' I've got a thorn stick that grew in the hedge, goin' up the little rise of ground above the Wishin' Brook, sir; mother said you'd mind the place well when I told you."

"I do then, me child," said Patrick Quin, with dignity; "'tis manny the day we all played there together, for all we're so scattered now and some dead, too, God rest them! Sure, you're a nice little gerrl, an' I give you great welcome and the hope you'll do well. Come along wit' me now. Your Auntie Biddy's jealous to put her two eyes on you, an' we never getting the news you'd come till late this morning. 'I'll go fetch Nora for you,' says I, to contint her. 'They'll be tarked out at Duffy's by this time,' says I."

"Oh, I'm full o' tark yet!" protested Nora, gayly. "Coom on, then, Uncle Patsy!" and she gave him her strong young hand as he rose.

"An' how do you be likin' Ameriky?"

asked the pleased old man as they walked along.

"I like Ameriky fine," answered the girl, gravely. She was taller than he, though she looked so slender and so young.

"I was very downhearted, too, l'avin' home and me mother, but I'll go back to it some day, God willing, sir; I couldn't die wit'out seeing me mother again. I'm all over the place here since daybreak. I think I'd like work best on the railway," and she turned toward him with a resolved and serious look.

"Wisha! there's no work at all for a girl like you on the Road," said Uncle Patsy, patiently. "You've a bit to learn yet, sure; 'tis the mill you mane."

"There'll be plinty work to do. I always thought at home, when I heard the folks tarking, that I'd get work on the railway when I'd come to Ameriky. Yis, indeed, sir!" continued Nora, earnestly. "I was looking at the mills just now and I heard the great n'ise from them. I'd never be afther shutting mysilf up in anny mill out of the good air. I've no call to go to jail yet in thim mill walls. Perhaps there'd be somebody working next me that I'd never get to like, sir."

There was something so convinced and decided about these arguments, that Uncle Patsy, usually the calm autocrat of his young relatives, had nothing whatever to say. Nora was gently keeping step with his slow gait. She had won his heart once for all when she called him by the old boyish name her mother used forty years before, when they played together by the Wishing Brook.

"I wonder do you know a b'y named Johnny O'Callahan?" inquired Nora, presently, in a somewhat confidential tone; "a pritty b'y that's working on the railway; I seen him last night and I coming here; he ain't a guard at all, but a young fellow that minds the brakes. We stopped a long while out there, somethin' got off the rails; and he adwised wit' me, seeing I was a stranger. He said he knew you, sir."

"Oh, yes, Johnny O'Callahan. I know him well; he's a nice b'y, too," answered Patrick Quin, approvingly.

"Yis, sir, a pritty b'y," said Nora, and her color brightened for an instant, but she said no more.



"An' ain't you got me mother's own looks, too?"—Page 742.

II

MIKE DUFFY and his wife came into the Quins' kitchen one week-day night, dressed in their Sunday clothes; they had been making a visit to their well-married daughter in Lawrence. Patrick Quin's chair was comfortably tipped back against the wall, and Bridget, who looked somewhat gloomy, was putting away the white supper-dishes.

"Where's Nora?" demanded Mike Duffy, after the first salutations.

"You may well say it, I'm afther missing her every hour in the day," lamented Bridget Quin.

"Nora's gone into business on the Road then, so she has," said Patrick, with an air of fond pride. He was smoking in his shirt-sleeves, and his coat lay on the wooden settee at the other side of the room.

"Hand me me old coat there before you sit down; I want me pocket," he commanded, and Mike obeyed. Mary Ann, fresh from her journey, began at once to give a spirited account of her daughter's best room and general equipment for house-keeping, but she suddenly became aware that the tale was of secondary interest. When the narrator stopped for breath there was a polite murmur of admiration, but her husband boldly repeated his question. "Where's Nora?" he insisted, and the Quins looked at each other and laughed.

"Ourselves is old hins that's hatched ducks," confessed Patrick. "Ain't I afther telling you she's gone into trade on the Road?" and he took his pipe from his mouth—that after-supper pipe which neither prosperity nor adversity was apt to interrupt. "She's set up for herself over-right the long switch, down there at Birch Plains. Nora'll soon be rich, the cr'atur'; her mind was on it from the first start; 'twas from one o' them O'Callahan b'ys she got the notion, the night she come here first a greenhorn."

"Well, well, she's lost no time; ain't she got the invintions!" chuckled Michael Duffy, who delighted in the activity of others. "What excuse had she for Birch Plains? There's no town to it."

"'Twas a chance on the Road she mint to have from the first," explained the proud uncle, forgetting his pipe altogether; "'twas that she told me the first day she

came out an' she walking along going home wit' me to her dinner; 'twas the first speech I had wit' Nora. 'Tis the mills you mane?' says I. 'No, no, Uncle Patsy!' says she, 'it ain't the mills at all, at all; 'tis on the Road I'm going.' I t'ought she'd some wild notion she'd soon be laughing at, but she settled down very quiet-like with Auntie Biddy here, knowing yourselves to be going to Lawrence, and I told her stay as long as she had a mind. Wish, she'd an old apron on her in five minutes' time, an' took hold wit' the wash, and wint singing like a blackbird out in the yard at the line. 'Sit down, Auntie!' says she; 'you're not so light-stepping as me, an' I'll tell you all the news from home; an' I'll get the dinner, too, when I've done this,' says she. Wish, but she's the good cook for such a young thing; 'tis Bridget says it as well as meself. She made a stew that day; 'twas like the ones her mother made Sundays, she said, if they'd be lucky in getting a piece of meat; 'twas a fine-tasting stew, too; she thinks we're all rich over here. 'So we are, me dear!' says I, 'but everyone don't have the sinse to believe it.'"

"Spake for yourselves!" exclaimed one of the listeners. "You do be like Father Ross, always pr'achin' that we'd best want less than want more. He takes honest folks for fools, poor man," said Mary Ann Duffy, who had no patience at any time with new ideas.

"An' so she wint on the next two or t'ree days," said Patrick, approvingly, without noticing the interruption, "being as quiet as you'd ask, and being said by her aunt in everything; and she wouldn't let on she was homesick, but she'd no tark of anything but the folks at Dunkinny. When there'd be nothing to do for an hour she'd slip out and be gone wit' herself for a little while, and be very still comin' in. Last Thursday, after supper, she ran out; but by the time I'd done me pipe, back she came flying in at the door.

"I'm going off to a place called Birch Plains to-morrow morning, on the nine, Uncle Patsy," says she; 'do you know where it is?' says she. 'I do,' says I; 'twas not far from it I broke me leg wit' the dam' derrick. 'Twas to Jerry Ryan's house they took me first. There's no town there at all; 'tis the only house in it; Ryan's the switchman.'



"She writes a good hand, too."—Page 746.

" 'Would they take me to lodge for a while, I'd know?' says she, havin' great business. 'What'd ye be afther in a place like that?' says I. 'Ryan's got girls himself, an' they're all here in the mills, goin' home Saturday nights, 'less there's some show or some dance. There's no money out there.' She laughed then an' wint back to the door, and in come Mickey Dunn from McLoughlin's store, lugging the size of himself of bundles. 'What's all this?' says I; 'tain't here they belong; I bought nothing to-day.' 'Don't be scolding!' says she, and Mickey got out of it laughing. 'I'm going to be cooking for meself in the morning!' says she, with her head on one side, like a cock-sparrow. 'You lind me the price o' the fire and I'll pay you in cakes,' says she, and off she wint then to bed. 'Twas before day I heard her at the stove, and I smelt a baking that made me want to go find it, and when I come out in the kitchen she'd the table covered with her cakeens, large and small. 'What's all this whillalu, me topknot,

thin?' says I. 'Ate that,' says she, and hopped back to the oven-door. Her aunt come out then, scolding fine, and whin she saw the great baking she dropped down in a chair like she'd faint and her breath all gone. 'We 'ont ate them in ten days,' says she; 'no, not till the blue mould has struck them all, God help us!' says she. 'Don't bother me,' says Nora; 'I'm goin' off with them all on the nine. Uncle Patsy'll help me wit' me basket.'

" 'Uncle Patsy 'ont now,' says Bridget. Faix, I thought she was up with one o' them t'ree days' scolds she'd have when she was young and the childre' all the one size. You could hear the bawls of her a mile away.

" 'Whishper, dear,' says Nora; 'I don't want to be livin' on anny of me folks, and Johnny O'Callahan said all the b'ys was wishing there was somebody would kape a clane little place out there at Birch Plains—with something to ate and the like of a cup of tay. He says 'tis a good little chance; them big trains does all be wait-

ing there tin minutes and fifteen minutes at a time, and everybody's hungry. "I'll thry me luck for a couple o' days," says I; "'tis no harm, an' I've tin shillings o' me own that Father Daley gave me wit' a grand blessing and I l'aving home behind me.' "

"'What tark you have of Johnny O'Callahan,' says I.

"Look at this now!" continued the proud uncle, while Aunt Biddy sat triumphantly watching the astonished audience; "'tis a letter I got from the shild last Friday night," and he brought up a small piece of paper from his coat-pocket. "She writes a good hand, too. 'Dear Uncle Patsy,' says she, 'this leaves me well, thanks beto God. I'm doing the roaring trade with me cakes; all Ryan's little boys is selling on the trains. I took one pound three the first day, 'twas a great excursion train got stuck fast and they'd a hot box on a wheel keeping them an hour and two more trains stopping for them, 'twould be a very pleasant day in the old country that anybody'd take a pound and three shillings. Dear Uncle Patsy, I want a whole half-barrel of that same flour and ten pounds of sugar and I'll pay it back on Sunday. I sind respects and duty to Auntie Bridget and all friends, this l'aves me in great haste. I wrote me dear mother last night and sint her me first pound, God bless her.' "

"Look at that for you now!" exclaimed Mike Duffy. "Didn't I tell every-one here she was fine an' smart?"

"She'll be soon President of the Road," announced Aunt Mary Ann, who, having been energetic herself, was pleased to recognize the same quality in others.

"She don't be so afraid of the worruk as the worruk's afraid of her," said Aunt Bridget, admiringly. "She'll have her fling for awhile and be glad to go in and get a good chance in the mill, and be kaping her plants in the weave-room windows this winter with the rest of the girls. Come, tell us all about Elleneen and the baby. I ain't heard a word about Lawrence yet," she added, politely.

"Ellen's doing fine, an' it's a pritty baby. She's got a good husband, too, that l'aves her her own way and the keep of his money every Saturday night," said Mary Ann, and the little company pro-

ceeded to the discussion of a new and hardly less interesting subject. But before they parted they spoke again of Nora.

"She's a fine, crabbed little gerrl, that little Nora," said Mr. Michael Duffy.

"Thank God, none o' me childre' is red-headed on me; they're no more to be let an' held than a flick o' fire," said Aunt Mary Ann. "Who'd ever take the notion to be setting up business out there on the Birchy Plains?"

"Ryan's folks'll look after her, sure, the same as ourselves," insisted Uncle Patsy, hopefully, as he lighted his pipe again. It was like a summer night, the kitchen windows were all open, the month of May was nearly at an end, and there was a sober croaking of frogs in the low fields that lay beyond the village.

III

"WHERE'S Nora?" Young Johnny O'Callahan was asking the question; the express had stopped for water, and he seemed to be the only passenger; this was his day off.

Mrs. Ryan was sitting on her doorstep to rest in the early evening; her husband had been promoted from switch-tender to boss of the great water-tank which was just beginning to be used, and there was talk of further improvements and promotions at Birch Plains; but the good-natured wife sensibly declared that the better off a woman was, the harder she always had to work.

She took a long look at Johnny, who was dressed even more carefully than if it were a pleasant Sunday.

"This don't be your train, annyway," she answered, in a meditative tone. "How come you here now all so fine, I'd like to know, riding in the cars like a lord; ain't you brakeman yet on old twinty-four?"

"'Deed I am, Mrs. Ryan; you wouldn't be afther grudging a boy his day off? Where's Nora?"

"She's gone up the road a bitteen," said Mrs. Ryan, as if she suddenly turned to practical affairs. "She's worked hard the day, poor shild! and she took the cool of the evening, and the last bun she had left, and wint away with herself. I kep' the taypot on the stove for her, but she'd have none at all, at all!"

The young man turned away, and Mrs. Ryan looked after him with an indulgent smile. "He's a pritty b'y," she said. "I'd like well if he'd give a look at one o' me own gerrls; Julia, now, would look well walking with him, she's so dark. He's got money saved. I saw the first day he come after the cakeens 'twas the one that baked them was in his mind. She's lucky, is Nora; well, I'm glad of it."

It was fast growing dark, and Johnny's

eyes were still dazzled by the bright lights of the train as he stepped briskly along the narrow country road. The more he had seen Nora and the better he liked her, the less she would have to say to him, and tonight he meant to find her and have a talk. He had only succeeded in getting half a dozen words at a time since the night of their first meeting on the slow train, when she had gladly recognized the peculiar brogue of her own country-side, as Johnny



Nora had a good sisterly work-basket ready.—Page 753.

called the names of the stations, and Johnny's quick eyes had seen the tired-looking, uncertain, yet cheerful little greenhorn in the corner of the car, and asked if she were not the niece that was coming out to Mrs. Duffy. He had watched the growth of her business with delight, and heard praises of the cakes and buns with willing ears; was it not his own suggestion that had laid the foundation of Nora's prosperity? Since their first meeting they had always greeted each other like old friends, but Nora grew more and more willing to talk with any of her breathless customers who hurried up the steep bank from the trains than with him. She would never take any pay for her wares from him, and for a week he had stopped coming himself and sent his money for the cakes by a friend; but one day poor Johnny's heart could not resist the temptation of going with the rest, and Nora had given him a happy look, straightforward and significant. There was no time for a word, but she picked out a crusty bun and he took it and ran back without offering to pay. It was the best bun that a man ever ate. Nora was two months out now, and he had never walked with her an evening yet.

The shadows were thick under a long row of willows, there was a new moon, and a faint glow in the west still lit the sky. Johnny walked on the grassy roadside with his ears keen to hear the noise of a betraying pebble under Nora's light foot. Presently his heart beat loud and all out of time as a young voice began to sing a little way beyond.

Nora was walking slowly away, but Johnny stopped still to listen. She was singing "A Blacksmith Courtied Me," one of the quaintest and sweetest of the old-country songs, as she strolled along in the soft-aired summer night. By the time she came to "My love's gone along the fields," Johnny hurried on to overtake her; he could hear the other verses some other time—the bird was even sweeter than the voice.

Nora was startled for a moment, and stopped singing, as if she were truly a bird in a bush, but she did not flutter away. "Is it yourself, Mister Johnny?" she asked, soberly, as if the frank affection of the song had not been assumed.

"It's meself," answered Johnny, with

equal discretion. "I come out for a mout'ful of air; it's very hot inside in the town. Days off are well enough in winter, but in summer you get a fine air on the train. 'Twas well we both took the same direction. How is the business? All the b'ys are saying they'd be lost without it; sure there ain't a stomach of them but wants its bun, and they cried the length of the Road that day the thunder spoiled the baking."

"Take this," said Nora, as if she spoke to a child; "there's a fine crust of sugar on the top. 'Tis one I brought out for me little supper, but I'm so pleased wit' bein' rich that I've no need at all for 'ating. An' I'm as tired as I'm rich," she added, with a sigh; "'tis few can say the same in this lazy land."

"Sure, let's ate it together; 'tis a big little cakeen," urged Johnny, breaking the bun and anxiously offering Nora the larger piece. "I can like the taste of anything better by halves if I've got company. You ought to have a good supper of tay and a piece of steak and some potaties rather than this! Don't be giving yourself nothing but the saved cakes an' you working so hard!"

"'Tis plinty days I'd a poorer supper when I was at home," said Nora, sadly; "me father dying so young and all of us begging at me mother's skirts. It's all me thought how will I get rich and give me mother all the fine things that's in the world. I wish I'd come over sooner, but it broke my heart whinever I'd think of being out of sight of her face. She looks old now, me mother does."

Nora may have been touched by Johnny's affectionate interest in her supper; she forgot all her shyness and drew nearer to him as they walked along, and he drew a little closer to her.

"My mother is dead these two years," he said, simply. "It makes a man be very lonesome when his mother's dead. I board with my sister that's married; I'm not much there at all. I do be thinking I'd like a house of my own. I've plinty saved for it."

"I said in the first of coming out that I'd go home again when I had fifty pounds," said Nora, hastily, and taking the otherside of the narrow road. "I've got a piece of it already, and I've sent back more beside. I thought I'd be gone two years, but some days I think I won't be so long as that."



"Have courage, boys; 'twon't be long first; this one'll be selling them for me."—Page 753.

"Why don't you be after getting your mother out? 'Tis so warm in the winter in a good house, and no dampness like there does be at home; and her brother and her sister both being here." There was deep anxiety in Johnny's voice.

"Oh, I don't know indeed!" said Nora. "She's very wake-hearted, is me mother; she'd die coming away from the old place and going to sea. No, I'm going to work meself and go home; I'll have presents, too, for everybody along the road, and the children'll be running and skrieghing after me, and they'll all get sweeties from me. 'Tis a very poor neighborhood where we live, but a lovely sight of the say. It ain't often anybody comes home to it, but 'twill be a great day then, and the poor old folks 'll all be calling after me: 'Where's Nora?' 'Show me Nora!' 'Nora, sure, what have you got for me?' I 'ont forget one of them aither, God helping me!" said Nora, in a passion of tenderness and pity. "And oh, Johnny, then afther that I'll see me mother in the door!"

Johnny was so close at her side that she

slipped her hand into his, and neither of them stopped to think about so sweet and natural a pleasure. "I'd like well to help you, me darlin'," said Johnny.

"Sure, an' wasn't it yourself gave me all me good fortune?" exclaimed Nora. "I'd be hard-hearted an' I forgot that so soon and you a Kerry boy, and me mother often sp'aking of your mother's folks before ever I thought of coming out!"

"Sure, and wouldn't you spake the good word to your mother about me sometime, dear?" pleaded Johnny, openly taking the part of lover. Nora's hand was still in his; they were walking slowly in the summer night. "I loved you the first word I heard out of your mouth—'twas like a thrush from home singing to me there in the train. I said when I got home that night I'd think of no other girl till the day I died."

"Oh!" said Nora, frightened with the change of his voice. "Oh, Johnny, 'tis too soon. We never walked out this way before; you'll have to wait for me; perhaps you'd soon be tired of poor Nora, and the likes of one that's all for saving and go-

ing home! You'll marry a prittier girl than me some day," she faltered, and let go his hand.

"Indeed, I won't, then," insisted Johnny O'Callahan, stoutly.

"Will you let me go home to see me mother?" said Nora, soberly. "I'm after being very homesick, 'tis the truth for me. I'd lose all me courage if it wa'n't for the hope of that."

"I will, indeed," said Johnny, honestly.

Nora put out her hand again, of her own accord. "I'll not say no, then," she whispered in the dark. "I can't work long unless I do be happy, and—well, leave me free till the month's end and maybe then I'll say yes. Stop, stop!" she let go Johnny's hand, and hurried along by herself in the road, Johnny in a transport of happiness walking very fast to keep up. She reached a knoll where he could see her slender shape against the dim western sky. "Wait till I tell you; *whisper!*" said Nora, eagerly. "You know there were some of the managers of the road, the superintendents and all those big ones, came to Birch Plains yesterday?"

"I did be hearing something," said Johnny, wondering.

"There was a quiet-spoken, nice old gentleman came asking me at the door for something to eat and I being there baking; 'tis my time in the morning whin the early trains does be gone and I've a fine stretch till the expresses are beginnin' to screech—the tin and the tin-thirty-two, and the Flying Aigle. I was in a great hurry with word of an excursion coming in the afternoon and me stock very low; I'd been baking since four o'clock. He'd no coat on him, 'twas very warm; and I thought 'twas some tramp. Lucky for me I looked again and I said, 'What are you wanting, sir?' and then I saw he'd a beautiful shirt on him, and was very quiet and pleasant."

"'I came away wit'out me breakfast,' says he. 'Can you give me something without too much throuble?' says he. 'Do you have anny of those buns there that I hear the men talking about?'"

"'There's buns there, sir,' says I, 'and I'll make you a cup of tay or a cup of coffee as quick as I can,' says I, being pleased at the b'ys giving me buns a good name to the likes of him. He was very hungry, too, poor man, an' I ran to Mrs. Ryan to

see if she'd a piece of beefsteak, and my luck ran before me. He sat down in me little place and enjoyed himself well."

"'I had no such breakfast in tin years, me dear,' said he at the last, very quiet and thankful, and he l'aned back in the chair to rest him, and I cleared away, being in the great hurry, and he asking me how I come there, and I tolt him, and how long I'd been out, and I said it was two months and a piece, and she being always in me heart I spoke of me mother, and all me great hopes."

"Then he sat and thought as if his mind wint to his own business, and I wint on wit' me baking. Says he to me after awhile, 'We're going to build a branch road across country to connect with the great mountain-roads,' says he; 'the junction's going to be right here; 'twill give you a big market for your buns. There'll be a lunch-counter in the new station; do you think you could run it?' says he, sp'aking very sober."

"'I'd do my best, sir, annyway,' says I. 'I'd look out for the best of help. Do you know Patrick Quin, sir, that was hurt on the Road and gets a pinsion, sir?'"

"'I do,' says he; 'one of the best men that ever worked for this company,' says he."

"'He's me mother's own brother, then, an' he'll stand by me,' says I; and he asked me me name and wrote it down in a book he got out of the pocket of him. 'You shall have the place if you want it,' says he; 'I won't forget,' and off he wint as quiet as he came."

"Tell me who was it?" said Johnny O'Callahan, listening eagerly.

"Mr. Ryan come tumbling in the next minute, spattered with water from the tank. 'Well, then,' says he, 'is your fine company gone?'"

"'He is,' says I. 'I don't know, is it some superintendent? He's a nice man, Mr. Ryan, whoiver he is,' says I."

"'Tis the General Manager of the Road,' says he; 'that's who he is, sure!'"

"My apron was all flour and I was in a great rage wit' so much to do, but I did the best I could for him. I'd do the same for anyone so hungry," concluded Nora, modestly.

"Ain't you got the Queen's luck!" exclaimed Johnny, admiringly. "Your fort-



It seemed as if the return of one prosperous child gave joy to the whole landscape. — Page 754



"Oh, me mother, me mother!" cried Nora.—Page 755.

une's made, me dear. I'll have to come off the road to help you."

"Oh, two good trades'll be better than one!" answered Nora, gayly, "and the big station nor yet the branch road aren't building yet."

"What a fine little head you've got," said Johnny, as they reached the house where the Ryans lived, and the train was whistling that he meant to take back to town. "Good-night, annyway, Nora; nobody'd know from the size of your head there could be so much inside in it!"

"I'm lucky, too," announced Nora, serenely. "No, I won't give you me word till the ind of the month. You may be seeing another gerrl before that, and calling me the red-headed sparrow. No, I'll

wait a little while and see if the two of us can't do better. Come, run away, Johnny. I'll drop asleep in the road; I'm up since four o'clock making me little cakes for plinty b'ys like you."

The Ryans were all abed and asleep, but there was a lamp burning in the kitchen. Nora blew it out as she stole into her hot little room. She had waited, talking eagerly with Johnny, until they saw the headlight of the express like a star, far down the long line of double track.

IV

THE summer was not ended before all the railroad men knew about Johnny O'Callahan's wedding and all his good fort-

une. They boarded at the Ryans' at first, but late in the evenings Johnny and his wife were at work, building as if they were birds. First, there was a shed with a broad counter for the cakes and a table or two, and the boys did not fail to notice that Nora had a good sisterly work-basket ready and was quick to see that a useful button was off or a stitch needed. The next fortnight saw a room added to this, where Nora had her own stove, and cooking went on steadily. Then there was another room with white muslin curtains at the windows, and scarlet-runner beans made haste to twine themselves to a line of strings for shade. Johnny would unload a few clean pine boards from the freight train, and within a day or two they seemed to be turned into a wing of the small castle by some easy magic. The boys used to lay wagers and keep watch, and there was a cheer out of the engine-cab and all along the platforms one day when a tidy sty first appeared and a neat pig poked his nose through the fence of it. The buns and biscuits grew famous; customers sent for them from the towns up and down the long railroad line, and the story of thrifty, kind-hearted little Nora, and her steady young husband was known to a surprising number of persons. When the branch road was begun, Nora and Johnny took a few of their particular friends to board, and business was further increased. On Sundays they always went into town to mass and visited their uncles and aunts and Johnny's sister. Nora never said that she was tired, and almost never was cross. She counted her money every Saturday night, and took it to Uncle Patsy to put into the bank. She had long talks about her mother with Uncle Patsy, and he always wrote home for her when she had no time. Many a pound went across the sea in the letters, and so another summer came; and one morning when Johnny's train stopped, Nora stood at the door of the little house and held a baby in her arms for all the boys to see. She was white as a ghost and as happy as a queen. "I'll be making the buns again pretty soon," she cried, cheerfully. "Have courage, boys; 'twon't be long first; this one'll be selling them for me on the Flying Aigle, don't you forget it!" And there was a great ringing of the engine-bell a moment after, when the train started.

V

It was many and many a long month after this that an old man and a young woman and a baby were journeying in a side-car along one of the smooth Irish roads into County Kerry. They had left the railroad an hour before; they had landed early that morning at the Cove of Cork. The side-car was laden deep with bundles and boxes, but the old horse trotted briskly along until the gossoon who was driving turned into a cart-track that led through a furzy piece of wild pasture-ground up toward the dark rain-clouded hills.

"See, over there's Kinmare!" said the old man, looking back. "Manny's the day I've trudged it and home again. Oh, I know all this country; I knew it well whin ayther of you wa'n't born!"

"God be thanked, you did, sir!" responded the gossoon, with fervent admiration. He was a pleasant-looking lad in a ragged old coat and an absolutely roofless hat, through which his bright hair waved in the summer wind. "Och, but the folks'll be looking out of all the doors to see you come. I'll be afther saying I never drove anny party with so rich a heart; there ain't a poor soul that asked a pinny of us since we left Bantry but she's got the shillin'. Look a' the flock coming now, sir, out of that house. There's the four-legged lady that pays the rint watchin' afther them from the door, too. They think you're a gintleman that's shootin', I suppose. 'Tis Tom Flaherty's house, poor crathur; he died last winter, God rest him; 'twas very inconvanient for him an' everyone at the time, wit' snow on the ground and a great dale of sickness and distress. Father Daley, poor man, had to go to the hospital in Dublin wit' himself to get a leg cut off, and we'd nothing but rain out of the sky after that till all the stones in the road was floatin' to the top."

"Son of old John Flaherty, I suppose?" asked the traveller, with a knowing air, after he had given the eager children some pennies, and gingerbread out of a great package. One of the older girls knew Nora and jumped to the spare seat at her side to join the company. "Son of old John Flaherty, I suppose, that was there

before? There was Flahertys there and I l'aving home more than thirty-five years ago."

"Sure there's plinty Flahertys in it now, glory be to God!" answered the char-ioteer with enthusiasm. "I'd have no mother meself but for the Flahertys." He leaped down to lead the stumbling horse past a deep rut and some loose stones, and beckoned the little girl sternly from her proud seat. "Run home, now!" he said as she obeyed; "I'll give you a fine drive an' I coming down the hill;" but she had joined the travellers with full intent and trotted gayly alongside like a little dog.

The old passenger whispered to his companion that they'd best double the gossoon's money, or warm it with two or three shillings extra, at least, and Nora nodded her prompt approval. "The old folks are all getting away; we'd best give a bitteen to the young ones they've left afther them," said Uncle Patsy, by way of excuse. "Och, there's more beggars between here and Queenstown than you'd find in the whole of Ameriky."

It seemed to Nora as if her purseful of money were warm against her breast, like another heart; the sixpences in her pocket all felt warm to her fingers and hopped by themselves into the pleading hands that were stretched out all along the way. The sweet clamor of the Irish voices, the ready blessings, the frank requests to those returning from America with their fortunes made, were all delightful to her ears. How she had dreamed of this day, and now the sun and shadows were chasing each other over these upland fields at last. How close the sea looked to the dark hills! It seemed as if the return of one prosperous child gave joy to the whole landscape. It was the old country the same as ever—old Mother Ireland in her green gown, and the warm heart of her ready and unforgetting. As for Nora, she could only leave a wake of silver sixpences behind her, and when these were done a duller trail of ha'pennies; and the air was full of blessings as she passed along the road to Dunkenny.

By this time Nora had stopped talking and laughing. At first everybody on the road seemed like her near relation, but the

last minutes seemed like hours, and now and then a tear went shining down her cheek. The old man's lips were moving, he was saying a prayer without knowing it; they were almost within sight of home. The poor little white houses, with their high gable-ends and weather-beaten thatch, that stood about the fields among the green hedges, the light shower that suddenly fell out of the clear sky overhead, made an old man's heart tremble in his breast. Round the next slope of the hill they should see the old place.

The wheel-track stopped where you turned off to go to the Donahoe farm, but no old Mary was there to give friendly welcome. The old man got stiffly down from the side-car and limped past the gate with a sigh; but Nora hurried ahead, carrying the big baby, not because he couldn't walk but because he could. The young son had inherited his mother's active disposition, and would run straight away like a spider the minute his feet were set to the ground. Now and then, at the sight of a bird or a flower in the grass, he struggled to get down. "Whisht, now!" Nora would say, "and aren't you going to see Granny indeed? Keep aisy now, darlin'!"

The old heart and the young heart were beating alike as these exiles followed the narrow footpath round the shoulder of the great hill; they could hear the lambs bleat and the tinkling of the sheep-bells that sweet May morning. From the lower hill-side came the sound of voices. The neighbors had seen them pass, and were calling to each other across the fields. Oh, it was home, home! the sight of it, and the smell of the salt air and the flowers in the bog, the look of the early white mushrooms in the sod, and the song of the larks overhead and the blackbirds in the hedges! Poor Ireland was gay-hearted in the spring weather, and Nora was there at last. "Oh, thank God, we're safe home!" she said again. "Look, here's the Wishing Brook; d'ye mind it?" she called back to the old man.

"I mind everything the day, no fear for me," said Patrick Quin.

The great hill-side before them sloped up to meet the blue sky, the golden gorse spread its splendid tapestry against the green pasture. There was the tiny house, the one house in Ireland for Nora; its very

windows watched her coming. A whiff of turf-smoke flickered above the chimney, the white walls were as white as the clouds above; there was a figure moving about inside the house, and a bent little woman in her white frilled cap and a small red shawl pinned about her shoulders came and stood in the door.

"Oh, me mother, me mother!" cried Nora; then she dropped the baby in the soft grass, and flew like a pigeon up the hill and into her mother's arms.

VI

THE gossoon was equal to emergencies; he put down his heavier burden of goods and picked up the baby, lest it might run back to America. "God be praised, what's this coming after ye?" exclaimed the mother, while Nora, weeping for joy, ran past her into the house. "Oh, God bless the shild that I thought I'd never see. Oh!" and she looked again at the stranger, the breathless old man with the thorn stick, whom everybody had left behind. "'Tis me brother Patsy! Oh, me heart's broke wit' joy!" and she fell on her knees among the daisies.

"It's mesilf, then!" said Mr. Patrick Quin. "How are ye the day, Mary? I always t'ought I'd see home again, but 'twas Nora enticed me now. Johnny O'Callahan's a good son to ye; he'd liked well to come with us, but he gets short l'ave on the Road, and he's a good, steady job; he'll see after the business, too, while we're gone; no, I couldn't let the two childer cross the say alone. Coom now, don't be sayin' anny more prayers; sure, we'll be saying them together in the old church coom Sunday."

"There, don't cry, Mary, don't cry,

now! Coom in in the house. Sure, all the folks sint their remimbrance, and hoped you'd come back with us and stay a long while. That's our intintion, too, for you," continued Patrick, none the less tearful himself because he was so full of fine importance; but nobody could stop to listen after the first moment, and the brother and sister were both crying faster than they could talk. A minute later the spirit of the hostess rose to her great occasion.

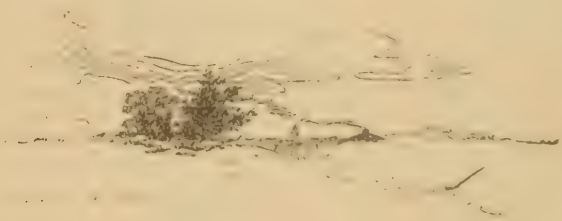
"Go, chase those white hins," Nora's mother commanded the gossoon, who had started back to bring up more of the rich-looking bundles from the side-car. "Run them up-hill now, or they'll fly down to Kinmare. Go now, while I stir up me fire and make a cup o' tay. 'Tis the laste I can do whin me folks is afther coming so far!"

"God save all here!" said Uncle Patsy, devoutly, as he stepped into the house. There sat little Nora with the tired baby in her arms; to tell the truth she was crying now for lack of Johnny. She looked pale, but her eyes were shining, and a ray of sunlight fell through the door and brightened her red hair. She looked quite beautiful and radiant as she sat there.

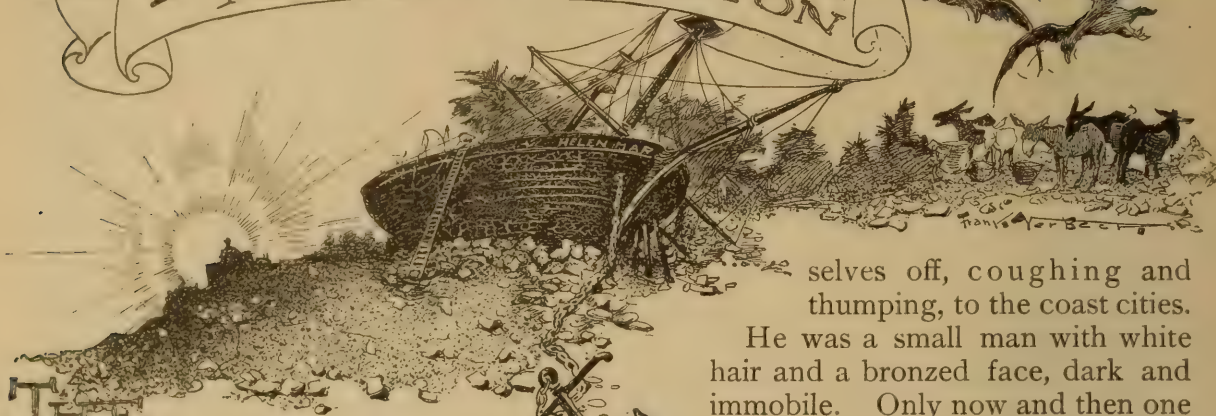
"Well, Nora, ye're here, ain't you?" said the old man.

"Only this morning," said the mother, "whin I opened me eyes I says to mesilf: 'Where's Nora?' says I; 'she do be so long wit'out writing home to me;' look at her now by me own fire! Wisha, but what's all this whillalu and stramach down by the brook? Oh, see now! the folks have got word; all the folks is here! Coom out to them, Nora; give me the shild; coom out, Patsy boy!"

"Where's Nora? Where's Nora?" they could hear the loud cry coming, as all the neighbors hurried up the hill.



THE HOTEL AT PESCADORES BY ARTHUR COLTON



THE

LITTLE island lies away from the mainland, facing the south-eastern sea. You cannot anywhere upon it escape the sea. You may creep into a hollow a mile from either shore, but the salt smell comes after and the rhythm of the sea runs underground. They whitewash the houses and tree-trunks; they build stone walls of one thickness that stand against the sky-line like a skeleton ship, and beside these skeleton walls grows a strange blue flower.

We met on the southern bluffs every morning, the Captain and I, near the brick light-house, where the dismal fog-horn hooted in suitable weather. For he stayed at the Bay-view House, and did two things daily—in the morning he came across the island to the south bluffs, and in the afternoon went down among the wharves to see the men come in from the fishing, and sometimes waited till the night steamers cleared at seven o'clock and took them-

selves off, coughing and thumping, to the coast cities.

He was a small man with white hair and a bronzed face, dark and immobile. Only now and then one would catch from his eyes the shrewd amused look one knows so well, belonging to New England and its western parallels. We came to the bluffs at nine o'clock punctually, saying:

"Good-morning, Captain."

"Good-morning."

"It's fair to-day."

"Um, aye, fair to-day."

And below the boats at the blue-fishing looked for all the world like a swarm of insects, with wings up, asleep on the flat sea.

He told me of different things which happened in his life, and I'm thinking some of them were true and some of them maybe not; but it did not seem right to ask him which of them were not. And as to this, now, anyone can make up his mind by the way.

It began with:

"Good-morning, Captain."

"Good-morning."

"It's fair to-day."

"Um, aye, fair to-day."

"You were telling me that on a time you kept a hotel. But maybe it was like the Bayview."

"Um, no, not like the Bayview."

"Sea-side?"

"Um, no, inland a bit."

"Summer hotel?"

"Um, aye, summer hotel. Always summer there."

"Oh! Then I suppose it paid money."

"Aye, it paid money. It was in South America."



Captain Raul Buckingham

The Hotel at Pescadores

"Oh, South America."

"But she was put up in New Bedford. Smith & Morgan built her in New Bedford, and I ran her in South America."

"Look here—well, now, is it usual to build hotels for export to South America?"

"Um, no, not usual. Um, there ain't any real steady trade in 'em."

He was an interesting man, Captain Rand Buckingham. I never cared much whether his yarns were true or not.

"I was second mate," he said, "on the Helen Mar, merchantman, and that was in '53. I was a young 'un then, and I left a girl to wait for me in Guilford, like most when they're young 'uns and go to sea. I shipped second mate on the Helen Mar.

"She was a big clean boat. Most boats trading round the Horn to Peru in those days would take a charter on the Gulf Stream to clean 'em well, on account of carrying guano. Aye, I see guano forty foot thick on the Chincha Islands. But the Helen Mar wouldn't carry guano, and charged freightage according, being clean. Dry-goods she carried, linens and cottons, tinware, shoes. Um, there was an outfit and furniture for a Brazilian planter's house, including three baby carriages, and a consignment of silk stockings and patent medicines to Buenos Ayres. She carried variety to educate a dictionary, she did.

"And then in October we lay to at the harbor of a shiftless town named Pescadores, in Peru, a little city among the sand-bunkers. It was a good harbor, too, at the end of a pass over the Cordilleras, and a mule-road through the same. And over the mule-road they brought rubber gum and cocoa bark from beyond somewhere, beyond the mountains, brought it in packs on mules, strings of mules with bells on their collars. And there we came to anchor the 16th of October, '53.

"My partner in that hotel, Stevey Todd, he called it

'pesky Pescadores,'

but it wasn't bad to

lie in the harbor, with everything so lazy, so dead

asleep. The pack-mules were due by agreement a week before, and that was

why naturally they wouldn't

come till a week

after. Um, they

say 'Mañana'

down there when

you want any-

thing done, and

they say that

means 'to-mor-

row,' but it don't;

it means next

week or some oth-

er time. That's

the way of it in

South America

with all but the

politics and the

climate. And the

politics and the

climate are like this. When

they're quiet, they're all dead and dreamy-

like; and when they ain't

quiet, politics is revolutions

and guns, and the climate is

letting off stray volcanoes

and shaking up earthquakes,

and—good land! That's

queer about South America.

"Anyway, it was dead quiet

in the harbor all those days.

Captain Goodwin, he was

master, and Stevey Todd was

cook. Fifteen men there

were, all told, on the Helen

Mar, when they were all

there, which wasn't often in

the harbor of Pescadores.

"I don't know, it's a town

of ten thousand maybe, and

a valley comes down beside

it. All the shore country on

each side was bluffs like these,

and sand-bunkers, and part

of the town on the bluffs; but

the valley was green and

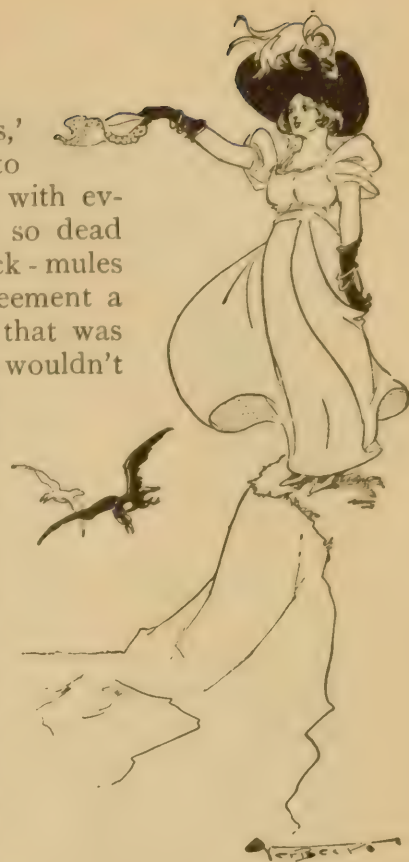
good for the eyes to look at.

The Rio Pescadores came

down it, good snow-water

from the nearer Andes. You

could look straight up it from



"I left a girl to wait for me."



"Stevy Todd came out of the galley to tell him his mangoes were no good."—Page 758.

The Hotel at Pescadores



"I never see a scareder cook."

the Helen Mar, with the river plumb in the middle, till it bumped into some low steep mountains; and what happened there wasn't clear to the Helen Mar at that time. But beyond were six peaks of the Andes, and four of 'em were white and two blue-black in the distance, with little white caps of mist over them. The biggest of the black ones was the

Sarasara, which was a nasty volcano. A little old skinny boatman told us so.

"'Si, Señor. Oh, la Sarasara!'

"His name was Cuco. He sold us bananas and mangoes, and he was drowned afterward, I expect. The Sarasara was a gay old bird. Fifteen good men on the Helen Mar, and none of 'em are around anywhere now, barring me.

"I recollect it came the 23d of October, and Captain Goodwin and the rest, except Stevey Todd and me, were gone ashore; and Cuco came out in his boat, putting it under the side and crying up to us to buy his mangoes.

"If you sail much about the seas you find there's a difference in the nature of 'em. And my notion is, the Pacific is terrible old, and she's terrible big and lazy and slow. The Atlantic, if you notice, she's thin and long, and appears to keep hustling mostly. But the Pacific don't know where she begins or ends by some thousands of miles, and she don't care; and when you've sailed on her from year to year there's nothing like her. Um, she has

tantrums on and off. Only I think of her myself like there in the harbor of Pescadores, looking lazy out to where the little waves are blinking at the sky-line, and Cuco a-calling up to buy his mangoes. Nice little Injun, he was. Stevey Todd come out of the galley to tell him his mangoes were no good, by way of conversation, because they were good enough. And Cuco laughed.

"'Si, Señor,' says he, 'look! ver' good.'

"Then he nodded toward the shore. 'La Sarasara! ah, la Sarasara!' laughing and holding up his mangoes.

"The mist-cap over the Sarasara was blacker than usual that day and uncommon big, it looked to me. And now it was a-going up and a-spreading out like it had a new idea.

"In a minute Stevey Todd gave a kind of grunt.

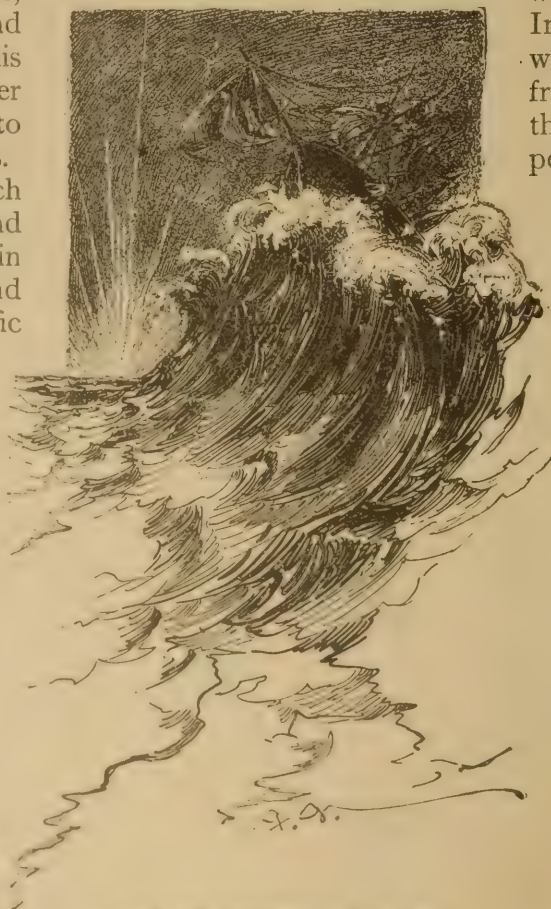
"'Aw,' says he, 'that's a-comin' it too strong. There's somethin' a-suckin' the water out o' the harbor.'

"And there was the Helen Mar, all of a sudden tugging at her anchor, with the water going by her like a mill-race. Cuco was gone, the poor little Injun, and on shore there were folks running away from the wharves and the river toward the upper town.

"I see the trees swaying, though there wasn't any wind, and a brick building fell down near the water.

"Then Stevey Todd whirled round and flung up his hands. 'Oh!' says he. 'Oh! oh!'

"I never see a scareder cook, for he dropped on the deck and clapped his legs around a capstan and screamed. And Lord! Lord! the whole Pacific Ocean was a-heaving out its chest, and a-comin' on. Eighty foot high, they put it. I took an offhand



"She has tantrums on and off."



"We were bound for the Andes, sixty miles an hour."

guess, it was two hundred, and tied myself around another capstan, and I says to myself: 'It's good-night, my girl Annie, in Guilford.'

"That was a tidal wave, and you've heard about them before. She broke into surf about an eighth of a mile out, and came on us in a tumble of foam, hissing and roaring like a loose menagerie along with a lot of cannons and steam-whistles. And down she comes on the Helen Mar, and up goes the Helen Mar, climbing through the foam. Me, I hung onto that capstan.

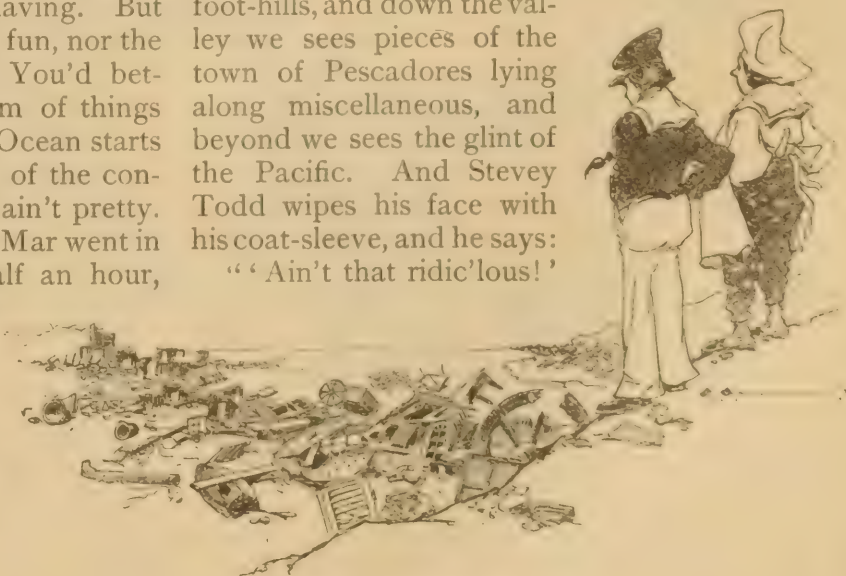
"The next thing I knew we were shooting past the upper town, bow on, up the valley of the Pescadores, and there wasn't any more lower town; and we were bound for the Andes, sixty miles an hour, the crest of the wave a few rods ahead. The air was full of spray, but I see old Sarasara having a beautiful time, a-spitting things out of her mouth; and it looked to me like she was wagging her head and teetering on her toes with the fun she was having. But the Helen Mar wasn't having fun, nor the cook, nor the second mate. You'd better believe it, when the bottom of things gives a heave, and the Pacific Ocean starts cross lots a-visiting the inside of the continent, she raises Ned, and it ain't pretty.

"It was ten miles the Helen Mar went in twenty minutes, or maybe half an hour, seeing she went slow toward the end. And by and by she hit bottom, and keeled against a bunch of old willow-trees on the high bank of the river, and lay still, or swayed a little with the water

swashing in her hold. Right ahead were the foot-hills of the Cordilleras, and the gorge where the Pescadores came down, and where the mule-path came down beside the river. The big wave went up to the foot of the hills, and paid its respects to the Andes, as you might say, and it was a-going back where it belonged peaceful. There was a great quiet suddenly everywhere, only the sobbing of the ebb among the tree-trunks, and then lower among the grasses and stones. The ground rose to the foot-hills there, and the channel of the river was some deep, with a sandy bank maybe twenty foot high on either side. And the Helen Mar was a-leaning confiding-like on them old willows, sort of leaving it to them whether she turned over into the river or not.

"By dusk there was no water around the Helen Mar, except in the river and some pools, but heaps of wreckage. Stevey Todd and me gets up, and we looks at the foot-hills, and down the valley we sees pieces of the town of Pescadores lying along miscellaneous, and beyond we sees the glint of the Pacific. And Stevey Todd wipes his face with his coat-sleeve, and he says:

"Ain't that ridic'lous!"



"Ain't that ridic'lous!"

"That was the way it happened so far as the tidal wave was in it, and the rest is how we set up in business, me and Stevey Todd.

"If ever you fall into queer places with your nerves bad, you swab decks or sew buttons awhile, and pretty soon you see there ain't any real reason to be upset. That's a fact.

"We swabbed off the decks of the Helen Mar, and scuttled the bottom of her to let the water out. Afterward we went down to Pescadores, and found Captain Goodwin and the crew—that is, most of 'em—and buried 'em at last alongside the Helen Mar, except a man named Ricketts, who wasn't dead. He went north to Lima by and by, and shipped from there to California. We did up the ship's papers and the cash and bills in the Captain's chest, thinking them proper to go to the ship's Company. And Stevey Todd says to me:

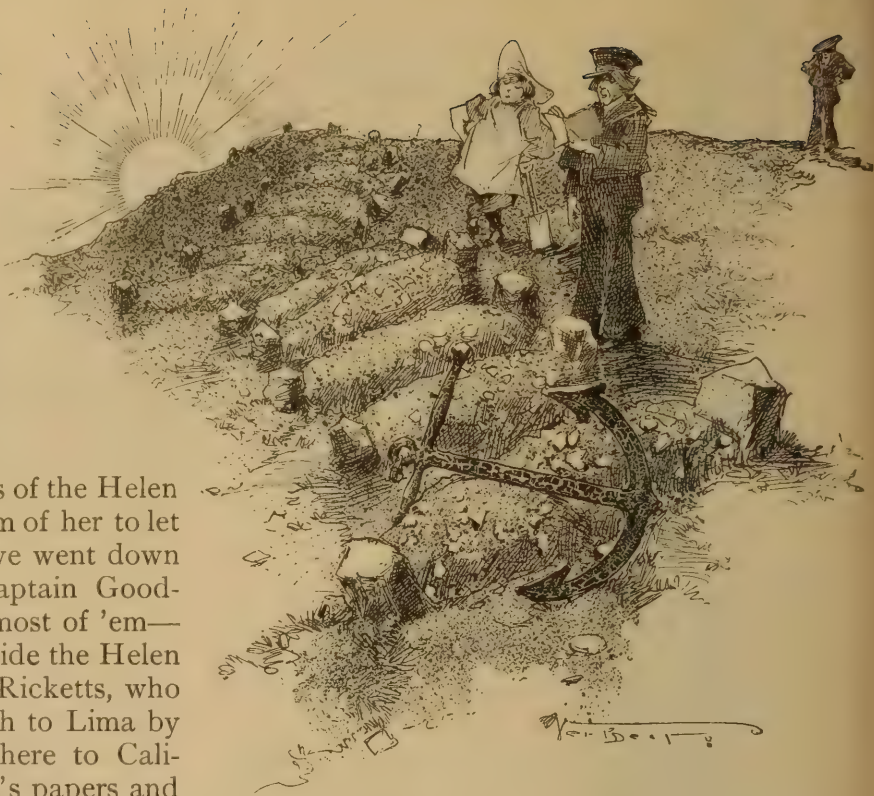
"'A wreck's a wreck,' says he. 'That there river ain't three foot deep. How they expect to float her out o' this? You tell me that.'

"I didn't tell him, not knowing; and I'm free to say, though the Company got their papers, we didn't hear from 'em for nearly a year. Till one day a man comes out, and looks at the Helen Mar, and he says:

"'I guess she belongs where she is. Running a hotel, are you? Well!' And he carried off nothing but mule-loads of rigging.



"Ads."



Except a man named Ricketts.

"Stevey Todd and me lived high on ship's stores, loafing round and making up our minds.

"It must have been near the end of that month, October. We woke up from sleeping on the shady side of the Helen Mar to hear the jingle of bells. And pretty soon the mule-train pulled up alongside, and the drivers, they weren't used to seeing ships in that neighborhood. They were expecting trouble from the Helen Mar for being two weeks late, but finding the Helen Mar up there looking for 'em, as it were, it bothered 'em. One of 'em speaks up in South American, and he says: 'What's up?' says he; and we put 'em up that night on the Helen Mar, and fed 'em, and charged 'em South American rates.

"That was the way it started, me and Stevey Todd keeping the Hotel Helen Mar. He ran it inside and I ran it outside. From November to June the mules kept jingling by most any hour from the inland valleys to the sea, and the drivers, they were terrible thirsty. They paid their bills some in gum rubber and Peruvian bark, which were as good as money. Tobacco planters stopped there, going down to Pescadores. Men from the ships in harbor came out and carried off ads. of

the Hotel Helen Mar, and you bet they plastered the coast with 'em. I see an ad. of the Hotel Helen Mar ten years after in a shipping office in London.

"'Hotel Helen Mar, Pescadores, Peru, Mountain and Sea Breezes, Board and Lodging, Good and Reasonable. Sailors' Snug Harbor, Welcome Jolly Tar! Rand Buckingham and Stephen Todd.'

"Finished off with a picture of the place. That was for foreign patronage. The home ads. were in Spanish, and went up country with the mule-trains. Ay, up the Andes they knew more about the Hotel Helen Mar 'n they did about the Peruvian Government. We ran that hotel to surprise South America, Stevey Todd and me, and she paid money, um, aye, she did that.

"She was propped up behind first by the willow-trees, and by and by we bedded her in stones all round, and painted a sign across her forty foot long. We cut no doors in the Helen Mar, because seamen won't treat a ship that way, anyhow, and you had to climb ladders to the deck.

"But inside she was comfortable for anybody; and there ain't any hotel piazza now equal to the Helen Mar's deck on a warm night, with the old southern stars overhead, when a bunch of mule-drivers, maybe, would be forward talking in their soft voices, and me and Stevey Todd aft with a couple of Spanish planters, mighty dignified, and an agent or the officers of a war-ship, maybe, from England or the States. Over on the hill-side lay Captain Goodwin and the crew of the Helen Mar a-wishing



us well, and close to starboard you heard all night the tinkle-tinkle of the river down in its channel. It was twenty feet from the deck of the Helen Mar to the ground, and twenty feet from there to the bed of the river. We had high-toned company, and we lived like gentlemen, and made money.

"Now that was three years we ran the hotel and more. It came the spring of '57, and it came the 3d of April. Stevey Todd shook me and woke me up early in the gray of the morning, and he says:

"'I'm feeling unsteady,'



"Stevey Todd and me lived high on ship's stores."—Page 760.

didn't belong to the other man. I never set any tidal waves on him. I spoke up sharp to Stevey Todd that time, and went on deck. I see the Sarasara with a good-sized umbrella over her head, and I thought, maybe, there had been a little shake, after all, and maybe the old lady was out looking for trouble. The mule-drivers call the Sarasara 'the wicked grandmother,' which, I take it, is a pointed remark.

"It came on the middle of the morning. The drivers that put up with us that night were gone down the valley with their mules. And I hear Stevey Todd whoop down below, and he comes on deck, and he says:

"She's wobblin' again!"

meaning the Helen Mar, and she was just a slow swaying to and fro.

"We goes down the ladders quick and stands off to look at her.

says he. 'Seems to me the Helen Mar wobbled.'

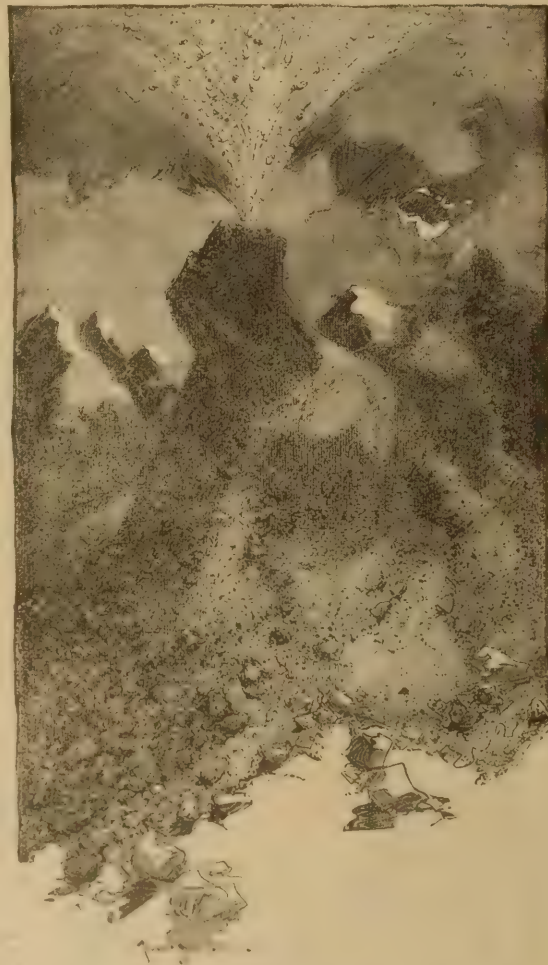
"The only thing I had against Stevey Todd was, he was nervous and had bad dreams. He rid a tidal wave every two or three nights, according to account, which was bad; but it wasn't right either to be messing another man's sleep with tidal waves that

"You ain't ever stood on solid land and felt it twisting like snakes under your feet? She goes up and she goes down, and she cuts figure eights, till the insides of you feel like soapsuds, and you lies down on your face and prays. That was the way with Stevey and me.

"And then of a sudden we sat up and looked at the Helen Mar. Eh, she was a-shaking and a-groaning like a live thing. We heard the willow-trees crack and snap behind her. She seemed to hang a moment, as if she hated to go, and over she went with a shriek and crash, and the water splashed and the dust went up. Stevey Todd and me ran to the bank, and there lay the Hotel Helen Mar, ridiculous, bottom side up in the Pescadores River.

"Stevey Todd sat down and cried. Me, I was mad. It would make any man mad to see his hotel a-standing on her roof-garden, and think of the awful mess there must be inside. It wasn't so much of an earthquake either, just enough to cave in the bank and tip the Helen Mar over, and enough tidal wave to wash the streets of Pescadores, which needed it. I see the Sarasara shaking her old umbrella at us, and I was mad. I says to Stevey Todd, 'If you want to run your blamed old hotel a-standing on your head, you're welcome,' says I. 'I'm go-

ing to Guilford;' and I lit out for Pescadores. I left him sitting on the bank with the tears running down his face, like as if his heart was broke. It made



"The Sarasara was a gay old bird."—Page 758.

me feel bad to leave him that way. But the last time I see the Helen Mar, he had a board fence round her both sides of the river, and was charging admission. And he printed a new ad., too, and sent it up country and over sea. It was like this: 'Unparalleled Spectacle! The Hotel Helen Mar On Her Chimneys,

with Her Cellar in the Air! Built in the United States! Exported to South America! Freightened Inland by a Tidal Wave! Stood on Her Head by an Earthquake! Only 20 Cents!'

"I heard tell after he tried to run her for a hotel, but she didn't work. They said she was inconvenient for housekeeping."

The Captain raised his hand and pointed to the brick lighthouse.

"That light was the first I see of home. I come on The Buz-zard, bound for New London. Forty year ago, June 20th."

The wind was up off shore. It moved as if a steady hand were behind it, pushing it on quietly and easily.

"It's a good yarn, Captain," I said, doubtfully.

"Eh? Um, aye, good yarn.

I stayed there in Pescadores three year, forsaken fool, a-running a hotel in Pesca-a-making money like a God-forsaken dores."



"Stevey Todd sat down and cried. Me, I was mad."
—Page 762.

fool. And then I came home, and she was dead."

"Oh! Who was dead, Captain?"

"Under the grass in Guilford Church-yard. Who? My girl Annie. I was a young 'un then. Um, her name was Annie. Forty year ago."

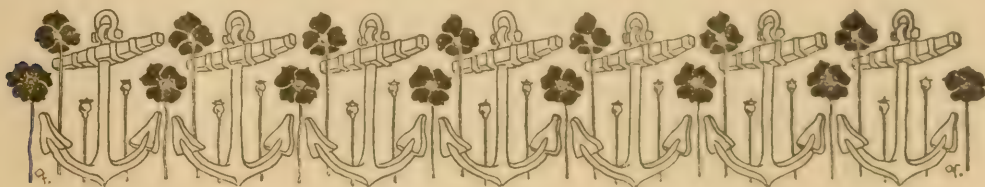
There was only need to glance at the Captain's eyes,

looking wide and gray over the sea, to know that the story was true—the last of it, after all, the truest thing in the world.

"Um, aye, my girl Annie. She died. And me a-making money like a God-



A Peruvian Barker—Unparalleled Spectacle, only 20 Cents.



THE POINT OF VIEW

EVERYBODY in the world belongs to one of two classes—to those who have joys in hand and troubles to seek, or to those who have troubles in hand and joys to seek. We see it everywhere—folks who have the luxuries of life in a quest for its difficulties, and folks who find difficulties in great

A Christmas
After War.

store ready-made to their hand in search of its luxuries, aye, in passionate quest even of its necessities. It is all so plain to the observant eye that the philosopher is certainly justified in assuring himself as he lays down his pen or his pick or his awl or his pill-case, or his law-book, that if it is the common lot, and the unavoidable condition of contentment to strain after something, it is more interesting and better sport to strain after something that is vitally important than after a thing which is of no particular consequence when you have got it. The struggle for bread finds an immense reward in the bread, if you manage to get it, for bread is truly important, albeit not the only good that life demands. The struggle for the ordinary luxuries of life, for education, solvency, a choice of work, reputation, and satisfactory maintenance, abounds in excellent hazards and chances which keep the mind alert and give a motive for maintaining all the faculties at the point of greatest efficiency. Just as soon as the satisfaction of all reasonable wants is assured, the need of a provision of new difficulties immediately become apparent. Nature orders it so. She says that men shall either work or rot. The rot may be dry-rot, or it may be the moister form. It may be intellectual or it may be alcoholic. In some form it impends over every idle person, and the fear of it, recognized or instinctive, tends to make the comfortable uncomfortable and goads the ought-

to-be-contented into restlessness. It puts some men on horses and sends them over stiff fences; it sends others far into the woods to live on tea and bacon and try to shoot beasts; it drives others to golf, or to polo, or to stagger along under huge loads of business responsibility, and others it sends into politics or compels to busy themselves with founding colleges and promoting charities or scientific research.

It is very much the same with nations. Countries where people have a hard time to keep alive, usually find occupation enough in trying to get richer; but growing rich—if they don't grow effete—they grow ambitious, or greedy, or benevolent, or develop some other form of uneasiness, and are liable from pure need of being stirred up to break out in some unexpected place.

We must not be impatient with our country if it undertakes some needless responsibilities and gets, perhaps, into some bad scrapes. As a nation we had come to be of the class that had its joys in hand and its troubles to seek. We were rich and strong, and possibly we needed a new experience. Many a rich man, with nothing in particular to do, has been respiteed from impending lethargy by a thoroughly bad stroke of business which worried him into new exertions and made his pleasures sweet again. Our foreign adventures and complications may have an analogous effect upon us. Let us take a bit of timely Christmas courage about ourselves and our prospects, rejoicing that whatever scrape we may be getting into, it was our benevolence that got us into it; hoping that we may get out whole, or if not, that out of our very indiscretions we may wrest a profit for ourselves as well as eventual benefits for our brethren

THE FIELD OF ART

SCHOOLS OF ARCHITECTURE AND THE PARIS SCHOOL

AN observer who has lived through two or three architectural phases finds it difficult to believe that the present phase is destined to more permanency than its predecessors. "This also will pass . . ." But while it lasts it invites some special remark. It is the first attempt that has been made in this country at a direct importation of Parisian architecture. Our vernacular colonial was really a colonial version of English, and our more pretentious buildings, if ecclesiastical, were classic, after the model of Sir Christopher Wren, and if civil, were classic, after the model of Sir William Chambers. The Greek revival, which came in at the end of the first quarter of the century, came in also by way of the mother-country, being instigated ultimately by Stuart and Revett, and immediately by the British attempts to apply the results of their researches. Our Gothic revival also, for the most part, followed the work of the "Victorian" revivalists. All these styles showed, in the form in which they reached us, traces of British influence, and, with the exception of the Greek, the British or Teutonic predilection for the romantic and the picturesque.

This is so deeply rooted that we may assume it to be an inveterate racial trait. To see how different it is from the orderliness and logic which attract the Gallic mind, it is necessary only to cross the British Channel, and, having the rambling and irregular picturesqueness of the country-seats of Surrey and Hampshire in mind, to contrast them with the rigid symmetry and formality of a modern Norman "manoir." The dependencies and the "offices" which in the one case are accepted, and more or less happily overruled into additional sources of picturesqueness, are, in the other, suppressed into a military exactitude of alignment and balance and made to subserve the purposes of a pompous "composition." The question which disposition is abstractly preferable would evidently be answered differently by an Englishman

and a Frenchman; but there can be no question with which an American instinctively feels himself more at home. Indeed, the legendary Irishman criticised better than he knew, who, making his way up Broadway from Castle Garden, arrested himself before the City Hall with the exclamation that "That was never built in this country."

The present classic revival we are in the habit of attributing primarily to the Chicago Fair. But the specially French form it has taken is, without doubt, due to the zealous propaganda established here by the graduates of the *École des Beaux-Arts*. The returning students of that institution who formerly came "single spies" are coming now "in battalions," bringing with them a determination to Gallicize American architecture and to make American cities over again as nearly as may be into the similitude of Paris. The earlier Pilgrims were less ambitious. It is more than forty years since Richard M. Hunt came back from Paris, fresh from his work on the Louvre, and full of enthusiasm. But he did not endeavor to reproduce here literally what he had been doing there. It happened that his studies in France had coincided with the vogue of what called itself a romantic movement in French architecture, and was, in fact, a revolt against the academic mode. It was not, as we can now see well enough, of any great historical importance, but it was calculated to exert a powerful influence upon the young American, who was inclined to see in it the reconciliation between his inheritance and his training. It was in this, or in his own modification of this, that what was striking and significant in Hunt's early work was done; while in his ripest and most successful work he chose precisely that past phase of French architecture which is least conformable to the modern academic standard, and most congenial to the Anglo-Saxon temperament, the architecture of the great châteaux of the Loire, in which the essential design was as free and wilful as in the Middle Ages, and in which the classic element appeared only in the sportive application of imported Italian detail. Fifteen years later, Richardson

appeared, imbued also with enthusiasm for the artistic atmosphere of Paris, but equally avoiding, after his very first essays—which were at the time neglected and are now quite forgotten—the reproduction of his academic prolusions (or those of others) in actual building. It may be best not to name living men, but there are other alumni of the Paris School who have pursued a like course with success, and have thereby gained such an approval of their work by foreign critics as is assuredly not granted to the Americans who imitate closely what they learned during their school-days in Paris.

That Paris is a handsomer city than New York is an indisputable proposition. But it does not follow that the way to beautify New York is to multiply examples of Parisian architecture. In the first place, what most constitutes the superiority of Paris is the fact that it is a city, an ordered and planned municipality, whereas New York is a mere agglomeration, constructed according to the caprices of its individual builders. It is in the enforcement of the ædilities that Paris so far surpasses us, the requirement of conformity both to a general standard and to the particular standard of a neighborhood. One can almost see the drill-sergeant at the street corner dressing the line of house-fronts. It is unlikely that we, in an American city, shall ever impose this conformity by official regulation. What is done toward it must be done by the voluntary deference paid by architects to their surroundings. Especially, one would say, this conformity is to be expected of architects trained in the capital in which the immense advantage of conformity is so manifest. And yet, as a matter of fact, some of the most glaring incongruities of our street architecture have been furnished by the propagandists. And, indeed, their work, leaving out of view important and detached public buildings and considering merely street-fronts, whatever intrinsic attractions it may have, distinctly lacks the attractiveness of congruity and conformity. From the point of view of *ensemble*, it is another blare added to the general discord. What would in Paris be merely a decorous and well-behaved front, becomes a freak when it is erected amid surroundings so alien to those in which it had its birth.

We seem here to touch the point of the matter. All our "styles" have failed of real currency because they have been remote from our vernacular building language. The

Gothic revivalists wrought in a style that responds to our "ethnic" sentiments, but it was too remote, historically, for us to be in real sympathy with it. Its practitioners declared that the principles of Mediæval architecture were capable of producing new and modern forms. That would have been a fair contention if they had really modernized Gothic, but they never did. Let us grant that the French academic version of classic has become so naturalized and familiar in France itself that architects work in it, and people look at it unconscious of its origin, and that it is really vernacular—as vernacular, at least, as French tragedy. But it does not follow that this pompous and formal manner will ever domesticate itself with us. Our building vernacular anybody can observe in buildings that are not "architecturesque," or even in the unaffected backs of "architecturesque" buildings. The task of the architectural artist in America seems to be to "do something" with that, as he has not yet succeeded in doing. To undertake the direct importation of the result of long foreign tradition is to attempt the acclimatization of an exotic. When this is attempted by a band of zealous propagandists it has the air of a concerted endeavor to "expel nature." *Tamen usque recurret.* M. S.

THE significance of the architectural movement which M. S. has described as an attempt to Gallicize American architecture may, perhaps, be better comprehended if it is considered as an influence rather than as a specially modified classic revival.

During the untold centuries in which architecture has developed, architects, so far as we know, have learned their trade as the apprentice pupils of masters in active practice. Not until this century does the thought seem to have occurred to man that the principles of architectural design, and of practice in general, might be systematically taught in schools: nor of all the architectural schools which have arisen as the result of this thought can we name any other than that in Paris which has exerted an influence in any way comparable with the influences which other technical schools have exerted upon other allied arts. As a race, we are apt to think superficially and to judge hastily, and there is not a little danger that we may underestimate the value of this influence.

We, in this age, find ourselves compelled by circumstances to build quickly, and to build on a large scale; we are urged by all the influences of our environment to construct in haste, to undertake great works without thorough consideration, to practise as architects before we have gained the thorough training which alone will enable us to build intelligently and artistically; and, moreover, our problem is more complex than any that has been presented to any other race, in the very fact that we, practically for the first time in the history of Architecture, have spread before us all historic types from which to draw inspiration, more than one of these types appealing to us in a way that has not been possible to the architects of the past. It is difficult for us for these reasons to avoid artistic intemperance and even architectural wantonness. It is no easy task to enforce upon us any measure of restraint, to teach us the truth that our architectural ancestors have wrought with difficult experiment through ages before they have brought to perfection the forms we find beautiful; any instrumentality which can do this for us in any degree should be cordially welcomed: and this the schools pretend to do, and, it may be well claimed, succeed in some measure in doing, the Paris school pre-eminently as its influence is pre-eminent.

We are wont, however, to overestimate the perfection of our schools in general, and of the Paris school in particular, and are consequently led to criticise too harshly on the one hand, and to praise too effusively on the other. We must remember that these schools are quite experimental in their nature. For thousands of years, as has been noted above, the architect has grown up under the apprentice system, learning from his master all that could be taught by word of mouth or by direction, and, in the process of practice under him, imbibing unconsciously much more which the master could not teach in words if he tried. Now we have formulated a new scheme, constructed a new device, invented a new machine, for the manufacture of architects out of hand. Is it surprising that the machine creaks a good deal, that it tends to turn out a fixed kind of product without individuality or interest, that when the material which is presented to it is unusual it now and again shows results which all recognize to be failures? We forget that the work of a school must be negative rather than posi-

tive, that the school is the home of science, and that the function of science in relation to art is not to create artists, but rather to tell of the experience of the past, to teach short cuts in the difficult process of artistic thought, to warn us of stumbling blocks and pitfalls which our ancestors have discovered and which have made their efforts toward their goal of no avail; to enable us to avoid wasting our time in experiments which they have already tried and found unsatisfactory. We have no right, then, to expect that our schools shall make men out of pigmies, and we should not allow ourselves to decry the machine because it turns out an inferior product if it happens to be fed with inferior raw material.

It were too much, moreover, to expect of us that our first essays in architectural schooling should reach anything like perfection. There must be creaking, and repairs, and experiments, with minor improvements, before any machine can produce its best results, and it will doubtless require many hundred years of careful pedagogical consideration before we shall produce anything like an ideal architectural school. We should expect therefore to find our architectural schools far from faultless; and, in fact, were there space at command, it would not be difficult to point out certain very serious defects in the system adopted in Paris, and so generally copied in this country to-day. On the other hand, the recognition of the tentative character of this, and of all other architectural schools in our day, should lead us to treat their faults leniently, to avoid wholesale condemnation of what they give us, and to acknowledge the great help the architectural world has gained from them. We should be led rather to careful consideration of, and altogether friendly criticism of, the best schools as they exist, that these, our first experimental devices, may be gradually perfected without destroying their influence and without discouraging the good work they are now doing. H. R. M.

IT has been said above that these schools of architecture are quite experimental in their nature. It has also been said, and with equal truth, that the school is, of necessity, the home of science, and that the function of science is not to create artists. If, therefore, architecture were a fine art, pure and simple, the experiment of the school of architecture would be condemned in advance as hopeless, and

the attempt to teach architects in schools would be an admitted mistake. Architecture is, however, a fine art based upon utility; and is dependent for its very existence on wise and skilful building, according to the requirements and according to the knowledge of the time. It is that fact of the necessary and close alliance between building and architectural fine art which has made France always the first of lands for architecture, while she has not been the first of lands for sculpture or painting during the great epochs of the past. A strong sense of the nature of fine art existing beside, and in close admixture with, an instinct for good building, has made the French the great architectural people they have been from the time of Hugh Capet to the present day. From this point of view the architectural school would seem to be justified and its need fully established; for the elaborate construction of the present day, which is not going to become less elaborate, involves a scientific knowledge of the principles of construction which is of almost wholly modern creation. The experimental knowledge of building, which the great men of the past possessed, has been replaced by a theoretical knowledge, a knowledge founded upon experiment, indeed, but conveyed from master to pupil in terms of scientific theory. Such teaching as this can hardly be given except in the schools.

If, however, the school passes beyond the teaching of theory and science; beyond the knowledge of materials and of constructive principles; beyond the history of the past and its application in warning or in encouragement for the present, it is then found to be in imminent danger of trying to do the impossible, and in danger of doing infinite harm in the experiment. And the schools are always running this risk. The pupils demand that the fine art of architecture shall be taught them, and the masters are only too ready to comply. The pupils and their parents believe, and are excusable for believing, that they can learn of their teachers in school *how to design*; and the teachers are excusable too, in a sense; for without believing exactly that they

can teach men how to design, they still try to teach them how designing is done and what designing is. As, however, we assume the truth of the saying that designing can never be taught, we are driven to the conclusion that the teaching of the schools must, in some way, be completed by a fine-art teaching to be found elsewhere than in the schools as they are generally carried on. Teaching in the studio is needed to give the true artistic touch even to him who has the gift, by nature. Teaching in the studio is also the only known means of getting rid of those who have not the gift, for the schools work and must work in the direction of equalizing the man of parts and the common-place toiler. Nor would there seem to be any serious difficulty in the way of this course of proceeding, because the experience of Paris-taught men is at hand in abundance to show how well work in a studio can be conducted as a recognized part of the School course.

The French, of all people, are the masters in applied science and in practised art. They may be thought to yield the palm to other nations for research, to other nations in invention, to other nations in political sagacity, to other nations in the frequency of that apparition which we call Genius; but they are first in the world in their steady production of excellent engineers, excellent surgeons, excellent artists who are not quite in the first rank of artists of all time. Better than all others, they know how to combine trained faculty with inspiration—science with enthusiasm. In spite of all this, however, there lingers around the *École des Beaux-Arts* and among its graduates the wholly mistaken belief that what the student has learned while still a student is all that he need learn, and that the well-taught man of the school is the thoroughly accomplished man, the finished artist—a heresy which no great leader of French architectural art could ever be got to approve. The pretensions of the *École* to be easily the first of the experimental institutions must be recognized; but what its graduates have learned is not the fine art of architecture.

R. S.

AP

2

S3295

v.24

Scribner's magazine

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
